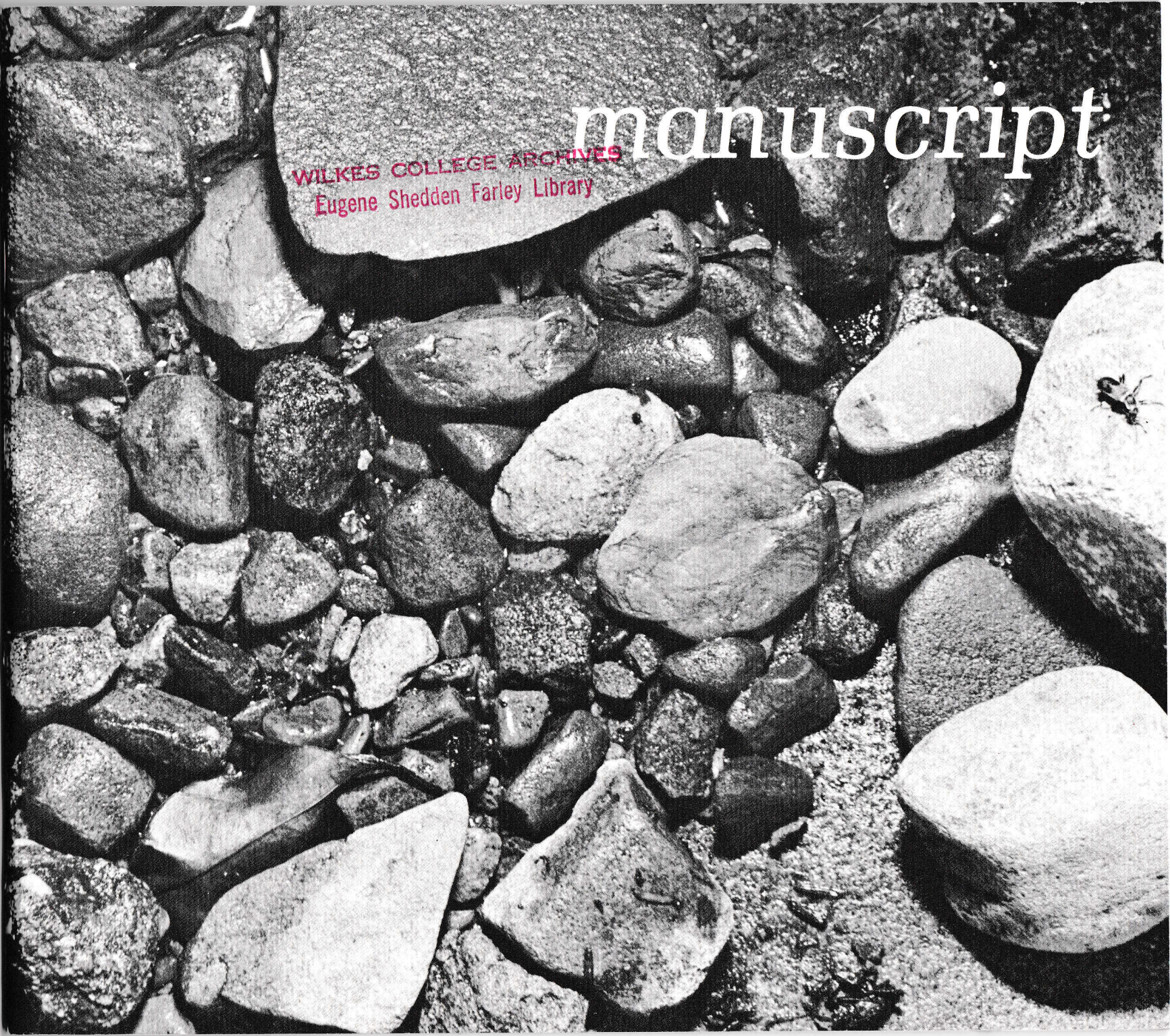


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jonathan j. szostek

mary-ellen riley

Lullaby (in the Forest) for the Brothers Grimm

Bye baby bunting

The wolves have gone a hunting
The rabbits wait across the glen
to get a piece of human skin
to wrap the baby rabbits in

Dear Friend- almost nothing, almost everything

The autumn

color swirling towards the geese
Life can not be without
the leaves and the geese

The Winter

shiny icy rain
and the warm fires gentle the harsh cold

The spring

a rattling of wind and fragile stems
promise buds on the warm air

And summer

that fat watermelon bursting
into sunshine that pours heat into the night

I have learned to be content- with
the wind, across the grass which
sometimes blows- my hair, into stray
tendrils of memories- I glide
effortlessly, like the seed waiting
to be reborn.

mary-ellen riley

(Untitled)

Treasure troves in old ladies' closets
Faded shoes with high buttons
and ribbons on dried flowers,
tucked underneath- holy cards
Eternal virgins smiling
in sachet mystery.
Leaving me always to wonder
If like these saints- cedar and glass-
never having known
I too would remain a delicate figurine
a movement suspended in crystal.

michael scholnick

Revelation Clock

Thursday is a late night
Subsequently friday is an early afternoon
Tempered September, supreme Spring
O towards the other way
Crewcut moon
Disk pie hurled, bang clouds
Cops on original mopeds
Morning written epicene
270 mg. transit OKd
Jimmy & Aretha play
Fire veils awakening
You, the framework of x, y, z



(Untitled)

greg maclean

September 26, 1977

Liver

Fry it up with sauerkraut

Echo

Reach for a job

Bank's name ALBANY

On a calendar

You may not think so

But it may be the end of the world

I don't think so

On TV

Everyone looks like a paycheck

Swoop Fall

Who feels

What anyone else does

Loathing leaf disinterested

It sets no charge but consideration

*Bald eye whores swing tarstuck
bottlecaps*

Washed wash the dishes

Patsy news with a moll

Boxcar bugle dough checking

Super critical ego bluegrass

*Like unsullied walk east through
Union Square*



Self Portrait with Friends



todd mayer

margo diesenhouse

rosine

sarah bernhardt/hair charged
somebody got to pay/duse
turn it out/burning heart/no art
that could satisfy.
walking off to a coffin/waking to cedar
acrid chips/air that stains the lungs,
increment perfume.
dress stiff/body lectric/no pliant muse.
the audience performed the only appeasement/washing
in the perfume of her spine/odor of wood/of battery acid
crackling dun of her hair.
words like spittle in the corner of her mouth/drawn back
pursue the word. pulse beat/pulse.
mind/ful of death. greased in buttery luminol
it was your passion/we wanted to drain
spectate at a frenzy/undertaking transforms
this burning heart/into art
let's start over.

jeanne d'arc revisted

why mourn her?
she went the way of all women.
first they defiled her then they made her a saint.
with her cropped hair, her androgynous body
her hatred of the english
her fanatic religious idealism
she was the ultimate desirable woman.
when she burned with that inner passion, she left those tonsured
monks in an agony of desire.
when she burned and moaned, who in that vespered crowd did not blush?
the line from limb to thigh, that pointed chin
that bony skull, sexless fanaticism.
she was no lesbian, i saw it in her eyes.
she had one lover, traitorous saint she was.
they left her at rouen, they carried their guilt.
they canonized her in place of their mothers
their holy mothers, those orphaned zealots.
so why mourn her?
she occupies a place greater than a mantel clock,
a cherished plate, a bit of lace.
they couldn't restrain her so they burnt her, they called her witch.
their tongues caught in a greater desire, they stumbled on hallowed
words. the benediction, the benedictus . . .
 hail mary full of grace, lithe of limb, fair of face.
they couldn't restrain her, how she must have shamed them.
each fine eyebrow a spear, each finely drawn limb mocking their
fat tonsured maleness.
she told them they were not her true judges.
they mocked her visions. it was a rape trail of the spirit.
her body shook, her eyes widened in suppressed convolutions
her mouth was clamped, her hair was dripping with an angry sweat
in the end she wept, she was only a child.
why mourn her she simply went the way of us all.
 hail mary, full of grace, lithe of limb, fair of face.
she wouldn't dance; they couldn't make her.
they couldn't fuck her so they made her a saint.

paul gallagher

VISITATION

Something about August
With its faded neon sunrise
And its deadly dusk

Something about the way August
oozes through my pretty stained glass
bay windows
About the way it kicks open my hickory doors
and marches about my rooms
like some wounded angel
Throwing itself against my sharp white walls
to leave the bloody imprint of its hands
palms up
or down
or sideways
palms inviting
 biting
palms for the living
palms for the dead

(outside in the midday heat
a naked girl parades up and down
the cobblestone streets
on a horse as white as pure sugar
it twitches when bitten by flies
sweeps its tail to cover the rear
And the girl sings so
so sweetly)
I would gnaw at the lead which drips silver
at my windows to make a chink and glimpse . . .

The Thick Snow

on a January
six-thirty sunrise
you would take your tea
and wear the red amber
that pours in from the morning
wrap the light around you like chinese silk
tap at the fragile window frame
near your seat at the kitchen table
Feel the tongue of winter in your fingertips
In Paris
they are drinking wine
and smiling in their furs
Beneath the tile floor near the stove
a vague scratching tells you
the mouse is awake
in its warm wooden habitat
you could have been an actress once
a powder faced madonna before the footlights
your eyes reveal a hidden splendor
or so he said
before he said good-bye
It is winter
and the sky is white
the snow is falling
as it sometimes does in winter
Holding the cup like a warm chalice
you watch the snow
as it falls like lint to the ground
if you cock your head
just so
it looks suspended
But some flakes pass through
and continue to build
the mound of white
that surrounds your house
your fort
in winter



(Untitled)

jonathan j. szostek

paul gallagher

Blue Dawn (nude at water's lip)

At the blade's edge of tomorrow
you in blue
nude
slippery white on sand
breathing slowly
in
 out
inhaling time
destiny
-the heavy strain of the shadows
 beneath the cliffs pushing far above you
invites you
stop
 stay
 rest
sleep-
(the sand at your feet
 minces with the waves
settles
begins again)
you are wet
but warm
in the quiet blue
electric dawn
 from far across the pulsating waters
 you can sense the strains of music
booming from great Calvary . . .

judson evans

Wyoming Valley Fragments

1.

Evening engines whine:
A screeching of brake-shoes,
Clapping of couplings.
The sun stoked and dampened,
Night falls like fine soot,
Silled in the valleys.

2.

*My grandfather's words
Have outlived their referents,
Shiny and useless
As antique tools.*

Imitation: Andre Breton's L'Union Libre

*My love with nerves of witch grass,
With tinder bones under sun frayed larches,
My love whose touch
Is a braille of thin glass edges,
My love with the touch
Of a blood black thorn,
With eyes the chroma of a darkened planet,
With faience, funerary eyes,
With ireses of fern at the heart of agate;
My love whose shadow
Is a blade of terraced coral,
A ghost of pumice and the smoke of lava,
With a shadow of the ether
Inhabiting woodwinds, and of that timbre;
My love with the eccentric head of a sunflower;
Whose neck is the slim white shaft of a fountain,
Whose neck moves like jute and the fibers of hemp
In the cadenced pull of a puppet's strings,
In the thread of cat's cradle and string figured lighting;
Whose back is of driftwood and wind duned sand,
Whose spine is the unwound groove of a phonograph
Of an endless organum of the plainsong of birds,
Whose back is of fennel and of an arc of acetylene;
My love whose waist is of the tail of a marlin,
With the waist of a sea horse and the dripping of tallow,*

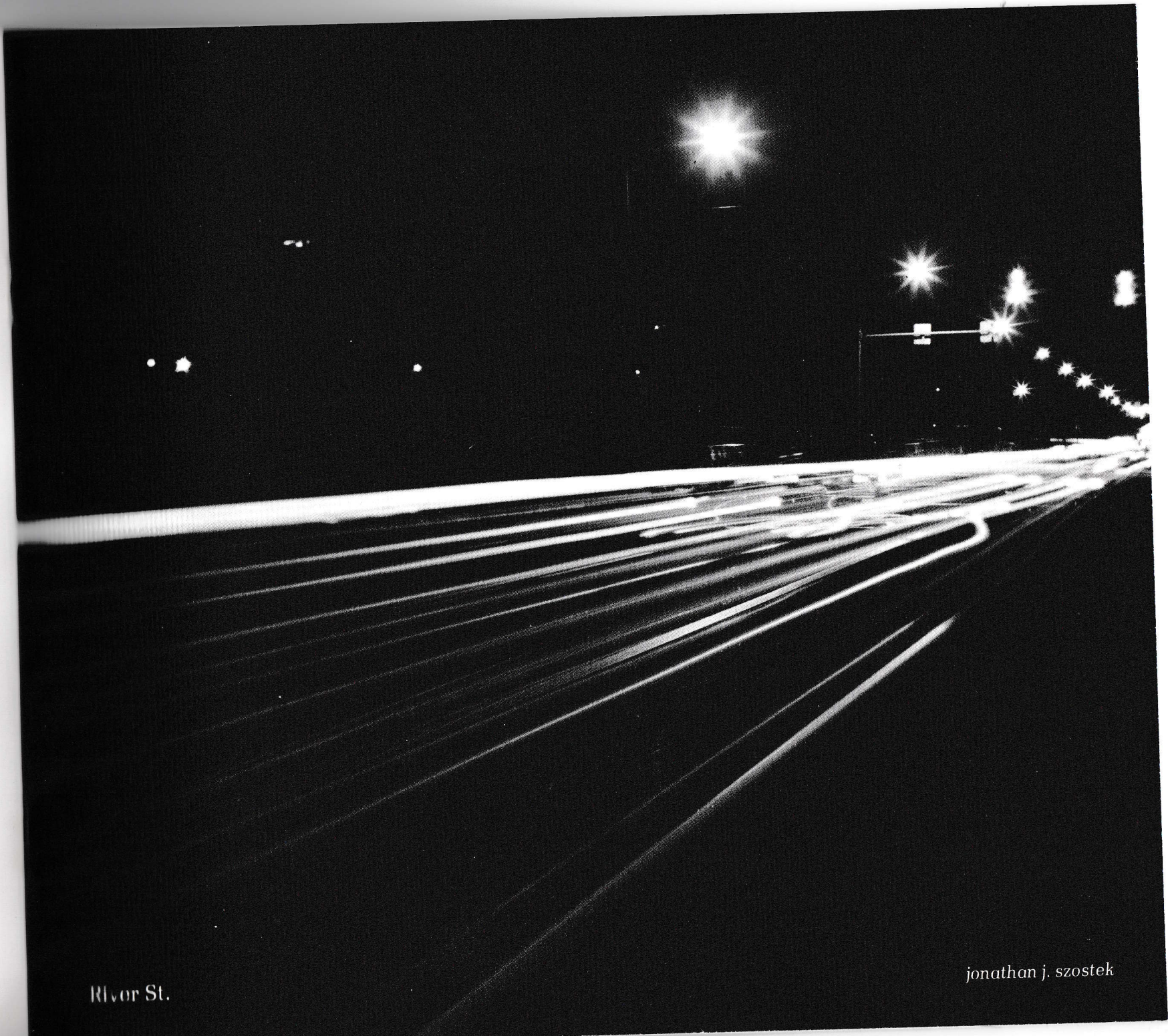
Whose spine is a kite string, a column of mercury,
Whose back is the binding of the arcanum of dreams;
My love with breasts of teak and typanny,
With breasts of spinnakers,
With the waist of a hinge;
Whose hair is the combing of rainfall through spruce spurs,
The resinous rope that hangs from a bell tower;
With arms of a ratchet wheel and the stems of trillium;
With fingers of tungsten, with fingers of half-notes,
With legs of cataracts and the spokes of a spinning wheel;
My love whose caution
Is a suspension of hawk's flight
In the rock faults, the wind rifts;
Whose language is a rust of sorcery;
My love whose sex is a freeing of shadows;
Whose sex is of sandglass and the feathers of phoenix.

Exploring the Poles

Shetland ponies, their flesh still intact,
Sleep deeply on the ice;
Whether it was Amundson or Scott
In documentaries,
We remember the cold as absolute,
The isolation,
 a world whittled down
 like a carved tusk;
The lines cut,
The food lines, or the mere communication,
As dry frost claims the last resource;
Tubes of the radio
Wane like the spindle of Northern lights . . .

Through this blindness,
The image:
 abandoned tents flayed by wind-
(Was it true that men
Found the snow fields feathery?)

In the blinding white,
The martial wind,
The expanse of sleep
Slowly disarming them.



River St.

jonathan j. szostek

dave gregrow

(Untitled)

Silence.

*A fly quietly follows his course,
A thread left by a ball of wool,
Chased by a kitten.*

He alights on a hair,

One of many.

*The girl shakes her head
From an itch unknown.*

The black speck

Laughs under his breath.

He sees all,

Through his two knit eyes.

My Whistle

Dented by human teeth

silenced with age

it was once a silver whistle

today it just seems to get in the way

Hanging from the neck of a light

*it catches flickering reflections from the lamp
as I tap it*

but never holding a glow of its own

Without a sound

the evidence of someone else's grinding jaw intrudes on

and breaks up the shiny surface

And I ache

trying to bite down on the cold steel

to make it shriek



greg maclean

dave wasilewski

I: Rainy Night, on the Porch

*A lit cigarette
Flicked onto the wet sidewalk
Glowing red in the darkness
As if to challenge the deluge.*

*In a moment it is smothered
By a single raindrop.*

*A bolt of lightning;
Nature's own signature
Glaring white in the sky
Obiliterates the darkness.*

*In a moment it disappears,
Swallowed by the night.*

*Another lit cigarette
Marks my own position in the night
Where the wet wind
Chills my skin beneath an immense growling sky.*

II: The Fool

*Walking through a fool's paradise,
Playing the part of a fool.
The sun, too bright, can pain the eyes,
But dark green glasses feel cool
Mellowing the sky's glaring blue.*

*Laughing words to smiling faces,
Fragile, yet for the moment, eternal.
Separate minds in different places;
But the fool, he knows quite well,
A smile can purge a hell.*

*Alas, the fool, a man again becomes,
And paradise disappears.
To some gloomy, sunless spot he runs,
And waits, self-pitied, while counting fears,
For a fool to dry his tears.*

III: November Woods

*The once green plush-rugged mountains,
Their last golden-scarlet attempt
To retain summer's incensed color
Drowned in the north wind,
Are now silent forms of rock
Entangled in a thorny mass
Of bony trees.
Save green ghosts of moss,
Still grasping rocks;
Together at a distance
With thin wet fog,
A cool odorless mist
Clings to skeletons like a cob-web,
And waits for the first snow
In order to be convinced.*

IV: The Child

*Having read from the book,
The man decides to become a child
And erases dull years
Of faces proportionally distrusted
For lack of evidence
To enter another soul
Who leads him to a glimpse of heaven
On earth
Which looks back
With dissecting eyes;
A chilling stare
Turning the child's eyes inwards and backward
Re-exposing a man.*

V: Some Friends and Other Acquaintances

*Where are you now?
What are you doing?
Lying like some ass
In an ecstatic, forgetful, state?
Damming up the old flow of words
That has wet our thirsts for each other?
Quick fool! Answer!*

VI: January Woods

*The pure, silent expression of snow,
unharmd by the dirty influence
Of the city's exhausts and cigarette smoke,
Burdens nature.
Ghosts are frozen to rocks,
But an intermittent sun
Lies on the tops of the tallest pines
Exposing tips
Of green arrows.*

VII: Very Early Morning

*A fog unnoticed
Until recently thickened;
And thus perceived more readily
As a danger to one who points his sails
With the wind.*

*A sigh in my ear
And a well chosen word
Blow an opening through which the sunrise
May, once again, be anticipated
As an aid in navigation.*

VIII: A Friend

*A mirror thrust before my face;
A symbol of high-flying love?
Or a tightrope walker?
No, a man among men,
Bound to earth.
Now, drop the mirror.*

*A pair of eyes;
Hot torches glowing through fog;
Angry love struggles for its due recognition
And evaporates engulfing mists
Revealing a cave built of past objects
And mortared with hourglass sand and tears.*

*A loathsome time-fed goblin
Shrieks, anticipating confrontation.
Its face is mine!
But no, it drops the mask;
Too hideous to remain
It is swept away in a rush of tears.*

*A friend has loved
Both my lover and myself
And has cleansed my eyesight.
Morning skies become clear in sunlight
And my good fool
Witnesses the spark of his own re-entry.*

IX: Another Glimpse

*In that short moment
Between sleep and waking
When dream and reality entangle
And become indistinguishable
So do we intertwine.*

ray klimek

“After great pain . . .”
for Cathy

*Like a Tinguely machine
the poem about us
falls apart.*

*Images turn
on its wheels:*

*your whirring face
your scratch marks burning on my back
your eyes in flare-up . . .*

*Accelerating
its outlines blur*

*and breaking down
it sighs,
exhausted.*

-Enough?

-Yes.

Entirely.

ray klimek

Cathedral

*What we sought to forget
followed us in.*

*Voices still ringing in our ears
we noted the upsurge of the arches*

the rows of candles

the hung image of iron and flesh.

*But no use
the shadow's nuance
against the hard fact of stone.*

Jeffers

*Toward the end
he lived at the continent's edge.*

*Behind him
the European darkness crouched
-a bitter inheritance.*

*Cursing it
he wrote of claw and beak
and the sound of feathers and bone
hitting the air.*

*Facing the ocean
he thought that its rough seascape
at least
would survive.*

paul taren

(Untitled)

My love lingers deep in the marrow of my bones,

I dip into when I wish;

Joy jostles for its spot on the marrow of my bones,

a gay and boist'rous fish;

Peace is lace reticulate through the marrow of my bones,

waves like leaves in breezes swish;

Enthusiasm reels 'bout the marrow of my bones;

of all he is most childish.

Deep, deep down do these fellows all sit,

deep in the heart of my bones;

They wait for the moment appropriate,

deep in the heart of my bones;

Then slip out like ghouls tiptoe quiet,

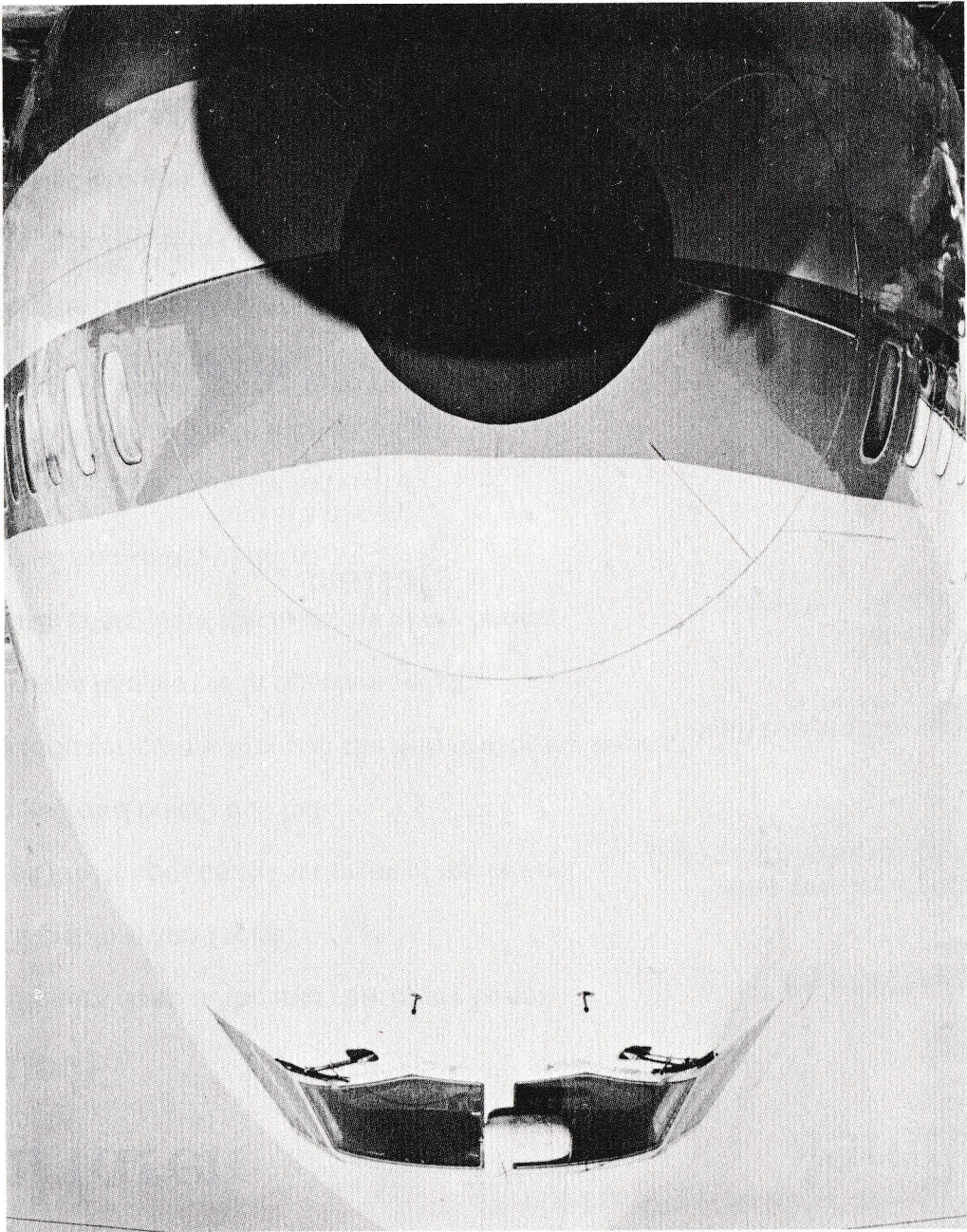
from out the heart of my bones;

To dance a jig in freedom sunlit,

as pure as the stuff of my bones.

(Untitled)

greg maclean



paul taren

Total Solipsist

*He
sits,
silent,
smiling,
eyeing all,
perusing lightly,
spinning esoteria
from simplest things.*

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