

I An yscript

spring
1963



Spring, 1963

Vol. XVI — Nos. 1 and 2

Manuscript

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE

OF

WILKES COLLEGE

Copyright 1963 by Wilkes College

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Staff

EDITOR — Harris Tobias
ASSOCIATE EDITORS — Jack Hardie
Barbara Lore
FILM EDITOR — Edward Lipinski
FACULTY ADVISOR — Dr. Philip Rizzo
SECRETARIES — Dolores Amir
Joyce Cavallini

Members

Chris Orlando	Barbara Gallagher
Alis Pucilowski	Florence Greskiewicz
Gerri Bock	Iris Collins
Sandra Faux	Patric Mc Garty
Mary Alice Gabla	Stephanie Boyle
Mary Ann Nosal	Patricia Chapracki
William Wint	Jeananne Watkins
Mildred Wasilewski	Julie Evans
Dana Saladon	

Contents

COVER — <i>Jack Hardie</i>	
PRUFROCK — <i>Marc Hirschman</i>	4
BIRD PRINTS — <i>Harris Tobias</i>	5
HAUNTED LAND — <i>Beverly Hanko</i>	6
THE DROPLET — <i>Clark Line</i>	7
TRANSITION — <i>Elaina Pacetta</i>	8
EGYPT — <i>Harris Tobias</i>	9
MY ROOM — <i>Elaina Pacetta</i>	10
WHUH FO YOU CRYIN'? — <i>Jack Hardie</i>	11
HAIKU — <i>Jack Hardie</i>	16
RAKERS — <i>Dolores Amir</i>	16
ON SPRING FEVER — <i>David Foglietta</i>	17
HOPE — <i>Roger Squirer</i>	18
GOING ON PILGRIMAGES — <i>Iris Collins</i>	19
SEARCH AND ESCAPE — <i>Leonard Glassberg</i>	28
THE WAY OUT IS THE WAY IN — <i>Jack Hardie</i>	29
TO LESLIE I & II — <i>Harris Tobias</i>	30
SNEAKERS — <i>Gary Krommes</i>	32
FALLING — <i>Clark Line</i>	34
RECIPROCITY — <i>Dolores Amir</i>	35
CALL — <i>Barbara Lore</i>	36
ACROSTIC — <i>Clark Line</i>	38
OUT OF SEASON — <i>Dolores Amir</i>	39
THE WAY OF THE WORLD — <i>Edward Lipinski</i>	40
TAKE NOT THE LEAFLESS HAND — <i>Erasmus</i>	45

Prufrock

Tragedy is metered madness —
Impersonal and inevitable,
The face of an hourglass

When love, like life,
Could fill a sonnet or an empty room,
There was tragedy in emptiness.

But faceless people have no right to cry.

Marc Hirschman

Birdprints

The sand lays hard upon the beach;
the tide has wet it.
Compact and firm,
it bears the passing prints of birds
who stopped to feed
and left their scattered scrawl behind.
The tide the tiny marks engulf,
but not before the petty prints made puddles of the sea.

Harris Tobias

HAUNTED LAND

In the night shadow of a mound of dirt and slate, a row of mine cars which had been grey and red in the twilight now blurred into one long black strip, making me think how curiously they resembled the men of the valley, who let the earth rub her magic coal dust on them until they were made each the same — a man black from his helmet to his boots, swinging a smudged aluminum lunch pail. From the breaker a steady, mournful squeal, the sound of metal scraping metal, poured into the quiet night, notifying the homes of the valley to sleep in peace; the absent loved ones would work overtime, and they were safe. I saw only a piece of churned land crowded with dirty machinery, and I heard only a weird screech, but I felt the spirit of my people and my home.

Beverly Hanko

The Droplet

See

The droplet quiver

Precariously from the leaf tip.

Plays the playful breeze and

Longs to kiss 't.

A dew drop from nowhere.

See

The droplet shiver

Uncertain as the leaf tip

Sways; lives but a moment; as

mist

Evaporates in air.

Clark Line

Transition

I cry
Because time passes,
Because I cannot know everyone.

I cry
Because everything must move
Sometime;
Because all things
Are not one
At one time
In one atom
Of matter.

I cry
Because of distance
And eternity.

Elaina Pacetta

Egypt

In the evening when the afternoon seems far away;
When twilight memories peep and dart
Like water birds among the reeds,
I feel old and wish the sea were younger
And the lotus sun were newly born.
How often in those serpent hours
Between new days and those just past
I tingle for the old gods
And try to make my time with theirs.
For I am man primeval,
A wrinkled sphinx,
A pyramid of memories,
A hieroglyphic struck into the wall.
My hands fashioned Karnak
And laid Cheops in his tomb;
Kin to Tut,
I watched the Nile overflow.

Better to forget
And seek the sunlit corners of my life
Where I can dance and dream
And reconstruct my private past,
From bits of time which no one cares about but me,
Into an obelisk
From whose vantage I can clearly see
A doomed tomorrow rise and wane
And set forever 'neath the hills of ancient clay.

Harris Tobias

My Room

This is my room
Where I can run to hide the tears
Of sadness
Of remorse —
The tears of my childish
Heart.

A place for tears, the
nourishing, pitiable rain
of solitude.

Here, soon enough, like
rainbows, like gay
balloons,
Rise my dreams reborn.

Elaina Pacetta

Whuh Fo You Cryin'?

*Nicodemus answered and said unto him,
How can these things be?*

JOHN 3:9

"We's All God's Chill'un!" screamed the preacher again to the moaning congregation, his neck and hands thickly veining, his eyes wildly white; "'N de Baby Jesus, He done die fo ouah wickednesses!" Frosted breath steamed from his flared black nostrils as he threw open his arms to the swelling response:

"God's Chill'un!" the black faces echoed;

"Died fo ouah Sin!" sang with white palms praising, woolen heads weaving.

"Fo ouah sin He suffuh'd!" wailed the fevered preacher now, and the whole mission rose to shrill *Hallelujah's* and bass *Praise d'Lawd's*, white breath churning from every mouth, all rejoicing in His Goodness on this Christmas morning, while the muffling snow outside silently settled its cold and bitter weight against the frost-cracked panes of windows and sagging sheet-tin roof; the decayed building creaking against the determined weight of snow.

Inside, near the back and by a window, little Jewel was determined to sing as loud as any on this morning, clinging as for life to the tattered hymnal, raising her frail voice to the chorus of others. The ecstasy of song seems to warm and console the most troubled of souls; for Jewel, the singing helped to relieve the sorrow of a Christmas that followed the death of her father by only three days. There had been crying, the child had known despair, but singing seemed to wipe away tears, to dry eyes. Child-wide now, the eyes wandered between the preacher ahead and the mother beside and occasionally glimpsed out the window; even as she was bathed in the balm of song, there were heavy weights upon the mind of the little girl, perhaps too heavy to be borne by the protest of the singing.

For Jewel knew that her father hadn't really died — Jewel didn't know who her real father was except that he was white; Mam

had gotten herself drunk one night and had come to Jewel's bed and cried for hours after, and told the girl the horrible and confusing story, the story that explained why Jewel's skin was a little lighter than Mam's, a little lighter than Pap's was, and a little lighter than the other kids she played with.

But Jewel knew that she had loved Pap; he was going to build her a snowman this winter; they were going to play together. She thought of her mother's crying on that past, drunken night and looked up now at the singing face beside her; she quickly turned away, looked out the window — Pap was gone now, she knew that, and he had died when the snow was falling, just as it fell on this morning. Turning back to the preacher again, Jewel sang even more loudly.

The magic of singing-warmth seemed to soothe, to comfort both troubles and eyes, yet Jewel had seen a magic outside, the magic of snow, real and terrible, as it slowly and quietly filled the mission yard, where the children would play after the service as they did every week. Through the window, Jewel saw the world as the child's mind sees: a world in which the white snow makes robed angels of clothes hanging high on alley lines; where the white snow makes shrouded corpses of hedges and walls; where there exists a fantasy of towering white castles and slithering grey dragons, of high-masted grey ships and the arching backs of great white whales. To little Jewel, the world was an almost-blinding whiteness; she wondered if the story of a white father was true . . . but it didn't seem to matter really; Pap was gone and there were only the other kids to play with after the service.

An hour later, then, the children gathered at the door of the mission, all looking out, all wide-eyed at the spectacle of the snow. Even swaddled in rags and thin from hunger, the children seem drawn to the playing in snow, the cold, bitter snow which seems not to ask for a gaiety and mirth; yet these children are compelled — even as all children are — to play the games of snow. And for what seems a moment, the children walk about quietly in the knee-deep yard, black, yet near-white in the bitter, inglorious bleach of filtering snow, black, yet near-white in their magnetic kinship to

the snow in which they will — in which they must — play. In the silence, all seem to be deciding just what and how to play.

"Le's make a snowman," suggested little Jewel, anxious to begin, forcing her face to beam a warmth; it *was* a Christmas morning.

"Aw, you cai'n make no man out'a *snow!*" was the disgusted answer; Roman Brown was older, more the leader. But he was quickly overruled:

"Aw, you cain!"

"You cain!" shouted the other children, and one girl began singing snatched lines from a rousing spiritual; all the rest took it up and the play was begun, everyone scampering here and there in the falling snow, the snow which made it difficult to see and difficult to hear yet fun to play.

A first snowball was packed with flying black hands, then rolled so huge that all were required to push its gathering weight around the mission yard, then to the chosen spot. Some eagerly rolled the remaining two snowballs, for three parts in all; these were raised and fitted into place. Still singing, many ran off into neighboring yards and alleys for things with which to decorate their snowman; the singing rose, almost-wickedly happy with the anticipatory glee of children.

"Look what I got!" shouted a boy who was dragging a heavy board into the yard. The rotting length of two-by-four was studded with rusty nails, but pierced through the center of the snowman it made strong arms for either side. Everyone giggled and squealed in admiration.

Little Jewel stood back and only watched now; the job was too big for a tiny girl who couldn't even reach the top. She didn't like the ugly arms. She had wanted only a simple snowman. Jewel's little hands had helped to begin the base of the snowman and she had pushed for a while, but the fun was over for Jewel — she looked vainly about for something to decorate the snowman with, as others were doing.

"Look, pretty hair!" screamed a girl in delight; she had adorned the top of the figure with the stems of an old rose bush, twined to a grotesque wreath.

"'N ol' Mr. Lever's bathrobe!" shouted Roman, shaking the snow from his stolen contribution.

Now a gentle mouth and eyes appeared, soft marks in the snow itself, and the children eagerly grouped about the snowman, sitting at its base, skipping around it — all still singing.

But everyone was still cold; the game hadn't warmed numb hands, hadn't quieted empty bellies; the children again became conscious of the falling snow; they stared at what they had done and the singing slowly died.

"It's finished." someone said gently.

The excitement of the game had gone and it was still early afternoon, the whole day left to play. There seemed nothing more to do, then:

"Yahh!" taunted a younger boy at Roman, who stood at the base of the snowman, "Snowman's bigg'ah dan you is!"

Here was excitement; the others began:

"Bigg'ah dan you is; taller'n you is!"

"Li'l biddy Roman, small'ah dan de snowman!" and dancing began, skipping again, a singing rose again; feet and hands began to warm; eyes were almost happy again, showing an almost-whiteness in the black faces.

Suddenly, Roman turned with a sneer and aimed a vicious foot at the snowman's side; almost immediately it seemed that everyone wanted to do the same; all began shouting and screaming in ecstatic chaos. The snowman was being smashed and battered, broken and scattered; everyone was screaming and happy, and suddenly, incensed with the sermon-like ecstasy of the morning, Roman's older voice rose above the others, screaming, wailing:

"We's all God's Chill'un!"

"We's all God's Black Chill'un!"

Roman was the leader again; others took up the cry; it became a chant, a slow, loud, methodical chant, and the destruction of the snowman was celebrated to its refrain:

"We's all God's Chill'un!" "Chill'un!" "Chill'un!"

Grasping white palms linked a floating circle of dancers about the low mound of snow — and about Jewel who had fallen there; she watched the others spin about her in the whirling seance of excitement.

Then someone noticed that she was crying.

"Whuh fo you cryin', Jewel?"

"Whuh fo?"

"Huh? Whuh fo?"

but the dancing never faltered, the chanting never slowed; sped faster and faster:

"All God's Chill'un,"

"All God's Chill'un!" alternated with "Cryin' Jewel!"
"Baby Jewel!"

and the circle broke into a weaving line of snowy, kicking feet and nodding wooly heads. *Now* the feet and hands were warm, *now* the bellies filled; and the chanting, taunting, eerie line threaded its way about the yard, about the building, and out of the mission yard — away into the silence of the ever-falling snow.

And little Jewel, alone, sobbing in the realized coldness and bitterness of the yard, reeled to the night of the drunken mother, to the shouting preacher and moaning congregation, to the taunting, destroying chant of the game just played. Jewel wiped her eyes with the back of a hand and saw there the glistening black wetness of her crying; she then looked down, and wondered how it could be that black tears cannot stain white snow.

jack Hardie

Haiku

Toss a single pebble
into a pool
and ripple the morning moon.

j. Hardie



Rakers

Demons, devils all
those who gather the product
of another fall.

Dee Amir

On Spring Fever

Spring, O spring, how your insidious nature frightens me.
When I hear you at work ruffling leaves
or gently swaying the tree tops,
I think of the multitudes
who have succeeded in the generations before me.

Were they invulnerable, heartless deceiver of scholars,
to the temptation of your loveliness?
Did He create you to provoke failure?
(You were in Illinois a century ago;
yet there was success. Why?)

Is your existence meant to be a deterrent to the learning of men?
Does the veteran surgeon remember you today,
many years after he mastered the healing art?
Does the busy lawyer curse you at times?

Did you know Mr. Fleming, Mr. Pasteur, and Mr. Dooley —
Mr. Frost, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lincoln?
The Greeks: Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and Euripides knew you;
yet they have left thoughts and works to be treasured.

Now then, injurious one, can I not say that the lawyer
and the surgeon do not rebuke you today
and that the role you played in the lives of great men
I have spoken of —
and the myriad number I have not spoken of —
was that of a minor obstacle placed in the path
of their accomplishments?

You are a creature as insidious as a rosebud when it blossoms
but conquerable if men can shut their eyes to your beauty.

David Foglietta

Hope

While dark of night is swift fleeting,
The din of morn pays it greeting,
The winds beating, black birds bleating,
The bugle of a bobwhite treating

The world with song; crows fast eating,
Screaming wild calls at the meeting
Of the mist with the sun's heating
Penetration, then retreating

To forests, watch in silent groups
As Nature sends forth woodland troops,
To continue once more in hope
That it is within their scope

To see a vision of
The sacred one above
Who fosters deathless love.

Roger Squier

Going on Pilgrimages

In the time of the year known as the fall,
When Nature begins to utter her call
To all her subjects, both far and near,
To put away their worries and fear
And to come to the earth for rest;
When the animals begin to prepare a nest for the winter;
And the trees, bedecked in an array of color,
Commence upon the ground to shower their leaves;
When every little breeze carries the tale
Of oncoming blast and icy gale;
When squirrels and chipmunks eternally race
Hither and thither at a furious pace;
When little children, both fair and dark,
Scuff through the leaves of their favorite park;
And the mountains pretend that they are a rainbow;
It is then at this time that I finally know
That all the dreams of the past year are gone,
Everything is said and done,
And the whole world is dead until life returns
When the feverish kiss of Spring the consciousness burns.

At this time of prevailing sadness and woe
In desperation, I decided to go
To the Museum, hoping to find there
Some thing my heart-weary being to cheer.

Filled with hope and gladness I decided to start,
Believing that I would be able to part
From this dead world, at least for a little while;
At this thought I slowly began to smile.
Outside the world was dark and gray,
Nobody seemed a bit cheerful or gay.
As I silently hurried down the street
Depressed and weary, I happened to meet
A group of people, some young, some old,
But all of them, I was later told,
On their way to the Museum, same as I.

Oh, how lucky not to have passed them by!
There were eight of them in the little band
That Fate had mixed with an uncaring hand:
A child, his grandfather, a madame, a teacher,
An actor, an architect, a gypsy, a preacher.

THE CHILD

The child's face was serious and fair,
He had blue eyes and golden hair.
Those large blue eyes, questioning and steady,
As though he knew he'd always be ready
With an answer, should anything arise
Of seeming importance in his eyes.
Four golden curls almost covered his ears,
His face was wizened beyond his years.
His body was slenderly moulded and brown,
He looked as if he had never known
The cares of this world; that should rightly be so,
For he would soon grief and toil know.
His jacket was loose, improperly fit,
With pants so tight he could hardly sit.
His shoes were very old, ragged and dirty,
He proudly said he could count to thirty.
One pocket bulged with a splendid beehive;
I suppose he was somewhere between four and five.

THE GRANDFATHER

The grandfather was with the child that day,
He was about sixty, some people would say.
His eyes were brown, his hair was gray,
Every little breeze seemed his body to sway.
A frail old man, worn and bent,
By the burden of pain the Fate had sent.
His hands had seen hard work, calloused and tough,
But his manner was humble and meek, not rough.

He was clad in a red checkered shirt and blue jeans,
Which were beginning to fray at the knees and the seams.
His voice was confiding, his twinkling eyes gentle,
He abounded in faith and was in fine mettle.
An empty pipe dangled from his lips,
Wild stories had he at his finger tips.
As I looked at him, I thought I beheld
The ghost of the younger man, and smelled
the salt of the sea.

LA MADAME

A Madame was there in our little group,
So fat and jolly, she could hardly stoop;
Her face was round, cheery and gay,
You knew she looked for the good in the day.
Her hair was black and piled on top;
She made you laugh till you couldn't stop.
She prided herself in a large and clean house,
And wasn't the type to scream at a mouse.
Her eyes were a mischievous bluish gray-green;
Her middle the largest I've ever seen.
Here was a person in whom you would find
Someone who was warm, understanding and kind.
In a reassuring voice she'd quiet the fears
Of a small lost child, and wipe away the tears
Of a young girl, bemoaning the loss of her love
To the service of Uncle Sam, whom pleas cannot move.
In winter and summer, through rain and snow,
Shining with faith, she'd to the church go,
And there would she pray for the peace of the world
That no new horrid tales of war be unfurled.
When the grandfather this good woman saw,
He remembered a previous deal raw.
He once had asked her to be his wife,
But she refused to be chained for life
To such a small man; for she said
That since a good marriage is made in bed,

Her husband must a stalwart man be
In order to sustain her ecstasy.
This woman commanded both love and respect;
Hopelessness upon her would never be inflicted.

THE TEACHER

The teacher was short and lean, sporty and spry,
With head held high and eyes that defied
the world.

He resembled a scottie, who ready to fight
At the drop of a pin, would run out of sight.
His step was springy, his expression grave,
As if he could by austere manner save
Us sinners from the perils of our lives,
And shock us into paying our tithes.
He was dressed in gray from his head to his toes,
And surely the knowledge of old Europe knows.
In my mind I see him entering his class;
Some he will fail, others he'll pass.
All heads turn as he enters the room;
He's not the type to make a girl swoon.
His step is brisk, his manner crisp,
From behind an ear strays a wisp
Of auburn hair, beginning to gray
In an endless process, both night and day.
His nose was long, and at the tip
Sat a pair of hornrims, beginning to slip.
Wholly devoted to learning and books,
He thought not a whit about good looks,
But preferred the life of the scholar;
He cared not a fig for the dollar.

THE ACTOR

The actor was in his last days of life,
Gone were his friends, family, money, and wife.
They had all gone on before to that home above the sky,
Where someday he will join them, by and by.

The body that once had been so tall
Was now bent double, thin and small.
His voice was halting, cracked and low,
The seeds of life he'd no longer sow.
His gaze was faded, but feverish and bright
Remembering a long-forgotten sight.
He walked again in memory
Hoping he would once more see
Those whom he loved so dear,
Who once were real and near
But who lived now only in the world of dreams;
Only to him did they alive again seem.
He once was a bright star, hailed by all,
With power to move both great and small.
A gay dashing blade, a figure in blue,
Nothing was ever too mean to do.
He toured many cities, both here and abroad,
Receiving here a fortune, there only a nod.
Through good times and bad, sorrow and joy,
He'd always kept the faith of a boy.
And now he was reduced to nothing more
Than dreams, he had no earthly store.
But his God is patiently waiting with his reward.

THE ARCHITECT

One who buildings dost create
In order to a desire sate.
Who was this, you asked?
Why, an architect who basked
In the praise of the people.
It was he who created that high church steeple.
It was he alone who drew the plans,
Carried the water, gathered the sand.
Come look! Here stands his achievement
To which people can come in time of bereavement
With the hope of comfort to find
In the person of the pastor, gentle and kind.

This architect was a little man with a big desire, —
To set the whole wide world on fire,
And thus he had made his start.

THE GYPSY

An old gypsy queen, forgotten and bitter,
With a blood-curdling laugh, cackle or twitter.
She who had once been queen on high
Now recalled her glory with a sigh.
Her people had turned her out of camp
And she was forced to stand and stamp
Her feet to keep from freezing,
While the gypsies around the fire blazing
Laughed and danced in revelry.
She had power to see the past and future;
The good, the evil, the pain and torture
Which man must accept as his due,
And which causes every man to rue
The day that he was born.
Her dress fell almost to her feet;
She was in no way clean or neat.
Her hoary hair hung long and straight;
Her expression resigned to accept her fate.
The gleaming eyes in the pinched face
Flashed, and then without a trace
Of movement, her spark of life went out.
She swayed as a ship tossed about the sea,
And waited for her destiny.

THE PREACHER

A man of God had made his way
Into our band that fateful day.
Dressed in black from toe to head,
He carried a Bible that looked well-read.
His face lined by care and toil,
For he was always trying to foil
The temptations of the devil,
Who sometimes causes men to grovel

In self-hate and pity.
This preacher had many times seen death,
Who is no respecter of rank or wealth.
Many times he had held the hand
Of one who on the brink of death did stand.
In those bleak days of fear and dread,
He had opened his Bible and calmly read
The Scriptures, and turned the darkness into day
For one who knew not the heavenly way.
Many times he had seen the birth of a child
And, as he took it in his arms, had smiled
To know that he was bringing it to God,
Who had redeemed it with His holy blood.
He had joined many a lad and maid,
And listened as the marriage vows were said.
Here was a person who would never cease to strive
Until he was deprived
 of life and limb.

In trying to save the human race,
He endlessly looked for God's blessed face.
Sometimes when a fleeting shadow passed over the moon,
He fancied he saw a young woman enter his room.
Then silently he thought with ecstasy,
"La belle dame sans merci."

And so our little cavalcade
Slowly and silently made
Its way to the Museum.

We saw many relics and treasures there,
Some wondrous, some gruesome, some dangerous, others fair.
But none so provoking as one in a room
That was filled with the darkness, sadness, and gloom
Of some past age
From some lost page
Of history.

In this room stood a case,
In the case a vase,
In the vase a flower,
On the flower a shower

Of gold, a fragile chain of pearls,
Which might have been worn by the ladies of earls
Belonging to some past dynasty.

The gypsy queen took one short look,
And then with a cackle that almost shook
The room, in a quavering voice began to relate
What had happened on that ancient date.

"Aphrodite, Queen of Heaven, Goddess of Love,
Who has the power to move
All men, on whom she casts her bewitching spell,
Looked for a maiden both attractive and well,
To whom she wanted to give
As a gift, the ability to live
A life of peace and love.
The goddess supreme looked long and wide
Until she found a maiden by the side
Of the road, who possessed the qualities she sought.
To this young maiden Aphrodite taught
The secret of a life of peace and love,
And gave to her as pledge of faith a dove.
Only one requirement was there —
The maid would vanish into air
If any harm came to this fair flower of a bird.
At this the poor young maiden began to cower
And promised to obey to the very word.

Soon after she met a young and handsome lad,
And knew that with him she would nevermore be sad.
Alas! In her joy she forgot her promise
And never did the poor bird miss.
He gave her a necklace of pearls like dewdrops,
Which also appeared as crystalized teardrops.
In their happy joyousness and bliss,
Alas! never did the poor bird miss!
When nightfall came, they approached a stream
And then lay down and began to dream
Of the love they would find in each other.

In the morning when they awoke,
Before she even a word had spoke,

Remembered with horror in her eyes
The happiness she would sacrifice
If she found not the bird.
And so, true to her word,
She began to search both high and low,
Darting here and there, not knowing where to go.
Until at last she came upon the small crushed form
Of the bird, lying there so warm
And yet so cold.
Too late she remembered what she had been told,
And in panic cried aloud.
Nevertheless, it did her no good,
For right then and there
She vanished into air.

When the blithe youth, full of love and hope,
Came bounding up the soft green slope,
He found nothing but the necklace,
And so wandered in despair and distress
Bemoaning his lost love."

* *

Many a day has passed since then,
And many a time I've gone again
To that place where the gypsy told her tale
Of disappearance and wanderings over hill and dale.
As I stand before that gloomy place,
I see again each expressive face.
But then when I do once more look,
Gone is the whole company; every nook
Is bare; they have no celestial interference
To account for their rapid disappearance,
But rather my own imaginative nature.
They left no necklace when they went
For they were by my remembrance sent
To once again people the room.
And as I stand there, frail and alone,
Sometimes I am apt to bemoan
This fickle world, for Life is composed of tempting mirages
As we all make our individual pilgrimages.

Iris Collins

Search and Escape

I have considered the shape of self
as it twines down life.

A shadow-walking moment,
seeking the sun through haze.

Self grows as a wave near the shore, and crashing,
spreads and splits and runs in a racing
dying flood on the sand of
consciousness, and returns.

I have been seeking the shape of
self down tree tunneled paths
and flat beaches,
At night and in the yellow grey day.
My self seeks me and I am fleeing.

Leonard Glassberg

The way out is the way in

Birth

and Daylight darken,

Learn the Night,

dark night of Self,

Alone;

And in darkness,

Seek that one illuminating

image of the self,

projecting constellation lights

Which refract

into the nothingness of All.

Learn the night,

dark self of Night,

And then but know

that there can be no day:

for that undulating

asterisk of light

that is true night

Will but fade

into the margin of a dawn.

J. Hardie

To Leslie

I

Leslie, all my love is rooted deep in thee.
Would thou this budding bower break
and dry the fruit
and waste the sheltering tree?
Would thou avail to salt thy fertile heart
and let my wild flower love decay
and burn the seed
and root out what within thee is so deep a part?
I think not.
I think that it would pain thee just as much as me
To turn our verdant Eden to a bleak Gethsemane.

II

Leslie thou hast poisoned me.
I am smitten by thy venom; still
I no theriaca care to take.
For, though I die a thousand times, I will
Not, from my bosom, turn the snake
That turned my blood to ichor then
Sweetly failed to turn it back again.
Thy toxic love has taught me ecstasy.

Harris Tobias

Sneakers

From a dark street comes the sound of running feet, the dull slap of rubber-soled sneakers on asphalt. Now they come close to the corner stop under a street lamp, and turn and run off through a weed-choked field. Now a heavy sound comes from the darkness; boots this time the metal cleats and leather heels click on the pavement. The sound rushes from the darkness like a train speeding out of a tunnel. They, too, stop in the glare of the street lamp, then plunge into the field and with long strides crush the dry autumn grass.

Moving as though they have wings the sneakers dart out of the field and run down a stone paved alley. They turn and run into the yard behind a frame house then vault a fence and run to the railroad yards where there will be a hiding place among the waiting rows of freight cars.

But now the boots are sailing over the fence; they are less than twenty yards behind. The fleeing sneakers run along a row of boxcars, frantic hands grab the rung of a ladder, and the sneakers clamber up the side of a boxcar. But strong hands grip ankles and pull at them; there is a short scuffle in the cinders, and then two steel blades come to life.

One comes softly from the lining of a boot and springs to life with a metallic click and a swish of movement; the other leaps in self defense from its ivory jacket. Their upturned edges catch the light of moonbeams and sparkle like the eyes of death. They move to and fro in a strange, ritualistic dance. Now they are close, exploring, searching for openings; now they fall back, each waiting for the other to make a mistake. In the quiet of the night there is only the sound of soft, uneven breathing and the grind of feet on cinders as the blades make tentative feints and jabs. The freight cars are the only spectators, mute and unconcerned as if they are already aware of the outcome. Suddenly the ivory-handled blade quivers and makes a slashing curve that speaks of inexperience; quickly the other shoots under the curve, finds its target in soft flesh, makes an upward cut and a quarter-twist, then slips out through the softness that will soon begin to turn stiff and hard. The ivory handle blade drops to the ground with a soft thud, and the only sound that remains is that of booted feet running into the darkness, and soon that too will fade.

Gary Krommes

Falling

To fall
As softly as a leaf
Upon a sheath of
Dandelion down
Is how I fall in love.
No call
Of pounding heart
To beat the knowing in.
But the rhythmic pulsing
Of my heart,
Carrying on as before,
But more
In tune and forever.

Clark Line

Reciprocity

How fine it was with us
When I could give to you, and you to me
How fine it was with us I thought.
But there came times
When gifts I gave would do no good.
I can do no more.
I have offered up myself
And stood in paths of goals
I did not mean to stand in paths of.
I would pluck a rose from my only bush
And bring it to you
But the thorns would prick your fingers;
I would bring you candies, red and sweet,
But the brittleness would cut your tongue.
How fine it was with us
When I could give to you
You must no longer give to me.

Dee Amir

Call

The gentle spring breezes caress my cheek, stir up strange longings for adventure in my study-sore brain. Rejoice my soul — summer is near.

Summer — that bitter-sweet suspension of mind and soul in an atmosphere of moonlight swims, carefree picnics, long, lazy walks in the rain, shore-side frolics — yes, the shore, especially the shore. Thoughts of summer always evoke visions of “the shore” — where students flock like stampeding cattle in a blind run to the water hole dancing in their glazed eyes. And, my soul, we run with them.

Why do we run, my soul? What is the mystic appeal of small, flat, ugly sun-bleached shore towns? Is it the feeling of excitement created there by so many people congregating to “let loose?” Is it the strange spell beat out by every bar-band flooding out through yawning doors into the evening street? Is it the lure of the siren “Ocean” whose overpowering rhythm proclaims the mysteries of nature? Is it the spell of freedom from the reins of home and family?

We can become part of the hungry crowd yearning for excitement and pad barefooted and sloppy-sweatered, irrespective of fashion and propriety, from cafe to cafe and be fed exhilaration. We can be swallowed by the snake-crowd slithering from place to place and writhing its way into human-packed entertainment boxes and taking its serpentine fill at each. We can give ourselves up to the jungle beat of rock 'n roll, exult in our primitiveness. We can

indulge in sharp, sophisticated chatter and brandish Freud, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche masterfully disarming our conversational foes.

Or we can reject disdainfully any contact with the reptilian ranks. We can turn from the garish, blinding reds, yellows, and green hot neons of the town-world where reality can only be winced at and bask in the soft, soothing, dark, cool, slanted grey-blacks of the sea-world which illuminate truth in their glow.

Here is a rhythm machine too, but clear and precise. We can thrill to the sheer power of the sea — to the sound which drowns out the petty squallings of the human world but yet produces a silence so complete that we *must* hear the beating of our heart. We succumb to the hypnotizing, insistent, metronomic voice of the mother sea who beckons bewitchingly, who calls us forward to the secrets of life.

Oh, to be both hot and cold as our feet are captured by the hungry sand still warm from the day's blaze while the rest of our body is beaten by the sea's chill breath; to wade in the shallows, our body tingling not only with the shock of the water but with visions of Protean sea monsters of old who trod this way once; to run toward the beckoning, capricious white caps calling us to frolic with them; to glory in our complete submission to the awful authority of the surging surf with no feeling of shame for our weakness. How thwarting human authority, science, love, hate seem here!

Be patient, oh my soul, be patient. The time is soon.

Barbara Lore

Acrostic

Rosemary ,well I knew your gentle eyes:
Of all the love within them was aware.
Still I deceived with thoughtless lies.
Each time that I recall their warming stare,
My heart and mind ask one the other where
Are now the eyes of vernal joy? They've grieved
Remorsefully and tear with damned despair.
Yearn on my heart, I beg to be reprieved.

Was't you, Rosemary, or myself that I deceived?

Clark Line

Out of Season

In Spring,
In days of greening ivy walls,
My heart aches cold and cakes with ice,
But not so much the pain I feel,
As it will be in Summer.

In Summer,
In days of singeing sun,
My heart aches worse,
And loses all the liquids of a thing
That froze too fast.

In Fall,
In days of withering autumn weather,
My heart aches yet
From sentiments once held
Of warmth unknown before.

In Winter,
In days of stiff stick trees,
My heart aches yet
From knowing loss of fruit untimely bloomed
It never could sustain.

Let me hold you well in memory,
In days that cannot be defined in terms of seasons,
In days too warm for Spring, too cool for Summer,
Too cool for Fall, but not enough for Winter.

In days when memory prevails
Instead of weather,
In those days
My heart will ache the worst of all.

Dee Amir

The way of the world

Robert Maxwell Middleton sat on the high stool in his studio, waiting for the photographers to arrive. He glanced across the room at his painting that had just been awarded first prize in the nationwide contest sponsored by the National Artist's Association. His chest expanded with pride just thinking about it. His thoughts, however, were interrupted, for at that moment the doorbell rang.

Middleton hopped from his stool, adjusted his tie, brushed off some imagined dust on his slacks, and checked his hair in the mirror over his drawing table.

"That must be them," thought Middleton as he rushed to the front door.

Opening the door, he found two men leaning on the door-frame. One man carried a camera; the other, a folded magazine. The man with the camera wore a dark suit (that looked as if it hadn't been pressed in the last five years) and an old, beat-up fedora with the brim turned up. His eyelids were half closed, and, looking him over, Middleton felt that the poor guy needed a good night's sleep. The other fellow appeared a little neater. He wore a light suit, a clean white shirt, and a dark tie loosened at the collar. His eyes were wide open, and he never took them off Middleton; instead he surveyed him from head to toe, taking in every detail. The neater one spoke first.

"Are you Middleton?"

Middleton nodded.

"Well, I'm Al Gatin. This is my partner, Jerry Mulin. We're from *Surprize Magazine*, the realistic magazine," he said, opening the magazine and showing it in the artist's face. "We're here to take pictures of you and your award-winning painting. I think our editor phoned you about it the other day."

"Oh, yes! Yes, tha's right. Emmm, won't you come in?" asked Middleton nervously.

The two men stepped inside and followed the artist into his studio. Once inside, Middleton extended his arm in a broad sweep and proudly showed the two visitors his masterpiece.

Mulin never looked up; he just rigidly stood there staring at some empty spot on the far wall. Gatin, however, looked at the painting. He eyed it carefully from top to bottom, scrutinizing every square inch of canvas. He seemed lost in thought. Then, as if he had found himself again, he turned to Middleton and said, "Look, before we begin, let me tell you a little something about what we're going to try to do. You probably know that this is going to be a picture story. There'll be a paragraph of introduction and a few captions and stuff like that, but the real story will be told in the pictures we take today. Ya know what I mean? So, we're going to try to capture the 'real' you. You got that? The *real* you!"

"Of course, of course," Middleton nodded. "That suits me fine!"

"Good," smiled Gatin, "Now why don't you slip into a pair of Levis and a sweatshirt, while we fix up your studio. O.K.?"

"But," questioned Middleton, "What's the matter with what I have on now? And what's the matter with my studio?"

"Well, nothing's really the matter with the way you're dressed except that we want to make it look as if you had just finished painting this thing. See? I mean, I wanna make it look as if we just walked in on you at the very moment that you finished. Now I'm sure that you don't paint anything with a suit and tie on, do you?"

"No, you're right of course," said Middleton, suddenly struck by the logic of Gatin's statements. "I didn't think of that."

"Well, now, those are the kind of things you gotta think of if you ever want to work in the magazine business. If I don't notice these things the readers do. That's what they pay me for, to catch these things. Now you run along and change into some arty clothes while Jerry and me take care of your studio. O.K.?"

As soon as the artist walked out of the room, the two men started to "take care of the studio." They scattered newspapers around the room in a devil-may-care fashion; emptied neatly filed sketches and pencil drawings on his drawing table in one big, dishevelled, disorderly pile; and as a last and final measure, they removed the curtains from the windows and heaved them into some remote corner. When Middleton returned, the room was a total wreck.

"Good God!" shouted Middleton, "What have you done to my studio?"

"We just made it look arty," said Mulin with a grin of satisfaction.

"Yea, it was too neat the way it was." added Gatin. "The public wouldn't have believed it. Now, whoever heard of an artist being neat? Nope, the public wouldn't go for that kind of idea."

"But I *am* neat," protested Middleton. "I always keep everything in its proper place. Look! You said that you wanted to photograph the 'real me! This certainly isn't the 'real me.' "

"You're an artist, right? Public imagination knows what a real artist is. Look, you gotta cater to the wants of the public. After all, if the public saw this place the way you had it before, they'd think that Surprise Magazine was a bunch of frauds. They'd think we were trying to put something over on them. Ya know what I mean?"

Middleton sank back on his stool in hopeless despair. He was in a complete daze now. All this was beyond him. Gatin sounded so sure, so convinced, as if he really knew what he was talking about. He looked about the room with remote hope that the situation was not as bad as it first appeared. It was. These fellows hadn't missed a trick. It would take him a week to straighten up everything. He looked up at both of them hoping to draw some pity or sympathy from them. It was useless. The cadaverous Jerry was fussing with his camera, and Al Gatin had become engrossed in moving the masterpiece into position for the photographs.

"All right, suppose we get started," said Gatin in his business-like drawl. "Middleton, I want you to stand next to your painting, and sorta hang on it for support."

Middleton did this without any objection, in a state of shock from seeing his room made a beatnik prop, a sty.

"All right, now with this next picture," said Gatin, "I want you so sit Indian fashion in front of your picture. Yeh, that's fine. But don't smile. Look depressed."

Middleton put on a look of depression which seemed to come ever so easily.

"Now look beaten," continued Gatin, "I don't think you're getting the idea, Mr. Middleton. You see, you've just painted a picture. A big, large picture. But, it was too much for you. It's beaten you. You know what I mean?"

This was too much for Middleton. Galvanically he sprang on his feet.

"Now wait just a minute," protested the angry artist, "just in blazes are you getting all this from anyway? You sound like a movie director, reading from a book. I never had any fight with this painting."

In spite of Middleton's fire and ire, Gatin retained his poise and never blinked an eye.

"It's obvious that you don't know much about painting," began Gatin, "or about the readers of Surprize Magazine. Every artist has a struggle with his canvas. He tries to shove all his emotions into the picture. Sometimes he succeeds, sometimes not. Act like you failed, like your painting has beaten you, like maybe you didn't realize it but that's what happened. That's what the readers expect. So, that's what we'll give the readers. O.K.? Now get back into the same pose and look beat."

This was all new to him. He had studied for five years at the National Academy and three years in Paris and had added countless hours of work in the Art Student's League, but this was

the first time he ever heard anything like this before. He had no defense for such a theory, so he gave up all resistance, sat down, and tried to look beaten instead of confused.

Seeing that everything was ready, Jerry Mulin adjusted his camera, ready to snap the shutter, but Middleton suddenly asked for a moment.

"I don't understand, why must I look beaten? How come I lost out in the struggle with my painting?"

"Look," began Gatin. He was trying to be pleasant, but Middleton could see that he was losing his patience. "this is a very big painting. You tried to put plenty of feeling into it, but it was too big, it required too much energy. You see what I mean? It defeated you. O.K.? Now pose."

Middleton posed for this and three other shots by Gatin.

"All right, Mr. Middleton, that about wraps it up. I think after looking at these real-life, on-the-spot pictures our readers will feel like your cousins, like they were your brothers, sympathizers. Know what I mean?"

"You really think so?" asked the exasperated but inert artist.

"Oh, I know so! Right, Jer?"

The photographer, never looking up from his camera grunted in affirmation.

Edward Lipinski

Take not the leafless hand

Take not the leafless hand of love.

I took it once.

And saw the mountains of the moon

And felt the beat of wings

And was misled.

For what I saw was in my eyes

And the beat I felt

Was but the beating of my own heart.

I'll not be duped again.

I know the method of her charm.

I'll not take the leafless hand;

Instead,

I'll seize her by the arm.

Erasmus

1848

1848

The first of these is the fact that the...

second is the fact that the...

Take out the bottom part

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

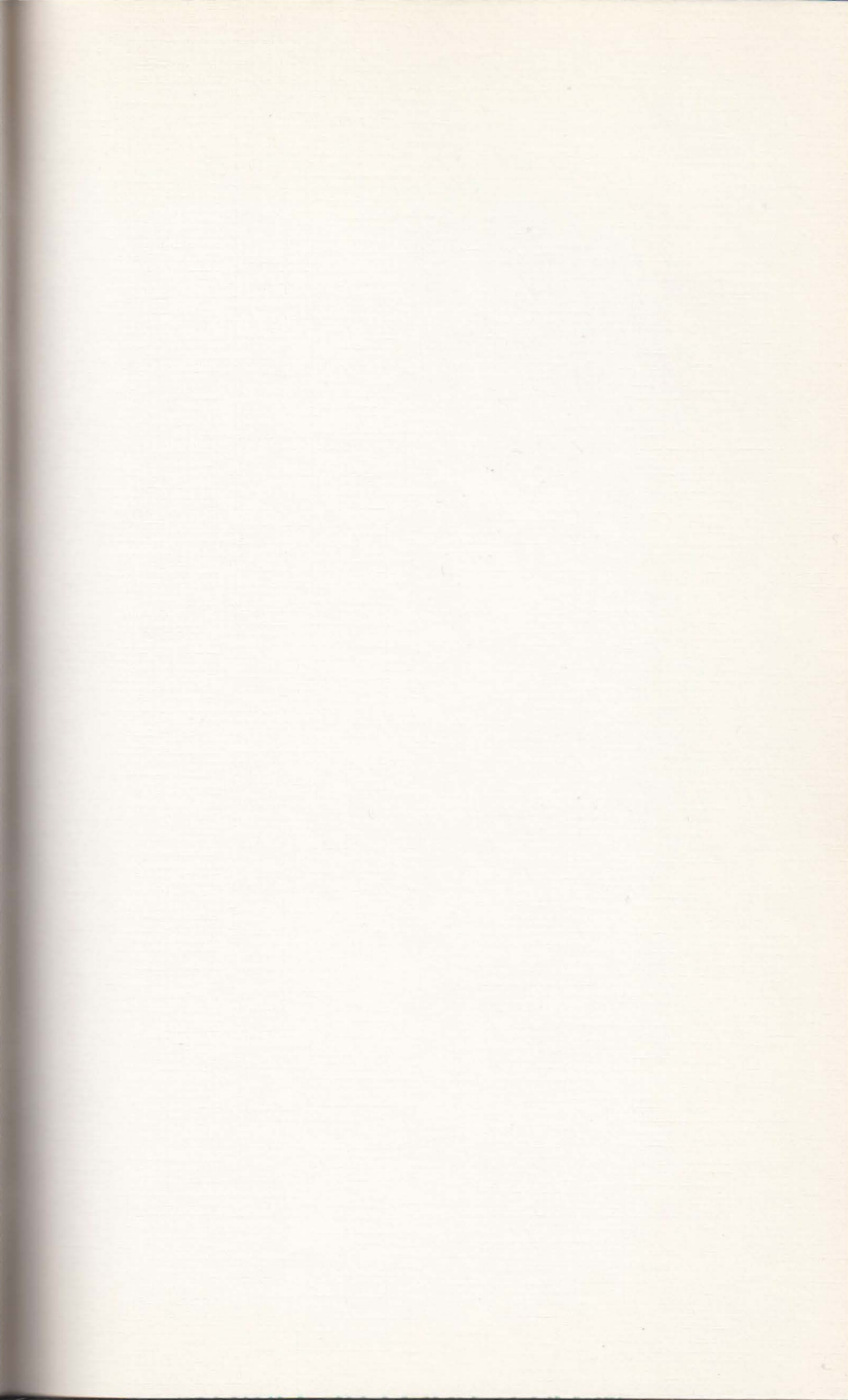
...

...

...

...

...



1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



LEVELLY PROS., INC., 25 S. FRANKLIN ST., WILKES-BARRA, PA.



© 1981