

1960

Seeds of stereotype portrayed in television shows about the 1960's are starting to emerge in the writing. Work by Joan Ann O'Connell expressed thought patters of the 1960's. The idea of "being," of harmony with the universe and satisfaction with life in general start to dominate writing. Over and over writers express how they try to avoid the need to push forward, the American ideal. They don't want to progress, to work forever but rather wan to be satisfied with what is already out there. The 1960's ideals of anti-government and the rebellion brought by the Vietnam War as well as radical ideas in addition to concerns about nuclear war are expressed in the journal for the first time. Work by John Anastasio has an exaggerated concept of America's flaws. Again, the use of drugs as a solution, as a release is suggested in the work. The references which occur in work by Gini Todd are not overt.

Selected Readings:

Credo of unrest by Joan Ann O'Connell, p. 9.

A further report on the ancient republic of the United States of Amerika by John Anastasio, p. 10.

Fall on my island by Gini Todd, p. 23.

A FURTHER REPORT ON THE ANCIENT REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMARIKA

by John Anastasio Jr.

Dateline: World Capitol, Melbourne, Australia

March 22, 3002

This is another article in a series put out by the world government to acquaint the people of the inhabited portions of the world with the findings of an expedition sent to the wastelands of North Amarika. This expedition is gathering information about our ancestors who inhabited our world sometime around the 20th Century. As you well know that portion of the globe, as well as most of the lands across the Great Water (known then as the Atlantich Ocean or some similar name) were inundated by the Atomic War of 1974. So far the only information we have been able to obtain about our colorful ancestors has been from legends handed down by the "old ones" who survived the great conflagaration and set up our world government in Melbourne many decades ago. It is unfortunate that no written records were recovered. But that is all in the past and reports from North Amarika say that radiation in the soil has apparently dissipated and it looks as though we will finally have a full picture of that ancient society. The report that follows is based on actual artifacts uncovered in the north region of that part which was known as the United States of Amarika (according to the old ones). The expedition headed up by District Leader Winston Putz (Representative from the world district of Antartica, has just broken through the first layer of soil (900 ft.) and discoveries are being made every day. It is indeed

unfortunate that the atomic blasts mangled and scattered everything uncovered therefore making an accurate analysis of the society as yet, impossible. A study of the ancient alphabet at Melbourne University by Cruick and Slumberger is progressing nicely. Meanwhile we have been lucky enough to uncover a multitude of world signs and plaques in this region to further aid us in reconstruction of the geography of the land. District Leader Putz, unable to make out most of the lettering, has sent them here to be deciphered with the aid of chemicals and Professors Cruick and Slumberger.

Signs discovered so far are: UNITED STATES MAROON CORP. This sign seems to corroborate the findings of Brown and Strubel who claimed last year that a civilization referred to as the Amarikan Redman (or more correctly "maroon man") roamed the middle United States at that time. But there are still many to be deciphered, i.e. NO BARKING AFTER 4:00 AM. and two signs found in amazing quantities. One states STOB and the other proclaims ALE ON TAB.

Among the latest items received were an ornate looking group of family crests which must have, without question, belonged to the upper, upper class of the society. Such great families as G. FOX & CO. and BESSE RICHEY and CO. The suffix & CO. may be a reference to household servants). Such famous fraternal organizations as LEVER BROTHERS and a great dynasty comprising two families, PROCTER & GAMBLE. The epitome of aristocracy seemed to have been attained by the HIGH family, for crests referring to the HIGH'S of BRANFORD, EAST HAVEN and HILLHOSS as well as the lesser JUNIOR HIGH'S have been uncovered. Another discovery is that the legends of the "old ones" have definitely misplaced the "knights of King Arthur" by saying they were from across the Atlantich. We now have reason to believe they roamed the United States at that time serving another king as evidenced by the many shields proclaiming various councils of "the Knights of Columbus."

Some large structures uncovered and believed to have been institutes of higher learning because of their size and location were SBERRY & BARNES U. and the UNIVERSITY OF SEARS & ROEPUCK.

A prejudice against a minority group called the DOGE seemed to be evident by the discovery of such hate slogans as: BEWARE OF DOGE and NO DOGE ALLOWED. These slogans (according to Cruick and Slumberger) seemed to be directed against a contemporary military leader and his followers who fought against the Amarikans in one of their many wars. This military leader is believed to be a General Benedict Muscellini who was thought to have been referred to as Il Duche.

However, it well might have been Il Doge.

It has been established conclusively that great cities rested on the coast of the Atlantich, HARWARD and a smaller metropolis called YALE. Small towns and villages are being discovered branching out from them.

Another old legend which seems to have been substantiated is the one which describes the ancient game of BAWLING. The game was played by rolling a small round BAWLING BALL down a lane or "alley" in an attempt to knock down objects at the extreme end. Well, as luck

would have it, District Leader Putz reports that one of these lanes or "alleys" has been discovered just outside the city of YALE. Signs designate it as the MERRI PARKWHY and it extends for quite a distance (we have uncovered 800 yards so far). It would indeed seem difficult to aim at and hit an object that far away with a small round ball (or with a large round ball for that matter) especially since mangled piles of metallic substances have been found blocking both sides of the alley. These clumps of metal are no doubt the remaining hulks of enemy missiles which brought about a quick end to this outdoor sport during the sneak attack of 1974. As far as can be ascertained the enemy in this particular war was a great power from across the Atlantich, who because of the great ease and facility exhibited by them in conquering other countries were called the RUSH-INS.

The many thousands of metallic contrivances found atop most of the dwellings uncovered thus far is still a mystery. Whether they were ornamental or functional remains to be seen, but Cruck and Slumberger seem to think that they were the artificial trees of the society and an excellent indication of their technical advancement.

Campaign buttons seem to indicate the political popularity of a MICHAEL "MICKEY" MANTLE who was pictured wearing the strange garb of his office. And here again the old legends are wrong for the gavel used by the ancient "judge" to restore order was not short and blunt, but long and cylindrical and wielded with both hands, not one.

This is the extent of discovery so far, but the World Congress has assured the continued use of expeditionary teams to help us to further understand that quaint, confused, individual long since departed from this earthly scene - the Amarikan.

CREDO OF UNREST

by Joan Ann O'Connell

Something in me feels
That half a fulfillment is better than the whole.
In this geometry of living,
I choose the arc, and I fear the circle ...
The lust for life unsated remains a lust,
The pinnacle unscaled remains a height desired,
The landmarks are fairer than destinations...
My heart is not a trophy room for old glories,
But a camp beside the roadside
Of new high hopes, the quest unfinished
And the endless, resistless urge of the Almost.

FALL ON MY ISLAND

by Gini Todd

here I stand

feet rooted trees firm on the high rim's
cragginess looking
smoky crisp season scents
tease nostrils lungs
eagerly crying more
more

sea breaths floating
permeate the warm amber
gently caressing
my every me
I gallop down
down the craggyside leaping
bounding drinking fall
and all bursting within
then supersmells
call to reality
me from my treasurefilled highland

1960 Staff

John Anastasio
Faith Boasso
Olivia Cuthbert
Caren Dubiell
John Fazzino
Elaine Fisher
Judy Goldstein
George Homberg
Andrea Jakaboski
Jean Karmuza
Frank Maisano
Dick Mendes
Kathe Rees
Donna Russell
Gini Todd
Richard Warholic
Laren Westberg

1961

The primary issue, or most important one, is that the inequality of blacks , now African Americans, is discussed.

Selected Works:

Suffer the little children by Gini Todd, p. 11.

Separate but equal by Gini Todd, p. 24.

SEPARATE BUT EQUAL

by Gini Todd

in pen and black
and white so neatly
copied letters typed
that great white fathers
many years ago proclaimed
all are equal
slap your hands most elegant
descendants of good intentions
for you have made liars of
your fathers and all is not
equal
could you have one in your home
yes in your daughter's very bed
in answer to these queries see
where you have put them there
in slums and cellars
stockrooms washrooms
scrubbing scraping serving
still the slave but
equal
equality has a peculiar odor
in fact it stinks like
horse manure and as
all smells it's not so bad
and gets ignored in time

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

by Gini Todd

Here I am God;
now where I go?
I'm not like the others,
I'm different you know.
Are we the same here
like we was on earth?
Are the black angels put

in the upper berths?
God, tell me somethin'
if you don't mind, please;
do we get harps too --
or hold them on our knees
while white angels play?
Say, you know, Lord,
the trip up here
wasn't too bad
cause we folks
weren't shoved to the rear
as we always had.
And now that I'm here
I can be of use.
I used to shine shoes;
so I'll polish the halos
and keep 'em like new.
I'll be a good boy
and work for my keep --
I'll dry up the clouds
whenever they weep,
and tell the sun jokes
so he'll laugh and
send warmth down
to all the earth folks
-- and
maybe sometime,
a long time from now,
will you let Mam 'n Pap
come live on my cloud?

1961 Staff

Martin Ardito
Judith Brockett
Judith Burrows
Susan Copeland
Nicholas Cutulle
William Damling
James Delehant
Carol Dubiel
Peter Dudek
Thomas Gilson
Connie Gionfriddo
John Hanna
Sonja Jensen
Jean Karmuza
Hilary Langhorst
Marion McCormick
Marion McCormick
Terry McGuire
Joan-Ann O'Connell

Roseann Parente
Louis Schuster III
P. Whalen
Karen Williams
Bernard Zawisa

1962

An historical event in Boston is discussed in an individual poem by Judith Burrows. The debate between creation and evolution is prodded in an untitled poem by Roanne Wise who ponders the act of creation. The free-love and party attitude is becoming more noticeable as one poem discusses a mother's discovery of her daughter's social life in a poem presented in a letter form by Eugenia Darmuza. This is a new use of this traditional idea and the poem gives a good depiction of the 1960's social scene for students. Sex as a subject for creative work is appearing much more frequently and a masked discussion of homosexuality is included in a poem by Roseann Parente who ponders sexual alternatives after being rejected by a lover.

Selected Works:

Fearful symmetry by Judith Burrows, p. 19.

Untitled poem by Roanne Wise, p. 34.

Letter to an open-minded mother by Eugenia Karmuza..

The walk by Roseann Parente, p. 49.

FEARFUL SYMMETRY

by Judith Burrows

On Beacon Hill on a quiet day
a prim young Miss is snatched away
by a raging lion with yellow hair
who devours her neatly in Scollay Square;
and the Mayor puts the city at ease
with a venerable quote from Socrates,
"But there are no lions in Boston."

UNTITLED

by Roanne Wise

Let creation be atoms,
Molecules, and chance
Instead of works of God.
Let infinity be filled with
Planets, stars, and satellites
Instead of heaven and angels.
Let man be no more than
A chain in the line of evolution
Instead of the height of God's creation.
Let our brains be results of
More association neurons
Instead of gifts of God.
But say nothing of love.

THE WALK

by Roseann Parente

Judy's full of sex
broad-limbed, hard
and wide--her body sighs
with sweet desire
her walk, from side to side
stirs and churns the heart
of any man-and Judy can walk-God!
Judy can walk like no one can.

LETTER TO AN OPEN-MINDED MOTHER

by Eugenia Karmuza

Dearest Mom:

To give this litter a literary touch, here's a bit of drived poesy.

I was sixteen on the New Haven Green
When by the cream of der bulldogs I was seen.

Sweet, innocent as they come from Wallingford
By thee, button-down shirted god, I was floored.

Intellectual jargon was your rope
Caught by this line was I like a dope.

The Pope I deserted and to a bed
Damn it, I wasn't even properly wed.

I'll leave the idea of Dad's reading this in your wise hands. He just might take the above seriously. I don't want to upset his blood pressure yet, because I have plans for a really sharp dress at Ann Saylor's. My existence is okay. I am not married, still frustrated, haven't flunked out -- as somebody up there still thinks I have potential. I am writing this in answer to your letter asking for information to give Aunt Fidgefret, from which she can construe advice to give cousin Fred on the occasion of his entering The University, The College of Male.

I am rather surprised that Aunty and Cousin could actually ever be interested in my viewpoint. Considering that they have avoided all contact with me since my elementary days when I opened a drive-in self-service lemonade stand opposite Fred's and forced him out of business. Poor Fred couldn't take the Yankee competition, and Aunty couldn't take anything that hurt Frederick's ego, so they slipped South. Since I can afford to be generous I'll try to prepare Cousin for his impending future. Later he might think that I am being very dog about the situation. If he doesn't have a sense of humor, phooey, like I'll almost care what he'll be barfing.

For undertaking the grand role of advisor, my qualifications are based on three years of living in the college town of Male. I have adapted myself to this habitat so that I would be in a better position to pursue my hobby of watching birds. The species that inhabits the basements, roosts and rosters of Male is no different from others of this type, except that their plumage is more understated in the tastefully correct feathers of beige, grey and khaki with dabs of marine olive. Their answer to the typical question of "What do you want out of life?" is of course the typical "Happiness." Some define it in terms of the size of the nest and view, some in the beauty of the ladybirds they woo or make, and the most popular version of this goal is to freeze more goodies than all of one's roommates put together. Some do emit strange warblings about finding answers to all sorts of basic questions for their own satisfaction, but then "they" are strange and rather rare. The

latter are prized by the University. The former are tolerated during their undergraduate days and "loved" as alumni, for Ivory Towers are not build out of philosophical abstractions.

Cousin Fred will have to choose his own road to happiness. I wouldn't advise anyone on that point, especially a future young blood of Male. He will probably go through all the various stages . . . I hope he does. To sound professional, my idea of an education is mental growth, an examination of values, and if necessary, change. He can be (preferably in his freshman year) one of the lean, hungry looking thins in jeans and T-shirt. When I see a pack of this species with their female counter-parts, who always wear the raincoat over the nondescript, mouse-like outfit that took hours to plan, for they too want to be bananas of the bunch, I become very Malish in the sense that Male is the stronghold for the school of symbolism in this country. Soused by this influence, I see a picture of string beans holding hands with water repellent bananas on the steps of the Male Art Gallery. In time each member of the CO-OP will charge a dozen blue shirts, volumes of Peanuts, learn to walk like Maverick who just parked horsey on Howe Street, substitute the Art Gallery for BETA or DEKE, and a riper banana.

There are some weenies who can't see beyond their noses, and some addicts of the flesh who can't see beyond their toes, but the real Male count warts on pickles three times faster than a Harvard Man, build an Eiffel Tower out of toothpicks before the "Russkeys" even smell the idea. he loses all inhibitions about religion and women if Exiter and the wayward ladies of Mexico haven't already done their duty. Why he is even capable of causing some genteel young lady from Massachoooooosets to say, "OOOoo that Bastard' hasn't picked me up at the station yet, and I am running out of butts." Or if he should by some unfortunate error have an audience with the Pope, to show that he is not perturbed by organized religion, he will greet him with a great big, "Hi Popeye!"

This is the self-confident man, the put-everyone-at-ease man, the Male Man. You'll say, "but Frederick is a very shy, shy boy." Well they all are: in front of house mothers, their dean, Friday afternoons when they meet their blind dates, and especially if the girls are two inches taller and wear three-inch heels. Tell Cousin not to worry about the above-mentioned catastrophe; experienced girls always carry sneakers in their feed-bags. About this shy bit tell him that women like men who are basically sweet little boys at heart. I can just see our Fred whispering to his date--"Let's not go downstairs to the dance; I feel that the world is too much with us in these times. My room is quiet, and we can really get to know each other and beat the conventional rat race of properly mingling."

You'll answer that although Cousin is intelligent he just can't start conversations with women. Dearest, that is no problem that a good alcoholic catalyst can't cure. Beer will do for weekdays. On the glorious lost weekends when Cousin tastes the Perian Springs of Scotch, he will learn to just drink Scotch--it's an acquired taste--you know, he won't get sick and hic, hic, in the usual vulgar manner. He will decline the Latin of hic, haec, hoc, huius, huius, huius, huic, huic, huic, hunc, hanc, hoc down to the Ablative case. If dear Cousin is still shy about expressing his intentions he can always recite poetry. He can start with I Sing the Body Electric--Whitman's (I have a copy in the upstairs closet; tell him to start memorizing now). If he is more scientifically inclined he can play three dimensional tiddlywinks with her, but before she gets too absorbed with things of the mind he will jump on her saying "move over baby." Don't blame Freddy; it's her fault. She frustrates him; she can't play bridge. To inject a personal note . . . I am learning . . . how to play bridge.

Of course Cousin won't become quite the complete animal. He will be able to get high on other things besides wenches and wine (occasionally he may run out of Scotch). The tradition of Male, the intellectual atmosphere are also very capable of getting a sensitive soul very high. So high that he just might slip on a piece of cellophane from his packet of NAB peanut butter sandwiches.

Cousin will of course deny the fact that he wants to be a typical Maley as he unpacks his madras, books, albums of Johnny and the Hurricanes and Ray Charles, guitar, and unpublished poetry. I have yet never met a typical Maley but an awful lot of ivy that needs pruning.

I am fascinated when I listen to summer experiences of dear Kimberley and the III and Vernon the II who actually worked with the common people. I admire their ambition to see a different slice of life. Why, they just "adore" the common people and are very wonderful to them even in New Haven; so you see--it's not just a summer romance. They all believe, "The nobler the blood the less the pride." Our sensitive Maley wouldn't hurt the shoeshine boy's feelings; he would rather give up his Honor Society pin. He keeps it with his socks--doesn't want his roommates to know he was fruity enough to bring it with him to Male. He had been president of the society, too. Picture our Man of Gold talking on the phone while getting warmth from girl after studying hard all week (this one still admits he actually studies). "Yeh, man it's a great show; one of the guys picked up some greasy girls from the public library. Righto, Wendy's coming down tomorrow on the ten o'clock train. We are going to try to make the haunt before the game. However, I believe in living in the present. Tomorrow is tomorrow; tonight it's warming-up night. Hey, if you come up bring your own beer." Reminds me of Tolstoy's short story--you know the one about the sensitive (I hate the word) lady crying in the coach over a sentimental, sad novel tears dampening her sables. She asks the driver why the coach stopped. He answers, "Madame, a lame child is crossing the road." Lady of Gold, "Run her over; I don't have time to wait for people like that." By the way that's what one calls a "sick" joke, and is the theme for editorials in the Maley Daily. I do hope Frederick will be impressed by the Maley's simple honesty in their relations with the opposite sex. They always let the imports know where they stand. A girl who isn't snowed can recognize all the signs, while the victim of TLC (tender loving care) is hopeless until the Junior Prom invitation not received thaws the shimmering flakes from her lovely ox eyes. But does she run to the library floor to make a conspicuous jump? No! She's mature, stable. She faces the inevitable fact of spring following winter. As she boards the plane for Fort Lauderdale, she is heard reciting "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Now the "in" girl is the Maley's darling. She is invited to tail game parties, gets drunk on Bloody Marys, is bought a corny souvenir which she always manages to leave behind. She could have twisted all night to the Hot Nuts, cooed "You're a darling" into the real morning. She was so "all right" that she was escorted to the Taft and stayed escorted. Sunday she is drenched in jazz and Lowenbrow and is introduced to his friends instead of being muttered about like a bad flic.

The "bores," the "dogs," the bad news who couldn't twist even to Chuck Berry: they are offered Loopbrew, once, and dumped at Dunkin. Do tell Frederick not to get mixed up with the latter type; he really shouldn't associate with anyone who might be a factor in his downward mobility. Besides, those relationships are such a drag.

It would be a matter of convenience if cousin could snow one of the commonly pretty town girls, or a "local" from one of the near-by, four-year learning institutions. The latter type are always bringing bagels and orange juice in poetry covered brown bags, giving free hair cuts, and can be rather interesting companions to eat ice cream cones with on spring afternoons. He will think that he has this "woman" at his beck and call, but the truth is--she is just using him as a library card. It's a necessary status symbol to know someone (really nice and Sparky eyed) who can get one necessary books from the Male Library. Well, if this is the case tell Frederick to pull the togetherness bit on her--"like I have written: like you type my thirty-page term paper--annotated bibliography and all."

If Frederick should have some gross emotional or academic troubles--like he got snowed by someone undesirable, or if all the seats in the library were taken (by people who never study), and thus he didn't exactly pass his courses. No sweat--just tell Aunty to send him off on a boat--not to Europe--that's too gauche. South America is the thing. There he will get the brilliant idea to sell Dairy Queen and Carvel to the natives. In a year or so he will return, a motivated man, to put the classical touches to his education at dear old Male.

I am sure that Frederick will turn out to be BMOG (Big Man On Campus) if he can direct his dates to the ladies room in every single "live" frat house. So dear Mom, ask him not to forget his cousin for she would like to go to the Harvard-Male crew races.

Love,

Suzy

1962 Staff

Neil Connell

Bill Dammling

Jim De John

Charles Fusaris

Francis Gagliardi

Bill Grehl

Phil Haeger

Claire Halloran

Eugenia Karmuza

Robert Lang

Pamela MacDonald

Dorothy Miller

Roger Niland

Mary Ann Paeonessa

Roseann Parente

Sally Riggione

Seidenbaum

Andrea van de Weerd

Roanne Wise

1963

The name *Crescent* is changed to *Crescent Review*. Vintage 1960's thought is woven throughout this issue and results in creative pieces that find an understanding of other cultures, the discovery of other people and the realization that an emphasis on beauty is not superficial. Jeannette Ferray's work displays this. Religion is losing its power and an awareness that man destroys and creates his own world is emerging. Robert Breuler discusses man's control over his environment, past and future. Perhaps the beginning of science as a religion is starting to surface in the writing. Finally, the wish to escape is realized in the poetry of Claire Halloran.

Prior to 1963, *Crescent* came out once a year. Claire Halloran has provided some background information about *Crescent Review* and why changes were occurring: "Walter Tevis, author of **The Hustler**, many published short stories, and later on six (at least) more novels and a screenplay, had become the faculty literary advisor. It was a scholarly and enthusiastic time; indeed, we were cookin'.

In 1963, the magazine became *The Crescent Review* and had two issues per year. It may well have been that in 1964 there was so much good material that an extra issue was made to give it life. Although I don't have it in front of me, I'm guessing that an explanation was given in a preface to the magazine. The student literary staff had an especially capable and bright person on it, James Childs. I believe he wrote for the **New Haven Register** after that. Another bright figure was Roy D'Arcy (his father was on the faculty in Chemistry). Roy and his baby daughter were killed by a drunken driver. Paula D'Arcy, Roy's wife (whom I never knew) published an amazing book: **Song for Sarah** (Harold Shaw Publishers, Wheaton, Illinois, 1979). I bet the library owns it. I think that the heart of that special time was Walter Tevis. He was so sensitive to the word. Everyone on the staff was dedicated and really caring."

Selected Readings:

Six Poems by Claire Halloran
Liberty Market, Mexico by Jeannette Ferray
The new Genesis by Robert Breuler
Good night Winter by Claire Halloran

six poems

by Claire Halloran

1.

now what we have here
are things like snow
and things like bone-joints
and things like smiles.
and we have clouds.
now don't you go messing up
those clouds.

2.

let's sing a memorandum in memoriam
of all the lovely things with ugly sounds
let's think on hard and fast of paunchy aphids
and crusty ants who finger-open peonies

give a loving smile to the maggots

remember that one day they too will fly
and stroke a gentle stroke upon the beetle
whose back is smooth as finely woven glass

the toad's quick tongue, the serpent's belly
a pigeon's orange eye
there are many bones in a spider's foot
and many pigs in the sky.

3.
Stretching their wings
They played arc-games
On the storm-wind
Mocking the airplanes
And mocking the ground
And laughing that some things
Take less than brains.

And high in the sky
Is a herd of Balloons
Lost from some vendor
Some vague afternoon
When no one was watching
And still there they fly
With the secrets of moons.

4.
1945

We knew even then that
Spring would be late
That this season's winter
Would hold tightly to its afternoon.

And outside on the
Tree was a too big crow
Who left soon after he came
He left in a hurry and
The branches swayed and we
Said he'd probably scratched all
The closed-u' buds. Even though we knew.

It was inside by the stove that
We sat just as always. And it
Was just as always that someone had
To poke the fire that had ended.

There was not much reason to sit in
The kitchen and talk, though his
Hunting jacket hung on the hook, And twenty eighth

Letter lay on the table. And it was just the beginning of a year.

5.

heavily, nightly, as the moon
pulls the strings of the sea
and the sea sounds ebb
and the sand chokes down
the thick yellow foam
and there is beach
where there was once sea
a dozen snails
fall out of their shells
and into a world as deadly as noon
never meant as a place to flee
not any more than a spider's web
though perhaps a less obvious way to drown
simply by leaving the wall of home
and wandering off till they're out of reach
and turning back is Impossibility
and going ahead will sure fail
leaving only the shell of the sea to tell.

6.

Into the bright of the sun
Smiles the face of an earth-worn worm
Come lately from the underground
Having made a journey
From there to here
Successful and complete
One peck of dirt
Digested and deposited.

He wets his tiny simile
With a tiny tongue
And pulls one more segment to rest upon the ground.
He has been about his father's business.
A trade centuries old
Now at the peak of perfection.

His body grows long in the pleasure.
The day is soon at hand
When the whole underground
Will be fertile.

GOODNIGHT, WINTER

by Claire Halloran

You and your pale ways
Are much too saddening,
And I cannot paint you:
The color doesn't stay.

You must go back to dying now.
I cannot warm the ground,
It is ice beyond reach,
It is ice before my time.

* * * * *

Up through the grass spring green veins,
And buds from the wood of trees.
Grass is sharp between the toes,
And the ground takes a footprint.

Birds shoot straight up on the wind.

It is a busy day when spring explodes
It is a lot of flutter and cracking.
Spring is on the inside too
Like a nervous bird
Like a deep breath before you fly.

Don't tell me that your name is Spring. Don't come
Flaunting around here with that fragile stuff.
This is a man's country around here sweetheart
And if you think you are going to push me out
You'd better hold on tight, because I'm here
To take lives, to take lives, and I will take yours too.

* * * * *

Night's slender body
Slips like a knife into the earth
And the water runs cold
And makes the wind shiver.

Earth would have it
With two suns;
Not even its flower
Can live to see its seed's flower.
And the water runs cold toward morning

* * * * *

Come swim past the moon with me,
Past all those starry dots and dotted miles.
It's like a chess game, to stay in the dark:

You have to move sideways to avoid.

How do you like the cool on your arms?
How do you like your feet in the air?

It's a long way to get past these stars,
And even then there are a few, here and there:
I guess they flung out to try the dark.
But come; I know a quiet place.

THE NEW GENESIS

by Robert Breuler

Devils ate away at the mind.
They reached out for the handle
And found the handle but a dream,
A promise of old men with empty skulls.
Ancient men who Said and the believed
And followed their ever black light.
Light that followed light was looked
Upon as Law. God saw the law as sin
But men did not. And He held up His hand
And a boat-maker and his family
Opened the first zoo.
A sort of floating menagerie of growl and dung.

LIBERTY MARKET, MEXICO

by Jeannette Ferray

am I ugly
because the floor is damp
with the dirty water seeping through the
broken ceiling?
am I ugly
because I stand here
behind the fruit of my labor
bathed in filth?
am I ugly
because I call you closer
to my fruit and my life and
make you listen?
am I ugly
because my face is deep red
and wrinkled and lined with
frustration?
am I ugly
because my eyes and skin
are poverty and my soul
is dead?

am i ugly
he asks; and i pass by
and think that i know but i
cannot answer.

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1964

Claire Halloran wins 1st prize for her poetry in *Saturday Review's* U.S. National Student Association Contest. *The Crescent Review* receives national notice because of Claire's award. A piece by R. J. Sansone depicts the loss of faith, the ugliness of the human race and the desire to leave all described on Christ's birthday. John Sopko explores the stream of consciousness style in an unfinished piece that appears to be a very quick piece of writing that is similar to a painting by Jackson Pollack- angry, quick, splattered on the page. A long divided poem by James Childs which is broken into stanzas is a form that is becoming quite popular. Poems that are divided into lettered and numbered sections are starting to appear. The following quote appeared from the editor; "In this magazine you may not find finished genius, but what is here is hope; a hope that these writings are a part of the tradition, and that any criticism of them would be without condescension. The tradition of all art is dedicated to communication, and should one person outside the artist truly understand him, then the artistic attempt is justified." The editor also wrote a letter that explains the way the journal is conducted and the type of submissions that are sought. A letter from a member of the 1964 staff, **Ed Ifkovic**, offers insight about that year. In addition, **Ed Ifkovic** gives insights into how creative writing classes were conducted and the aspiration of creative writing students in the 1960's. He also tells how Dr. Hilton Buley (then the president and the SCSU library is named for him) took over the yearbook, relates an interesting conversation with Dr. Buley and tells how the name of the campus newspaper changed.

October 10, 1996

Dear Vivian:

I am responding to your questions about the old *Crescent Review*. I was a member of the editorial board of the Review in the years 1962 through 1965, the years when Tevis was faculty advisor. I believe I was a managing editor at one point, but all those titles were random and had nothing to do with anything. We were all doing the same job. I don't have many specific memories of the Review, other than those associated with Tevis. I did not become too friendly with the other staff members, mainly out of my own insecurities with writing. Everybody else seemed worldly and sophisticated, and destined for publication in *Esquire*. I was a small-town boy. Tevis liked my work a lot, encouraged me to become a writer (which was my dream), and talked often of the small world of literary magazines and journals, where the written word was respected and cherished. I published a couple of experimental short stories in the Review during those years, and I remember his telling me to "get it out of my system." He himself had done such overblown and literary pieces during his undergraduate days. It's what undergraduates who love literature and writing tend to do. He later learned to value the simple realistic story, the "popular" story--the kind that the *Saturday Evening Post* often bought from him. If I was ever to have an audience, he said--indeed, if I hoped to have the *New Yorker* buy my writing--then I'd have to fashion more realistic depictions of contemporary life. At his urging, I sent such a story to the *New Yorker*, which of course rejected it--but there was a scribbled "Sorry" penned at the bottom of the standard rejection form. Tevis taught me the value of that one hand-written word. We bought found that encouraging. When I came on board the Review. Tevis and the editorial board were still basking in the light brought by Claire Halloran's poetry. She was our stellar poet, to be sure, because the year before her poetry was chosen for the first prize award in the *Saturday Review* national collegiate magazine contest, beating out the poetry from other more prestigious schools. It was quite a coup. John Ciardi singled out her delicate, imagistic lines as especially powerful, and the *Saturday Review* published a selection that had first appeared in the *Crescent Review*. Needless to say, Claire was our dream writer, and I believe we dedicated an issue to her. She was a constant reference point for Tevis, and he celebrated her constantly. She herself was shy and

silent, turning from the attention. Tevis would always wax eloquent--and a little dreamy-eyed--when he read her poetry. He expected big things from her. I had a couple of poems published in the Review. but Tevis thought my poetry mannered and stale. At one point I showed him a collection of perhaps twenty poems I had labored over, and he virtually dismissed them as imitative and phony. He was, of course, right in that assessment, although at the time I was a little dejected by his quick dismissal. I remember he said he wanted the Review to be an important one, but he also admonished the staff for our incestuous publication. He admitted that college reviews tend to be edited by the very people who love and write prose and poetry, but, he said, our particular group seemed blatantly insular. After we had assembled one issue, an issue filled with our own musings, he sat with us and read aloud a number of rejected manuscripts. He forced us to listen to the voices. They were not great, he said, but they were not atrocious. These were different voices, ones removed from the Southern "literary" community, maybe not so polished, maybe not so "literary." In any event, he shamed us into reconsidering our selections. The issue then included a few such selections. I also remember that he would have us meet at his home in New Haven, where he dominated the conversation with his thundering, overwhelming voice. He would begin looking at a poem, for example, and before we knew it he was pontificating on anything from politics to social diseases. He just rolled on and on. For me it was an education. I was also taking his Creative Writing course, which also met at his home, and the evenings were similar: long digressions of life and love in the ruinous 1960s. They were wonderful evenings, overflowing with language and idea and emotion. I remember that I envied that sheer command of an audience--I wanted to be like that someday. I still remember the force and power of the man. I don't know how illuminating these fragmented memories are, but what does persist in memory is his kindness to the beginning writer. Although he was opinionated and demonstrative, he always toned down his approach when he dealt with any aspiring writer. With the "serious" writer like myself he could be brutal--"Why did you use this word? Why?" And the attack would begin. But I remember a student talking with him one day about a returned submission. She had written some sentimental, absolutely vapid verses about death and dying. We on the staff mocked them, enjoying these bathos. She was also in the Creative Writing class. Tevis, perhaps sensing that these sentimental wails were the result of some personal loss, treated her gingerly, carefully. He was a much better person than we staff members chose to be. I liked him a great deal, although I was always a little intimidated by him. For people like me who wanted to be writers, the Crescent Review was a godsend. It was the best thing about Southern at the time. (I was also editor of **The Soconnian** before it was taken over by President Buley who played benevolent dictator when he didn't like what the students were printing. The newspaper went from *Crucible of Student Opinion* to *Crucible of Campus Opinion* on the masthead--a very important distinction. I resigned as editor-in-chief and had one really unpleasant conversation with Dr. Buley about how the College needed to safeguard the delicate daughters Connecticut citizens sent to Southern!) Tevis gave me a Southern I could respect. Better yet, the presence of a nationally-known novelist like Tevis added to the pleasure and thrill of it all. He became my friend while I was at Southern, and I cannot separate any memories of the Review from memories of his forceful personality and guiding hand. I hope these bits and pieces of memory give you some hint of life at the *Crescent Review* during the middle of the 1960s.

An open letter

January 6, 1964

The chief purpose of the *Crescent Review* is to present a portion of the artistic and literary output of the student body and to provide a forum through which the faculty can discuss with the members of the

college ideas related to literature and art. Since all knowledge has made its demands and contributions to creativity this invitation is extended to all members of the faculty. To provide the *Crescent Review*, with more insight an invitation is extended to the faculty for essays, articles and commentaries.

Non-fiction prose, the essay, neglected by most student magazines is urgently solicited; in hope for material of more substance than the theme or term paper.

Claire Halloran won first prize poetry in the *Saturday Review-U. S. National Student Association Contest*. Her entry Six Poems, was in the February issue of the *Crescent Review* last year, and published in the September 21, 1968 issue of the *Saturday Review*. The magazine through the national recognition of Claire has received national notice, this issue begins, in the manner of dedication, with five of her poems. Not all materials submitted to the *Crescent Review* are published all literary and art materials are voted upon by the literary and art boards, those published have gained a majority of favorable opinion. Sometimes that's the way life is.

The Editor

Selected Works:

2 *Poems* by Claire Halloran

Holiday Time by R.J. Sansone, p. 30.

Horn by John Sopko, p. 30.

A bone for Prometheus by James Childs, pp. 42-46.

2 POEMS

by Claire Halloran

1.

We came out of this flower
Kind of drunken in the sun
And sweet and sweaty.
My friend here plays the banjo.
We laughed a lot
And the tears dried
And our faces got stiff.
My friend here gets a kick
Out of dog paws
He says to me, "Did you ever hear
of such a silly thing
as dog paws? They put them together
and pray you know." And then he takes
Another fit of laughing with that
Crooked mouth. And then we flew off
But we couldn't see much.
Did you ever get rolled by a spider?

2.

It all looks well contained.

Trees don't seem to have much
Trouble with their leaves
Nor the sky with clouds.
Every root has a root-hole.
But sometimes it seems overwhelming
Being a person all by yourself.

A BONE FOR PROMETHEUS

by James Childs

Prologue:

On the Sierra, above the sand,
where the hawk flies,
sun burns into yellow brown,
then holds to the hill softly.
A hermit rings upon the daybell,
sound flutters, echoing from wall to wall.
Fading, translucent sun running through
brush charred brown, roots seeping in the sand.

Two pagans walk, toes quietly ripping into
ground; a collage of color, tan blended skin,
lonely; while the wind burns and night
dusts their nakedness.

She whispers him with a mixed scent of dew
at dusk--sand runs silently away,
allowing human musk to sing in the cool air.

Buffalo and deer look on, for a moment
loneliness is gone.

His "Aahhh," answered by Her,
"Love you, too."

Sitting on the edge of the world is the sun,
hung so cleverly, just sitting there.

The horizon flickers around the rim,
while the sun sits . . . hanging so cleverly.

Song of Prometheus:

"Gritting, troubled sand, bleed the pity of my
flesh together when the winter nights come again.

Look to the wayward way you live,
believe in the will, this hill is not
loneliness, but mountains making your entirety."

It is summertime and wintertime when Prometheus'
cries are heard, "Will not Hercules kill for me?"

I hurt to see, to feel that little bit of space
two can have in hearts."

Thought shot echos round his mirrored memories,
boldly reflecting below him two lumps of netted flesh.

Yellow drop of ochre sun sets as dark comes whistling
through nights, surrounding Prometheus bound

through nights, surrounding Prometheus bound to Mount Caucasus: "Vultures often eat their way through hearts (livers for carnivores, few Chirons exist for the salvation) of man."

Give thanks for fired nights;
smouldering smoke of burning wood,
eyes of the lynx reflect a moon,
our silhouettes show by a fire; near an abyss, our mural chiaroscuro throws a shadow where fires cannot grow; except at the spot where two sit as the sun sits, on the horizon; where earth ends and begins: where music drips in time.

Time screams from the hermit's bell,
silent sand waits for sleep. Two walk scraping the ground with hope; their nakedness clothed in wind and dark and stars. The world sighs (I do not understand. Oh, Zeus, make not him the mockery of man).

But gods do not listen.
While Prometheus lies bound by string and thread, dying the death of the dead; howling in the night. Below are two who see only through each others' eyes.

Unsheathed
husks of skin, bonded by some strength unseen, unknown except between the two who lie below, infintestimal to his eye.
Bland innocence and naivete, then they make love to torture him.

"My name is Me. I can feel identity using my blood in veins beginning the vacuum.
In all this teakwood universe Nothing is released unseen. I berate you, Zeus, try to hate you, but when my teeth move they bend like rubber, my lips stick so worlds come out as broken glass.
If I could live in the desert when the hermit rings his bell; then I could become one of One, instead of half of two."

The opera of the open night surrounded in the sky with dark crescendos, while water cut in ground dividing worlds in halves and halves again.

Look skyward, way up on the mountain, see him lying prostrate there? Writhing, taunted, screaming body wanting wishes he cannot hide.

"Oh, Zeus, there is no god such as Hercules!" he bellowing for him and his hopes for man. Agonized he screams:

"Do you know where Chiron is?"

do you know where chiron is?"

The lovers laugh, spreading their happiness again.
Scourging the good in him, not repeating or
retreating from their defilement of his ideals.

He would wait long before his length of memories
would bring fire:

A man might tread a heavy road filled
with jeering man.

Lovers, noble kind assassins, could nail him there,
on some cross he might bear
upon the hardened road.

And when the last breath filled his eye--

his mortal cry,

(Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani?)

But he would wait long for this fire:

until Greece was built and Rome was built,
until the Western world was.

Until then he would wait long.

Escape

In the sky the hawk flies, Prometheus
sees the Vulture's head. No dread from him
consigned to die, to hear a screaming
Vulture's cry. He waits, lying as food
for the lusty bird, in horror, knowing
the sky should be swallowed daily.
An eagle lived one day to kill the maddened
bird of prey, but died and died and died.

When the sky's struggling thunder c\decreased
to a diminuendo; then Chiron
came with an unselfishness unknown
between man and a friend of man.

A frightened

Olympus god tossed down to them thoughtful bones
left by the Vulture, before Chiron came
with stumbling hooves proclaiming his soul to Zeus,
then scrambled to Caucasus Steppes and Prometheus.

Chiron is cutting the simple bonds binding
immortal to rock, watching him rise from his place,
hearing an immortal talk; as Hercules
choked the Vulture until breath
did not die, but wandered away instead.

Hear Zeus, (I didn't know it would
work out this way!), and thinking while
Prometheus flees, (Justice? He should
give fire to man then just leave?).

The gods remind themselves everyday
that man cannot have all universe
or the confinement within.

Epilogue:

On the Sierra, above the sand, the hawk flies.
Two lie dripping wet from sleep; their last
little piece of happiness while he is free.

Prometheus picks up a small bone
to peg at skittering tumbleweed,
and it rolls across the plain to nestle
between two stones, resting there small
and insignificant.

Now two can see a level line of earth.
The dawn caused horizon dusts
their nakedness away.
For the sun sits on
the edge of the world,
hung so cleverly.

HOLIDAY TIME

by R. L. Sansone

How joyous seem the skinny bums
Decked out in sweet-Santa suits,
Clanging for another binge
At Christmas shopping mutes.

And Put CHRIST back in Christmas stickers
Only cost a dime"
Really, now, every bumper should sport one,
Can't you tell, it's Holiday time!

And above it all
Sings a little girl,
"Only 30091 more shopping days
til the end of the world."

HORN

by John Sopko

you know you've got to think it first
til it blows up inside and screams to get out
you've got to think it hard
and when you've got it baby
then you know you've got it--
then you've got to sing it loud
scream it til you're swimming' in it--blue
blow it til your brains blow out--blow
(like rat guts all over the road)

and then you know you've got it baby
hug it kiss it love it lay all over it
cause it's beautiful
but don't stop there baby
you've got to give it out
it's a song let the whole world sing it
it's a road let the whole world ride it
it's a light let there be light
it's a horn baby let the whole world blow it
blow it til their brains blow out

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Jane Schwartzman
John Sopko

1965

There has been a return to classical Greek analogies over the past few years and the work by Robert Steele is an example of creative depictions of Greek ideals. The cycle of life is dealt with in the piece by Victoria William and an unmasked discussion of homosexuality is explored as occurring because one has been rejected by the opposite sex in a piece by F.C. Spreyer. Another poem about Circe by James Childs combines Greek mythology and a discussion of pulling or luring someone into homosexuality.

Selected Writing:

The stream that feeds Innisfree by Robert Steele

With a tear and a smile by Victoria William

Oh America, (my new found land) by F.C. Spreyer.

Circe at sweet sixteen by James Childs.

"OH AMERICA, (MY NEW FOUND LAND)"

DONNE ELEGY XIX

by F. C. Spreyer

I met her
In that antique world
of complete sobriety;
Dangling phrases from
my mouth like snakes
from Medusa's scalp.
She extracted me
from myself.

Afterward,
We walked with Purity
I, with my sword
Poised to defend her
until the day -- like
a workman peeling
his lunchtime banana
parted us -- exposing
the core of our
white love.
Again --
I met her on the El
carrying a grinder
Wearing fat angles
and necessity

When she had left --
I buried her.

That evening,
I left on a night train

For Sioux City.

There --
I met a man
Who told me
"All people are
Homosexual," and I
Wasn't shocked.

Somewhere --
In the distance
A woman's laugh
Climbed a red brick wall
And was gone
Before I could find
The owner.

THE STREAM THAT FEEDS INNISFREE

by Robert Steele

I know a small spectrum of beauty
Where a stream bends by grassy banks.
There I ever see women of Helen's beauty.
Some in simple dresses walk
Barefooted between the bending beeches,
Over the grass and leaves of fine shadows;
While two, lithe and slim,
Bathe in the still, pebbly pool;
And others catch the west-far sunbeams
In their dim, sparkling hair.
One beckons me forward with her modest eyes
And braids that hang full thick to her waist,
Into the forest where we walk close and silent
Upon a path whose sides are flushed with ferns.
Now she speaks telling me how --
In a flow of flooding music
That greens the earth and blues the sky --
The rain smells,
And how the rain sounds
When it falls on her home under a thatched roof.

WITH A TEAR AND A SMILE

by Victoria Williams

I

A seed is dropped from my father's brow and life begins
Nourished and sheltered in mother earth
And autumn turns to winter and I am cold
I struggle for existence in this damp-murkiness
I grow strong--I am hungry for life.
Spring comes and I am Born.
Summer cradles me in a warm breeze
Trees are green and life is as swollen as my mother's belly was
And everything is one silent cry "I am Born"

II

The shoulders that bear me are as strong as the earth
And the songs sung to me as gentle as the rain
The sun-light turns me bronze--the sea weathers my skin
And beautiful childhood turns to bold adolescence to strong semi-manhood
And I'm brave and young and yearning for a job and love and knowledge
I want to plant seeds of my own
And everything is one silent cry "I am Yearning"

III

The earth is torn the sky riddled with flames
And over the land is a river of flowing red
The stars watch as we rape mother earth
The stench of death is everywhere and women weep
But slowly life mends itself and strong men stand together and rebuild
And everything is one silent cry "I am War--Gone"

IV

I stand watching the foam on the crest of the waves
I turn toward the hills I am as old as the human race
I no longer stand straight and my eyes have been hollowed by many
 miracles
I will be sorry to leave this place
 But the sea calls to me
I will speed for a while on the winds and then perhaps
With a tear and a smile another woman shall bear me
I hear the sounds of life's longing all around me
 And everything is one silent cry "I am Mankind"

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F. C. Spreyer
Robert Steele
Elinor Swartz
Laurence Toolin
Charles Watt
Victoria Williams
Victoria Williams
David Willis

1966

Students are concerned with the transience of life and try to make sense of their place in the grand scheme of life or to figure out if there is one.

Selected Works

Three movements by Gerald Kavanaugh
Imagination's lament by Robert James Steele, IV
The click of conscience by F. C. Spreyer

THREE MOVEMENTS

by Gerald Kavanaugh

A great voice
Came out of the temple
From the throne
Saying, "it is done."
(Revelation 16)

1
Eyes from the graveyard
Make small footfalls
on the snow.
Eyes of blood
Down the ivy stem,
Tails rasp against forgotten tombs
until the hole is found;
Then they poured through,
A mass of teeth and eyes.
A hundred streams converged upon
a flea-infested river
Flowing from the sewer beds
and the dump;
Its frozen garbage solid,
too hard to eat.
The gray hoard conquered snowdrift
after snowdrift
Leaving footprints for their banners
And bones and blood of unheard rebels
eaten by the pack,
The flying pack with red wings;
And yes of burning cinder
That bubble in their orbits
And sink into a drowning twilight.

2
The stream of bleeding vapors
condensed upon the tree barks,
Upon the murdered countenance

And yet it ticked
Unfettered by congealed blood.
A slaughtered visage, a strangled edifice
Now but a bloody, palpitating eye
All-seeing, unabashed, unafraid,
Shrieks its boldness to the leaders
of the nations,
Screams defiance to the Master of Creation
Then bled upon the land and on the sea.
Voltaic forces fought;
Titanic pillars toppled under massive
thunderous forms
That crashed and struggled in those
ethereal heights
Splashed blood upon the barks,
Choked up the tiny mouths of Culture's
leaves
And the bloody, palpitating eye
devoured the sun
As Chaos ate its brothers.
Again the demon rose; again it fell
upon itself,
A dragon with a mortal wound
Gone spilled upon a battered earth.
Its shell washed clean by a hungry sea
Then reclaimed to liquefy, to vanish
in a vast abyss.

3

The planets move about their dying master
in delirious orbits
A dull and sluggish Mercury,
A wry and withered Venus,
A dim and deadened mars,
A stunted Jupiter
And a million dying stars
Are divested of their light.
Just the still and blackened sea
Aborted of its progeny
Yields up the night
To the brown and barren stone,
Its sole associate
Divided by a fringe of ice
Each to each unknown
In this abysmal silence.
Only a fish
Flopping on the ice fringe,
a fish.

IMAGINATION'S LAMENT

by Robert James Steele IV

My passions in my cupped hands held out,
You leave me to go and intellectualize.
The slip through the holes my fingers can't block
And fall somewhere minutely on the ground
Among the ferns, around my feet
As I sit on this stone wall watching you go.

Do you remember the reflection of those pine trees
On the surface of the slow moving stream
As we stood on the other side watching?
And that the sun that early morning moment
Was stuck between the pines as a gumdrop?
And its reflection in the grey water?

Haven't you knowledge of daylight's strange curse?
Fleeing we hate her, and lingering also do;
Loved because she passes and when she stays.
I know the daylight without an opiate,
And can speak from experience,
And can say that I need you.

Come back -- please help me find my lost passions.

There is a peak of rock known
Only to the stars and night.
Before the sun throws its first
Beam of icy light, clouds dark
And thickly interwoven, cover it.
There with my son will I go
And lament for she left me alone.

Lament, Lament she's gone from me;
She of the quiet eyes,
Whose parted lips could shadows tease.
Clouds -- bend about the sky and cry!
For she, whose step so light
Caused havoc in my mind, is gone from me.
Rivers -- lap your banks in mournful dirge.
Cities drag your chains of for and smoke
While oceans weep the mossy sand.

There are the dead and disjointed limbs
Of a life once whole and alive --
A cup of coffee in an all-night diner,
Cigarette smoke caught in the web
Of the air on a still afternoon,

A bird sings two notes and no more
As a right foot touches the ground,
And sunlight remains in a glass of water
Left yesterday on the window sill.

Carelessly, I cease trying to care,
And return to the asphalt streets --
Not with that former passion,
Because it used to be a search,
Which though born in life's restless womb,
Was bigger far than its mother,
And that resolved when I first saw you --
But with an absence of all feeling,
Because now it is no longer a search;
For life's womb is confused and sterile.

Come back -- end this meaningless, passionless search.

Within the stomach of a drunk there rocks
A sea of salt whose width and depth's unknown'
The pit thereof is sickly green, and flocks
Of crows disturb him with their sing-song tone.
O! seaweed drapes the contours of his brain,
And fingernails are clawed with thirsty dust.
His white of eye is red, they itch insane;
Upon his skull his hair is glue or rust.
O! and his tongue is charred with sun hot sand
So that it cannot move, but swollen, tries
To call the brooks which babble through the land
So lightly ever spright in down or rise.
The brooklet's water unenticed by men
Their cool delicious way trip by the glen.

Deeply Eastward slanting sunbeams cut across my eyelids,
And I walk down a city street thinking how
There never was much for men than walking.
Paths -- with the sky for a canopy high above,
And hills for sight at different elevations.
Cars as boats glide by and people intermixed
With noises and many smells blended to dullness.

I think that kindness must be some distant dream
Of which at most man gets the faintest scent,
And yet that still it always is before us
In some way as perhaps its essence of the sunlight is,
Or in these steps its mystery is hid.

What can a man do when the end has come?
Does he run like a wounded dog,
Or pray to his gods under the stars?
I am an animal of sensations.
And can't reason my reactions when I cease to be.

But it don't matter no more, nothing does.
Not that it's sad that the snow must fall,
And the wind promises to be a faithful friend.
The sun can drop dead and flicker no more.
My lips are a curbstone's perpetual frown.

Damn! I've heard this same song a million times repeated,
And know I will continue to vomit the same response.
I've tried to get out in the country;
And from my heart's root realize that the reason
Is a lack of the order that only nature can give.

But it don't matter no more, nothing does.

I walk;
The eastward slanting sunbeams cut across my eyelids;
And I walk.

THE CLICK OF CONSCIENCE

by F. C. Spreyer

Once there was a place to hide -- there had been limitless attitudes, poses and opinions.
Now, the street is black, the houses red, and the faces -- the faces seem to bounce pink. The
world seems endless -- it has turned back upon itself: folded toward its center and produced from
its fold.

Yonic yawns gobble up reality and leave a circus -- that takes place all at once.
Everything in one flashing instant of certain marvelousness. Everyone knows what I am
thinking, and they are waiting -- waiting to undo me at the precise second at which I think I have
won.

My mind, my monster mind, must gulp something into nothing before I enter this door-Red door,
beautiful red door -- inevitably, of course, it's marked "NEVERMORE". Click, Click,
Click, Click....It's open. Open door, Open idea, Open mind----POP.

The fabric of the couch in the corner of the room is rough. The texture is rough,
vermilion rough. How unusual! The hair of the woman who opens the door is of the same
texture-color as the couch. Two small children, both looking like midget men -- red faced,
crying, cling to her thighs. She knows.

Her husband stares from the couch and nods meaninglessly toward the wall. The wall is
dirty vermilion and the green wine bottle on the table before the couch is somber green to the
vermilion of the wall. the man is dark haired. He is entirely dark eyes and darkly nodding head.
Against the wall there is another man whose blonde hair hangs dirtily straggling toward his
shoulders. I enter.

I have been riding wide-eyed by bright windowed morning bus and walking in the crisp
air. The room smells foul.

The door remained red and closed. The green couch sat like a blob of clay against the

vermilion of the wall/room. The lighter man standing against the wall, began to twitch -- his body growing into an incessantly epileptic conjunction of arms, legs, necks, fingers; and finally falling forward, he grasped the arm of the sofa and screamed at the darker man who sat there.

The noise from the scream sat in my ears---plop.

"It's so big," sat like a dirty thought in my mind. All through my body, suddenly the thought occurred to me, "Swallow everything."

the music which had never there before began:

Martial music, like silk scarves on a March day, lingers at my mind's door, greets my senses, and then marches off to its own private Paradise, somewhere.

it never ended-----

Actualized before conception,
this truth extends itself,
Swallows up the natural
Artifice of birth-Exists
It tells no lies of worth.
Tottering, in limbo between
The mutually reminding slices
Of the finite immortal,
It weighs the chances --
And remains.

it never began-----and yet it is here.

"Who the hell is alive anymore?" The sound became words and the words began to take on meaning - - - I interrupted:

"Eons of time in your little finger."

he continued without the benefit of my truth:

"Christ! your life is a sore and it eats away at your mind."

"Now we are all going to tell a truth that will be true for every one of us," I thought, "and we will begin with--"

The darker man lunged at the lighter man, smashing the base of his palm against the flesh of the lighter man's face----CHEEKS!

"The door is red -- Red as the blood from his nose --

Thought: "Red as the blood on the wall."

A hand was smashing red against vermilion green white wall. The blonde man was making a cross with his blood on the wall.

"The sigh of his fall. I stand a-pall, that he

Thought: "should have the gall -- and he was to tell a truth and all."

The woman-wife, who had been out of the room, entered. She looks as though she is searching for something. She finds the phone. Dials a number, and the words float like clouds through the red-green-white vermilion of the room.

The words stand out in my mind -- Why? -- The word is POLICE and the address is the reality code for this room.

Thought: "the police re coming here."

Everything stands still-----

A run around of little

Pixie bells -- in my mind --
Ring. The floor dances,
And a table hits my shin.

The master held a great wooden stick with which he beat his pupils so much that they thanked him. He put the stick down and walked through a great stone archway and entered the ballroom. The dance was constantly over all at once beginning to continue until -- someone in the band -- playing a Latin dance number -- clapped his stick -- Karrape! and the master, drawing his long gleaming steel white sword, cut him -- Kawassh!

There was a knock on the redness of the door. Both men ran toward it.
The woman ambled sadly-steadily behind.

Open the door and bursting bright blue against blue, all at once blue.
Red green white vermilion clash with the burst of bright blue silvering in the open door.

They went outside in the sun.

I walk down the cement of the step, past the green white of the car
against black of pavement. The taste in my mouth is one that I know and I think of it walking,
yes, the taste in my mouth is walking now.

Brown of the houses -- row on row, stone. This song, the only song I
know. This room -- a hardwood floor, my feet below.

Between clean sheets, I listen, and hear----a radio.

1966 Staff

A. J. Dawson
Dayle Donofrio
Thomas Hines
Harold Piascik
Judith Sharp
Joanne Stucjus
Charles Watt

1967

The youth are described as changing to a more violent and rowdy crowd and Mark Christian Sadoski does a very vivid piece about young people of his era. The dissolution of America as the end all and be all of the world is continuing and this forms a central theme in several works such as *America!* by an anonymous writer who depicts the dissolution of American ideals. For the first time in this journal, a separation of classes is discussed with the poor living in contact with the rich. The injustice of social and economic equality is seen in the poem by Laura Worthman.

Selected Works:

Write me as one by Mark Christian Sadoski

America! by Anonymous

The A train collage by Laura Worthman.

THE "A" TRAIN COLLAGE

by Laura Wortman

two hundred seventh street
and Washington heights

where it all begins slow

the third class carriage
somebodies grandmas from the Bronx has hot bialies
from Jerome avenue
in a shopping bag
from

UPTOWN IT'S ALEXANDERS!

they are potato eaters

they are toothless

nobody smiles

a hundred seventy fifth street

the second class carriage

from the shopping garden shopping center
on the other side

with
white collars
and blue collars
and THE GREY suit
and pasty faces
for

the brave new world
and
fernand leger

nobody smiles

PITY THIS BUSY MONSTER MAN UNKIND

a hundred twenty fifth street

the heart of darkness

they too
get their job through the new York times

but

no sense pretense

pretty blacks ain't white
fat blacks aint Marlborough men

ebony centerfold's got thick lips

THAT'S true pulsating nigritude
boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom

nobody smiles

the train continues, timed to the writhing of its elements

forty second street

lola's pizza

reginald marsh's tommy atkins
with

jane avril
with

old make-up and crows feet still clutches the
fantails that she embroidered once

fellini's serephina
sits

like the venus of willendorf.

her concupiscent curves

shrouded in chartreuse violets and big orange lipstick
que passe, que passe bidadda bidaddabidadda holy mary motherofgod

oblivious

the slim hiped lover regards

the crisco tressed sonofabitch who just looks mean

nobody smiles

MISTAH KURTZ HE DEAD

AMERICA!

By anonymous author

I am watching you

die

a slow death of spun stability

and

me

being

the law-abiding

citizen of the year

kindapersonthatIam

feel

you should be warned

Statues of Liberty

DO come

in more than

just

one

style...

WRITE ME AS ONE

by Mark Christian Sadoski

I

When Mack left the house that night he cut across the next-door neighbor's yard because he was in a hurry. In the dark he stumbled and nearly fell over an ancient concrete birdbath that had been there, in the middle of the lawn, quiescent, holding water as long as anyone could remember. He muttered an obscenity at it and thought, as he moved around the old obstacle somewhat hurriedly, funny the way something can be right there all the time and you never even see it.

II

Mack met the others in the small, dark parking lot behind the luncheonette and slid into the back seat. Two of the four already in the car muttered a greeting, the others just smoked nervously.

"Where's Lake?" was the first thing Benny, who was sitting behind the wheel, said. Mack said that he hadn't seen him.

"Are you sure you told him?"

"Yeah."

"Then where the hell is he? I don't see him."

"He's around. Don't get shook, Benny, we got all night."

Benny turned his head and stared a mean look into Mack's eyes. Then he glanced

at the others and didn't talk excitedly any more.

After Lake arrived (he had been having coffee in the luncheonette behind which they were parked) and Benny finished complaining because he had held them up, they drove to a park outside the center of town where one of them had stashed a couple of six-packs of beer. It had been stolen because none of them was old enough to buy it.

Mack saw the beer even before the car stopped. It had been hurriedly and carelessly concealed in some bushes and was easily visible, even in the dark.

Benny saw it too. "Beer don't last too long that way, Charley," he said to the one who had hidden it.

"Won't last too long once we get ahold of it anyway," said Mack. They laughed, and Mack thought: neither will the money.

The beer was warm and the bottles were overspread with dirt which turned to mud in their sweaty palms. They clung to the bottles as if they were extensions of themselves, or themselves the bottles, and drank feverishly, white foam flowing down their chins. The bottles didn't hold their contents very long.

Benny sped them away, driving faster. he roared down the park boulevard and had to hit the brakes hard to make the curve around the park memorial fountain which stood, holding water in stony quiescence, on a grassy strip between the traffic lanes.

"That old pigeon-latrine is always in the way," grumbled Mack and flung a dirty bottle at it. The bottle smashed harmlessly against the ancient structure and fell to pieces at its base. They roared around it and out of the park.

"Nothing like a couple of beers," said Benny, and he took a long gulp without watching the road. Charley and Mack said it sure was good but Mack thought it tasted lousy. Nobody saw Lake toss a half-full bottle out the window.

Together they curised the streets of the city, spinning away from stop lights, blasting the horn at the slower traffic they passed, winding a labyrinth prowl around the community in an effort to kill time.

It was already late, however, when they stopped at a diner somewhat out of town. They entered noisily, laughing and bumping into things, and took an end booth. A young waitress hesitated and then walked towards them to take their order. As she approached, their eyes turned towards her, but Benny, who hadn't noticed her, kept telling a somewhat off-color joke, laughing intermittently and glancing at his listeners for approval. Without looking away from the attractive attendant, Mack nudged him. Benny looked around at her and stopped talking. There was an inauspicious silence until the girl broke it by asking for their order. They looked at each other and laughed and ordered coffee all around. The waitress walked away quickly.

They became more rowdy, and when the waitress delivered the coffee, a remark mumbled by Charley caused her to blush and walk upright and offended into the backroom kitchen. They laughed, and laughed harder when they heard her shaken voice in the kitchen, talking to someone. Benny accidentally knocked a sugar bowl onto the floor. At that sound, the owner of the diner rose and emerged from the back. He walked purposely to their table.

"Pay and get out," he said quietly, "the police are on their way."

Benny, incensed, like an angry bottle shaken and ready to spray out, nudged Mack to let him out of the booth. Without acknowledging Benny, Mack stared at the owner.

"We're leaving," he said. The owner looked around at all of them and then moved in back of the cash register. Mack looked round at the restrained Benny and with a lowered voice said, "Listen. We can't afford to have the cops watching us now. If you make trouble in this place they'll be keeping tabs on us all night. Now let's get the hell outa here, right?" They all looked at Benny.

"All right, all right. But he better not get in the way again," he said.

III

The owner of the small package store was old and had become careless; although he lived upstairs, above his store, or maybe because he did, he often failed to lock his rear windows. Because he thought this unnecessary, or because he was lost in memory of his age and of how many bottles had passed in and out of his shop, he would more and more frequently lock only the doors, and yawning, flick out the lights and amble slowly up to bed.

It was true: many bottles had passed quickly in and quickly out of the shop, and only a few old brands that nobody bothered with anymore stayed and grew still and unnoticed on the shelves in the dark.

IV

The old man was sleeping soundly as Mack, Benny and Lake crouched along close to the back of the building and stopped under a window. They waited silently for a second, listening for a whistle from any one of the others who were hidden and watching in different directions. Mack peeped in the bottom of the window and then stood up slowly. He smiled. There was only a small nightlight glowing in one corner and all else was still. He softly tried the window, pressing on the cross-sash with his thumbs. It didn't budge. He pressed harder. Suddenly the window shot up with a loud scrape. At this, Benny jumped back and started to whisper, "If he heard th-" when Mack's hand roughly clenched the front of his jacket. He yanked Benny's face close to his. He held a finger before Benny's lips and then gave him a little shove backwards. They waited in silence again, their eyes glancing around, but there was no sound, no light.

They climbed one by one through the window, eyes nervously scanning the shadows, and Mack made for the cash register. Benny stayed in the dark near the window, nervously anticipating some signal from the others outside. Lake accidentally knocked over a wastepaper basket which spilled out noiselessly. He set it aright and replaced all the spilled papers in the dark.

Mack had emptied the till and was rummaging very quickly through some papers in a drawer when they heard the door open at the top of the stairs. A flashlight beam shone down while they held their breath as one, and then a shuffle of tired old feet began to descend. Mack and Lake ducked behind the counter and huddled nervously as the old man reached the bottom of the stairs. The beam passed over the bottles above and behind them and a gruff old voice said something about you might as well come out when there was a smashing thud and the sound of something splashing to the floor. The old man slumped down amidst the tinkling of broken glass and blood from his head ran with the beer that streamed away in rivulets. Still holding the end of the broken bottle, Benny stared down at the bathrobed figure as Mack moved from behind the counter and stood next to him. Benny looked at Mack and Mack could see that he was terrified, even in the dark. Then Benny swallowed and his voice cracked when he said, "no." Then Benny was running for the window and he fell heavily over a display, crashing it to the floor. Mack was on him in an instant. Benny whined and squirmed to get up and finally yelled out something about Christ and killing the old man and Mack help him. Mack clamped his hand tightly over Benny's mouth and grasping a fistful of hair yanked his head down and held it to the floor.

"Listen," he whispered loudly, "We can still get out of this. Now you get out that window and you do it quick and you do it quiet and if you make any more noise I'll stomp your face in, right?" Benny's saucer eyes stared up at him, and Mack waited until he stopped breathing so hard to let him up. They met Charley at the window.

"I don't know what the hell you did but let's drag quick. I could hear that a hundred feet back." Charley snapped around and ran off. Benny squirmed through the window and Mack started to follow. Benny was running. Mack caught a glimpse of the old man as he glanced back. Then Mack stopped still. Lake was bending over the old figure, brushing the broken glass away.

Mack ran back and grabbed Lake's arm. He tried to pull him away but Lake shook him off hard.

"Look, let's get outa here! If we get caught here, do you know what happens?"

Lake said that if somebody didn't call an ambulance for the old man, he'd bleed to death.

"Lake, don't hold us up! There isn't time! Let's get the gell out of here!"

He tried to pull Lake again, and Lake came up off the floor hard, shoving Mack down with a crash. Mack got up and faced Lake at a distance.

"you're going to stay for it all, aren't you? Well just don't rat us out Lake. Right?" Lake shook his head that he wouldn't and stood in the middle of the room, instony quiescence, with beer, blood and broken glass at his feet.

They looked at each other, frowning, deep into each other's eyes; each saw womething different, and then Mack left, thking "stupid S.O.B." as he ran.

1967 Staff

Judy Bjorklund
Michael Cirillo
Susan Erwin
Bart Gray
Jeff Greenberg
Joan Gudain
Nancy Hazuka
William Higginson
Ernest Hoffman
KarenRoberts
Robert Kohout
Kathy Linn
Jim Lucason
Cheryl Pentalone
John Quak
Craig Sackett
Mark C. Sadoski
Carol Trimble
Laura Worthman
Saba Zolty

1968

Much of the writing in this issue focuses on freedom. Several pieces of creative work explore how to gain freedom from the oppression created by the war in Vietnam. Other pieces focus on how to get freedom from societal expectations. Often these pieces are about parents. Self knowledge is also an important theme and many of the poems reflect a quest for some ultimate truth or explanation for the injustice present in life. Concern is expressed for those who are persecuted because they dare to differ from the norm. All of these themes seem to stem from the overwhelming influence of Vietnam in the lives of the writers.

Selected Works:

Sometime in the somehow of it all (we are standing) and *The Gap* by William Harrison
Cantos of the mind by Ed Sadonis
The zoo by Bob Petemont
AARON by Francesca Reitano

SOMETIME IN THE SOMEHOW OF IT ALL (WE ARE STANDING)

By William Harrison

Who is left to sing the once proud songs
That blistered in the bubble of each unopened mind,
Who is left that knows the hidden trails
That through forgotten forests weave and wind.
Who remembers love (if love at all)
 calls urgent to the lovers anymore,
And fades like distant voices in the hall
And fades like distant footsteps by my door.
Who is left to feed the torch of touch
And pick the plum like fire from their lips,
And watch the waiting seed we need so much
We who could and did begin the upside slide
Of union fierce and long,
Shout out again
 our forgotten song.

Who was left beneath the crystal hill,
Gets stretched and ripped and wrecked
 or racks of pain,
Our quiet dead and empty canyons fill
With prayers to love's sweet face and love's sweet name.
The shadows on the broken boulders crawl,
The scrawl of swinging branches waves goodbye
The hero's gone who used to sound so all
Unaltered in the blue unblemished sky,
The mermaid in the moonlight tastes her salt
And shrieks a silky siren neath the waves
A bomb in Vietnam? it's not her fault,
The family pets stare sullen in their graves.

In your hot house by the tide-time pulsing sea
The patterns twist new shapes and break away,
To glide along the side of hungry eyes
And hungry eyes have many worlds to say.
The mounds of mumbled murk begin to move
And shoulder loads of mangled, tangled doubt
Which shift across the edges of a groove
That reaches out --
And reaching (like a father for his son)
Whose way it's not his way to understand
Is tied with strings of suffering undone
(and silently withdraws his hand.)

Quests of the stone age we look on,
The rough collage of life is fixed in place
The time of passing has been here and gone
With memories to love's sweet name and face.
The children follow lame balloon men down
To rivers rippling gently with their tears
And I gaze on with settled frown
Deep furrowed with the
Lost pied pipers' years.

For we are on the threshold of a New Creation
Today the sweet birds sang and the
sky was full of a strange new light,
I've heard strange footsteps near my house
Which came and left last night,
The old songs fell--far foaming in the sea;
a melting skylark trembles in her flight.
And we are at the threshold of a New Creation.
Our feet are in the doorway of a new approach
And our hearts are open to the hymns of love,
Today I saw a movement in the bushes
And we are on the threshold of a New Creation:
No more shall dead men tell our tales
or shrivel up our minds in morbid thought
I sense the stillness of a sudden expectation,
And we are on the threshold of a New Creation.

No more shall shadows fill our dreams
or tear such angry edges on our souls,
Or drown the holy whisper in dark streams
That gurgle draining dreary into holes,
No more will sadness be our soul sensation
And we are on the threshold of a New Creation!
And
Though I've seen these flashing signs before
And waited fruitless
Yet I wait once more

To see the sweet birds fall and die
to feel the coldness of the darkening sky,
And hear the footsteps each past my door.
The movement in the bush is still unknown
And lame pied pipers lead the children home
The naked seed howls hungry to the bone
and though I wait with you
I wait
Alone.

CANTOS OF THE MIND

by Ed Sadonis

I
You cannot compromise truth,
though you may ignore it;
still,
you feel the claws
of disregard.
Conscience is truth,
scratching
to be set free.
Deceive yourself
and your insides will be torn out
leaving only a hollow shell
as false testament
to yourself.

II
I am too much tempted
by what isn't real
or doesn't matter.
The superficial is everywhere
the meaning
too deeply hidden,
probably unrecognizable
in my own hand,
though I constantly stare
at my hand
for endless days.

III
Don't be fooled by simplicity,
close examination tends to confuse
by the ramifications
of every endless connection
dependent
on one another
for reason
to continue,

until you wind up with yourself
every time.

IV

Never fear
the magnitude of a truth
 which
would render you naked,
 for someday
 it will be known
 as surely
 as the sun
 makes its silent
 most natural
 appearance.

THE ZOO

by Bob Petremont

In a hollow
In a wood
In a world
You'll never view

There stands a lonely turtle
Self-exiled from the zoo

And he watches
And he listens
And he sheds a tear
Or two

For all the helpless people
Who are captured
 In the zoo.

AARON

by Francesca Reitano

Aaron thought
that the people
would crucify him
because
he spoke out
his prophecies

the crown
of thorns
was pressed

deep in his mind
and the blood
ran in his eyes
he tried
to crucify himself
with 72 Sominex
and the people
saved him
yes
they pumped
the cross out
of his stomach
and put him
in Hall-Brooke
Sanitarium
to take
the thorns
out of his
mind

He is with
the other prophets
who write
with their blood
and tears
the stories
of Goldilocks
and the Three
Bears
on the parchment
of brick walled
airless
echo chambers
SMITH
THE MIDDLE CLASS AMERICAN KID

Smith got home today
He was out in the field
When his lieutenant told him,
"Get the hell out of here. You're going home kid.
Say hello to all those American broads for me."

For "American broads" and two peace marchers,
One with little gold glasses, met him
At the airport in Frisco

"Kill any Vietnamese kids lately?"
Welcome home, Smith.
We were all drunk up at Ivy U.
When he called
One friend had a mental breakdown

Then made love
One friend kissed his girl
Then hopped in the sack
One kid thought about school, then slept
Welcome home, Smith

He'll be home for forty days,
But I won't see him much
I've got tests, and term papers, and
Then I've got to work over the holidays
I need the money for tuition
And the payments on my Volks
But welcome home, anyway, Smith

We told him what a stupid war it is
And how we felt sorry for
The poor bastards over there
And how it was good to see him
And how lucky he was to make it
Back home to safety and peace in the States
And then we asked him
Where he was spending the rest
Of his time in the army

"I signed up for Vietnam, again."
That was all he said.

THE GAP (SOMEWHERE)

by William Harrison

They were moved from the Mekong Delta today.
I watch them move on T.V. screens
 (and am moved myself)
When a trickle of truth
Reaches my Americanized eyes and then is gone.
Gone, when the headlines holler, "Cong terror"
 and the echo is military necessity.
We burn rick infected with V.C. as
 Children watch shrieking care packages
 Of napalm cancer sticking to flesh like
 Saran wrap and burning gasoline jelly.
People are not for burning!
 (Say, what's that crazy monk up to?)
Who were we afraid of in our standing silence
With nothing but an opinion reaching past the hate
 and easy answers of the angry crowd?
"Please love each other before it is too late."
Somewhere! a face is flashed of hunger walking hungry,
 Of death somewhere counting slowly.
People picking the bones on skinny fingers

Their mouths scarred (scabbed shut) from crying
and no one hearing.
Form the Delta they are moved
On wagons rocking with the cadence of their grief.
Their harvest burned behind them and the
Ashes soaked in monsoon rain.
Somewhere! a mind is broken and the
far-off snap we never hear is
filtered by the air-waves and denied.
Somewhere generals still are talking
Somewhere death is slowly walking
Faces flashing, near and stricken
Senses quicken -- Someone's lied!

1968 Staff

William Alberino
Anne Boley
Paul Desruisseaux
Carol Edwards
Carol Fuse
Joan Gudain
Bill Harrison
Susan Herman
Lynn Johnson
Shirley Kozlowski
Linda Lawrence
Leslie Lewis
Lois Look
Christine Luciani
Nancy Moore
Ed Sadonis
Pam Whiteman
Jim Wilson

1969

For the first time, faculty members' work will be considered for the journal and Dan Ort from the English Department is the first faculty member to have his work published. There is a serious concern for man's ability to destroy the earth through war as represented in the work of William Harrison whose piece is about man, the earth and the ability of war to destroy both. More political poetry is in this issue of the journal. The style present in Mary Head's work has become quite popular. She makes a comparison between an oppressive government and a hatchling.

Selected Works:

Prologue for the requiem tales by William Harrison

Untitled work by Daniel Ort

I'm a chick within a shell by Mary Head

PROLOGUE FOR THE REQUIEM TALES

by William Harrison

In the beginning quietness was everywhere
(soft-blue-rushes fade to white).

In the beginning green hugeness grew
from the belly and the bodies of the trees
(wind springs from her lips, leaves and
fruit-seeds jingle at her toes).

In the beginning silence danced on stone
In the wholeness there was nothing but her
and she was alone.

Metal birds soar solar-sullen
Dropping seed-shells dark and deadly,
Muffled soundings swell the soil-stones
Violent rumbles shake the stars
(and kneeling she cups the moon with her eyes)
Her face trembles tender in trust to the skies.
Lines of trees ignite like match sticks
Suns explode in shocked horizons,
Continents melt back to gases
Shots unheard around the world.
(She glances inward discovering gold-beam
Stretching her mind in reflexing dream.)

Lighting hovers bolts in bunches
Atoms crackle bursting endless,
Planets crazy jolt from Ursas
Children burn like plastic toys.
Oceans fizzle scorching dry salt
Cobalt-ashes fall like rain
Facts of life dissolve polluted
Lost in man's pragmatic brain.

Somewhere it is beginning to begin again;
Soft flesh breaks in waves as
Towns and turnpikes turn to stone,
In the beginning --
 Dreaming in her skin falling
 off, beyond fear of the
 death fall snow so cold it
 burned and burned
Quietness was everywhere
 (blue flashes fade to white) Hush
and she was alone.

**The Parable of the Great trough; or
Hay is for Horses, Straw Is for Pigs; or
An Excerpt from a Treatise Written to
Undermine Socialistic Education**
by Daniel Ort

College presidents from all over the country sang the praises of Harry Straw like wandering troubadours bringing the world of education to the back country. While an occasional dissident voice reached upward through the laudatory clamor, for the most part Dr. Straw was living proof that education pays. He was Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and William James all rolled up in one. He took over the presidency of Pater Noster College in the middle fifties as the school was tilting dangerously on the edge of financial and scholastic disaster. Under his diligent guidance the institution no longer tilted. To be sure, the controversy over its scholastic achievements still rages.

Enrollment had reached a low of 350, mostly students from neighboring communities. In a sense, it was a neighborhood school for college students. The Board of Trustees tried frantically to raise the total, short of registering themselves en masse for courses. But before the arrival of Dr. Straw, Pater Noster College, while offering the standard courses required for a liberal arts degree, was simply unattractive to the new breed of student. Its close affiliation with the Mormon church discouraged the liberals, and the conservatives usually wanted an education from a more liberal college. This is in keeping with that old paradox: rebellious conservatives usually become liberal; rebellious liberals simply become more liberal. Pater Noster's buildings began to look older, older than the local courthouse that reached back to 1899. Even the faculty seemed suddenly to age. Students in literature courses read the moderns as far as Hardy; science, in the modern age, came up as far as Pasteur; and the psychology department dangerously nibbled at the Freudian age. The school was dying.

There was a rumor that government was going to award Pater Noster a grant to find God. this was a bit remarkable in several ways. its name, while religiously derivative, was misleading. The original founder of the institution was a Jew whose father was a Catholic. The latter had a peculiar fetish about the Our Father, the Pater Noster, and as his son began to study Judaism, as the legend goes, the Catholic father took to reciting the Pater Noster in Latin whenever the two of them were together. Some said that the father misunderstood his confessor who said pray for his son not at him. They were

probably being facetious. At any rate the old Catholic could recently be heard chanting the Pater Noster at his son. The local Protestants were the most confused for they thought the Latin prayer was a Hebrew plot to control the economy in Ithaca. yet the Jewish son loved his father dearly and in his memory donated a large plot of land for a college shortly before the turn of the century. His only restriction was to the college's name: it was forever to be known as the Pater Noster College. Ironically a fringe group of the Mormons wanting to make inroads in this Midwestern section took over the land and set up a college. The students, faculty and administrators tried to adopt a variation of the name by saying Pater Noster-Joseph Smith College, but Joseph Smith, in both English and Latin, soon dropped from the picture as the Mormons' strength in the community weakened. The college was gasping its last when Dr. Straw arrived.

Fresh from his reputation in the East as a theoretician in education, he descended on Pater Noster with the vigor of a young man, even though he was now in his late forties. As the legend goes, he bounced into his interview with the Board of Trustees, his exuberant stomach neatly tucked in behind his belt as if he were with child, and they were soon to love him as if he were a mother. He simply exuded love and Truth. What he had to say to the Board seemed right and the way he said it made him and his ideas irresistible. The members of the Board not only wanted him as President of Pater Noster, but also as President of the United States. A charming man he was.

The softly receding hairline seemed proper for his years. His forehead was high enough to make him look intelligent, but not high enough to detract from his handsome, if chubby, features. His face seemed to remember a handsome youth while it looked forward to the respectability that comes with middle-age, a sort of Janus. To strengthen the image, the sideburns above his ears greyed just enough to testify to his maturity. And the constant smile that may have been designed to frame a neat set of teeth glittered with his eyes; and locked together, the smile and eyes were as irresistible as two lovely thighs. The eyes, however, were by far the more striking features of his face. Deep-blue and inset firmly like two cast jewels, they seemed to belong.

But Straw did not sell charm; he used it to sell his philosophy of education that was beginning to vibrate throughout the country like an earthquake. He had pursued the systematization of his theories with such zeal that he had denied his family the attention it needed. But what the family lost as an integral part of its curriculum, the family of education gained. Indeed, as Straw used to say, the family that studies together stays together.

Behind the man was the belief that everyone should have a college education. After his high school education, of course. It was the logical step in a culture that assumed everyone is literate since everyone must attend school until he is sixteen. But until Straw's proposal, college still seemed reserved for those of average intelligence. He proposed a change, and what was especially attractive about his proposal was its fiscal soundness. Not only was Straw prepared to educate everyone, he was prepared to make such a plan work financially. His "democratic education," as he often patriotically referred to it, would pay for itself in the American tradition. The Board of Trustees, once resigned to sinking the ship, was now overwhelmed with the prospect that Pater Noster College might actually make money. On paper it looked good. In triplicate it looked even better. The members voted unanimously to hire him. Even Elder Burke, who was eventually edged out by the President and other Board members, voted for Straw because the prospect of religion and education as paying propositions was like a message from

another world.

To get the students Straw needed, he established a recruiting system throughout the Midwest and the East, a system so effective in some eastern cities that it severely challenged local recruiting efforts by the USMC, no slouch in this area. Brochures on Pater Noster College suddenly appeared in every high school and in every college admissions office. On buses were signs, "Don't send your boy to Florida this winter. Send him to Pater Noster College." Other signs, ignoring the Oedipal implications, encouraged parents to send their girls to Pater Noster for an American education. Many were sold by the total Americanness of the program; enrollment in 1957 jumped to 650 students. The idea that everyone deserves an education, while seemingly socialistic, was actually part of the great American way, another logical extension of the "all men are created equal" business. Each and every student who wanted to be admitted to Pater Noster was admitted. Many would not have been accepted anywhere else, including home; and those who had flunked out of other colleges were anxious to go anywhere. Straw opened his arms and the college doors to all. "Give me your thirsty," he often said.

According to all reports released by the college, the plan continued to work. Enrollment steadily climbed until 1964 when it was necessary to initiate a building program. Working with a new Board, Straw was ready to build. "Let's build with Straw!" the slogans read. Pater Noster alumni, now proud of their heritage, contributed respectably. Money from private endowments, wooed by Straw, began to fill the till. New dorms, new classrooms, new young, energetic faculty members were added. Top businesses in the country from the automobile to the candy industry contributed large sums to the paunchy President who could make education pay like a business who could make a buck out of a book. Amazing. Time Magazine, The Wall Street Journal, The Saturday Review did extensive studies of the miraculous educational system that, besides giving every American kid a second chance, raised faculty salaries above the nation average; and within 7 lean years after his arrival, Dr. Straw could boast of one million dollars in surplus funds. Sure the tuition had gone up; the students were paying for much of it. But why not?

But, alas, all professional people have their critics. During the spring semester of 1968, the school was given a major, but temporary, setback. In a report to the AAC, Affiliated American Colleges, the accrediting association for the state, a group of Pater Noster professors outlined a list of grievances. The AAC, acting with its full authority, decided to look into the charges and placed Pater Noster College on probation until "certain matters" could be straightened out. The faculty was split into various factions. It came down to one basic issue however; those against Straw and those for him. Only a few played it safe and did not get involved. Actually it was more than a few who played it safe. Those without tenure were especially non-committal.

The professors who had submitted the report resigned their positions as a group effective at the end of the school year. They were six in all and known as the "Dissident Six"; their report, the "Dissident Report by Six." Shortly before Easter vacation the "Dissident Six" called an open meeting for all interested parties. Students and townspeople turned out as if they were going to the county fair. But there was little of the fair in what they found. Most of the faculty members stayed away.

Ray Brown, the head of the philosophy department, was the leader of the group, and since his major field was ethics, the whole show took on a moral slant. But Ernie Jordan in math was at least a co-leader. After two years of complaining about policies at

Pater Noster, they all decided some action needed to be taken. Ernie Jordan's motion was the next step; besides Ernie was that way. His wife always had the habit of airing her dirty linen in public, both literally and metaphorically, and in the small town of Ithaca that was like wearing dirty underwear inside out over a white summer suit.

The hall was crowded. It used to be an auditorium when the school was much smaller. The it was adequate enough, but now it seemed suddenly small and Drs. Brown, Jordan and the others looked larger than life as they talked among themselves on the small stage near the front.

An unusually warm spring afternoon left the auditorium unaired and the odor of unbathed students, while often a problem in the outdoors around Pater Noster, now clung to the atmosphere like a damp sheet to a plastic mattress cover. Even near the exit, the odor of perspiration was strong. The muggy weather, it should be said, sneaked up on the students and caught them wearing their winter deodorants.

When Dr. Brown, the leader, moved to the podium the students and others hushed and squeaked forward in their seats to hear every syllable of gossip. "Many of you know why we have called this meeting. As professional educators, as thinkers, and probably most importantly as men, certain members of your faculty feel it is necessary to resign their positions at Pater Noster College because of certain irregularities. These irregularities are being called to your attention, because PNC is your college and if you students don't worry about the quality of your education, then nobody will."

Some student near the back muttered, "Who cares!"

"The gentlemen you see here with me on the stage have signed the document that I plan to read to you. The reasons others have not signed are varied and many. We do not stand in judgment of these colleagues. A copy of this has been sent to the AAC and the President, Dr. Straw, and the Board of Trustees. Only you remain to hear it. We make it public because it is your problem. Not ours. We're leaving. Also, if we didn't give you the opportunity to hear this document now, you would probably never, beyond distorted rumors and administrative interpretations, know the Truth." Like all teachers of philosophy Dr. Brown could capitalize "Truth" without writing it down.

But again some student muttered, "Who cares!"

"We tried to correct the problems. We tried and we failed. We did what we could." He paused to let his words soak in. The students, for the most part, were interested, but not one was applauding. They seemed to be saving themselves for something.

"First of all, we the undersigned resent having to accept all Presidential directives silently simply because, as Dr. Straw frequently points out, we are being well paid. We are, in other words, tired of playing Faust to Dr. Straw's Mephistopheles." The illusion cracked against the back wall where it landed after sailing unmolested over the students' heads.

Then, as if on cue, Mephistopheles himself entered the rear of the auditorium through the center doors. He paused just inside the door, seemingly to adjust his equatorial belt that was slipping down under. One assistant professor who was coming up for tenure evaluation this spring couldn't help himself; he applauded. Though briefly.

Dr. Straw's blue eyes fairly sparkled. He was quietly arrayed in a dark suit as if he were coming to pay his final respects to someone deceased. The silence that hung over the audience draped over the "Dissident Six" whose jaws had dropped in awe, then with resolution had formed square rocks of determination on their surprised faces. It now became apparent to all why the President allowed the group the use of the auditorium. The students, of course, were delighted. They may have even expected it. The Black Knight has accepted the challenge. He was, indeed, coming to do battle. Within this metaphor his protruding stomach seemed ready for the joust.

After a moment of silence a soft rumble of emotion rippled up and down every aisle. Bets were placed. Many were amazed at first that Dr. Straw even had the guts to show up. But those who knew him better, expected him. A simple smile lay ineradicably etched on his face. The old bastard was certainly going to fight. For a good three minutes, that seemed much longer, he scanned the audience, feeling them out, sensing the mood. When his eyes crossed those of the assistant professor who was coming up for tenure evaluation this spring, the young professor couldn't help himself; he applauded. Though briefly.

Straw's first step forward down the aisle silenced the murmurings. They all turned as peasants turn to royalty; and indeed he glittered when he walked. He was the cocky rooster, game enough to peck six foxes. His high forehead tilted back, his eyes, set in his face as if they belonged, swinging back and forth like sprinkled holy water from a high priest, his huge stomach rocking to the uneven walk down the aisle -- he was the messiah; no one could doubt it anymore. Only half sure they were the lost sheep, they were completely sure he was there to save them. They wanted to cast flowers ahead of him or lift his train as he walked. Students actually nodded their heads as he passed them. The "Dissident Six," failing to take the time to fall back and regroup, stood like troops of old, in a straight line, waiting to meet the advancing, smiling foe. When he reached the small stage at the base of the incline, he reeled and looked back at the audience, ignoring the six behind him who, while Ph.D.'s all, looked extremely foolish. As he turned, a curtain seemed to drop behind him shutting out Brown and his colleagues. They might as well have gone home since now no one noticed them.

With a great deal of courage, Dr. Brown uttered, "Dr. Straw, isn't this a bit irregular?"

Without noticing him, the President smiled, "Don't talk to me about irregular behavior, Dr. Brown. On this campus I decide what is and what is not irregular." The students roared their approval. An assistant professor applauded without restraint. The tete-a-tete had begun, and the challenger or champion which Straw was, had countered well with a jab and a right cross.

Then Brown countered, "Dr. Straw, this is the last straw." The audience moaned like a herd of Bennett Cerf advocates.

Pulses fluttered. Only a handful of people have had such dynamics in all of history. It was a magic, a mysterious rapport that was electric, linking every heart and mind in that place to that ridiculous looking man who could always smile but never seemed to swallow.

"I suppose," Straw said, his words filling the quickly formed hush, "that you are here for a reason. Let me assume you are. If nothing else, I hope we, Dr. Brown and the others

included, have taught you that actions without reasons are worthless. You are certainly intelligent enough to know why you are here, yet I doubt if Dr. Brown and his friends would give you credit for your intelligence."

"Please do not distort the issues, Dr. Straw," Brown said, his voice resembling a plea.

"Issues, Dr. Brown? I didn't know there were any other issues. It seems apparent that you do not accept the philosophy of education which gives these students a second chance. You don't believe that they deserve an education. There is your issue, Dr. Brown. You will deprive them of another chance. Need I remind you that this is not the University of Chicago."

"On that issue, Dr. Straw, you need not remind me." The students roared their approval.

Straw, undisturbed, continued, concentrating on the students. Little words and simple phrases dripped of his tongue like hot honey, and his hands, while shoved carelessly into his coat pockets, seemed to actually mysteriously rest on each and every shoulder in the crowd.

"These gentlemen are indeed honorable." Another allusion smacked against the back wall after sailing unmolested over the heads of all the students. "They stand here before you to explain to you their feelings about certain administrative matters. I thought administration was my department. Do I stand in Dr. Brown's philosophy class and lecture on ethics."

"About ethics you know very little," Brown remarked. Two to one in his favor.

"While Dr. Brown would never let me do that, I am willing to let him speak here, if I repeat, if I will be permitted to share some of my feelings with you. My feelings. They are what bind us, you and me, us and Pater Noster, we are Pater Noster, are we not? Let us share our feelings. As you know, my door swings in and out. Everyone is welcome. Many of you come in to see me, and we have a meeting of the minds, the same minds Dr. Brown would be reluctant to give you credit for."

Dr. Brown started to say something, but the President continued, slightly louder, maybe slightly faster, but he was gathering snow like a rolling snowball. "We become as one, making Pater Noster College a better place for you as students. Miss Roth, for example, was in to see me just this week about extending the hours for the women's residence halls. I was hoping to have the opportunity to discuss this issue with more of you. I want to hear your views before I decide. That's only fair. Something, I am sure, can be worked out." Miss Roth who was sitting in front gleamed with triumph. Every co-ed in the room suddenly felt emancipated. Every male's mouth ran thick with saliva.

"But if my door swings in and out, surely you will offer me the same privilege. Can I come to you? Can I talk freely with you? It is your school and if I can't talk freely then we are not working as one."

"That's one of the problems," Brown shouted.

Then a young girl's voice near the front shouted, "Go on, Dr. Straw, we're listening." Another said something like "Hallelujah"; there was on slightly embarrassed applause, and somebody muttered, "Who cares!"

The President, his smile still stretched tightly around his teeth like an elastic girdle, thanked the girl and began again. The "Dissident Six" like acolytes in service all sat as the high priest began. "Let me briefly tell you a parable." He cleared his throat. "There once was a huge machine called the Great Trough that was used to feed a large community. Those who came to feed from the Great Trough simply had to place their mouths over one great opening and the food would be shoved into their stomachs. And the Great Trough did its job quite well because most of the people grew larger and larger. But there were some problems. The one great opening was too large for their small mouths. As a result, many from the community died without ever growing larger. Until one day a visitor to the community suggested a solution to this disaster. Why not take those too short and those whose mouths are too small and nurse them slowly. Like small babies at a mother's breast; these others can also grow larger,' she said. The other villagers were surprised by this new idea and wondered why it was necessary, but the visitor told them that they need those who do not eat as soon or as well as the others. We all need each other,' she said. They wondered why. Weren't some supposed to die? And then she reminded them of an old story they had all forgotten. A story about love, about a creator, about equality. And the villagers wept. And they gave their underdeveloped to the woman. And they all stood in awe as she uncovered her matronly breast to nurse them, and they grew like magic until they were larger and greater than the greatest of those who fed at the Great Trough."

Only silence could have greeted such a tale. Most of the students, unused to the oracular and confused by the parabolic, stood in awe, expecting some exegesis; those few townspeople who arrived for the fight seemed to sense they were in the presence of a great man, too fat to be Christ maybe, but at least Winston Churchill. Names like Dante, Bunyan, Swift rippled through the minds of the untenured faculty in attendance.

After a short pause, Dr. Straw said, "The men behind me have chosen to leave Pater Noster College in order to work for the Great Trough." Cheered by the explanation the students now saw their President as a Christ-Mother, an image whose paradoxical implications were surpassed by the warmth exuded by the speaker. Without looking back, the President walked slowly up the aisle, staring downward, humble yet knowingly victorious. In imitation many of the audience looked down. But he not sooner exited when everyone in the audience, as if tied by his or her navel to some hidden cord, followed Straw through the great jaws of the door. They had tasted the honey-sweet fruit, and thought no more of coming back to the meeting at hand.

The End

An excerpt from a larger work entitled "The Man with Garlic on His Soul"

I'M A CHICK WITHIN A SHELL

by Mary Head

I'm a chick within a shell

simmering in a stifling hell.
Crash the walls, and smash the roof --
I'm strangling in my little coop.

Fight and struggle -- that I will.
No longer can I stay here still.
I'll scratch and peck my tomb's embrace;
I'll force myself out of this place.

No more darkness, no more sleep
from my prison I will leap.
Down with all security!
I will -- I shall -- I can be free!

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