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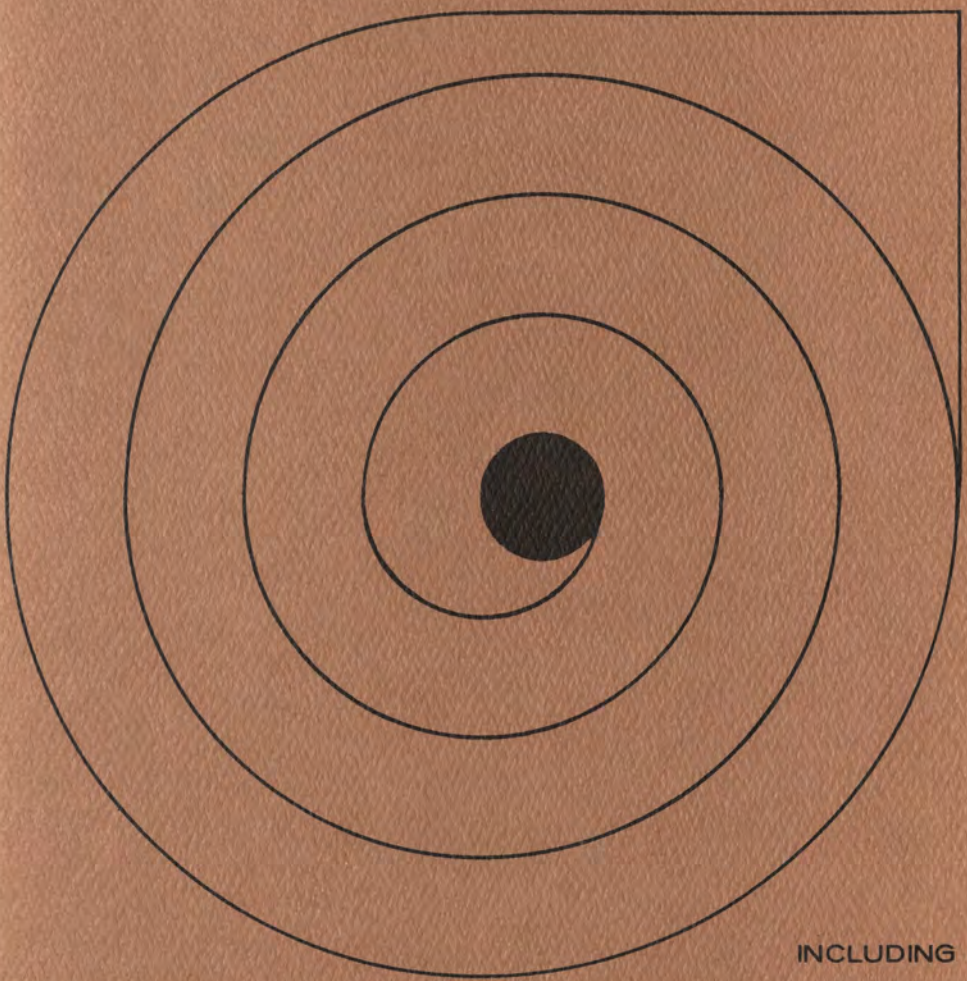

INCLUDING

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respectively for their support
and confidence in this undertaking
and would like to dedicate this issue to them.

The Life In The Day Of Staff Sargeant Quintaro

by Tom Robison

Staff Sargeant Daniel Quintaro arrived at the basic training center at five hundred hours. He parked his 1966 Dodge convertible in the squadron lot and walked toward his office in the barracks.

Almost everyone at the basic training center knew he was the best training instructor stationed at Lackland Air Force Base. He had a reputation. He was the toughest, meanest, spit-in-your-eye "T.I." in the Force. He made men out of boys and airmen out of men. Sgt. Quintaro wouldn't have it any other way.

He walked sharply up the five steps to the barracks door and did a right face. He looked in the door window at the guard. The guard was asleep. Sgt. Quintaro's face turned hard; he kicked the door with his steel-toed boot. The troup's eyes flew open. He jumped to his feet.

"Who goes there? Friend or foe?" the guard screamed.

"Open this god-damned door."

The guard opened the door and stepped backward. He stood at attention. His chin was trembling.

"Boy! do you always sleep on guard duty?"

"Sir! No Sir."

"Boy, do you always open this door when you're told to?"

"No, Sir!"

"Then why, why were you sleeping and why did you open this door without checking my I.D.?" Sgt. Quintaro said.

"I...I..."

Sgt. Quintaro shoved the guard hard against the wall. His head bounced against the wall and his body slid down it.

"Stand at attention when you talk to me!" he said.

The guard stood up. "Yes, Sir," he said.

"Listen, boy, I'm a busy man, I've got sixty of you little girls to nurse. Sixty

god-damned-little-girls that miss their mama and cry themselves to sleep at night. I haven't the time to stand here and wait for you to answer me. Answer me! Why did you open that door without seeing my I.D.?"

"I knew it was you, sir."

"You knew. Isn't that nice. Boy, you aren't gonna make it, you're gonna have grey hair before you get out of basic. You knew. Boy! What is your name?"

"Grabowski, sir."

Sgt. Quintaro walked toward his office. He turned around and looked back at the guard.

"Don't worry Grabowski. Don't bother yourself worrying. You'll never make it."

Sgt. Quintaro sat down in his stiff-backed wooden chair and checked the day's schedule and planned. He knew the schedule, but he enjoyed looking it over each morning.

It was his flight's third training day. They weren't as yet accustomed to basic training. There were several boys, the tougher ones, that still wore their pride on their faces; the others were scared, and they wore that too on their faces. But after breakfast, on the physical training field, in the hot Texas sun, Sgt. Quintaro would change that.

On the way to breakfast, Sgt. Quintaro marched his flight a mile out of the way to the chow hall. When they arrived at the chow hall, he stood at the beginning of the serving line.

"Take all you want, eat all you take," he told them.

Sgt. Quintaro spotted a boy talking at the breakfast table. He walked to the table and stood behind the boy.

"Men don't sit around breakfast and cackle like old ladies." Sgt. Quintaro took the boy's breakfast tray and dumped it down the slick's shirt. "You eat like a hog, boy, like a hog. Clean yourself up, hog."

By the time chow was over, the temperature was eight-five and promising to be a hundred. The asphalt roads absorbed the heat and blistered the flight's feet as they marched to the physical training field.

The flight, when they arrived at the training field, spread out in exercise fromation. Sgt. Harris, the "P.T." instructor climbed up on the raised platform and barked the exercise and cadence. "Jumping jacks: One, Two, One, Two." The flight clapped their hands loudly above their heads. Sgt. Quintaro cut sharply in and out of the formation, ...looking for any sign of weakness. The jumping jack exercise was over--and so were the sit-ups--thirty-five of them. The men dropped to their push-up position, the hot asphalt burned their hands. Sgt. Harris began the count. Their bodies went up and down together. Sgt. Quintaro watched the yellow-shirted men let their bodies down and push their bodies up.

"Teamwork," Sgt. Quintaro yelled. "All-together."

Behind Quintaro, Grabowski, the barracks guard Quintaro had caught sleeping, had done ten push-ups and could do no more. He was flat on his belly. Sgt. Harris signaled Quintaro to turn around.

Sgt. Quintaro turned around and kicked him in the side; his steel-toed boot made a dull thud against his ribs. Grabowski looked angry, then he looked scared and hurt.

"Sleeping again, Grabowski? Sgt. Harris said push-ups--thirty-five of them. You've done four."

The boy lifted himself up. His arms and legs were shaking. Sgt. Harris commanded the flight to stop the exercise. The flight watched as Sgt. Quintaro counted cadence for Grabowski.

"One. Two. That's FIVE. One. Two. SIX. One. Two. SEVEN."

"Sir. That's thirteen!" screamed Grabowski.

This time Quintaro kicked him in the stomach. Grabowski collapsed to the asphalt. Sgt. Quintaro turned around and faced Sgt. Harris and the flight.

"This boy says that I don't know how to count. Sgt. Harris, would you come over here and count for this boy."

"I probably can't count any better than you, but I'll try," Sgt. Harris said.

"O.K. now boy, why don't you and I do our push-ups for Sgt. Quintaro. I'll count for you, and we'll get 'em done."

"In position. Let's go. One. Two. That's FIVE."

Grabowski gritted his teeth and pushed himself up. On the seventh push-up, he fell down again, his arms shooting out to his side and his head striking the pavement.

Sgt. Quintaro walked up to Grabowski and put his arm on his shoulder.

"Why don't you sit on the grass and rest while the flight finishes their exercises."

Physical training was almost over. The flight was running the mile around the cinder track. Sgt. Quintaro said something to Harris and shook his head sideways.

"Come here, Grabowski." Sgt. Quintaro yelled.

Grabowski picked himself up and trotted slowly over to where the two men were standing. He almost fell when he tripped on the cement curb that bordered the outside of the cinder track. Grabowski stood at attention in front of Sgt. Quintaro.

"How much do you weigh?" Sgt. Quintaro asked.

"Two ten, sir."

"You're fat, Grabowski, I don't think you can make it. What about you? Do you want to be a man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you make it through this training?"

"Yes, sir."

Sgt. Quintaro looked at Sgt. Harris and then back at Grabowski.

"I don't think so. You're your mother's little fat boy. You're a girl, Grabowski. If you can't do your exercises, I'm going to send you to correctional custody camp, with all the other fat girls. Do you know what they do to you over there? They help little girls; they help them do their exercises. Do you know how they help you do your exercises?"

"No, sir," he answered.

"They beat the hell out of you. They beat you until you don't feel it, until you can do your exercises, until you don't have all that fat hanging on you. They get you up at four hundred hours and make you run ten miles before you eat. Then they get mean. They make you do push-ups--hundreds of push-ups--then they let you run

some more. If you pass out, they throw water on you, and, if you don't get up, they kick you until you do. Would you like to get out of my flight and move to "C.C." camp?"

"NO! SIR!"

"Do you think you can make it?"

"YES! SIR!"

"I don't," Sgt. Quintaro said. "I know you and your kind, you're a girl, aren't you?"

"No, sir."

Grabowski's face was white. He was shaking. His eyes were open wide and his fat cheeks were quivering.

"I'm tired of you, Grabowski. I know you can't make it. But, Sgt. Harris says he thinks you can. He's got a weak belly and hates to see girls go to "C.C." camp--it makes him sick. For Sgt. Harris's sake, I'm going to let you stay. Make one mistake and I'll help you pack."

"Yes, sir," Grabowski answered.

"Now, run your mile. Stop one time and you're gone. RUN!"

Grabowski turned and took out for the track. He ran as hard as he could. His fat jumped up and down as he moved his heavy boots forward, one in front of the other. His fists were clinched tightly, and his head was down low on his chest. He ran as though the only thing that mattered was that his feet kept moving, one foot staggering forward and then the other one.

Quintaro watched him closely, counting the number of the lap each time he went past. Everyone on the "P.T." field was counting. No one noticed that the red flag had been raised. The red flag meant that the temperature was one hundred degrees or more, there was the threat of sun stoke. No one noticed the flag, everyone was counting laps.

Grabowski had one more lap to run. He was running slow, but still running. He lifted his head from his chest and heaved what was left from breakfast along the outside of the cinder track.

"Neat, ain't he," Sgt. Harris said to Quintaro. "At least he ain't getting it on my track."

"Yes, sir, Harris, his mommy taught him to be neat."

Finally, Grabowski finished the last lap. Sgt. Quintaro formed his flight into formation and marched them toward the barracks. Two troups, one on each side of Grabowski, helped him back to the barracks.

Physical training had lasted an hour longer than was scheduled. The flight showered and changed into their fatigues. Sgt. Quintaro decided to skip the inspection he had planned. He marched them to the shot clinic.

At the clinic, he lined them up in single file and sent them in to get their combination shot. Today it was typhoid, tetanus, and diphtheria. The medic instructed the troups not to jerk away from the shot gun--if they did, it would rip a hole in their arm. Sgt. Quintaro stood by the medic and made sure that no one flinched. Several of the stronger men looked scared. They hesitated before stepping forward to the medic. Grabowski didn't; he stepped forward, leaned into the gun, wiped the blood from his arm, and walked outside the clinic. Taking his place in the formation, Grabowski waited in the noon sun for the rest of the flight.

The blood from the shot trickled down his arm.

Sgt. Quintaro's flight was scheduled to eat late chow, which meant that he had forty-five minutes to kill. Instead of taking the flight back to the barracks, he led them to the drill pad and marched them in a large square circle.

The flight had lost its coordination. They bumped clumsily into each other and responded at different intervals to Sgt. Quintaro's commands. Sgt. Quintaro halted the flight. He walked back and forth in front of the four columns of the flight. He tilted his heavily starched fatigue cap back on his head and smiled. Looking down at the ground and still smiling, he placed the toe of his boot on a small rock and ground it, like he was putting a cigarette out. Kicking the rock away, he walked up and down the columns of the flight, smiling at the sweating troups. Grabowski, standing at attention, looked straight ahead at the back of the man in front of him. His fatigues were dry, and there was no sweat on his face. The rest of the flight was sweating; their fatigues were soaked. The temperature was well over the undred degree mark. Quintaro stepped in front of Grabowski, and, with his face an inch away from Grabowski's nose, yelled "PARADE REST." The flight snapped to the position. Quintaro did a right face and walked to the front of the flight.

"I guess I'm working you too hard. Especially in this terrible hot sun. Terrible hot sun. Attention! Now let's go to the chow hall and have lunch. Forward march. DOUBLE TIME, MARCH!"

The flight balked when they heard the double-time order. They clinched their fists and lowered their heads in the same way Grabowski had that morning. The flight arrived at the chow hall and stood at attention, their chests rising and falling and their hands clinched tight, as though they were squeezing a roll of quarters.

Quintaro sent the chow runner to tell the Mess Sargeant that his flight was ready to eat. In the northern part of the sky, black clouds moved into sight. It looked like rain. While the flight waited for the chow runner to return, Sgt. Quintaro let the flight stand at parade rest. Grabowski took his hands from behind his back, bent forward, and fell to his knees. Sgt. Quintaro walked to where he was kneeling and lightly kicked his leg.

"Is that how you stand at parade rest, Grabowski?"

"No, sir," Grabowski answered.

"What's wrong with you, boy?"

"Dizzy, sir."

"Is this training too hard on you? Would you like to go to "C.C." camp this afternoon?"

"No, sir!"

"Then stand up, boy!"

Grabowski pushed himself up. His face was white and dry. Then, all of a sudden the sweat broke on his face. It looked like Grabowski was standing in the middle of a rain storm. Grabowski fell down. Sgt. Quintaro ordered two troups to help him to the barracks. The chow runner returned from the chow hall and Sgt. Quintaro led the flight inside for chow.

The flight was hot and tired. No one took much food from the serving line. The rain clouds moved over the base and it started to rain. After chow, the flight put on

their blue rain coats they kept on their utility belts.

Sgt. Quintaro formed his flight into marching formation and took them to the barracks. Because of the way they had marched before chow, he had them practice about-face turns in the barrack dayroom. While the flight was practicing, he went to his office and called the "C.C." barracks about Grabowski.

Outside his window, the sky looked like the rain would last the remainder of the afternoon. Steam was coming off the still-hot asphalt streets. Sgt. Quintaro crossed off the afternoon drills in his schedule book, and, in their place, scheduled an open-locker inspection. On his calendar he wrote:

Tuesday, 15 August
Airman Grabowski
report to "C.C." squadron.

Then walked in the dayroom and told a squad leader to get Grabowski and bring him to his office. Sgt. Quintaro walked back to his office, poured himself a glass of ice tea from this thermos, and sat down behind his desk. There was a knock at his door.

"Come in, " Sgt. Quintaro said.

The squad leader marched to the front of his desk, did a right face, and saluted.

"Sir, Airman Fisher, reporting as ordered, sir."

"Where's Grabowski?" Sgt. Quintaro asked.

"Sir, I don't know, he's not in his room."

Quintaro stood up and grabbed his hat. Putting it on his head, he walked toward the office door.

"Come on, Fisher; let's go find the little girl," Sgt. Quintaro, without turning around, said.

Sgt. Quintaro and Airman Fisher walked up the stairs and into Grabowski's room. They checked inside the big clothing locker. He wasn't there. They checked the other rooms. In the latrine. Grabowski was sitting on the wet shower floor. Both of his wrists were cut. Grabowski's salty fatigue pants were wet with his blood. On each side of his body, where his arms lay on the tile floor, streams of blood were flowing, like two small streams toward the shower drain. His head, tilted forward, rested on his chest. One leg lay out to the side of his heavy body, the other was twisted and bent beneath him.

"Fisher, go to my office and call the hospital. Tell them to get an ambulance over here. Building two-ten." Fisher turned and ran down the hall to the telephone.

Grabowski raised his shaved head. He looked at Sgt. Quintaro. His forhead was dotted with sweat beads. Tears were running down his fat cheeks. He said nothing.

Sgt. Quintaro walked to Grabowski and kicked him hard. Grabowski's body bumped against the shower wall.

"They send me girls," Sgt. Quintaro said out loud to himself. "Little girls that'll do anything to keep from being a man, girls that want to go back home so their mamas can take care of them."

Grabowski said nothing. He lowered his head back down to his chest.

Sgt. Quintaro grabbed his wrists and looked at them. They were cut several times, slashed in different directions, layers of pale skin torn back and hanging

limply around the wounds. Grabowski's wrists were open to the bone, but he had cut them a half inch too high. He had missed the main arteries. He kicked him again. This time Grabowski's head bounced hard against the shower wall.

"You can't do anything right. You can't even kill yourself. I'm sick of you. You can't even cut your god-damned wrists right. Look at 'em, Grabowski, you tore the hell out of 'em, but you screwed it up. You don't want to die, you want to go home to your mother. It takes guts for a man to die."

Quintaro walked across the latrine and slammed a stall door closed.

"Well, Grabowski, if you can't even kill yourself, you can't go home. You can go to the "C.C." squadron. You can go over there and work yourself to death. That's the right way to kill yourself. The guards will help you, they'll put their boots deep in your fat face. They'll help you. And I'm going to help you, too, Grabowski."

Sgt. Quintaro spit on Grabowski and turned around to leave. He stopped, picked up the razor blade, turned around, and held the blade in front of Grabowski's face.

"Look at that Grabowski. LOOK AT IT. You cut your wrists with a dirty blade, a dirty, filthy razor blade."

Sgt. Quintaro's eyes were open wide and he was almost giggling.

"Don't you know anything? Don't you know...don't you know you could have gotten an infection: When you're over at the "C.C." camp, and you decide to do it again--tomorrow probably--use a clean blade. And this time, Grabowski, press down hard. If you're gonna kill yourself, do it right. Press down real hard."

The medics walked into the latrine.

"That's two in two months, Sarge, not bad," the first medic said.

Sgt. Quintaro ignored him. He turned away from the medics and Grabowski and walked out of the latrine.

"That's right, Quintaro, you're our best customer," the other medic said.

The medics lifted Grabowski onto the stretcher and carried him out of the barracks.

It rained the rest of the afternoon.

Sgt. Quintaro called the orderly room and asked Staff Sargeant Adkins to watch his flight while he reported the incident to the commander.

By the time he returned to his barracks, it was 1800 hours, the training day was over. It was past time for Sgt. Quintaro to go home.

Sgt. Quintaro put on his blue Air Force raincoat and briefed Sgt. Jones on what had happened with Grabowski. He walked out of the squadron area to his car. He unlocked his covertible and got in. The six o'clock traffic was heavy, and it took him fifteen minutes to drive to the main gate. It was still raining, and, off north, in the direction he was driving, it was lightning. The storm looked like it would be over San Antonio for the rest of the evening. Sgt. Quintaro drove off Lackland Air Force base.

As he drove up the entrance ramp to the freeway, Quintaro turned up his wipers to high speed. The rain was falling harder now. The speed limit was seventy; Quintaro was driving forty-five, and the traffic was passing him by. A car full of kids pulled behind him and honked. Quintaro pulled over into the slow lane and let them pass. As the car passed, the kid sitting in the front seat on the passenger side made an obscene gesture. Quintaro turned his head away and looked ahead at the

road.

The rain was pouring down. Quintaro wiped the fog from the inside of his windshield, he could barely see where he was driving. He could not see the exit signs until he was almost past them. When he finally found his exit, he was driving fifteen miles per hour. He exited off the freeway, drove the two blocks to his house, turned into the driveway, and parked his car. The garage door was shut.

He had to get out of his car and open the door in the rain. Parking his car in the garage, Quintaro entered the house through the back door. He walked over to his wife, who was sitting in the big lounge chair reading the evening paper, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Go outside and wipe your feet on the mat. How many times...have I told you?"

"Yes, dear," he answered.

"What time is it?" She looked at her watch. "Six-thirty," she said, answering her own question. "Your supper is on the table, but it's cold. If you're not going to call when you're going to be late, I'm not going to bother to keep it warm." She picked the paper off her lap and began reading again. "How many times have I told you to call?"

"That's all right dear," he answered.

"What is all right? It is not all right that you didn't call."

"I mean, dear, it's all right that supper is cold."

"Well, Daniel Quintaro, go in that kitchen and eat your supper."

"Yes," he answered.

She turned on the T.V., switching the channel to find a program that interested her. On channel six, there was a documentary on Vietnam. She quickly changed the station. There were cartoons on four, a situation comedy on eight, and a drama on thirteen. She changed the station back and forth between the comedy and the drama. Finally, she decided on the drama.

Quintaro walked into the kitchen. He took a knife and fork out of the silverware drawer and placed them on the table beside his plate. He also took a pad and pencil from the telephone stand. While he was eating, Quintaro wrote down the drills and exercises he hadn't been able to give his flight, because of the rain.

She walked into the kitchen and poured herself a glass of ice water from the pitcher in the refrigerator.

"Look, Dan, if you're going to eat your dinner, eat it." She took a drink from her glass. "Don't sit there and doodle. I sit at home all day with nothing to do. You come home at night and work on your drills. All you ever think about is the base."

She picked the pad up from the table, walked across the kitchen to the wastepaper basket, and threw it in.

The telephone rang. Quintaro got up from the table to answer it. Mrs. Quintaro got to the phone first.

"Yes, Mother Quintaro, I told him to call you the first thing, but he was hungry and wanted to eat his supper," she said. "Here he is." She handed him the phone. She sat down in the chair next to the phone.

"Hello, Mother...Yes, I know I didn't call you last night..." Quintaro held the receiver away from his ear. "Yes, Mother. Yes. That's right. Yes, Mother, I know."

"Yes, Mother," she said, mimicking him. Mrs. Quintaro walked into the T.V.

room.

After he finished talking to his mother, he went back into the kitchen and washed the dishes from his supper.

"When you finish washing your dishes..."

"Yes, dear," Quintaro answered.

Presently, he walked into the television room and sat down on the floor in front of her. He accidently touched the newspaper.

"Be quiet," she said.

The male lead in the T.V. drama was in the middle of a long soliloquy. "Art is all I have. Painting is the only part of my life that is of any consequence. The rest is a waste...."

Quintaro turned around and watched the T.V.

When the station broke for identification, he looked up at her.

"Turn it down," she said.

He reached for the knob and turned it down.

"Dan, I'm getting sick and tired of putting up with that mother of yours. She treats you like a little boy. It's "Danny do" this and "Danny do" that. She's still running your life, she always has. When she's around, you act like a puppy...wagging your tail and licking her hand. When, Dan, are you going to grow up?"

Quintaro lowered his head to his chest and looked at the floor. "Well, she's old and alone and...."

The program started again.

"Be quiet!" she said.

"What is the use if I can't be free to paint," the T.V. actor said.

He got up from the floor and went into the kitchen again. He turned on the radio and picked the note pad out of the wastebasket. He sat down at the table. On the pad, he wrote:

> Airman Grabowski to report to "C.C." squadron when he returns from the hospital. Tomorrow check out Airman Gordon--looked like he was having hard time doing push-ups.

The weather forecast came on the radio. Reaching across the table, he turned it up. "Sunny and hot tomorrow, with the high in the low hundreds," the radio announcer said. Quintaro smiled. "Sunny and hot," he said out loud.

He leaned back in his chair and put his hands behind his head. Outside, the storm was passing, and the rain was slowly stopping. Tomorrow was the fourth training day at the base.

Mrs. Quintaro yelled, "Dan!"

Eastern

by Doug Rosebrock

I dreamed that I was Jesus
Waiting at the crossing,
Peering down and seeing all the Roman soldiers
Bossing all the people,
Shoving women,
Knocking Mother to the ground;
And I dreamed I saw her crying;
And I thought I heard the sound
Of Father moaning from the cloudbank
That was forming in the west;
And though his voice came clearly,
I could see that all the rest,
Below, heard nothing.

They were gazing up to me with tearful faces,
For they thought
That all this pain that they were feeling was for me,
But it was not,
And all this pain that I was feeling,
All the suffering I got
Was all for them:
That all my life had been some token sent from Him,
That I was more than just a mortal,
Something greater than a man,
That the craziness of all this week was part of
some great plan
To save humanity,
Bv sacrificing me for all the others,
That because of this all men would live in peace
and love as brothers
That some great revelation would come to all men's souls,
And all would then abandon sin
And take up Christian roles.

And with my downcast stare I saw within their upturned eyes
The childlike, simple, foolish faith
They held in all those lies,
And their belief I'd take for my own load
Their present sinful state.
And I laughed at such a holy bastard
Bearing such a weight.

For Stephen's Mother's Ghost

by Doug Rosebrock

She long had sought my company. Her standing invitiation
Had set upon my heart with pecking beak.
Fully tortured by her teases, I had learned to do her bidding
As a biscuit-taunted dog is taught to speak.

Her door was standing open. She wished to hear my music.
I entered, laid my cloak down, cleared my throat.
The room drew final astral breath, a dawning aviary.
My melody took flight upon a lepidopteral note.

I struggled to continue, but she swept me from my measure:
A rodent in her deathly talents' clutch.
I was fooled in fearing nothing but the crush of heavy breathing.
She had captured me with just a feather's touch.

Precipiece

by Doug Rosebrock

1

My life is a mountain road --
    Never a desert highway
No sand-soft shoulder awaits the slight diversion
                from my hard-paved path
I must hold to the curve or plummet off the edge
                of my cloud-high ribbon rant

2

My brakes have failed me
    I flaunted their feeble foothold far too long
I stamped them til they bled
        And robbed them of their shoes
But revenge shall come for stolen souls
    I now must ransom mine to pay their dues

3

My axles sear the thin air with their frictional fire
    I sense the heat transmitted wheel to wheel
Their icy warmth has crystallized this cold approaching doom
I'm refrigerated by the chilling gravity
                of my downgrade transit

4

Each turn I take is crucial to the quick
    I cherish the last and damn the next
No guardian barrier looms beside containing my mistakes
    I am turn-torn and bend-bent
    I skirt the brink of my own destruction
My only love's the inner wall
        My only foe--the fringe

5

If only to be bourn on rails
        Born anchored to a tempered track
If only to be blessed with wings
        That flight might float me far above
                the plain of my undoing
I am bound fast to this mountain road
        And fast bound to leave it to my death

Returning Bottles His Lips Never Kissed

by Edward K. Dorris

Returning bottles his lips never kissed
Wondering why he has failed
Not wondering if he has failed
Only one answer for failure
Wrong place, wrong time.

Wine tastes better now
That he can't afford it
Although he never could
He can't even less,
Already four months late with the rent
Almost time to move at midnight
No reason to take chances
Like last time when he waited six months.

Dirty bastard landlord deserved what he left him
A five day clogged toilet.
Wish he was there.
Mice aren't so bad
It's rats he can't stand
He wouldn't even set the traps
If they'd stop eating so much
And so loud
While he's trying to recover
From the black heat sickness.

Rented houses never have a shower
Baths are degrading
Like lying down in a grave
Afraid to relax
He might never get out
Besides, he's too dirty to get clean
With only a bath.

Wondering why the bushes are dying
Not his problem
He's no doctor for failing ferns.
Three tires bald
Fourth wears a toupee,
Rainy days he holds his breath
Never last through winter
Without a tune up
Neither will he.

Refrigerator freezes up every Saturday
Spring floods when he defrosts
Always smells funny
And never happy.
Tiles falling off the bathroom walls
Brown glue all that's left
Always thankful for a gas war,
Bless the cut-raters.

The Quarry

by Edward K. Dorris

When the boy reached his fifteenth birthday he was given a new catcher's mitt and a baseball, as well as the gun. Although baseball has been his passion for almost nine years he did not stop to break in his new glove. He shunned the break-in oil offered by his father. Instead, he turned the gun over and over in respectful awe, squeezing it in his small soft hands.

The gun wasn't very big or very powerful, but it could kill. The man lectured his only son on the proper manner to handle the gun. The boy had heard the lecture before, and he recited the speech to himself, always one word ahead of his stern father. Today he would finally make use of the familiar lecture.

He travelled quickly through the small forest toward his chosen battleground--the Quarry. The gun bounced first in front, then in back of the boy. He refrained from running out of respect for the lecture he knew so well; his father had always stressed the dangers of running with a gun.

While the boy did not actually run, he surely did not walk either. His haste brought him to the only entrance to the Quarry sooner than he had expected. He hesitated before he continued his assault on the Quarry, slowly entering the canyon which lay surrounded by hundred-foot cliffs.

He believed no one had entered or left the Quarry by way of the cliffs. The Quarry stretched for over a mile in length, but averaged only one-third of a mile in width. The floor was covered with small trees and short, thick bushes, while a thin creek angled through it.

The animals in here were well-protected from hunters, as local residents were the only hunters who travelled the solitary path into the Quarry. The animals were well-preserved and even on the verge of becoming fat.

As always, the appearance of an intruder was cause for alarm in the Quarry. As the boy entered, dozens of birds flew from the entrance toward the rear of the Quarry, seeming to deliver warnings both to the rabbits and the squirrels. Rabbits and squirrels made individual preparations to evade the intruder and his gun.

The boy stopped his march and looked eagerly around for an animal to shoot at. Finding none, he directed his sights on a large pine tree. He wiped his right hand on his stomach and knelt on his left knee. He pulled the trigger and felt the pain transfer itself from the rifle into his shoulder.

He had often been told of the instant pain by his father, but today he had his own pain, as the bullet missed its target. He fired three times in succession. When all three bullets fell wide away from the tree, he rose, came closer, stopped after eight steps, knelt again, and fired. Still he failed to damage the defiant tree. The

boy tightened his eyes to prevent any tears from blurring his vision. He rose again, walked another five steps toward the tree, aimed without kneeling, and fired. Success!

He screamed with joy and threw his arms toward the impartial sun. The animals heard both the shots and the scream. They had heard the same kind of scream before.

The boy filled the air with noise. His initial success had been like the alcoholic's first drink--it led to the urge for more and more. But after seven shots he felt no power or joy in shooting the tree. He forced the body to relax before continuing his march into the Quarry.

The boy flexed his arms as he spotted one young squirrel venture across the path in search of playmates. When he first spotted the squirrel it was well out of killing range, but his usual intelligence was overwhelmed by the desire to gain his first prize, so he charged towards the squirrel.

The young squirrel sat up straight in utter shock at the sight of this figure storming up the path. Then he screamed at the screaming invader and darted away.

When the boy reached the spot where the young squirrel had disappeared he stopped his screaming and fired four shots into the brush. Then he leaped over a fallen tree and attempted to pursue his prize. He was stopped only when he tripped over a large but well-disguised root. He fell on his chest and cried with fury.

His face was scratched by thorns he had never seen. He picked up his scattered ammunition and counted only twelve pieces left. He checked his rifle and found only two bullets remaining, so he reloaded the gun. As he sat in the brush he considered his situation. He, the all-mighty, was unable to demonstrate his true power. He calmed his frustration and vowed to use his remaining bullets wisely. He crawled back onto the path, stood up, wiped his eyes, and went on.

The young squirrel called urgently to the birds. The birds answered his cry and filled the Quarry with warnings of the intruder's path. The boy spotted the young squirrel's messengers and shot crazily into the air, hoping to bring down a trophy worthy of his power. He wasted six bullets before he lowered his gun and cursed his foolishness.

He walked on. He neared the huge rock that marked the exact center of the Quarry. Here he stopped and rested the gun against the huge rock. He had often sat on the rock and thrown carrots down for the rabbits.

Four rabbits held a conference but they found no solution.

The boy thought he spotted a branch move to his right. He turned his head slowly towards the branch. He believed he saw a squirrel, but he only saw a dead leaf disguised as a squirrel. He pulled the gun to his now-sore shoulder and fired until the gun stopped spitting bullets. He ran to the branch and picked up the dead leaf, but he found no squirrel.

The boy threw his gun at the huge rock in the center of the Quarry. It landed short of its mark and he quickly ran to it, anxious to check for damage. He found none, but his relief was soon squelched by the realization that he had failed to use his power. He started down the path which led to the only exit of the Quarry as his mind considered the time it would take to reach his house, acquire more bullets

and return. He knew he could be back with plenty of daylight left to accomplish his goal. He ran down the path with his now-empty gun and passed through the entrance. The Quarry settled slowly into its peaceful afternoon stillness.

The boy slowly and quietly entered his house and found his father in the living room. He quickened his step and his tongue when he asked for more bullets. The man, who disliked failures, frowned at his son. He gave the boy more bullets and more advice. The boy eagerly grabbed the bullets but he ignored the advice.

The man talked of power and of manhood; he told his son that he must not fail, because the gun was his power. The boy had been granted his long-sought power, but he had failed to use it. He must use it strongly and use it now. The boy tightened his eyes and simply did not listen. He knew he had great power in the gun and he did want to use it. To make certain he would not fail, he called for his dog, who would help him use his power.

When the intruder walked through the entrance to the Quarry for the second time that day the birds scattered with haste.

The boy stopped running when he reached the huge rock in the center of the Quarry. The dog sat at his feet, panting until the boy rushed into the brush. The dog quickly followed, spotted a squirrel, and gave chase. The boy ran after the two animals, firing as he ran. The chase stopped, resumed itself, stopped and resumed itself for over an hour without decision.

Finally, the boy lay on the brown path, exhausted. His sneakers were untied, his face and body scratched and dirty and his elbows and knees were bruised and torn. His shirt clung firmly to his back with sweat, his hair lay greasy with sweat, even his feet itched with sweat. But still he rose and followed the dog after an aging rabbit.

Soon he stopped and checked his bullets; fifteen left and no time to return for more. The boy feared his new power would be wasted. Tomorrow would be too late. He ran on and found the dog resting from near exhaustion, while the rabbit had disappeared. The boy fired into the brush with frustration.

Suddenly, he turned towards the dog. He moved slowly towards his dog, tightening his eyes as he approached the animal. The dog's tongue was thick and long with saliva. It dripped a steady stream onto the ground, dampening the dry dust. The boy gripped his power tightly and cursed his dog, who sat side-saddle watching him. Then he raised his small gray gun and aimed it at the patient and unsuspecting animal.

Shots broke the Quarry's silence.

The boy finished firing, dropped his gun and threw up as he lay on his stomach and tried to scream. His lungs refused him the necessary oxygen for screaming, while he rubbed his pain-filled shoulder. He reached desperately for the dog's familiar fur and found only masses of blood that dampened the dry dust. He cried and threw up on his tears.

The animals watched the intruder from the edges of the brush. Four rabbits held a conference and still found no solution.

The only sound to break the silence of the Quarry was the harsh sobbing of the intruder.

To My Shirt Of 64

by Ray Lawrence

You were,
All those colors and shapes,
Laid into a single unity.
The fibers interwoven, cut and formed,
But never the same as the next.
I remember your changing beauty.
I remember that fading was your asset,
And this asset was called bleeding.

Madras.
Let it ring in the mind.
MADRAS.
Madras.
madras...
Was it a madness?
Was it a mad dress?
Is the sound that rebounds
A reflection of the question,
And the question the answer?
Let it ring in the mind.

Indeed,
Your beauty was your uniqueness;
Uniqueness in your change,
And the cost--
Your blood.

You were a mad dress.
You were a part of the time.
You were Bob Dylan and Martin Luther King.
You were the Beatles, yogi and zen.
You were Selma and Mississippi.
You were Paul Simon and Malcom X.
You were a birth of that revolution--
The expression of that generation.
You were madness.
You were part of time.

You are
You will be
You were...

1972

"Form Of Life" In Wittgenstein's Philosophical Investigations

by Mary M. Parido

In the philosophy of language there are two main schools of thought attempting to deal with the problems that arise in the use of ordinary language in philosophical investigation. The first school feels that ordinary language is inadequate, that it is too imprecise and vague, and this school proposes the construction of a particular language for philosophy which will be free of such imprecision. The other school sees ordinary language to be appropriate to philosophy and sees philosophical problems arising not from the language itself, but from the misuse of ordinary language.

This latter school represents the thought of Ludwig Wittgenstein in his work, Philosophical Investigations. He applies the importance of use especially to the theory of meaning. Wittgenstein saw many philosophical problems springing from the traditional reference theory of meaning which imposed a stasis upon language that he felt was uncharacteristic. Feeling that the traditional theory was unsatisfactory, or at best, incomplete, Wittgenstein developed a theory of meaning according to use. One of Wittgenstein's metaphors in this theory was that of a language game. The analogy rested on at least three points. First, a game is governed and indeed defined by rules. Language also has rules which govern. Second, the actual game is composed of rules and the action carried out according to those rules. Wittgenstein felt that speaking a language is like making a move in a game. Third, just as there is a multiplicity of games, different, yet sharing family resemblances, so there is a multiplicity of uses for a word, each use depending on the rules which govern or define the particular language game. Therefore, for Wittgenstein, to understand a word is to understand its use in a particular language game. It is in this way that the term "form of life" to which Wittgenstein compares language may be understood.

In Philosophical Investigations, Wittgenstein often refers to language with the term 'form of life'. In one of these instances he says, "To imagine a language is to imagine a form of life"[1]. Wittgenstein does not indicate here what he means by the term except to equate it with the term 'language'. However, since the use of a term indicates its meaning for Wittgenstein, the further meaning of the term 'form of life' can be deduced from the many examples given throughout the book. There seem to be two primary ways of looking at the term. First, 'form of life' may be seen as a type or sort of behavior, a form of activity. In paragraph 23 the term is used thus: "Here the term language-game is meant to bring into prominence the fact that the speaking of language is part of an activity or a form of life." When Wittgenstein defines his term language-game he says,[2] "I shall also call the whole, consisting of the language and the actions into which it is woven, the language-game."[3]

If the speaking of a language is only a part of a form of life as stated above, then according to the definition of a language-game, the second part must be the actions into which the speaking of a language is woven. It is the second part of the

game (that is, the actions which result) that exemplifies the second usage of the term 'form of life'. With regard to these actions, 'form of life' takes on the idea of a mold, a form which shapes activity or behavior, and has a normative effect. That language, a "form of life", has this shaping as an underlying idea is seen in yet another quote in the second part of the book. Wittgenstein says, "What has to be accepted, the given is -- so one could say -- forms of life."[4] The compulsion toward acceptance of the given is the recognition of the mold or form which surrounds behavior and the imprint of the mold of language on behavior. Language may be seen then as two-fold: the active instrument of communication as well as the context which underlies such communication.

Wittgenstein's own investigations in language, in the 'Form of life', are equally useful in demonstrating the twofold nature of language. The first, that of an instrument or type of activity, is not difficult to understand in the traditional concept of meaning. The activity of speaking takes its meaning from a link or reference to something else, either a concrete object or a mental concept. The language behavior has no meaning in itself, only in its referent. Wittgenstein, however, wishes to demonstrate that language behavior may indeed have meaning in itself in the context of use without the necessity of a referent. This new way of looking at language behavior as meaningful behavior is illustrated in example.

In paragraph two, Wittgenstein asks one to imagine a primitive language-game in which a builder calls out "slab" and the assistant brings him a slab. The builder then calls "beam", "pillar", or "block" and the assistant brings a different article in respect to each of these calls. Wittgenstein then attends to the meaning of such terms according to the traditional theory of meaning, that of a referent. If the word "slab" refers only to the concrete object, how does the builder's assistant know what to do with the slab? The word 'slab' must refer to the mental concept, "Bring me a slab". However, if this is the meaning of the word 'slab', how does one know to react in the same way to "block", "beam", "pillar", and so on. Secondly, if the meaning of "slab" is really "Bring me a slab", why doesn't the builder need to utter the whole sentence in order to speak meaningfully; that is, to enable the assistant to understand? By showing that the traditional concept of meaning proves an unsatisfactory, at best, incomplete, explanation, Wittgenstein attempts to show that it is the behavior, the linguistic behavior of the builder, that has meaning in this context, irrespective of other referents. He further remarks that it is a change in behavior, in tone of voice and emphasis, which can change the utterance, "slab", from a command to a report. To deny the meaning of such a word as it stands is to deny its use in the language-game.

From the primitive language construct of builder and assistant, Wittgenstein dives into the philosophical puzzle regarding the word 'understanding' in much the same way. With reference to one of the uses of the word, he says, "But there is also this use of the word 'to know': we say 'Now I know!' and similarly 'Now I can do it!' and 'Now I understand!'"[5] He demonstrates this use in an example. A is writing a series of numbers and B is watching and trying to discover the law or rule of the series. Suddenly B says, "Now I can go on". Does this exclamation mean that something has happened; does it mean that there is an understanding at that moment? Is there a change in B's mental state? If one compares the word 'understanding' with that of a mental state, could one say, "When did you stop

understanding that word?", as well as "When did your pains get less?"[6] The use of the word 'understanding' in that context gives a "queer feeling" as if something is wrong in the way it is stated; the fit is not right in the language-game. Then says Wittgenstein, perhaps the person says, "Now I understand", with reference to a certain algebraic formula.[7] But, a formula may occur to him; that is he may have a mental picture of the formula, and still be unable to continue the series. So, a mental state and a picture of an algebraic formula both prove unsatisfactory in explanation.

In paragraph 179, Wittgenstein offers another explanation of the words, "Now I can go on" or "Now I understand", in the context of the example. The words can be seen as a behavior of B in this context whether he had an image of the formula in his mind or was immediately cognizant of all the circumstances in the language-game at hand.

> "We can also imagine the case where nothing
> at all occurred in B's mind except that he
> suddenly said 'Now I know how to go on'--
> perhaps with a feeling of relief; and that
> he did in fact go on working the series
> without using the formula. And in this case
> too we should say--in certain circumstances
> --that he did know how to go on."[8]

Wittgenstein asks us to think about the way in which we learn "Now I can go on" without any reference to mental state. We learn the words as linguistic behavior which accompanies the completion of something regardless of the mental concept we may be holding. The meaning is purely in the behavior in this context whether the assertion proves true or false in further activity. There does not have to be a correct mental state or the correct picture of a formula for the speaker to use these words meaningfully in this context. The behavior can be understood as a "form of life" in the context of the example. Wittgenstein says, "This is how words are used."[9]

The above statement can perhaps form a starting place for a discussion of the second use of 'form of life' or language; that is the normative use. In paragraph five, Wittgenstein speaks of the way in which a child learns words. "Here the teaching of a language is not teaching but training."[10] Language is used to train behavior, linguistic or otherwise. The child who does not as yet know a language, (or has not as yet mastered the technique), can not understand explanations within that frame. The first thing he learns is linguistic behavior. The application of certain behavior in the wrong context proves to be a mistake, and the child learns behavior, proper and improper with regard to context, not verbal definition.

However, as the child grows, his ability to use the language grows, and he can communicate in various language-games. Wittgenstein lays the importance of the training to the fact that "...it is so with human beings; not because it could not be imagined otherwise."[11] It is evident then that linguistic behavior grows within a system; the given that must be accepted. Supporting this idea, Wittgenstein says,

> "To obey a rule, to make a report, to give
> an order, to play a game of chess, are

> customs (uses, institutions). To understand
> a sentence means to understand a language.
> To understand a language means to be master
> of a technique".[12]

The correct or incorrect use of a word must be judged by the context or language-game in which it is found. The language-game then has a normative function concerning the linguistic behavior within it. An objection is raised in paragraph 241. "So you are saying that human agreement decides what is true and what is false"?[13] And Wittgenstein answers, "It is what human beings say that is true and false; and they agree in the language they use. That is not agreement in opinion but in form of life."[14]

Perhaps the clearest argument in support of this normative function is the argument offered against a private language. Wittgenstein demonstrates in paragraph 258 the idea of a private language which is private in the same way that a sensation is private. A fellow is to write the sign 'S' each time he has a recurrence of a certain sensation. The problem then arises as to the meaning of the sign. Since the sensation is private, the marking of the sign is also a private occurrence. The fellow then asks what his criterion of correctness will be for proper use of the sign in the future. He finds that his only criterion will be his memory's decision that the second sensation was the same as the first. Wittgenstein says that in this case it would be improper to even talk of right or wrong since there is no normative language-game.[15] It would be, he says, like buying several copies of the morning paper to assure oneself that it was true.[16] When the fellow tries to explain the mark 'S' to someone else however, he is forced to use words of a different language-game, since the private language-game is known only to him. Therefore, his mark 'S' does not fit in any language-game but the one he plays with himself; it has no outside criteria by which he can judge the right or wrong use of 'S'. If language is to serve as an instrument of communication, the private language is useless. One hardly needs to communicate to oneself what one feels.

The need of outside criteria or a common language-game is also shown in the use of the word 'pain'. How do we know we are in 'pain'? We have a certain sensation, but how have we decided to call that sensation 'pain'? Is it like the case of the private language where we privately decide to call a sensation 'pain'? It is then imaginable that person could have a tickling sensation, call it 'pain' consistently, and be using the word meaningfully. However, this does not seem to be the case with the word 'pain'. It seems to be more than a private term. We seem to recognize that 'form of life' in which it is proper to use the word 'pain'. What is it that we see others doing when they say they are in pain? Do some laugh while others grimace? What we see in others is pain-behavior, and it is this behavior which we associate with the word 'pain'. We are asked again to imagine the teaching of the word 'pain' to a child.[17] What is it that the child exhibits that causes the parent to use the word 'pain' but pain-behavior. It is seen then that the 'form of life' gives names or introduces outside criteria for even private sensations.

In every language-game certain actions are taken or moves are made as a result of the rules of the game. Wittgenstein says, "Following a rule is analogous to obeying an order. We are trained to do so; we react to an order in a particular way."[18] In another place, "a person goes by the sign-post (rule) only in so far as there exists a regular use of sign-posts, a custom".[19] The molding of each

language-game by its particular "form of life" is the setting up of sign-posts or rules to enable one to play the game. It is not impossible to imagine one failing to obey the rules, but is is impossible to imagine that in this failure he continues to play the same language-game.

In paragraph 142, Wittgenstein uses the word normal with reference to language-games:

> "It is only in normal cases that the use of a word is clearly prescribed;...And if things were quite different from what they actually are--if there were for instance no characteristic expression of pain, of fear, of joy; if rule became exception and exception rule; or if both became exception and exception rule; or if both became phenomena of roughly equal frequency--this would make our normal language-games lose their point".[20]

In conclusion, it seems that the two uses of 'form of life', rather than being mutually exclusive, are actually interdependent. It is hard to imagine meaningful linguistic behavior with no context of use in which it applies. Yet, a context, a form, would certainly lose its validity if there were no behavior to shape. A standard has no meaning if nothing is measured by it. Both uses of the term 'form of life', instrument and context, depend then on each other, and combine to make the term complete.

1 Ludwig Wittgenstein, Philosophical Investigations, (New York: 1968), The Macmillan Company, par. 19, p. 8.

2 Ibid., par. 23, p. 11.

3 Ibid., par. 7, p. 5.

4 Ibid., p. 226.

5 Ibid. par. 151, p. 59.

6 Ibid., (a), p. 59.

7 Ibid., par. 152, p. 60.

8 Ibid., par. 179, p. 73.

9 Ibid., par. 180, p. 73.

10 Ibid., par. 5, p. 4.

11 Ibid., par. 6, p. 4.

12 Ibid., par. 199, p. 81

13 Ibid., par. 241, p. 88.

14 Ibid.

15 Ibid., par. 258, p. 92.

16 Ibid., par. 265, p. 94.

17 Ibid., par. 244, p. 89.

18 Ibid., par. 206, p. 82

19 Ibid., par. 198, p. 80.

20 Ibid., par. 142, p. 56

The Home Of May-I-Care

(For Edna McCord: 1890-1970)

by Richard Johnson

Some gentle, white-wrought knight
would steal my doll and make me cry.
I think that I must be a fool
to sit between these wheels and die.

She sings: O!

How strange, this tubing to my groin.
It's keeping Jesus from my reach.
Why, just last fall in Sunday School
they said: "Edna, why don't you teach?"

She sings: O, Damn!

But why this canvas robe?
And why these leather straps?
(As passersby begin to stare
I settle down and take my naps).

She sings: O, Damn you!

Sometimes white angels call at Two
and then my heart begins to swell
for little children everyone
wish me well--wish me well.

She sings: O, Damn me.

Crown of Dust

by Jan Gerkensmeyer

Shadows of the undone things
Gather 'round my chair
And they silently reproach me
For the crown of dust I wear.

William Faulkner's "Gerontion"

by Rita Ross

Substantial evidence exists to ground the belief that William Faulkner, among other American and expatriated American writers, immersed himself deeply in the poetry of T. S. Eliot. Indeed, Eliot's work has been a seminal source of influence upon a great many twentieth century writers, but it was the immediate post-war generation who often quite openly acknowledged a debt to the poet. William Faulkner made no attempt at concealing this debt to Eliot in at least two places. A chapter of his novel *Pylon* (1935) is entitled "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and among his *Collected Stories* (1950) is a section called "The Waste Land." Perhaps even more significant than these deliberate references to Eliot is the interpretation of *The Sound and The Fury* as a prose fiction version of "The Waste Land." It requires an alert and astute critic to uncover the numerous structural and verbal similarities which link these two works and the possibilities here open even more channels for speculative work on the far-reaching connections which may exist between the two writers. One very interesting and especially fertile possibility is the interpretation which I wish to suggest regarding "A Rose for Emily" as a prose piece having its roots in Eliot's "Gerontion."

"Gerontion" is dated at 1920 while the date given for "A Rose for Emily" is 1931. This discrepancy of eleven years serves to validate the contention that Faulkner was probably familiar with the poem, even if he did not encounter it until long after the publication of "The Waste Land" in 1922, the literary event which attracted international attention to Eliot's work. The theme which lies at the center of both "Gerontion" and "A Rose for Emily" is the passage of time and the change and decay wrought by historical time. The first world war and its accompanying alteration of Western society and culture brought to light the startling realization that the changes were permanent and that life in the twentieth century could no longer be viewed with calm passivity. The cultural upheaval was experienced by all -- poet and proletarian were bound, one with the other, in this new realization. The writers of the period were especially vocal in their confrontation with the newly altered realities of existence, and they faced the problem of history by acknowledging its forces and by attempting to formulate new answers to its riddles.

The opening passages of both "Gerontion" and "A Rose for Emily" invoke history by making reference to the decay which it indifferently leaves in its wake. Eliot says, "My house is a decayed house," one inhabited by "an old man in a dry month." The house of Miss Emily Grierson sits upon a waste land and lifts "its stubborn and coquettish decay" above the ruin of that dim landscape. Her house shelters her own corpse and, as the narrative ultimately reveals, the rotted remains of her poisoned lover. Time has served to demolish any hopes which may have existed under these rooftops in an earlier period. The decay is a combination of physical decomposition and human failure. In both cases, the house itself stands as a symbol of the human body and that frail structure is itself a representation of time's own curious creation which is always followed by destruction. The old man of "Gerontion" knows all too well the end which inevitably will overtake him. Emily Grierson and Homer Barron are already "dull head(s) among windy spaces." If life

carries with it any hope at all, it has been extinguished for these inhabitants of Jefferson and is quickly ebbing for the old man who is "waiting for rain." The rain may come, but it is too late for water to wash away the sins of waste; time has had its way and its process is irrevocable.

The Jew who "squats on the window sill" represents in "Gerontion" the outcast whose presence is always accompanied by rejection and scorn. The Jew is traditionally a wanderer and no house, save that of his own body, is an adequate resting place for his tormented soul. Emily Grierson is an outcast among the people of Jefferson for she too is different, perversely different. Her apartness, however, does not cause her to wander but rather fixes her permanently in her decayed house. There is little difference between the Jew condemned to wander and this Southern woman who, by her own criminal act, has circumscribed an impenetrable prison. Both are looked upon with combined derisiveness and pity.

The theme of betrayal is signaled in "Gerontion" by the reference to "flowering judas," the legendary tree upon which Judas Iscariot hanged himself. Man is betrayed by time in a general sense and within the temporal structure, he becomes his own betrayer, selling his soul for immediate pleasures and never quite confronting the inevitability of his own demise. "Depraved May" brings a kind of hope for natural life, but hope's own counterpart is despair and its lurking presence must be recognized. It is difficult to say just who is the betrayer and who the betrayed in "A Rose for Emily." Homer Barron "betrays" her by his failure to comply with her hope for marriage, but ultimately and finally, death, the mightiest traitor, betrays first Homer at the hand of Emily and then Emily herself. The intervening years hardly matter when measured against the absurdity of existence itself. Emily has lived only to greet the depravity of May some forty more times.

Just as Eliot's poem expresses the frailty of human passion measured against history's overwhelming power to both create and destroy, Faulkner's masterful story exposes the folly of attempting to outwit the superior force of time. Contrived corridors which stretch into eternity are no place for human acts of insubordination. As an allegorical embodiment of a decadent tradition, Emily Grierson makes a final stand against the progression of history. She fails and her failure is a somewhat ludicrous and pathetic one. Gerontion, whose name means "little old man," faces, in a manner more dignified than that of Emily, the realization that history creates waste lands which are both universal and personal. His struggle is no less difficult but he seems to confront it with a degree of integrity noticeably lacking in the Grierson approach. The very fact that he is "being read to by a boy" would suggest his submission to a structure which quickly replaces the old with the new, the decayed with the fresh. Although old and new alike are equally expendable in the indifferent temporal process, their sequential order is unavoidably fixed.

Both works pose the question of how to deal with the problems inherent in history and tradition. Eliot assumes a negative stance and "Gerontion" abounds with references to decay, filth and the cycilicality of the historical process which fulfills promises of renewal with dissipation and repetitive destruction. He probes the issue with a mind far too keen to permit the transparencies of hopeful "juvescence" to sustain their delusions for long. Any human form of an emotion which may be termed regret is crystallized in Gerontion's admission that he "was neither at the hot gates/Nor fought in the warm rain." Gerontion universalizes his personal despair to attain some realization of the destruction which annihilates all

life and all hope. This very reference to battle and conflict forms a significant part of the tradition which stands behind the Grierson pride; the American Civil War was raging during Emily's early youth and its distant glories still rise up to surround her with their hollowness. After her death, she joined "those Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson." The historical tradition with which Faulkner deals is primarily a localized and personal one, but the implications are nonetheless cosmic in application and proportion. Unlike Gerontion, however, Emily Grierson does not venture beyond her own narrowly circumscribed realm of regret and despair to formulate responses to the bewildering puzzle in which her own predicament is a mere fragment. Rather she becomes paralyzed by private disappointments and never manages to disengage herself from their strangling web. She cannot rise above her own delusions and instead of trying to do so, she vengefully attempts to turn the paralysis back upon time.

This difference is a significant one insofar as Emily Grierson's life represents the perpetual rejection of any form of change. While such individual change would matter very little in the cosmic scheme which Gerontion envisages, it may have contained for Miss Emily some possibility of personal redemption and deliverance from the past's haunting horrors. Her stubborn clinging to the past and the perversity which commanded that tenacity, in the end, would force the admission that she had perhaps "made this show purposelessly."

The very crux of both works is contained in the "many cunning passages" and "contrived corridors" of history. Eliot writes that history "Guides us by vanities." Certainly, Emily Grierson herself dwells in these contrived corridors. She adamantly refuses to acknowledge the passage of time, first by retaining the corpse of her father three days dead and later, more profoundly, by keeping a vigil at the side of her abducted death-groom. She remains a stubborn monument upon time's ruins only to be deceived "with whispering ambitions." The numerous references in Faulkner's story to Emily Grierson's attempts at freezing time in its wake reinforce the absurdity of the game in which engages. Her efforts may yield some perverse satisfaction in a brief triumph over rejection by her lover, but such temporary conquests only serve to reveal the superiority of the force which will overtake her domain and supplant her fleeting reign. The fact that she presides over a decomposed cadaver testifies to the absolute ease with which she allowed herself to be guided by the vanities of history.

There is no question that Eliot's poem surpasses in its universality the specificity of Faulkner's chilling tale. But it remains that "A Rose for Emily" contains, if not structural similarities to the poem, a good many thematic ones along with the numerous verbal echoes. We cannot help but be reminded of Emily Grierson's pervesity when we read in "Gerontion,"

> Unnatural vices
> Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues
> Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.

Miss Emily's unnatural vices include murder and acts of necrophilia which continue at least until the period when her hair had turned iron-gray. Her crimes are committed not only against a single person, Homer Baron, but against all of nature as the natural realm of existence is created by the very force which she tries heroically to impede. It is time itself which both protects and impedes Emily as she endeavors to dwell placidly within its continuous flow and, at the same time, conquer its effects. Although it is impossible to discern any virtues which may

have been forced upon her, it would seem that she manages to exist within a hazy oblivion, a private realm which even time cannot penetrate until it exacts its final toll from her. Her violation of man and nature escapes mortal judgment until the very end, until death itself has delivered her from the "wrath-bearing tree."

The kind of deception which framed Emily's life after the crime which she commited some time during her mid-thirties was only slightly different from the delusions of her earlier years. By always holding herself a little too high for what she really was, she placed herself beyond the human context in which she exclusively dwelt. Her entire life was spent in an effort to overcome any commonality of experience and in strengthening rather the link with a bankrupt tradition. Endeavoring to preserve her alignment with a past falsely construed as glorious, she canceled any possibilities for the fulfillment of personal meaning. Eliot writes that history "Gives too late/What's not believed in, or if still believed,/In memory only, reconsidered passion." Perhaps when Emily affirmed a single human contact of some closeness, that which she apparently experienced for a time with Barron, she also purposefully decided in favor of preserving that closeness in a memory mingled only with the very safest kinds of contact. Evidently the quest for abiding security is a less tenuous proposition when it is measured not against the flux of life but the unchanging state of death. Any changes which might occur in this "relationship" are entirely the prerogative of the living partner. Memory itself can create its own stabilities and alterations are completely the whims of the private mind. In such a way, Emily Grierson assumed full status as both monarch and subject, both the ruler and the ruled. She made the force of time her conspiratorial ally for a brief time knowing that the game required her to gamble both with everything and with nothing at all.

In her own perverse way, Miss Emily realized all too well that "what is kept must be adulterated." She chose to cling to a static keepsake which she could permanently lock in her own consciousness. One decisive act of violation, in this case, a fatal one, would at least prevent the slower adulteration which kills just as surely. To perpetrate a crime with history as its primary victim is perhaps somewhat more humane than the infliction of wounds upon a living subject doomed to perpetual endurance.

While the whole of Faulkner's story is an eloquent statement upon history's "supple confusion," the passage which appears near the end as a summary comment on time's deceptive ways is perhaps the most profound of "Gerontion" echoes. Faulkner writes that the very old men, those whose encounters with time have become dusty and vague, see that "the past is not a diminishing road, but instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years." This temporal distortion can be viewed as a gentle process, one which aids the dimming consciousness in the assertion that the one facing death has "not made this show purposelessly." But it is also a savage act of deception which exposes the "thousand small deliberations" that "Protract the profit of their chilled delirium."

Miss Emily attempts to reciprocate the act of rape which time mercilessly commits upon all of natural life. Her own "Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season" are phantoms which glide upon the arid plain which is the stage for life's tragic-comic drama. Her very isolation affords some slight protection but it is an unnatural revenge which she takes against domination by historical time. As all creatures must submit to the tiger who devours, so also will she "stiffen in a rented house," and the futility of her efforts will thus be made manifest.

One Boy's Way

by Fred Jones

The late afternoon sunlight poured through the window illuminating the dressing mirror at the end of the hall. A boy was standing before the mirror buckling his belt. He bent down to brush off his shoes. As he straightened up, a wisp of red hair fell over his freckled forehead. He took a small comb from his pants pocket and combed his hair again. Jim Bradley wasn't such a bad-looking fellow. He was gazing intently at his reflection. He turned his head slightly to the side. He had a high-bridged nose, but that was the result of a missed linedrive. It had happened two years ago in a junior high baseball game. Christ, that had hurt. He turned his head back slightly to the other side. At least his face wasn't covered with pimples like some of his friends. He wasn't the best-looking guy around, but there were others worse off than he. Besides everybody thought he was a nice guy. At least that's what they said. His reverie was broken by his mother's voice as it travelled up the stairwell.

—Jimmy? Are you sure you don't want to go to Aunt Edith's with us?

—Yeh Mom, I'm sure. I told you I'm supposed to meet some guys from school over in Broad Ripple. We're going to the movie. Tell Aunt Edith I said "Hi."

—Alright Jimmy. Have you got enough money?

—Yeh sure, he yelled growing weary from the conversation.

—Well try to be in before midnight son, will you?

—Yeh Mom! Okay! Okay!!

As he sauntered down the street he wondered why he had lied to his mother. He'd gone out with girls before, and she had known. He'd even had Kathy McCreary and Julie Wilson home for dinner. Nothing angered him more than his mother asking prying questions.

—What ever happened to Kathy McCreary, or why don't you ask Julie home for dinner again, Jimmy?

At times like that his face turned so red that his freckles were indistinguishable. Christ! Mothers could be so stupid! But there was more to his lie than that. Those other girls were not like Carol Joyce.

As he turned the corner onto College a few blocks from Carol's house, he noticed his reflection in a store window. He stopped as if to look at the display, but he was checking his own appearance. Everything seemed to be in order, but god he felt nervous. It had been easy talking with Carol when there was a group around. Would it be as easy when it was just the two of them? Kevin Corey had told him how friendly she was after a few drinks, and Kevin ought to know. He recalled again the other things Kevin had told him.

— The important thing is to be natural. Don't come on too strong. Just take your time. And flatter her; she loves to be flattered. Don't worry about something to say. She'll find things to talk about. Jesus, does she like to gab! Make her feel important though. That's the key. And after the whiskey starts to.....

He'd been over it all a hundred times in the last four days. He knew what he was going to do. Nothing could go wrong. He noticed his reflection again. His sweater still concealed the top of the pint of Southern Comfort in his hip pocket. He noticed too in the reflection, that the sun was no longer visible on the horizon. He turned around. The sun's light was reflecting off a bank of clouds. Carol had said that her father would be gone before dark. He was dining out with a friend, and then they were going to a movie. Jim started on toward her house. As he walked a sadness crept over his thoughts. Carol had made him feel sad when she had told him about her family. Her mother had died from cancer a year ago in Atlanta, and her two older brothers still lived there. One was married, and the other was going to college. Just after her mother's death, her father's firm had transferred him to Indianapolis. She had not wanted to leave Atlanta and all her friends, but her father would not allow her to stay. He claimed he was looking out for her best interests, but she claimed that he was looking for a cheap maid. The past year had not been easy for her. Jim wondered if anyone else had sensed this deep sadness in Carol which her lively conversation and constant smile tried to mask. He tried to dismiss those thoughts. He glanced around at the buds on the tree limbs, but it was no use. They were finally displaced by the growing tenseness within him as he stepped onto her front porch. His main concern now was whether her father was still at home or not. The tenseness eased momentarily when Carol opened the door, but then it surged even higher.

—Jim! I thought maybe you weren't coming. Daddy's been gone a half hour, she said trying to conceal the excitement in her voice.

He smiled at her southern drawl, but it was an awkward smile. He didn't know what to say.

—I---I didn't think it would take so long to get to your house.

His voice had faltered, but he gained control.

—Aren't you going to ask me in?

That sounded smart. Hadn't he heard that in some movie? Carol's smile eased his tension slightly.

—Well, I certainly didn't expect you to talk to me through the front door.

He grinned broadly as he stepped in. This would be an evening he would never forget.

The room was warm and cozy as the firelight flickered in the fireplace. Jim had built a fire to take the dampness out of the air. The firelight was the only light in the room. He and Carol were sitting on the couch talking and laughing about the elongated shadows on the walls and ceiling. His face was warm, and he was sure that it was not because of the fire. He sipped from his glass, then he turned his gaze toward Carol. She continued talking about the curves of the shadow of a vase that was sitting on the mantlepiece. Jim was more interested in Carol's curves. He glanced down at her ankle. A distinct curve distinguished it from her small, but round calf. His gaze passed upward. Her skirt was well above her knee. A pleasant sensation came over him, but he did not allow his gaze to linger. Her tight sweater emphasized her slender frame and enhanced the appearance of her small breasts. He looked at here face. Long, black tresses framed its smooth, white complexion. In the dimness across from the fire her hair had a radiant sheen. She could have been quite attractive, but her features were spoiled by a high-bridged nose. For a moment Jim wondered if she too had broken her nose and how it might have happened. Then his eyes wandered below her neck again. Suddenly he realized she wasn't talking. His face flushed as he glanced up. She was smiling, but the smile disappeared. Her expression was serious, then sad.

—I'm glad you came tonight, Jim. It would have been so depressing if I'd sat home alone. I was beginning to think that I didn't have a friend left at school. None of the girls talk to me anymore.

He sensed the tightness in her voice. He thought he saw tears in her eyes.

—Have you heard the horrible things Kevin Corey's been saying about me?

Her sadness had infected him again.

—Yes, he answered in a soft voice feeling a certain disgust in himself.

He had sat forward on the couch and turned slightly to face her, but he couldn't look into her face any longer. He dropped his glance and unintentionally found himself looking at her thighs again. He sat back in the couch and stared at the leaping flames. Christ! Why didn't his plans ever work out? Other guys' plans worked out! Why not his?

—You don't believe what Kevin's been saying, do you Jim?

Rhythm had returned to her voice. She had control over herself again. His attitude changed. Why should he be disgusted with himself? She didn't have to do anything that she didn't want to do. Dammit, he was going through with it. Hadn't he anticipated this very situation? Hadn't he already planned what he would say? His face wore a hurt expression as he looked back at her.

—Carol, you don't have to worry about Kevin. If I'd believed what he's been saying, I wouldn't have come here tonight. I thought you had a better opinion of me than that. Kevin's spread rumors about other girls at school before. Some of the same girls that aren't speaking to you now. It's just a matter of time before everybody realizes that he's been lying.

He was amazed at himself. Why hadn't it always been this easy to talk to a girl? The hurt expression remained on his face even after she took hold of his hand.

—I'm not a very outgoing person. I've always been shy around girls. But it's different with you. I don't feel shy. You---You make me feel good. Jesus, I---I really don't know how to explain it.

He knew her eyes were watery as she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek.

—You're very sweet, Jim, she whispered in his ear.

The sincereness of her voice pierced through to his conscience again. He was confused. What was he doing? How could he--- How could--- But he could! By god he could! That thought reformed the barrier around his conscience. They looked at each other and smiled. He kissed her gently on the lips. Now the room was very warm, but Carol cuddled closer to him.

The fire had burned down. There was only a faint light from the glowing embers. The empty pint bottle was lying on the floor between two empty glasses. Jim was stretched out on the couch, and Carol was lying beside him. They had become more relaxed and intimate. She told him about a boy in Atlanta. She had loved him very much, and they had planned to be married after he had finished college. But then she had come to Indianapolis with her father. He had written her often at first, but within a month his letters were coming less often, and finally none came at all. Why were people so cruel? She just couldn't understand it! But he had another question on his mind. Why was making a girl so goddamned hard? He had no answers for either question. Instead he stroked her hair gently and kissed her on the side of the head. She turned her face to his and kissed him with parted lips. They had not kissed like that before. It encouraged him. He turned his body, so

that he was half-lying on her. His left leg slipped between her legs. Each time they kissed, he became bolder. He raised his left knee up between her thighs. Had she pushed down with her body to meet it? His left hand began to wander. He moved it to the inside of her warm, bare thigh. She jerked up abruptly on one elbow pulling his hand away.

—Don't Jim! Please don't, she sobbed.

—Don't what? he asked in dumb amazement.

Why the hell was she crying? Christ, he couldn't figure girls out!

—Don't do that. I can't let you. I just can't! Don't you understand? I don't want to be hurt.

He sat up on the edge of the couch. He was angry and disgusted. Had the whole evening come to this? Was he going to be denied? Kevin and that other guy in Atlanta hadn't been denied. He was almost certain that they hadn't. He looked at Carol as she dried her eyes. Goddamn his stupid conscience!

—I guess you think I'm crazy, don't you?

He didn't want to answer. He stared at the smoldering embers. Frustration showed in every feature of his face.

—Don't be mad at me, please.

She drew in short breaths trying to clear her head.

—Jim, I like you very much. I want to plea--- It would be so easy if only I knew you wouldn't hur----

She was silent.

—I don't want to hurt you, Carol. Believe me.

He was almost to the point of tears himself. He stopped to gather his thoughts.

—I think I'd better go.

He started to stand up, but he felt her hand on his shoulder. He allowed himself to be stretched backward on the couch again. He looked at her eyes. They were dry now. No sign of a tear. A faint half-smile appeared on her lips as she lowered her body against his. His mind swarmed with confusion. Was it going to happen after all? She kissed him, but he couldn't respond. What if something happened? He could never marry her. They were too young. Besides he didn't love her, and what would everyone think? She brushed his red hair back off his forehead. Maybe something had already happened! No she wouldn't do that to him, or would she? Her smile was inviting. She bent her head down and kissed him again. But what if she did some other foolish thing? She said she didn't want to be hurt, and goddammit he wasn't seeing her again after tonight. What if she did do something foolish? He couldn't stand to have that on his conscience. She began to lightly run her fingers over his thigh. The whole idea of sex was so goddamn stupid! Why the hell did everyone think sex was so great and wonderful? He felt sick. He didn't want to go through with this. He wanted to--- He wanted to run away. That's it! He had to run away! He was sick of plans and whiskey. He was sick of Carol and people like Kevin Corey. Run! That's what he had to do! Run! He pushed Carol away and leaped up from the couch. His foot smashed against one of the glasses on the floor shattering it against the empty pint bottle. But he didn't care. He didn't care about the sobs that he heard either. He was only concerned with the swelling emotions which threatened to burst from his throat. He ran out of the door and leaped off the porch. He ran just as fast as he could. He ran though his legs grew weak and his chest heaved with pain. He ran unaware of the cool mist that was falling on him and the ground. He ran, and he ran.

Belfast Is Bleeding

by Michael Dugan

Walls that climbed
into dark corners
seemed
beyond the sky
my young eyes
dreamed
lived in my world.
Old paint spread
over older wallpaper
coupled with
rotting plaster
hidden by the negligé
that plasterers
would
covet in the rot that followed
the years of aging.
Here
my grandfather
lived in dusky light
and breathed
the vague memories
that childhood
deludes
adult minds into
images
beliving
old men gray and declining.
Here
my grandfather
talked of wardhealing
and the cold air
of winter
when baskets
of fruit
bought votes
and sealed loyalties
on blocks
filled by the
Irish
and the Hunkies
and the Polaks
and the Serbs
and even the Darks
who lived across
the border that was Belmont Avenue.
All of them then were the Democrats
that elected the Sweeneys
and the Smiths and Roosevelts

and even an occasional Dugan.
For the west was the ward
my grandfather
breathed in
and enjoyed.
Here
he talked
of baseball
and the catcher
who should have made
the big leagues,
but never did.
And in the irony of that
injustice I cried
for a loss I did not understand.
And here,
in the dark house
and the streets lined with duplexes
huddled
around the priest that
kept the furnace
fired at St. Anthony's
staring at
the insane asylum
that writhed across the street.
Here
the Irish lived
in the voice of an old man
lost in plastered darkness.
The Trouble
of the twenties
became
tears and songs
that cried at the
wearing of the green
on streets
he said were
sad and gone.
In him the IRA
lived in money
sent to uncles
and messages
destined for cousins
long dead.
Here
I believed
for the minutes
that children live,
and then became
the man

for whom children
are quaint
and amusing
while the dark man passed
like the wallpaper
that bleeds through
cheap paint,
flaking and replaceable,
condemned
and improved upon,
but mostly ignored.
But today,
Here
I read that
the British
have swept
the centuries
again
just as Scots and Celts
and Irish
fell before
in the hills
that offered
shelter
to the renegades
and rebels
that forever inhabit
those worthless islands.
Brittania has found
that troops alone
grow dull in
the politics
of the Irish Sea
and sought
the political
solution that
freedom cannot
tolerate
in bombs and bullets.
The law
does not live
forever
like the bigotries
that holy sects can inflict
on an unsuspecting people.
The buggeries
and insanities
of clockwork oranges
have come before their
time

in little countries
that should have been
forgotten in the dark
rooms of old men
who died in the fifties.
But no,
the ministry
of events
must have days
filled with the
decisiveness
that only parlimentary
government can bring.
The republic
that never lived can hardly
die
in the rush of English fancies.
Suddenly,
all those years,
here, here
in dark rooms and shaded memories
are more than sentimental
images of County Cork
and factional assassins.
Children die in a war
designed for madmen
and the houses
still burn with the stores.
Bullets kill women with the
same efficiency that
mortalizes
young men
in brown
commando uniforms.
Madness, madness,
here
in dark rooms
beyond dismal
stairs that he climbed
as age killed his soul
before the priest could
save it.
Here
the Irish return
where their
childhoods
thundered by
the window.
Here he sang

that baseball
and the politics
and the whiskeyed wakes
were an improvement
over dead
bodies laid on damp stones
covered with plaster.
Nonetheless..
the British
have killed
more than
people
and laced more
than government
to their bosom.
In the act
of succession
has stirred all the
madness
that made the
Stuarts a vendetta of history
and Mary a martyr.
And are they so different from the
Greeks that chased Constantine
and the Italians that demolished
Haile Sellasie?
Have the Kings really died in
battles between Laborite and Conservative?
God,
if there is one,
should forgive them?
For they know what they do,
and do it still.
Here,
my grandfather talked
of hate and death
and heard,
just perhaps,
the tattoo
of bestial force
dressed as diplomacy.
He died not too soon.
Or did I live too late
and too little?

Michael Riley

by Michael Dugan

The street saw his arrival
lurching in the wind that was not there
and in the soundless roar that followed him
he cried.

I had seen him only last week
but the days were curious for him
for they passed with the speed of icebergs
long frozen in the glacier that had borne them
and in their iciness his life went like a shadow
filled with built-in currents
    that less propel the swimmer than bring him down

When I said hello and he turned
it was as though the little man he would be
had already taken the mortgage on his body
and the age to come had begun final distribution
of the soul.
    it is always hard to feel the cold that lives in others
for you know that your own has not forgotten
its place in your appointment book.

Michael Riley had died before but now--
I saw the constant turning of old leaves
no longer swirling about his being,
but gathered and rustling about the feet
that would take them to the moss they would be.
At 34 he had found the trail to the forest
and the ability to be forever lost in the dim light.

Like changing seasons the characters stumbled throughout his story
First the wife that could not be his future and the
girl who gave him dreams--
    filled with the love of children
    and the mindless passion
    of a hundred monday nights.
But she too became silt in his river,
strangly tasteless and like the salamander that lay on the bank
  cold, slimy--the animal he knew and hated
  for the skin he rejected was his own.
But the children--

His girls were for the man the boy within,
in their light there was no forest, only the meadows that lived within.
Gone were the meadows, gone with the false future and,
the moonlight visions of an asphalt lane
could not bring them back
any more than the flesh of the reptile could bring him warmth.

His eyes were the sights of too many tourists
visiting his remains
their vision saw the doom within and no longer
peered out
fear, resignation and decline
filled his lids as the sun failed his hours
and brought the moon--dark and clouded.

What can you say to a friend who is dying?
He knows it is so and so do you
and the knowledge is no crutch but a club
forever hammering the knell in the distant yard
calling for the visitor who comes so freely.

As he passed I could hear muscles goodbying to bones
and skin preparing for forty years of decay
without the charity of surprises.
Death is harsh enough
without the postcard announcing its arrival.

From 'Sunday Hits'

by Michael Dugan

Valarie lived
in memos
that minds wrote
and lost in the office,
quit and begun again
living and dead
as the junkie husband
stumbled through the life
that almost lived
but mostly died.
Black eyes and curled locks
do not a woman make
nor experience a life,
but in her madness
was the wisdom that makes Sundays
last beyond the week
and plummet down
the tube
that empties on the beach.

I Would Write

by Tom Harper

I would write poems like Shelley,
about Prometheus, with noble pain
and ruptured visions
Paving superhighways to the River Styx.

I would write grave rhymes
to save mankind from its crimes,
loading my poem ships with images
as light and odorous as pinestraw.

I would believe that beauty is the mother
of poetry.

But why should I bother?
When tomorrow is as healthy as a garbage dump,
And some politician with a lump in his throat
may lower the drawbridge over the ocean moat
to issue forth knights of atomic missiles.

Yes, I would write streams of consciousness
about the constant river of life
Except that I see the dead float belly up
in that polluted mess.

And I would write Grecian odes
as white and marbled as Pelops shoulder.

But I'm only a toad on the boulder Earth,
cargo of the dumptruck time. 1969

Tombstone 2

by Tom Harper

We are spokes
in the wheel
of misery.

Spokes
can't guide the wheel.
& the wheel rolls on.

If
we crack ourselves
will the wheel collapse? 1969

The Strange Predicament Of Mr. John Benson

by Ben Hawkins

—Is all we see or seem a dream within a dream?
(Edgar Allan Poe)

Night had come suddenly and with it a thick, damp fog. The countryside around Wimbledon, which I had enjoyed during the day, now became a nightmare of ghastly shapes, formless and unreal. As a tourist, I was unfamiliar with the English landscape and resolved to stop at a house and get directions back to the village.

Finally, after walking for what seemed to be forever, I was able to discern a soft white light emanating from a house not far off. The outline of a small cottage became visible as I walked toward it in the misty gray fog. The evening and the cottage recalled to my mind a painting by the French artist Gabre. It seemed, indeed, to be the very house.

My knock was answered by a young woman.

"I'm terribly sorry to bother you this evening, but I'm a tourist here and have become lost. I wonder if you would be so kind as to give me directions back to Wimbledon?"

"Certainly," she replied, "but first, do come in and warm yourself in front of the fire. You look chilled by the fog."

I thanked her and entered the cottage. The single room was panelled with a dark wood on which the light from the stone fireplace cast a soft yellow glow. Books were stacked and shelved throughout the room. I picked up a book by Camus from the table near me and leafed through it. The pages were well worn, with sentences underlined and copious notations written in a feminine script throughout the margins. One underlined passage in particular interested me:

> There comes that time in the human experience when the monotonous and ordinary routine of living comes into question by the self. Consciousness awakens and asks the self that soul searching and all inclusive question, "Why?" The unavoidable result of making this inquiry is frustration. Inevitably, one will resolve this question in either recovery or suicide.

The marginal comment following the passage read, "Or by transcending the question 'why?' through a passive state of mind, which can absorb both recovery and suicide into what is sought after: ultimate reality."

"A cup of tea?", she asked. She repeated her offer when I begged her pardon, saying I had been concentrating on the Camus. She handed me a cup and asked me if I was familiar with his work.

"Vaguely," I replied.

"He interests me very much, but he doesn't carry his position on human existence to the conclusion he implies, or perhaps I should say, what I think he implies."

When I asked her what she meant she continued; "The role of mind can be extended to transcend all, however, the mind could be a victim of itself. By this I mean the mind could be placed in the lostness of its own perfection." She stopped abruptly and excused herself to get more tea.

While she was attending to the tea I glanced through a book by Joseph Glanvill. The introduction read: "Perfection is mind, yet the absolute must always remain relative." The statement reminded me of what she had said; "the mind could be placed in the lostness of its own perfection." My thoughts trailed off:

The pick-up truck was passing me on my right side. Could it not have been just as well to pass me on the left? I noticed the wheels; they were turning smoothly on the cracked pavement. I wondered why they were turning as I continued driving.

The car radio crackled. That had to be the best thing I ever heard on it. I laughed with ridiculous amusement.

"would you like to look at some of the other books, Mr. ---?"

"Benson," I replied, "John Benson, and I would like to very much."

While I followed her to the book shelves on the far side of the room, I could not help but feel that I had seen her somewhere before. As she turned toward me to point out certain books the glowing firelight was reflected in her eyes, much like the effect of light shining through the stained glass windows of cathedrals. It was her eyes that seemed familiar: They were exactly as I had imagined the eyes of Ligeia, possessing the singular expression that Poe described as impossible to fathom. The pensive and distant look of those eyes overshadowed every other feature of her countanance, thus giving the first impression of being strikingly mysterious. Her hair fell lightly around her face and upon her shoulders, softly illuminated by the fire.

She pulled a book from the shelf entitled Meditations by Descartes. Sensing my interest, she proceeded to read the following:

> How often has it happened to me that in the night I dreamt that I found myself in this particular place, that I was dressed and seated near the fire, whilst in reality I was lying undressed in bed!...On reflection I see...manifestly that there are certain indications by which we can distinguish wakefulness from sleep.

"It is at that point that Descartes doubts everything, isn't it?", I asked.

"Exactly. But finally after doubting everything, he begins to formulate a new philosophic method. Though it's completely false in theory, it is still a good conversation piece. But now, to continue: Descartes comes to his first certainty and that being, he exists, He reasoned that he existed by virtue of there having to be a doubter present, to ask the question "Do I exist?"

"Ah yes, the first certainty Descartes arrived at, Cogito ergo sum." I had always liked that phrase.

"Correct," she said. "By Descartes being assured that he existed, he then establishes the existence of God. At this stage in his argument he can distinguish his dreams from the real self. Yet, I remain unconvinced."

"Why?" I asked rather perplexed. "By establishing the existence of God, it

seems quite plausible to me that dreams could be distinguished from wakefulness. God's goodness would make it impossible for him to deceive us about waking and sleeping."

"Let me explain," replied the woman, "by beginning with Descartes' thoughts on substance. The Cartesian definition of substance is that which depends on nothing else for its existence. But he immediately begins to engage in an equivocation of his definition of substance. In his Meditations, he discusses "created substance" and "spiritual substance." The "created substances" is a contradiction of his definition of substance. To say something is created is to imply a creator. Therefore, something created could hardly be labeled as substance. Moreover, by giving substance to mind and body he has separated the two into an irredeemable dualism. It is here once again that Descartes employs God to get out of his predicament."

"You mean God is guaranteeing the validity of the mind's ideas of objects with what the objects actually are themselves, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes" replied the woman. "I see you are somewhat familiar with Descartes."

"Yes, somewhat." I said, hoping to emphasize the less than adequate understanding I had of this philosopher.

"But to go on, it was Descartes' belief that the cause of our ideas must invariably be traced back to some "formal cause".

"What do you mean by formal cause?" I asked.

"Perhaps I should explain formal reality and objective reality. Descartes held that some of the objects we think about have formal existence and the ideas we have of these objects are defined as having objective reality. In answer to your question, formal cause is the belief that the cause of everything, including our ideas, with the exception of factitious ideas, originates outside the mind."

"How can Descartes know that to be true?" I inquired.

"You are forgetting his use of God to guarantee his theory that the objects we think about are true of the ideas we have of them."

"The existence of God then, is all important for Descartes because without God his entire system crumbles" I added.

Giving me her tacit assent, she discussed the argument for the existence of God, utilizing cause and effect which Descartes added to the conventional argument. With clarity, the young woman told me about how Descartes reasoned that everything has a cause. We have an idea of God and nothing less than God could be the cause of that idea. Therefore, God exists. After presenting Descartes' cause and effect argument, she read the following from his Meditations:

> Now it is manifest by the natural light that there must be as much reality in the efficient and total cause as in its effect. For pray, whence can the effect derive its reality, if not from its cause?

As she read the lines, I became alarmed at the pensive and drawn aspect of the woman's countenance. A far-removed, almost tortured expression filled her eyes before she regained her composure.

Pausing for a few moments after finishing the lines, she continued, "This is where I disagree. The cause and effect argument is merely a fruitless activity of the mind to account for the reality of God. Cause and effect is illusory; it is a habit of mind which gives an altogether false impression of what is real. Therefore, God is not the cause of the idea God because there is no reality to be effected from an external cause. Instead, the mind is doing all the causing and effecting. God is the invention of men's minds."

The woman's voice trailed off. Her complexion became pale. Once again I could discern the haunted look in her eyes.

"It would seem that all we have left is the mind, if God is only the invention of our minds and objects need God for their reality," I said.

"We have definitely destroyed the Cartesian position. For Descartes there were three substances: mind, extension, and God. Your choice of words is good, for indeed all we have left is the mind, because God is the mind and there is no way we can give substance to extension because to do so would invalidate the immateriality of the mind. Mind is the only substance, thereby making extension an idea of the mind. Therefore, Descartes' formal cause contention that everything, including our ideas, is somehow caused outside of our minds is false. For if mind is the only substance, then everything, including our ideas, inheres to it."

"Would you please elaborate on your conception of the mind?" I asked.

"The mind is one: It is you, me, everyone, and their ideas. It has no coordination or rational direction."

I lit a cigarette. The smoke from it curled and formed a blue haze that intermingled with the soft flickering light from the fire, with a dream-like effect. Was it a dream? Her words broke the silence.

"The mind is infinite, immutable, and real. Intangible" she added after a moments consideration. Then she made a startling comment: "The mind is largely untapped; we use only an infinitesimal fraction of it." Her voice was beginning to raise and lower unnaturally. "Mind surely must be God--a sad one at that, and being real it must give reality to dreams!"

I recalled her quote from Descartes about not being able to distinguish wakefulness from sleep. He had established that God's goodness would not allow such a deceit. By destroying God my companion had replaced God with mind---a mind that lacks coordination and rationality. Reality within that system was irrational. Dreams could be real, since there was no way to distinguish wakefulness from sleep. My thoughts were interrupted when she uttered softly, "With such a mind one can transcend the world of ideas, the universe, and reality itself!"

"Reality itself," I exclaimed. My being seemed transfixed. I secretly thought her mad.

The day had not gone well and as I entered the lobby the voices of people around me became garbled to my ears. At the same instant I heard the minute hand on the clock in the room move. I also perceived that movement. The time was there on the clock, but I doubt that anyone cared to notice it.

"Having discussed the rationalism of Descartes, we can see how the active mind can reason about the nature of reality and miss it completely. God was nothing more than Descartes' own mind. His most serious flaw was in thinking that reality is rational." This was her conclusion about the defects of Descartes and his system.

She wanted to continue by discussing some of the general points brought out by Berkeley, who belongs to the empiricist school of thought. I urged her to do so by all means.

"Berkeley attacked the idea of material substance on the grounds that all we can know are our ideas. Berkeley states that to be is to be perceived. In other words, 'beingness' depends on a perceiver. It should be understood that to be is to be an idea."

"So far, this sounds much like your position concerning the mind," I interjected.

"As far as the ideas being all we can know, yes, but the mind in my conception is a perceiver unto itself," she said.

When I said that was not clear to me she responded, "Let me explain it this way. Berkeley established a God which he called the great perceiver. The world of ideas is perceived by God at all times so as to keep everything in existence, for as I have just said, being is the effect of being perceived. But more importantly, Berkeley adds that everything that is is mind dependent."

"If God could be omitted from Berkeley's theory then the universe could be annihilated, could it not?" I asked.

"I am inclined to agree because even though the mind, as we have established it, is infinite and real, the disorderly aspect of mind would be bound to have pockets of nothingness. Also, the mind as perceiver unto itself could perceive but with no constant directed plan. Berkeley's God is destroyed by his very own words: everything that is, is mind dependent. God is dependent on the ideas mind has of it and sense, mind, and God are one and the same, except in definition of their NATURES. As far as immateriality is concerned, the distinction between the two is lost" she concluded.

That painting - I was fascinated by the deep black hue and shades of dark blue softened jin the grays of misty night air. The yellowish light emanating from a quaint English cottage atop a small hill made the painting almost come alive. I imagined myself there, I know I was there.

The mind–the mind as the only substance. Infinite, immutable, immaterial, and real, yet having no coordination or rational plan. Reality is irrational. Perhaps that was what the young woman was afraid of and why she wanted to seek ultimate reality. A world of ideas, all being real with no distinction between wakefulness and sleep. But I recall the woman saying that mind could transcend reality. How can something transcend its own being? It is unspeakable, there are no words. But I'm frightened. I think I know the plight of mind. The mind is all we have left, yet even it is fraught with confusion about its own nature. Yet here we are. The mind is infinite of mind only–only of what is known.

After three days of passive concentration, my mind engulfed my body. Time ceased to exist. Next, my mind encompassed the world, then the solar system, and then the universe. Still, I recall the wheels turning on the cracked pavement. I perceived the movement of the minute hand on the clock, the cottage portrayed in the painting, the young woman, and her ultimate reality.

I have been in a mental hospital for three weeks now and have been under close observation. I have tried to convince the doctors here that we are all of one mind. That the trouble with this mind is its irrationality and lack of direction. Also, I wanted to impress upon them the idea of being finitely infinite with a reality forever trying to transcend itself. That all we do or seem is meaningless in view of such a chaotic mind. We are so many real dreams. One doctor did ask me what there was left for us to do and I replied "We can only function." I heard him laughing after he left the room.

1V

by Daniel Lucy

geese fly over head, pointing as one
their direction, spelling their purpose
in one letter, flying on
toward the north: white Canada;

we are alone, you and I,
two left in the gaggle-less, late
afternoon; the thin country march
stands with us beside the road;

what remains is the wind
and our wordlessness, both loud
as bands in long parades, both
with hands hollowed from march spaces;

to touch is what some wings
can never do; there is precision in
the forms of any love, places
to be flown to, homes to leave
when it is time for pilgrimages,
time for imitations of our parents' lives.

psalm 14- egress

by Daniel Lucy

reflections are a hundred, like strips
of second-hand electricity-- the dozens
of them, like quail flushed
from the tall fieldgrasses.
the sky is an old man's dark,
clear eye; the stars, unvoluptuous
irises; the night sounds, catechism;
fallow streets
burrow off into the groves of streetlamps,
disappear into their stuttering, faint
light, asphalt nightmoles;

smell
the city, nasal presence, the metal
gulf, that stream of flesh machinery,
the fire
of eyes that fish out into life
hookless; the breath that comes
from someplace else than here,
floating off
into the night like
soft, flourescent fists
of air,

bare.

Eva

By Suzan Pelletier

My first memory of Eva was seeing her stand outside our door with straw shoes on her feet. I was peering up at her from behind my father and noticed that she was very young and tall and pretty. She wore her blond hair pulled up in a bun off her face. The first feature I noticed was her deepset, blue eyes. I don't remember her nose--it must have been acceptable. But her skin was creamy white and she had pink cheeks which was quite unusual for a German in 1947 in Bremen, Germany. She spoke with my father in a quiet voice explaining that she had recently come over from East Germany and had heard that our family needed a girl to take care of children. She had just completed nurses' training in the East and wondered if our family would take her in. There was an exchange of many papers and cards which my father examined carefully. Daddy invited Eva to step inside and have a seat in the chair. Eva looked at the satin upholstered chair in the hallway and glanced down at her clothes and murmured that she'd rather stand to wait. Daddy introduced Eva to me as he left to find Mother. Eva took my hand and I noticed that hers, unlike her smooth young face, was cracked and rough red. She sat with me on the hallway stairs and explained that her hands were chapped from the brick clearing she had done the day before. I learned that every citizen of Bremen, no matter what his place in the community, had to spend a day a week picking up the rubble from the bombing and chop off the mortar and stack the bricks in order to use them again. I told Eva that in America we had lots of bricks and didn't have to use old ones to build new houses. Eva smiled, her eyes, a deeper blue once out of the sun, grew warm, and said that America must be a good place to live.

A rapid change of subject from bricks to new babies didn't phase Eva. She was listening to my description of Buddy, my small brother, who was upstairs taking a nap and of the new baby that we were going to have soon, when Mother appeared with Eva's papers in her hand. I was left on the stairs as they walked into the study to talk. Mother must have been impressed with Eva because the next morning and every morning after that for a long time Eva appeared in our room in a white, starched and pressed uniform rousing us from our beds for breakfast. Buddy and I could hear that uniform crackle up the stairs and down the hall growing louder and closer. Suddenly the bedroom door would open and Eva would walk over to the windows and open the shutters with a bang, standing for a moment to gaze at the apple tree outside the window and below it at our rhubarb patch. She would take a deep breath and then turn walking towards us to pull back our covers and free us from our bunk beds. As she rushed us off towards the bathroom to wash, Eva

explained that while she was in nurses' training she had also slept on bunk beds. She was sure that ours were much more comfortable as we had thick, soft mattresses. The mattress of her bed was rolled up and put over the window so that flying glass from explosions in the night wouldn't cut her while she slept. Once while we brushed our teeth, Eva told us that in her school the girls would drink water from cupped hands as the bombs had broken all the water glasses. She would show us by pressing our hands together and holding us up to the faucet so Buddy and I could slurp water out of our tightly cupped hands.

Eva didn't have a family with whom to eat breakfast so she ate with Buddy and me. As we ate our brown bread and Danish butter, I suspected that her family had been killed by the same bombs that had broken all those water glasses. In the city she had come from, Eva had been afraid of the German-hating Russian soldiers in brown uniforms who were coming to occupy that part of the country. She told us that the girls in her school would carry a poison pill pinned to the cuff of their school uniform which they would take before any Russian could hurt them.

That October our mother went to the hospital to have our new baby. While she was gone our days were filled with preparations for Patrick, our new brother. Eva explained how careful we had to be with new babies. To this day I remember that if we were to go into the nursery Eva would insist that we wash our hands and put white masks over our faces before we could look at Patrick. Even Daddy had to submit to this ritual before holding the new baby.

If Eva reigned supreme over the children's quarters, Frau Kabista was the mistress of the kitchen. My brother Buddy loved that fat old woman who hugged him every morning and brought him a fresh apple or pear to eat with his breakfast. Frau Kabista was over sixty-five and really should not have been allowed to work for us, as it was a German rule that she should be retired. But Frau Kabista's husband was a double amputee from World War I who required cigarettes. At first mother tried to give her money, but she wouldn't work for money. So mother would pay her with two cartons of Lucky Strikes and two pounds of Maxwell House Coffee a week. I remember Frau Kabista going through the ash trays after Daddy had finished smoking and she would tear the butts and collect the unused tobacco so her man could smoke it in his pipe. She also would take our coffee grinds after we had finished using them each morning. But her most treasured booty was the bacon grease she would collect after our breakfast.

One day in late November I recall Eva and Mother calling for Buddy and me all over the house. We wouldn't be moved from our hiding place. When they finally found us hiding behind the big door down in the kitchen, Frau Kabista asked us why we were hiding all huddled together. We explained that there was a Russian up in our chimney and we were afraid he would kill us. Frau Kabista laughed and her whole body shook when she laughed. She gave us some hot chocolate and rhubarb pie and said that the man was a chimney-sweep--not a Russian. His black pants and shirt and hat were his uniform and his face was black because he was cleaning the soot from the fireplace and chimney. I remember that we stayed down in that safe, warm kitchen until Mother and Eva swore that the chimney sweep had gone. Mother must have had a talk with Eva, becuase she never mentioned Russians, or bombs or poison pills again.

We spent the next few weeks getting ready for Christmas. Frau Kabista was baking and the whole house smelled of fragrant Christmas cookies. Buddy would never stray far out of the kitchen as Frau Kabista would give him a sampling of all her delicacies as they came out of the oven. Our Christmas tree was fresh and green, chopped down at Smokey's family farm. Smokey was my father's driver

and his father owned a small farm on the outskirts of Bremen. After work one day Dad and Smokey went out to the farm to get the tree and his father almost died of fear when he saw Daddy's uniform. I suppose he thought his farm was going to be confiscated. When he understood that we were after a "Tannenbaum" he laughed with relief. Smokey's father asked my Dad if he would like to shoot some deer. The deer were taking over the farm and the Germans couldn't hunt them because no Germans could carry fire arms of any kind. It was ironic that the people were hungry for meat in the midst of all that plenty. Our tree was brought home with a promise that my father would return with his friends one day soon and have a real deer hunt.

Our Tannenbaum was beautifully decorated with lit candles and intricately detailed ornaments, strung cranberries and popcorn.

On Christmas morning we all exchanged gifts. Eva gave me some wooden doll furniture for my new doll house and she gave Buddy a hand-painted toy accordian. We gave Eva some stockings and a pair of blue shoes to replace her straw slippers. But our biggest surprise was a Collie pup that had been a gift from Frau Kabista's husband. We promptly named him Prince and he was to become a permanent fixture. Eva was aghast that such a hairy animal was allowed in the same house as her baby, Patrick.

New Year's Eve found Buddy and Prince and me seated at the foot of the stairs inspecting the finery of the grown-ups as they prepared to leave for their festivities. Mom and Dad had already left for their party and Eva was greeting her man-friend at the door. It was the first time we had seen her not in uniform. Her eyes matched the color of the light blue flowers on her new dress. Her shiney yellow hair was pulled back with combs and she had a string of pearls on that gleamed from the oil of her skin. On her legs were the sheer stockings and polished blue shoes we had given her for Christmas. She was a very pretty sight, indeed. Eva introduced her friend to us and as he bent down I saw a pair of dark eyes, deep black like the hat on the chimney sweep. His hair was slick and parted in the middle of his dark head. As he gave us each a kiss Prince must have smelled the whiskey on his breath for he gave a growl. As Eva tucked us into bed I grabbed her hand and told her I didn't like that man. Eva laughed and explained that he was an American Captain who ran the Bremen Hotel for newly arrived servicemen. I still didn't like him and only after I heard them leave did I realize that the captain had worn a dark brown suit.

One day Daddy came home with the news that we were going back to the States on a big ship. Mom and Dad were trying to get Eva to America but she couldn't come with us right away. She would have to wait for her papers to be in order. Daddy said it was easier to get travelling papers for the dog than for our nurse. When it finally came time for us to leave, Eva cried when she had to give Patrick back to my mother. Mom and Dad consoled her by reminding her that she had a job with the new American family that was moving into our house. While she was waiting for something called a "quota", she would have a job and a home. Her blue eyes watered and blinked when Buddy and I told her we would send her some new bricks so she wouldn't have to spend another day chipping at old ones. Frau Kabista was going to cook for the new family and life would go on as it had before.

A few months later after our arrival in America, I came home from school to find mother holding an envelope. Her hands shook as she handed me the letter. It was from Frau Kabista. The letter was written in garbled English but the message was clear. Eva wouldn't be coming to America. She had been found in a bus station pregnant and dead from a cyanide pill. The bus station was across the street from the Bremen Hotel. Mother cried a lot from many days.

Angela

by Richard Dufaur

There was a Liberal girl
who had a literal curl
right in the middle
of her agnostic forehead;
and when she played bawd
she was very, very bad,
and when she played gawd
she was sordid.