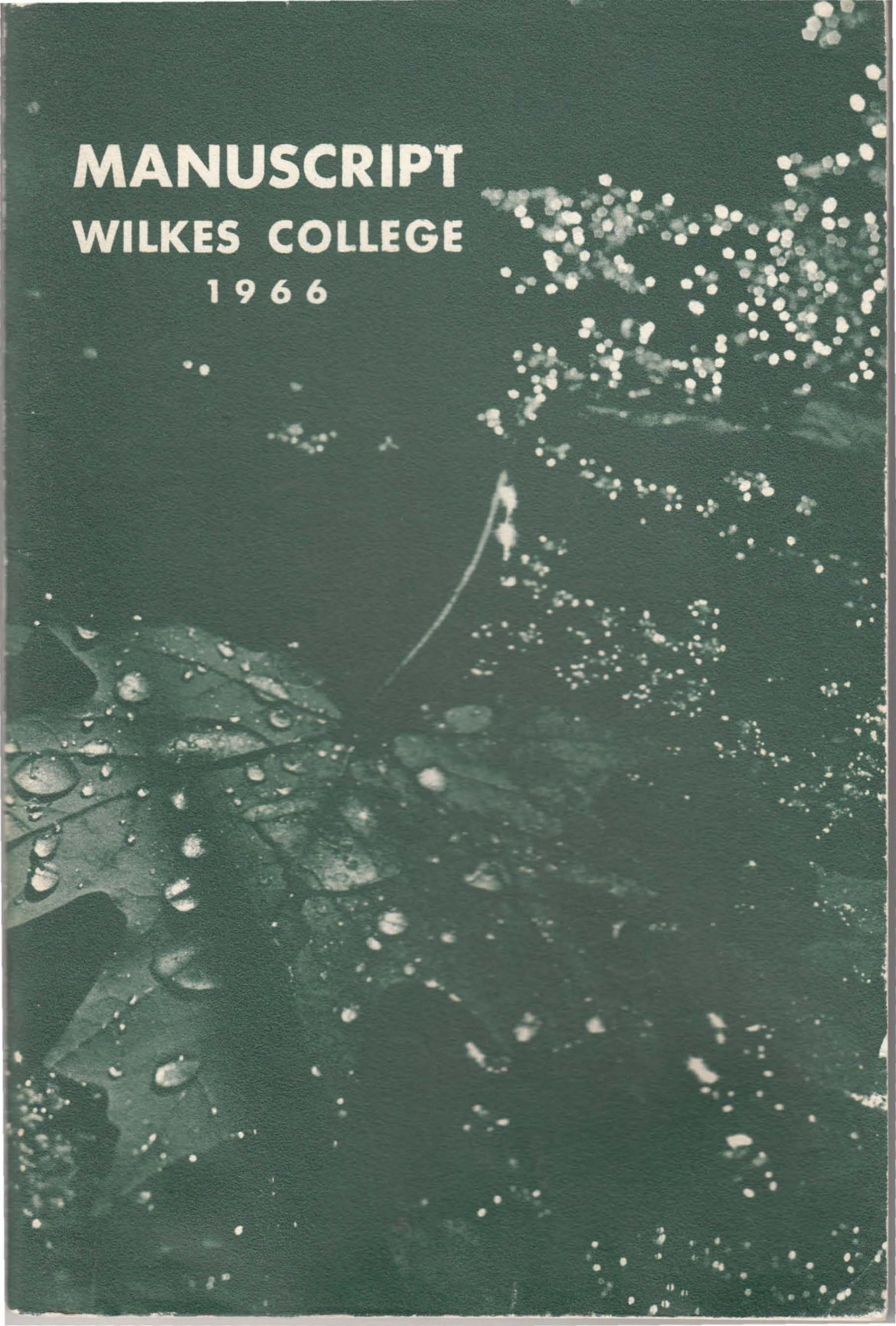


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**1966**



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# Manuscript

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE

ON

WILKES COLLEGE

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*Cover is from a photograph by Mark J. Cohen*

## *Let No Traces Be Found In Me*

by LEONA SOKASH

Cold, white Power,  
One, but yet fragmented,  
There, but perhaps some day not here,  
I do not believe  
That you are ice that never melts,  
That you are endless,  
That you are death without death.

But in the same moment  
I see you manifested  
Everywhere.  
I see you as the unholy logos  
That becomes, again and again,  
In each generation,  
The torture incarnate.  
And this history of your formlessness made flesh  
In these many avatars  
Wants me to believe  
That you are from the beginning, now, and ever shall be.

At a time when I did not understand your nature,  
I believed  
You were like the old, seemingly deathless wizards  
Who appeared immortal  
Because they had hidden  
Their souls in a safe place, perhaps under an oak tree.  
And because I wanted to believe in a triumph,  
Because I feared, I greatly feared,  
That your avatars confirmed your immortality,  
I hoped  
That I could find the womb that protected your soul,  
That I could battle your essence,  
That I could slay it  
Because I thought I had the Truth.

But I have since learned  
That you even touch Truth  
Because it has been given to man  
Who has partaken of the bread of hell  
And who will never in this state of evil  
Possess a Holy Grail on earth.

I know  
That you dwell within me;  
And as with others,  
My indifference to or my enactment of your will  
Is the prayer that brings about  
Your Coming, your Incarnation in each generation.

But, if I am aided in my striving  
To egest your unholy communion,  
I will find the heat,  
That will cause you to melt,  
That will cause you to pass,  
At least, from within me.

## SMALL

*by* MICHAEL KAUFMAN

Glances, razor sharp,  
A whisper, hissing with hate  
soul-slicing, unceasing,  
into ears urgent for more.

# NETS

*by* MICHAEL KAUFMAN

Neither man nor beast knows man,  
For time's eyes will skirt time's sorrows —  
As the wastelands of festering yesterdays  
Nurture seed for his sterile tomorrows.

Daylight comes fecund with white lines  
As earth's masters streak to their nadirs  
With visions infested as truth is attested,  
Still falling, still calling creators.

Decadence of thought for private whims,  
In stained glass minds and flowery hymns,  
Builds the man of faith at the pompous cost  
That one's faith in man is so sadly lost.

## **LET'S TALK**

*by* CLARK BROMFIELD

You and I  
Are here and there;  
What is between?



# Mein Kampf

*by* EDWARD MCGINNIS

Circle K and Economics  
Leave no time for Batman comics.  
Physics troubles boil and bubble —  
Shakespeare's witches, other rubble.  
Flunking out (oh, what's the use?),  
Study hard and take abuse;  
Or join the service and advance —  
Learn the Lilliputian dance.  
I'll come out without no knowledge;  
Might as well have stayed in college.

## AS OTHERS SEE YOU INVERTED

*by* EDWARD MCGINNIS

I look into the minds and hearts of others  
And there I see corruption.  
Only wickedness and sin exist,  
In them is hate and ugliness.  
I look into my heart and mind  
And see no greed or lusts —  
I miss the jealousies and pride  
So abundant in the masses.  
If only others saw me  
The way I see myself.

## UNDINE SPIRIT

by THOMAS CHARLTON

Rape, it was, which took the manna from my Mother's belly. It came to pass that an endless march of lustful humans wormed into her lush womb and, while smiling politics pinioned her swishing feet and consoling religion whispered watery rationalizations in her deaf ear, human hands took their pleasure. She must have then closed her tearful eyes. By her natural will, once supreme over all the anthracite valleys, she must have belched cold, brown wax into the channels of her ears to blot out forever the chorus of grunts, the high frequency of blasts, mule neighs, pick and shovel tin-sounds, railroad cars smoothing iron rails. She must have hardened her heart to cease smelling or tasting or feeling prosperity.

She has lain quietly, her feet upon the north mountains, her head upon the rolling south, ever since. I can see her! Her head rests up on the mountain where we go to the lake in the summer. They call her nose "Eagles Mere," where it juts proudly from the top, near-side of the green mountain. Her head rests tilted down and slightly to the northeast, toward my bedroom window. Sometimes, when I look most carefully — three-quarters down the side of the mountain where the old Nerford's Tipple is today — I see her smile. "I can bear it. But can you?" she seems to whisper.

Her upper torso is so smooth, her breasts looking strong and young, though she is, they say, a billion years old! Her arms rest to either side, the left arm stretching to the gap-between-the-mountains to the west, her sun-bleached right arm, pumiced smooth, reaches to our house. Her soft hand is our yard.

I have learned to understand why her silhouette from breasts to knees is scarred, gnarled, wasted. This is the valley's floor, where they built the collieries, sank the shafts to mine her womb. Here they threw her down on the mossy ground, spread her vast thighs, and chewed into her pubescent richness. She resisted for a time:

she tightened, she kicked, she cried! But they were too many and their purpose was more practical than hers.

I can sit in my bedroom window and see the results of their pleasure. They have finished with her insides. Now they work to besmear her identity. With shovels, steam shovels, bulldozers, and what-have-you, they scratch at her navel, her pubis, her thighs. They sweat more than ever. They curse and spit, they fight, and they kill one another to reach their goal.

They have stripped her body, out there. But they have not touched her soul. She has told me that her undine spirit waits for me! I will clean her wounds, I will restore her clean and whole. I will marry her!

## *A Modern Sonnet*

by MAIRIN ELIAS

I am not a fashionable poet;  
Today's poets care not for the sonnet;  
They would rather scan a pretty bonnet;  
In the light of abstract thought they show it;  
To the scathing winds of wit they throw it;  
Forgetting the woman who will don it  
And the nimble fingers who did sew it.  
The heart is missing in their unrhymed verse;  
With clever-surfaced eye they skim and see  
The outward shape of things; but are averse  
To comprehending the warm mystery  
They crushed 'neath the mechanical curse  
Of cynicism they call poetry.

# NITHIO

by THOMAS CHARLTON

Nithio washed his earthtinted body more carefully than ever before because that day, before the sun disappeared over the mountain, he would meet Shilia on the knob, called the Mountain of the Fallen Gods. The grey earth was caked firmly between his toes, and Nithio sat on the rough rocks in the shallows of the Susquehanna to clean his tired feet.

It was a happy time when the Susquehannocks worked side by side in the level fields of corn, in the heat of the summer when the deerskin clothes which raked the flesh could be discarded and the brown bodies could drink the hot sun and the cool water of the river.

When the sun barely winked its arrival on this day, Nithio had joined his friends for the long walk down the hill, the early morning when the crisp cold dew tickled the feet of the boys. Nithio enjoyed this time with friends of his childhood, for at this time every day he would recite to Lono of the Dancing Eyes and Thudro the Voice of the Storm, and the others who joined them, the latest of the legends his father had told him in front of the evening fire.

Nithio's father, the chiefman of the Susquehannocks, knew well his duty to his son — that Nithio, as young as he was, should learn very soon of the traditions of the Wyoming Valley — for the pain which followed the winter cold was attacking his limbs with the ferocity which only the gods could invent. His pace had slowed and only occasionally could the chief go to the fields.

And Nithio had sensed the urgency in his father's tales, the more frequent "Understand this! my son." Nithio had been most excited by the recent tale of the Battle of the Fallen Gods, the climax of which had brought tears to his father's usually stern black eyes.

"It was in a time when the fertility of our fields had been carried away by the river god, illness had taken the wives of the men whose grief prevented them from defending themselves from the invasions of tribes from the east. The people prayed to other gods; they received no help. But a strange man came from the forests in the north and brought with him strong gods who made war on the aged and powerless gods of our ancestors. And there was a time of storms and floods; the people rose and killed the old leader. One day when the sun shown brightly once again and the drying fields were ready for planting, the people, led by the new chief — the first Nithio, my son — carried the symbols of the defeated gods across the river and up to the top of the round mountain where they buried the old gods forever. And they burned the body of the old chief there and threw his ashes over the west cliffs."

Nithio's father had closed his eyes at this point, and Nithio touched his father's arm to see if he had fallen asleep. But the chief opened his eyes and moisture careened down his cheeks.

"Nithio, my son. You will soon be the leader of the people who are happy because of the efforts of your ancestor. The mountain known as the Fallen Gods is forbidden to all of us, as you have been warned before, and it is your duty to preserve the custom and, thus, the happiness of the Susquehannocks!"



Thudro, who was tall and strong for his years, was stirred by the tale Nithio had repeated to them this morning, for the legends of war always brought a flame to his eye. Lono, however, found the poetic tales of love more to his taste, the legend of the Creation and the ribald anecdotes invented by other storytellers, for he had used these humorous and beautiful lovestories among the young girls for his own mischievous ends. He scoffed at Nithio's latest recitation, and long after they had begun their work in the cornfield, he approached Nithio.

"So, we are not to go to the Mountain of the Fallen Gods! Grow up, Nithio. Many of us have gone there to make love," and

Lono lowered his voice. "I was there last night with Cripta, who is really a horse, but she is better than nothing."

"What do you do with them, Lono?"

"Innocent! Let me tell you . . . ask any of the girls — they like you, for you are slim and muscular and are the son of the chief — and I am certain the girl, however timid she may be, will go with you."

After Lono left him, Nithio pulled fewer and fewer weeds, for his imagination siezed him as it had never before. Could I do this thing? Surely, if it is as wrong as my father has said, the old gods would have punished Lono and his friends and yet, Lono enjoys all happiness!

The nature of a man had awakened in Nithio as he stood looking across the flatlands and the river at the enigmatic mountain, which seemed now to taunt his adolescent curiosity. Shilia, whose smile and presence had been his since the days when they were children, appeared in his imagination, but this time she was not as acceptable as the fields and stones and trees. In his awakening imagination Shilia became more than a name, more than a person — she became a lithe, mysterious body, something very different from the well-known landscape — Shilia became an expected experience, a thrilling adventure! For Lono, who suffered no ills from his adventures, had often spoken of the thrills experienced on the Mountain of the Fallen.



Nithio had dried himself in he rays of the late afternoon sun. He smiled to the sky as he recalled the nervousness he had felt when he had invited Shilia to go with him to the mountain. Shilia had disturbed Nithio when she had told him that she had been waiting for this question for months! But having frowned and smiled, Nithio returned quickly to his work, as if by expending his excitement in the furrows of black earth he might hasten the coming of the event!

The boy rolled on his side and propped his head on his arm. The rock on which he lay was cold, but his body was warm, his body trembled as it had once felt when, as a boy of twelve, he had gone with his father to hunt. Nithio looked at the canoe bobbing in the shallows, the water lapping at the sides of the empty boat, and he thought of the Legend of Rain " . . . the water which trickles from the body of the god of the clouds, the droplets which fall into the furrows of the fields and give rise to the fruit, just as the drippings of man which fall upon the furrows of the silent womb give rise to the trembling of love, the strained movements of the heavenly conceived babe . . . " There was movement in the bushes, and Nithio rose to greet Shilia whose eyes flashed with expectancy, whose stomach must have emptied as quickly as Nithio's heart.

Nithio steadied the canoe as Shilia crawled to her place, and he savored his private view of a mystery which he knew now was truly unfolding; the ripples of an anxious paddle revived again the Song of the Rain, and Nithio gazed through Shilia's body, a huddled mystery, at the far shore where there must be a good place to conceal his boat; he did not know, for he had never been here before!



Just as mysterious as the mountain and the tale to be enacted there when Nithio placed Shilia's sweating hand in his and led her up the path, growing dark as the shadow of night crept up the side of the mountain — at that moment the sure hand of Death took the hot hand of the old chief, the strong man who would not go until he had given his blessing to his son.

Caresses! The anxious, youthful hands of Nithio explored the submissive body of the thing he did not understand, while the wrinkled hands of Nithio's knowing mother soothed the grimacing face of the man who was her past.

Nithio plants his mouth on the young shoulder, and the future opens before him. Shilia murmurs pleasure, excites him to draw her upon him. There is nothing to fear now, nothing to know, for nature teaches Nithio the things it had taught so many others.

Nature forces her gasps of pleasure and pain in precious seconds, when time stands still, lost in the seething cauldron of ecstasy, brutality, vanity, greed: the act of the purge, the rinsing of all the emotions, the great sound of the ocean waves which Nithio has never seen or heard are his in an instant!

The people are searching for Nithio along the shore, in the nearby woods. The shouts are heard everywhere, "Nithio! Nithio!" — everywhere but on the mountain where the future is being spawned.

Nithio feels the hand of sleep and wonders if this feeling, following his pleasure, is a reprisal for what he has felt, for what he has done. Or have the old gods risen from their graves?

The people no longer search for Nithio, for the old chief is dead. There is only temporary relief that the blessing of the old one has not been given to the son; the old customs give way to the new. On both sides of the river there is death, the day is done as the sun slides down the west face, the rocky cliff of the Mountain of the Fallen Gods.

As Nithio leads Shilia down the mountain, he tells her that she will be his wife, that their children will live happily on the banks of the Susquehanna. There is in him a sense of shame he cannot identify. Perhaps it is part of the mystery.



# ODE TO A NIGHT IN GAIL, TEXAS

by EDWARD MCGINNIS

The wind was wild and kicking up the sand,  
My face was raw from eating dust all day.  
Saddle sore in an uncivilized land,  
I prayed for a calm place to stay.  
Then, far ahead the Magi's light appeared  
And on I hurried 'fore my strength should fail.  
Thundering lightning crashed and my horse upreared —  
As I rode into the Texas town of Gail.

The town was darkened every place but where  
A shadowy light spilled from the saloon.  
Wearily, I wandered into the devil's lair —  
Deserted save for a gentlemen alone.  
I sauntered over to talk with him  
To determine where the townfolk went.  
He looked at me, and though his eyes were dim,  
He leant back and told me, "Get bent."

Taken aback by his sober reply,  
I seated myself to learn of the trouble  
That bothered this strange and downhearted guy.  
He told me he'd started out gullible,  
And believed everything that he heard  
About the nature of man being fine.  
Till some traveling revealed what he learned  
Was only a medieval line.

The tale that he told of his travel  
Among horses and giants and pigmies,  
Might sound like a lunatic's gabble —  
But then, I never have been overseas.  
He claimed that his travels had proved  
That men were disgusting as could be.  
And that never was any man moved  
Unless driven by a vile quality.

I sprang to the aid of the whole human race  
To defend it from his broken wail.  
But long and loud he laughed into my face,  
And bade me to go up Socrates' trail.  
I thought and thought of the men I had known,  
But none bore this height of integrity.  
They'd cheated or stole, or dishonored a loan —  
Not one would I trust with so much as a gee.

Then I remembered a tale I once heard  
By an eminent British satirist.  
When I offered Swift's name to the oldster,  
It opened his eyes and cleared up the mist.  
He looked at me with a wide, funny grin,  
Put down his bottle and pushed it away.  
He nodded his head and told me, "You win,  
That's the one man who means what he says.

Now I'm free from the curse that has damned me  
'Cause I've found the man that I've searched for.  
Seven score and ten, I've traveled at sea  
While the one that I sought was nearer my door.  
Thanks to you, I shall no longer wander.  
Good bye, my friend. Adios, I believe."  
And at that he rose and fell to the floor,  
Just a pile of ashes strained through a sieve.

In through the windows came a river of sun,  
Obscuring and blending his dust with the rest.  
The warm breeze told that the fury was done  
And another day was borne to the West.  
No matter how goes my future in store  
I could never forget that weird night in Gail  
When an old man's search ended up on the floor,  
Accompanied by the wind, the thunder, and hail.

# THE TRAGIC BALLAD OF THOMAS CHATTERTON

by EDWARD MCGINNIS

A Bristol lad became a man,  
In a time when men were few.  
A lie began his life,  
And on a lie he grew.  
His uncle, Vicar of Saint Mary's  
Quite a treasure found —  
A lot of old and unused pulp  
Within a belfrey wound.  
He gave the paper to young Tom,  
And Tom began to write.  
But the language he used was old,  
As if he were a knight.  
The works he wrote were wondrous,  
So Walpole aptly said.  
And Tom was offered many jobs,  
And Tom was goin' to wed,  
But 'fore this happened, fraud was found  
And fraud is rare rewarded.  
They kicked him out and kicked him down  
Ne'er mind it was well-worded.  
Apprenticed to a barrister,  
A strict and stingy man,  
He copied laws and posted mail;  
He strayed and then he ran  
To London, where his poor Aunt lived  
By taking in some wash,  
Till later on, his poetry  
Was bringing in some cash.  
But politics and poverty  
So disheartened him  
That in his attic room he swallowed  
Arsenic in gin.  
Now the works of Thomas Chatterton

Are only known by the scholar  
'Cause certain men let vanity  
And envy judgment color.  
They judged his works not by their worth,  
But by the one who penned.  
They mingled poem and poet  
And both of them condemned.

## FREEDOM

by EDWARD MCGINNIS

Will death come to you in a dream  
After age has stripped life of its gleam?  
Will death come to you after life  
Has been drained by the dictator's knife?  
Or will you go to death as a man — ?  
Then defy what the scientists ban  
And smoke all the cigars you can.

## The Straight-Eyed Pessimist

by DAVENE SOBEL

All things are not rosy  
For those who think life thus;  
The world keeps no place  
For those who romanticize, confide or trust.

Our neighbors hold as a conquest  
The destruction of our peers.  
One wins no prize for making friends;  
The rewards go to slanderers *Here!*

## THREE MINDS

*by* ANDREA TEMPLAR

Sometimes in summer  
An early evening rain  
Melts a window into the outside.  
An artist somewhere  
Stands over a garden.  
Then violet mists and yellow-tinged greens  
Glazed one upon the other  
Create a three-fold vision,  
A glimmering melting reality.  
The garden,  
The window,  
The vision.  
He, the essence seeker,  
Abstracts impressions  
And ecstasies of colors.  
Controlled by his spirit and  
Blended by the sable-tipped brush,  
Both of the mind and of the hand,  
Violet mists reflect a dual creation.  
Originated by a universal declaration,  
They breathe through the uniqueness of  
The man,  
Waiting only for the viewer  
To complete the synthesis.

## THE LONG JOURNEY

*by* JAMES GALLAGHER

Oh! How long I've walked  
And proud of it, 'til I met  
A man returning.

## FOUR HAIKU

*by* ANDREA TEMPLAR

The shore runs out to  
Catch a wave following green  
Bubbles around a star.

Old trees twist around  
And cut into the sparkling  
Blue eternity.

Watch the rain melt the  
Imposition called city  
Into gray puddles.

Soft the raindrops bud  
Into bright flowers fading  
Back into raindrops.

## **Wuthering Heights**

*by* NEIL BROWN

I sit on a flag pole and watch  
The world beneath me.  
Time was when I used to be  
A big thing,  
But people don't seem to go  
For flag pole sitters any more.  
Too Bad.  
I can't get down, and  
They won't look up.

## *Fragment of a Poem*

by THOMAS CHARLETON

Walking the palisades high  
and wrapped tight in my coat,  
I was embraced by the cool wind,  
caressed about the ankles.  
Conceived deep in the sea's pouch,  
a breath escaped wisp on wisp.  
Freed to the surface, washed on  
Prometheus' muscled chest,  
Noticed. To escape . . . to run from  
Triton's rusted spear, to be free  
To shore.

Only a league, and the wetted rocks a **blockade.**

I was swept to a clear corner of the sky.

## **CIRCA 1938**

by NEIL BROWN

Maddened, brooding masses seethe  
And boil.  
(When I fall in love, 'twill be forever)  
They wait for darkness and soon  
It will be Dark.  
(When it's sleepy time down South)  
The steaming rain cleanses but destroys.  
(I'll cry tomorrow)  
And Mister Goosestep will finally have his day.  
(Please don't talk about me when I'm gone.)

## *The Voyeur*

by DAVENE SOBEL

Pity the voyeur:

To him all the world is a window of sin.  
Every vision warps his senses within;  
The world is made of illusions.

Pity the voyeur:

Any window renders him helpless to fend.  
His impulses force him; he cannot but bend.  
Shadows move in darkness beyond the curtains of his mind.

Pity the voyeur:

See him slide cautiously around.  
Like a wounded ship his mind is aground,  
Tainted with perversions which cause his self-desecration.

## TO SADNESS

by ANTHONY ORSI

The lonely midnights that make us sad  
Will soon turn into  
    humid sunrises.  
Inanity! To thee I sing!

## AUTUMN

by MARI PARCELL

Autumn tears the brown leaves from their boughs  
And sends them streetward to lie  
With spittle, newsprint,  
The feces of dogs.  
We walk upon a leaf with booted feet,  
But hatless, naked-handed.



# GRAPH

(On reading a chapter on Statistics in my Psychology Book)

by MATT FLISS

Time  
Out of sight,  
But perceived subliminally,  
Forms a background for the abscissa.  
The sun  
Rises o'er  
The ordinate.  
The endless graph of Man  
Is plotted against  
Time.  
Time - - -  
The invariable;  
Man - - -  
The dependent function of  
Time.  
The mountain  
Stands as a frequency curve.  
The rocks  
Reciting the distributions of  
The ages.

Ages ago, the sine waves echoed words  
As He sat on the throne-like histogram  
Saying

There is a significant correlation between . . .  
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit . . .  
Euclidean Geometry . . .  
The earth . . .  
And mathematical harmony;  
Blessed are they that mourn, for . . .  
 $E = MC^2$  . . .  
They shall be comforted . . .

$c^2 = a^2 + b^2 \dots$ ;  
Blessed are the poor in spirit, for . . .  
The rate of fall is independent of . . .  
The Kingdom of Heaven . . .  
A mass . . . ;  
Love thine enemies.

But His correlations failed to meet our meager one per cent  
level of Confidence.  
O my Lord,  
No wonder they nailed you on  
Two intersecting lines.

## INSIDIOUS AUTHORIZATION

*by* ELIZABETH CALDWELL

I am the leaf on your bough,  
Gathering for you the favors of sunlight and air, the secrets of rain.  
I am the root beneath your tree,  
Nourishing you from a deep, solid soil of silent passion.  
I am the wind on your sea,  
Encouraging to triumphant swells the fluid of your imagination.  
I am the channel for your torrents;  
Emptying you into wanton fields to patient seeds.  
I am the road to your summit,  
Guiding you to the tempestuous complexity of your activity.  
I am the companion of your keen moment,  
Rejoicing at the exultant stroke of your achievement.  
I am the color on your flower,  
Heralding your fruit, proclaiming the ripening of your essence.  
But you are the limb, trunk,  
Depths, flood,  
Peak, master,  
The nectar (emergent) —;  
I but the agent of your soul.

# MALAJUSTMENT, or Variations on a Theme by T. S. Eliot

by MATT FLISS

Corn husk man,  
Pasted together with experience,  
What demand you  
Of me?

That I look at the world  
Through button eyes?

That I murmur with every  
Passing . . .  
Brooks Brothers' Suit  
That struts upon existence's field?

That I sing in the rain of  
Autumn's . . .  
Radioactive particles?

Apples, Peaches, and Pumpkin Pies . . .  
Lend me your ears . . .  
Who's not ready, holler:  
I can't stand it anymore.

Go in and out the windows,  
Go in and out the windows,  
Go in and out the windows,  
As we have done before.

Sticks and stones may break my bones  
But the truth will certainly kill me.

## *The Writer to His Beloved*

by MAIRIN ELIAS

The wind lightly kisses the green of the sea  
And the water ripples with delight,  
Or rises in showering spray to laugh,  
Exulting in its lover's might.

The sun shines bright on the shimmering sea,  
Piercing its depths with shafts of gold,  
Until with the dazzling light of love  
The watery deep it doth enfold.

White clouds that sail on a sunny sky  
Are born of two loves that enrich the sea,  
Its love for the wind and its love for the sun,  
Diverse, yet entwined in intensity.

But if Ocean can love the wind and the sun  
And, loving, can live and give and be free;  
When you look at the clouds in a beautiful sky  
Remember, my dear, that I love thee.

## Untitled

by ELIZABETH CALDWELL

A grain of cynicism stole up from my heart into my eyes  
Glazing those panes and profaning all I saw.  
It blossomed, then smothered my disposition in disgustful foliage.  
Suspicious, tormented, retching on sincerity  
Plagued by sweet mirages (wondering at my grief)  
I mourned and destroyed my eyes  
Stiffly smiling to be blind.

## IN THE HAND

by MICHAEL KAUFMAN

Collecting in life's warehouse  
that motley array  
sought, bought and hoarded  
as years decay.

From shoes, then wheels, to airborne meals  
that groveling mass seeks to amass  
such "surface" toys  
as ivy league boys and Scarsdale poise.

And debutantes and stuffy aunts  
in stonelike pose and golden clothes,  
with soaring nose — the clouds' poor toes  
fear as it grows.

But in farmyard lanes and subway trains  
some sweat still rolls from wrinkled brow,  
and eyes see beauty in a bough  
on whose same strand the rich will stand

As floor boards under soft white feet  
now their retreat from summer's heat —  
a yacht's smooth deck, servant equipped:  
their only warmth — martinis sipped.

# SEPTEMBER

*by* ANDREA TEMPLAR

September comes sooner  
Than summer would have it.  
And the butterfly cupped  
In my hands strains to  
Break free,  
Driven to meet the chill  
That will wither its wings.

Tinseled reflections on latent pools  
Whisper of swiftness.

Come with me now . . .  
Into new moonlight  
Waiting for you to  
Smooth it around us,  
A challenge for chills of  
Coming September.

## *Pigeons*

*by* MARI PARCELL

The pigeons, swooping lost overhead  
Form letters in the sky,  
Circling in crazy circles going nowhere,  
Like a battalion of vultures  
Waiting to pick up the dry bones of scarecrows:  
The ragged men in the streets below  
As the heavy greyness descends,  
Thickening upon the city of dusk.  
Dusk is the only reality here.  
It thickens, never lifts,  
And these eternal pigeons, these directionless birds,  
Never fly forth.

# THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY AND ME OR O WHAT A TANGLED WEB

by EDWARD MCGINNIS

A twentieth century story  
written somewhat in the  
manner of an eighteenth  
century novel for publication  
in the Reader's Digest.  
The characters and incidents  
mentioned in this story are  
not entirely fictional.  
However, no connection is  
to be made between this  
story and the truth.

## I

In which August is introduced  
to the reporters and the reader  
is introduced to August.

Come in, come in. Not a very pleasant place, I'm afraid, but, under the circumstances I suppose I shouldn't complain. What do you want, a story for your paper? All right — come on in, but make sure the door is shut and locked. Well, where should I begin — how about from when I entered your country? Oh, a brief sketch of my earlier life, too? Okay. Sit down and make yourself comfortable if you can. Sorry about the condition of the place but I haven't had time to clean up. Let's see now, in the first place my real name is August Weiner. I'm a Communist. In fact, I always

was a Communist, but for the past twenty-two years of my life, I've been Edward McGinnis, an active member of the John Birch Society.

I was born on March 3, 1934, at Public Hospital No. 32 in Stalingrad — that's in the U S S R. My father was a German expatriot. I don't remember very much of my family or my home-life because, when I was three years old, our leaders chose me for enrollment in the Soviet Socialist School of Espionage, PS-4. I spent a happy five years there learning the tricks of the trade and earned a BS in Overseas Operations with a major in Infiltration and minors in Demolition and Organization.

## II

By which the reader is acquainted  
with the historical background.

In 1942, when Franklin Roosevelt and Joseph Stalin were in power and the United States was allied to Russia in World War II, the upper echelon of the Communist Party realized that there was a grave danger of a post-war imperialist recession towards conservatism in the United States. An order was issued to Joseph Czarnecki, head of the American Communist Party — Stop Conservatism! Comrade Czarnecki commissioned seventy-six trusted party members with the job. They were to infiltrate the pillar of conservatism, the John Birch Society. Posing as widows or widowers with one child, actually a graduate of PS-4, they spread over America, establishing fronts on which the graduate could base his assault on the Society. Oh, sorry, but I'm afraid that I'm getting a little ahead of my story. Let's see now . . .

## III

Within which August continues  
his early life and relates  
several adventures.



After I graduated from PS-4 with honors at the age of eight, I was sent to France to aid the French Resistance against the German occupation troops. Employing tactics that I was taught at PS-4, I organized the Parisian underground into one of the finest fighting forces in the world. Under my direction the French destroyed vital airports, bridges, and trains. Using my men and plans, General Charles deGaulle succeeded in getting out of France safely and joined the Allied leaders. Ahhh, if you don't mind, I wish you wouldn't print that about deGaulle — I don't want to arouse any more of your public against me. Thank you. Anyway, my superior was so impressed by my ability that he recommended me for promotion.

It finally came through in February of 1943, when it became apparent that the Allies would be victorious. I was transferred to Ireland and assigned to stir up the hostility towards the British that always pervades the whole of Southern Ireland. I accomplished this difficult task in two hours and eighteen minutes by standing in Dublin Square dressed like an English serviceman and burning the Irish flag. It took all the skills that I had acquired at PS-4 and in France to escape the angry mob of patriots who wished to honor me as I had honored their flag. That night, Dublin was lit by the flames spurting from the homes of several British residents, who had wisely fled to the countryside. When news of my magnificent accomplishment reached the USSR, the Secretariat decided that, even though I had very little field experience, I was ready for American duty. You can imagine how I felt — out of school for only one year and already on my way to America, the dream of every Soviet citizen.

#### IV

In which August meets his father  
and hates him, after which he  
begins the mission.

I was given the name Edward McGinnis and identification sufficient enough to establish my cover as the son of an Irish immigrant, Theodore McGinnis, who was none other than that now-

famous Communist agent, Richard Cantner. I must admit that when Dick met me at the dock in New York, I was disappointed. With me, Communism is a way of life, a theoretically sound philosophy; with Dick, it was only a way to enrich his pocketbook. I hate to speak ill of the dead, but he wasn't my idea of a competent agent. He smoked a lot, drank excessively, and fooled around with quite a few women. This behavior may be all right for a capitalist pig, but not for a Communist worker. His being my father made it difficult for me to enter the ranks of conservatism, so, within two months, I had taken over control of the mission.

While I was growing up, I used every opportunity I could to criticize any liberal ideas expressed by my teachers, the newspapers, or the television. I wrote letters constantly, always advancing conservative viewpoints while condemning the socialist tendencies of the government. When I was twelve, I joined several conservative front groups inside the Republican Party and took part in all of the demonstrations against Communism that they staged periodically at various colleges. I knew that this active right-wing activity would bring me to the attention of some important conservative figures. It did. In 1948, I was approached by the Grand Elm of the New York Branch of the John Birch Society and urged to join the Society of Americans for Peace, a large and important farm club of theirs.

By scheming, bribery, and some merit, I managed to be elected vice-president of SAP's in 1949. That same year, on my fifteenth birthday, I received my tenth medal from the USSR. For my outstanding achievements in furthering the party's cause, I was awarded the Cross of Lenin's Tomb in the category *Best Infiltration of 1949*. I quit school soon after that in order to devote my full time to controlling SAP's. Our president, Jim Hudgens, was inducted into the Society and I took his place.

## V

By means of which August is saved  
from failure by Senator McCarthy  
and Earl Davis.

At this point in my career, however, my forward motion seemed to stall. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't move up into the Society. I even changed my mouthwash and deodorant, but I was still kept back. Then, one of the best breaks American Communism ever had occurred — Senator Joseph McCarthy's Red Scare. The senator organized a campaign to expose every Communist in America through investigation by the CIA and inquiry by a Congressional sub-committee. This campaign gained wide approval of the American public in general and the conservative segment in particular. It was during the Korean conflict and many Americans had lost faith in the idea of peaceful coexistence.

Working closely with our top Communist agent in the CIA, Earl Davis, I gained firsthand information about suspected Communists early in the investigation. At each meeting of the SAP's thereafter, I named names. From the lists of suspectees given me by Earl, I struck out all the names of my comrades, and by using Hitler's big lie theory, I denounced all those left on the edited lists. In this way, I not only advanced in conservative eyes, but also cooled some of the heat on the genuine Communist agents.

Gradually, my lists gained popularity over the CIA's in conservative circles because they seemed to be accurate and they were issued quite a bit earlier, allowing verbal denunciation of the victims before they were subpoenaed by the sub-committee. Even Senator McCarthy used my lists. He believed that, since all the names on my list were also on the CIA's, and yet mine was shorter, I must have done a more thorough researching into the charges. Because none of the people on my lists were Communists, the sub-committee could only produce circumstantial evidence against them, and, in that way, the American public got its victims, I got my first big recognition, Congress eased its conscience, and nobody got hurt.

## VI

Which tells of how August  
kills two birds.

I was still outside the Society, but now there was a good chance that I would eventually slide in. I decided not to wait; I not only

wanted to get in, but also to be noticed once I got in. Only one course of action was open — throw a real Communist agent to the conservative wolves. I contacted Earl at the Washington CIA office, and together we outlined a plan to expose the least beneficial Communist agent we could think of — Richard Cantner, my supposed father. Earl placed his name on the CIA's list and I added it to mine. We swiftly moved Cantner's name higher and higher until he was listed as the number one Communist agent active in America. Senator McCarthy ordered the CIA to investigate and Earl volunteered for chief agent on the case. At this position he could easily suppress any information that would link Cantner to Edward McGinnis — That's capital Mc, capital G, in case you fellows are having any trouble. What's that? Oh! No, I'm afraid you've misunderstood me, when I said that no one was hurt, I meant no one that mattered. It's obvious that some of those innocent suspects were hurt by the false allegations and inquiries. Yes? Well, I think that he accepted my lists because he believed that the CIA was overrun with Communists, but my lists came from an unimpeachable source — a SAP officer.

Anyway, Earl and his agents discovered that, prior to World War II, Richard Cantner was involved with Security Imports and Exports, a dummy company set up to divert funds raised by front organizations directly to Russia. Armed with this information, the senator had the Congressional sub-committee issue a subpoenae for the appearance of Richard Cantner at the next session in September, 1953.

When Dick received this subpoenae, he came straight to me for help. I suggested that he return to the USSR and he agreed to do so. I told him to call me in a few days for the details of his transportation and sent him away. Then I contacted Earl and we arranged for his final departure. When he called two days later, I told him where to go and what to do. The next day he was killed by Earl and two other agents when he resisted arrest aboard a ship that was scheduled to depart for Russia that night. For my work in exposing this master spy, I was inducted into the Society and elected to the Board of Directors.

## VII

### By which August shows his motives and methods.

Several other Soviet agents who had infiltrated the Society and I began to push the policy towards ultraconservatism. Czarnecki had told us that, by carrying their conservatism to the extreme, we could make the Society appear ridiculous to the American public. So by forcing an affirmative stand on such vital issues as: Is Dwight D. Eisenhower a Communist? Did the Russians organize the United Nations as a vehicle for world domination? Should Bible readings be outlawed in public schools?, we convinced you Americans that the John Birch Society was nothing but a bunch of right wing nuts. From then on, whenever our beloved leaders wanted the United States to follow a certain policy, we agents would agitate for its opposition. When the people of the United States found out that the John Birch Society supported the opposition they would blindly turn to the other side. Thus, for the past ten years, we have gradually pushed America down the path of socialism.

Then, in 1958, my old friend and co-officer of the SAP's, Jim Hudgens, was elected to the presidency of the Society. Jim was an old and battle-weary conservative. He saw that the present policies were alienating the public and limiting the effectiveness of the Society in its fight against federalism. He spoke out against radical conservatism, and was gaining support among the members. I advised him to relax his standards and argued that the only effective safeguard against a Red takeover was a far-right policy. But he wouldn't listen to reason; he kept up his campaign for compromise and pleaded for adherence to strict republican ideals. He said, "A soft, controlled right that connects is far better than a wild, hard right that misses the target and throws you off-balance." Philosophy like that is dangerous and besides our leaders would never tolerate failure now with victory so close. One night, while I was attending a dinner party at his house to celebrate his presidential success, I mixed a slow-dissolving tablet of strychnine into his food.

## VIII

Through which August proves  
honesty is the best policy.

At the next meeting of the Board of Directors, I soundly denounced the murder of Jim Hudgens as a Russian plot to undermine the opposition of patriotic Americans to the evil of Communism. Ha! Ha! Why not — that's what it was. I urged them to carry on Jim's fight against socialism. I played on their sympathy for Jim to gain their support. My passionate speech led to my immediate nomination and unanimous election to the presidency.

With me as its president, the John Birch Society really began to take shape as a right wing organization. I had to move fast to destroy the support that Hudgens had gained, but, finally, in early 1960, the Society was again mistrusted by the general public. I made the most of this mistrust to lead your country further and further into socialism. During my incumbency, we agitated for the support of Richard Nixon in 1960, for an economic blockade of Russia by the Free World, for a full-scale American invasion of Cuba in 1962, for the denunciation of Klu Klux Klan ideals during the Civil Rights Movement, for the support of Barry Goldwater, for the defeat of Mohammed Ali by Sonny Liston in 1965, and for the withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. Much to my delight, all of our campaigns failed.

## IX

Through which August learns  
honesty is the best policy.

And now, gentlemen, comes the part I'm sure that you're most interested in knowing . . .

One day, early last month, my CIA comrade, Earl Davis, again entered my life. He telephoned and said that he had saved all of the evidence that he and his agents had uncovered and which would connect me with Richard Cantner. Unless I paid him ten thousand dollars a month, he threatened to turn me over to the authorities.

I pleaded with him to reconsider what he was doing. I argued that if he did anything to jeopardize my mission, my country would arrange for an unpleasant death in his immediate future. I threatened to expose him as a double-agent. But his greed had blunted his reason. He only saw that I had more to lose if the mission was exposed. He was confident that I would pay him the money. He was so confident.

Well, you know the rest. I was careless and someone saw me. I was soon arrested, tried, and convicted for the murder of Earl Davis, my comrade. Thanks for coming here to hear my story; I just had to tell it to someone before my execution.

#### THE END

\* *Publisher's Note:* August Weiner was one of several men whose death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment when the state of New York abolished the death penalty. He was subsequently released to the custody of the Federal Marshal, arrested, tried, and convicted of treason and espionage. On December 3, in the year 1965, he was electrocuted at Atlanta Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia.

# THE TRIP OUT

by PATRICK MCGARTY

## I

Heading east the air clears  
And the metropolis din dies.  
The toothpaste-coffee-cigarette taste  
Begins to slacken its breakfast bite  
As we shed the Midtown Tunnel  
(always the Negress to accept the token:  
her shined palms must now be numb to the money-soil).  
One quarter, silver-coated,  
A pittance.  
You go through second, third  
To fourth and the weary, coral-red VW  
Responds sluggishly but gamely.  
The daily liquid we transfuse  
Does little to help the old man  
But he takes it with admirable stoicism:  
He has long since lost his insides  
But continues to plod valiantly on will alone,  
One mechanical foot in the grave.  
He knows the way  
And will take us  
There: over the dull plain of the Expressway,  
Off onto the too-narrow, too-hole, too-radared  
Veterans Memorial (to our heroic dead)  
And across where he spots the black and white  
"27s": the last stint  
That will carry one  
To the Point.

## II

"27" is refreshing at 9 in the morning,  
After having passed over the Expressway and Memorial straits.  
The road becomes black tar and winding,



Small white shacks pop up felicitously  
Offering fresh clams and apple cider.  
Multi-limbed maples wave in the breeze  
And stand tall and eager in the seasprayed sun  
Like smalltown folk  
Anticipating a firemen's parade.  
We pass silently, reverentially through the calm.  
We smell the salt air and feel the sea breath,  
Moist, and hear Paumanok's gentle queen  
Calling.  
She waits  
A mile or so beyond the tree line.

### III

Left at the light in Bridgehampton  
(a gray, gull-dappled Civil War guard sleeping)  
And we are on the Bridgehampton-Sag Harbor Turnpike.  
Through "Tarpaper Heaven"  
(a Negro migrant slum where Woosty Bill  
has made his fortune in rent)  
Past the dump (the stray gulls scavenging)  
And into "Sagg Harbour":  
On the blue and white billboard  
The double g and intrusive u  
Recall sea-lore centuries old,  
Whale oil and drunken sailors  
Running roughshod over the Harbor  
When it was a bustling whaling port.  
Things have quieted since,  
Though "Whalers"  
Remains, an affectionate, anachronistic appellation,  
And the Museum approaches  
Mimetic mastery,  
The two rib-bones apexed  
On the porch  
Giving entrance to a musky grave:  
Clotted logbooks, rusted harpoons, frozen compasses;  
The green and white longboat on the lawn,  
A weathered shell.

#### IV

Otter Pond waits  
Like a hungry grave,  
The ducks, inviting gnomes,  
Tracking perishable runes in the mud.  
Pollock ran after death  
Here one night,  
But his tires couldn't make it  
Through the mud.  
Up the street, in the cove,  
Steinbeck died five years ago.  
Now his gulled ghost  
Haunts the Harbor's streets - - -  
Main Street, that autistic melange,  
Highlighted by the Black Buoy,  
A hollow husk,  
A resting place for tired travellers  
Clouding the trip out - - -  
Begging a place to sit, to sleep.

#### V

Tombrock Point, a special place,  
A memory, a nest.  
Here the gentle queen sleeps now.  
I have brought you here before  
(she gave you a gift of seaweed  
to bracelet your arm,  
a sunbleached sprig of driftwood),  
I will bring you back again.  
The end will come in water  
And when she sends  
Her whitehorsed carriage  
I will fare you well and mount  
And ride out  
To the calling caracole  
And descend  
Quietly.

# *The Sea at 7 A. M.*

(Bridgehampton)

by PATRICK MCGARTY

The lazy rolling of the sea,  
the pastel of Heaven and earth,  
and I think of journeys in the early mist,  
into the blue of 7 A. M.  
The sea at 7 A. M. is a charming goddess, daily renewed,  
her ribbed back a richer blue  
where it meets the line:  
that line, almost a distinct black, that demarks Heaven.

When she sings her love song  
to driftwood and the reeds  
and the cumbersome gulls pecking in the scud  
it is time for long, fruitful journeys,  
to think of love,  
to calm a rumpling in the soul.  
Now, before she tosses or turns  
leaving the solitary eye hanging high, glaring  
at faded spectrums, spiked in the sand,  
shielding the bronzed faces and lightened hair  
of hesitant neophytes.

To approach and pierce the thin skin  
left by retreating breakers.  
To frighten a gull and watch his flight:  
the airborne confidence makes one forget  
his earthly gawk.

Push out, towards the line.

A Character Introduction to the Individuals  
Involved in  
THE AFFAIRS OF TOWN II

by ERIC FREDD

SAMA LUBKIN

Sama Lubkin has the world's troubles in keeping her skirts down. They are as easily lifted by the men of Town II as they are by the mid-morning breeze. To date she has conceived and been delivered of five, but — and I cross myself for it — none have lived past weaning. She was known to have had one man (listen to this) on the very steps of Levishinski's own hotel. Imagine what the guests — well you can't; I take that back, it's impossible and I wouldn't ask you to — it's just impossible.

There's not a week that goes by wherein she doesn't fail to make her way into a ready ear by one fashion or another. Why, just last month (and the smiles still bow to this one) she showed herself to the entire marketplace. I myself was standing near Karninski's vegetable stall when it happened. Such a disgrace! But let me tell you of it.

Close to Arkidina's Circle a group of young boys hardly old enough to be thinking of such things began to follow her as she picked up the day-ago bargains. The sun had yet to soften the dew of the morning's shade when, near the column of St. John's they began a chant to her loud enough to carry the wind. Karninski was one of the first to hear them and he gave a shout to box their ears, but they kept on.

"Hear us, Lubkin," they shouted. "Hear us as we sing:

The rooster crows sighs,  
The hens chick soon.  
Add to this, Sama,  
Show us the moon."

Well, for a time at least, she did ignore them, but the task involved was too much the impossible. She tried to escape them through the sidestalls but each momentary disappearance merely sugared her reappearance. In desperation she attempted a running catch of The Riser's ox cart but that also failed and thereby enhanced the pursuit even more as they kept fast behind her actions with saver's pennies.

Near Peter the Good's she turned on them. There is a limit, you know. I didn't hear what was said; I couldn't, I was with Kar-ninski, but I was told by several who did hear that four street-walkers (on their way home from Bibinski Street, no doubt) blushed themselves into a faint when her words hit the air.

Yes, she bent the wind towards them all and soon a crowd gathered and took up a cause against her. They spat and threw mudcakes. She, in return, spat back and threw words all to shameful to thought, let alone sound. Then as her fury overcame her she sought full retribution and in one swift motion she placed her nose towards hell and raised her bare backside to the heavens, thereby shaming the crowd into departure. Thus it ended.

What can I say? It's impossible to future her next. She is an action of fate. I just know it. Why, just last year when the Count arrived she turned tongues over by relieving herself in front of him. Incredible, you say? How could Sama Lubkin even get within eye distance of the Count? Well, it's fate. That's the only answer.

You see, the Count complained about the hotel; in fact, he complained to Levishinski himself. He said that his chamberpot was too full and something must be done about it. Well, Levishinski laid the evil upon Sama whose duties at the hotel included such matters, and she (it must be fate) trotted up to the Count's room, sized up the situation, and confronted the Count with her opinion that the chamberpot was indeed not full. The Count said it was. Sama said it wasn't. The Count said that he was a count and that it most assuredly was. Sama said that she was a chambermaid and that it wasn't and before the Count could reply to that one Sama took it upon herself to prove to him, in a very dramatic fashion, that the chamberpot was, as of the moment at least, not to the brim.

Well, there you have it. I don't know, and who can be turned to for advice? Why even Father Aramov has washed his hands of her. A spittoon, he says. A spittoon for the sins of man which, at yearly intervals, is purged and then in a facetious manner of life set upright again. But as certain as spring comes, flowers bud, and rivers flow, she grows big again from someone.

Two years ago it was Peter the Woodcutter. I knew him well. A kind man but he lived alone and his solitude went hard against him. He himself told me of the many times he had been tempted, tantalized by her dalliance, he said, but that was in the autumn when the forest, though dying, was still alive and needed him. But then came the winter and its loneliness and he fell.

She has been with others; make no mistake of that. Why even Epish the clever-headed lad of no more than fifteen was found with her; on the Academy grounds, no less. But enough of this; I can't go on with her.

## KARNINSKI

Karninski's housemaid was Helga Lago. She was also his mistress but few knew of it as he was uprighteous enough to cover the suspect. One of those who did know of it, however, was Karninski's wife. In fact, she had known of it for some time but had never brought it to confrontation until she caught them in the cheese-cellar whereupon she beat them both severely. Karninski then dismissed Helga and did without a maid. His wife rented the extra room to an apprentice carpenter to whom she promised to make overtures if Karninski so much as thought of Helga. However, Karninski never took this threat too seriously as he felt his wife too dull to be immoral.

Karninski's new boarder was also dull (few men are this fortunate). He was apprenticed to Dika the Master Carpenter who called him horse-face and had to tell him near the end of each day what time to rise the following morning so as to arrive for work somewhat near the appointed time. He lasted three months and when he left, Dika was seen in Levishinski's hotel sobbing for joy.

Karninski's wife was then faced with the problem of obtaining another boarder. Karninski quickly suggested the new language teacher at the Academy, a Madame Zanya by name, but Karninski's wife flatly stated that she would have none of it. Karninski told her to calm her fears and that it would help their business and social position to have an intellectual as their boarder. Karninski's wife said that that was no doubt true but that she was getting too old to suffer his carryings on. Karninski then forced a solemn promise to remain faithful and his wife threw up her hands more from dismay than consent, I suspect; after all, they could use the extra income.

#### FATHER ARAMOV

Those who know Father Aramov speak well of his brilliance. He is by far the most intelligent man in Town II. As a churchman his sermons are beyond description. Each Sunday his quotes from Aquinas fill the enlightened air of his small church to its peopled capacity, but alas, the intense passion with which his words are delivered causes them to rise far above the heads of his flock, yet he is still brilliant; it is easily recognizable.

Long ago he came to Town II — impassioned, inspired, devoted. Those who received penance from him could attest to that. Anyone who spoke with him could expect the most mundane conversation to suddenly transform itself into an analogy of spiritual or moral intent. He preached. He proselytized. In truth, he was pedantic. One year he devoted his Easter sermons to transubstantiation and consubstantiation. They were magnificent. In the same year he interrupted his Christmas message to read from Erasmus's Discourses on Luther. It was pertinent, he said.

And who could dispute his character? He did not smoke, was never seen drinking to excess, and was eternally chaste. He was noted for his wit, in particular, a proclivity for an occasional pun; and the story is told that once in the female section of the Academy one Kera Labonov asked for his advice as concerned the shameful conduct on the part of several young men during the busy hours

of the market place. Father Aramov heard her out, set the incidents in order, and after due reflection on the matter he replied that if Kera wished to be true to the Christian teachings while still remaining within the boys' favor, his only advice would be for her to read her catechism, trust in the Holy Mother, and when the marketplace pinches reached a certain level — to turn the other cheek. Even Sister Leva, as old as she is, cracked her face to that one.

Gradually, however, with the turn of time, Father Aramov's fervor for his church and its occupants dwindled. He drew more within himself, and today when Madame Arkidina and her husband speak of his eloquence he merely nods. He has ceased his weekly visits to the Academy. The masters, he claims, are all dullards and the nuns never inquire into anything other than his health or the weather. He refuses all invitations; he prefers instead to stay within his church and dine alone.

During the weekdays he spends the long hours in his rectory reading everything from Boethius to Aquinas (by far his favorite). At night he sits behind a cup of red wine to discuss, argue, and defend his faith with an imaginary agnostic, smiling to himself as he lays the didactic traps which always leave his adversary insurmountably confronted. But these are his only joys and they are too few and far between.

Levishinski's hotel is not prosperous. During the spring it is usually filled but with only those of the lower classes who are following the sun westward for the spring plantings. The rest of the year it is nearly vacant. Levishinski doesn't seem to care, however. Twelve years ago the large sign above the door was torn from its mountings by a terrible storm and for three years it lay where it fell until Levishinski had Carov set it beside the door where it stands even today.

In short, he neglects everything: the hotel, his fields, himself. However, it is not wholly his fault. You see, he was in love once, an artist, Troyka Bianco by name, who lived on Maxium Street near the river end. The times were when Levishinski couldn't end the day fast enough to get to her — but such is love.



She was a sickly girl, unusually thin, and one who, when she spoke, used a voice softer than an angel's smile. She preferred to live alone and her lodgings caught most of the dampness from the passing street; in spite of her health, she refused to move. Levishinski even went so far as to offer her the best suite in his hotel, but she rejected him. It was the beauty of the river, she said.

All day long she painted, and at night, when Levishinski came, they made love. This went on for three years until Levishinski overstepped himself and proposed. She told him that she could never give up her work, her true love, for a man and a wife's ways. He begged her. She refused. He threatened to leave, but she only scoffed and said that that which she loved most was inside her and that she had a duty to it. He left, perhaps more out of pride than anything else, I don't know; he left, and she remained. A year later she threw herself into the river leaving nothing more behind than a note which stated that her mind had been drained of its ideas and she was going home.

Since that time Levishinski has slowly shown less and less concern for life. He continues, though, and he has a kind heart. He hired Petrof the old carpenter who is always too drunk to pick up a board, let alone drive a nail, and yes, he hired Sama Lubkin.

However, there are some strange rumors concerning them. Calino the Brinkman has told of some goings on which the devils would love themselves to know of. He has said, and I'm just repeating this so make of it what you will, that they spend the days without clothes, drinking, and having their ways with each other, and that they take turns passing water into a large caldron which they heat and serve to the infrequent guests under the guise of potato soup, laughing to themselves as they do so. But who is to say? And Father Aramov, in many of his sermons, has spoken of going to hell for thought as well as action so I don't know about the whole matter, and I suspect that none of us will ever go that near to find out.

the broken sounds of a rye-and-water sentence English-  
ordered  
because of chaos  
because too few want a never-ending given  
because too many have lifelessness gotten —  
kicking a juke box to life through the air carrying  
remembered forgets into a corner table already beginning  
thoughts of itself; twisting, turning aside, and melting time  
(time exacerbated)  
into a colorless, faceless pool  
which casts the painful reflection of solitude knelling unto  
loneliness  
which imbues the loser's failing into a cause facing the wall  
which wishes virginity for the future but fears the castration to  
certainize it  
and which spends the mean times counting the kinds of rain the  
day might expect from the Sun-Herald.

## *Advice To The Fairer Sex*

by EDWARD MCGINNIS

Women of the world, arise;  
Guardians of this globe, get wise.  
For, despite your cremes and goo,  
Your foe disfigures you  
And youth is quickly taken,  
Lovelies of the land, awaken —  
For when time recalls your wiles  
Your looks, like ancient styles,  
Are exiled into limbo  
To await another show.  
Rearers of our race get smart,  
'Cause the theory of young at heart  
Is pleasant but refutable,  
For aging is immutable  
And only youth is beautiful.

# LOVER

by ELIZABETH CALDWELL

The wind stroked and tangled my hair  
like a lover,  
Whipping my skin with whisker-like filaments  
Till my face was as sore as my need.  
Urgently murmuring, the wind  
like a lover  
Pressed me.  
I responded with a shrug.  
Storming in intent pursuit, the wind  
like a lover  
Surrounded me.  
And the wind subsided —  
With his shirt tossed over his shoulder  
And his hand on my neck.

# THE CHURCH ON DIVISION STREET

by PATRICK MCGARTY

Circled by an unsteady green wire fence  
it borders the sandlot  
where we watched blackbirds dive and fly  
and outgrew the marble-ring and wooden pew.  
Its pocked brick steps, salted when it snows,  
are worn by young children,  
stooped old ladies clutching rosaries,  
and black-garbed pall-bearers.  
As the birds peck and fly.

I went up again to the church on Division Street,  
the sun-glinted windows bleeding red light,  
the gray slate shingles darkened by an early, heavy dew.  
I heard fresh voices choiring aged glorias  
as the birds dived and flew  
and pecked  
in the misted grass.

# On the Fauna and the Flora

by BEVERLY HANKO WISLOSKI

(A high noon sun is shooting from straight overhead, lights the young man's dark thick hair auburn, tints the girl's light strong thighs tan. Sun is fat, backs into a cloud. Follow her heat rays down to a wide rock couch below and dolly in on that for a close-up of him — long, lean arms and legs bared by summer clothes, sitting, leaning sideways towards the water where her legs are planted knee-deep, now deeper —)

"Hey, watch your skirt."

"I have it. Besides, it's drip-dry." (Starts at chatter noise and looks overhead into boughs crossed above the creek.) "Hi, who are you?" (Turns to young man on hillside and squints into the sun.) "What's he?"

"Chipmunk."

"How about that! What's he saying?"

"Well, he's probably telling his wife about this beautiful babe in his creek and how she better know how to swim because she's right on top of a step-off."

(Turns abruptly, starts back swiftly, slowing down again only after her knees show above water. She lets down her skirt and it clings to her wet body. She acts as though not aware of how she looks with it molded against her and mounts the hill carefully towards the rock, then extends her arms up to him.) "Help me up."

(Reaches with only one arm and catches her below the wrist.) "Climb." (Natural tone.)

(Looks at him wide-eyed, registers surprise, is about to protest, submits instead, scrambles up, settles next to him over an

opened book. Pause.) "What if I couldn't swim?" (Half playful, some indignation.)

"Then you wouldn't have been up to your tail in water, babe."

"For your information, smartie, I only float." (Flips pages busily. Glances furtively to see if he is reading. His eyes move rapidly over his own book which he has opened now.) "Hey, I've done that picture — it's a T.A.T. card, right?" (Closeup of his page reveals two women from the neck up: a middle-aged woman stands in front of the other, glancing right. One depressed eyebrow gives her an uneasy, distracted look. Other woman shows old age, is wrinkled, shrouded in black, smiling and looking to the left.)

"Yea? Where'd you do that?" (Interested, but not obviously.)

"Back when I was a freshman. It was in our general psych books and Newtal had each of us write a 20-minute theme on it."

"What'd you come up with?"

"Well, it was four years ago."

"Don't give me that. I've got writer friends enough. They never forget, and they recite whole passages as long as, well, as long as you'll stick around." (She bristles, seems about to retort. He picks up a stone and flings it free and easy so that it hits and jumps across the water. The action must be smooth enough to accent the friendly tone of his speech. "One, two, three, four — how about that? Hey, you know what I feel like? Some little kid showing off for his new girl.")

(Relaxes, laughs.) "Show me, show me how." (Eagerly.)

(Leaps down from the rock, stands waiting.) "Have to find some small flat rocks."

(Slides off, this time catching hold only of his shoulder to steady herself, then stands at his side with small, proud smile. He acknowledges with quick slight nod and is off, leading the way down the path along the water.)

"Well, I'll tell you about it only if you're interested." (Following him, pulled swiftly by the sloping path. Collides with him when he stops abruptly.)

"The sun won't set for hours." (Simply.)

"Okay."

(Both continue along the path, stopping for stones.)

"Well, I made the younger woman younger yet, and named her Lila. I remember that because it wasn't till after we handed them in and Newtal was reading mine that I realized how appropriate the name was, 'cause I used a lot of flowery imagery. Hey, I wonder how he interpreted that? He said he wouldn't, but you know old Newtal."

(He stops, skips a stone across the creek.)

"You're not interested." (Embarrassed.)

"I'm listening." (Turns to her.) "Hey, you asked me how, didn't you?" (Kind, indicating stones in her fist.) "So I'm showing you. Come on, try one."

(Tries, stone sinks in water near her feet.)

"Hold it right." (Shows her.) "Now go on, what did you do with Lila?"

(Both pitch stones.)

"Well, I made her a bride. She was — well, you know how one woman's looking one way and one the other?"

"Yes?"

"Well, I set them before two mirrors, so that the young one, when she looked in the mirror, saw herself in her bridal gown and she also saw the old lady's black image blending with hers. She

could see where the old woman was looking. There was another mirror — the mirror on the door where the veil was draped, so actually the old woman saw the superimposed image of herself in the veil. That's what she smiled at." (Pause.)

"Hey, that one didn't sink."

"If you're going to praise, don't be so negative." (He laughs. She gathers more stones.) "Know what I remember? By the second paragraph I had dropped the 'Lila' and I was using 'I.'" (Pause.) "Then I introduced her gentleman and made him very correct, you know, stiff, righteous, cool-tempered, a perfect, pretty, puppet-gentleman, but all in one sentence, I think. There was no time."

"What the heck's a 'puppet-gentleman?'"

"That's like — you know, that's a guy who's pulled by somebody's strings — not only does he have you in by 12 every night, but he's home and in his own bed by 12:15."

(They laugh.)

"Where'd he come from?"

"From a dream, I think. From a dream that came from a supper-conversation when Mommy and Daddy enshrined some dippy guy I was dating and sang hymns to his perfection."

(Pause.)

"Well, was that the end?"

"No, then it got to sound like a third-grade botany lesson about how," (mimics lecturer) "the dying rose withers and grows ugly on the healthy plant while it saps its strength." (They laugh. She continues in own voice, musingly.) "But a cut rose will die too, unless it has a fertile atmosphere to take root in." (Long pause. She standing before him, facing the creek. He is crouching behind, watching the movements of her wet-skirted figure.)

(Spring up.) "Hey, come here. I'll show you something."  
(Bounds away. She runs after him cautiously as though the floor of the woods was unfamiliar to her. He turns off the path. They slow down, picking their way through the low shrubs.)

"Well, aren't you going to analyse my Thematic Apperception Test, sir?" (Musically.)

"Think I could tell you anything you don't already know you know?"

(Stopping.) "What's that supposed to mean?"

(Takes her hand, pulls her along to the clearing. The creek is here again, but very narrow, and it runs through a bed of verdant grasses fed by black earth around it. Strains of wildflowers wind through the grass in a variety of delicate colors.)

"Oh, pretty. Are they weeds?"

(Amused.) "Wildflowers."

(Stoops to pick one.) "Look how fragile."

"Not really, pretty independent, self-sufficient and all that — all they need's some moist earth and room enough to spread out."

(Holds flower to nose.) "No scent."

"They don't care whether you smell them." (Lies on stomach near creek.)

"You'll crush them."

"This batch is almost through blooming." (Catches her by the wrist, pulls her down gently.)

(Dolly back up to catch the sun tumbling out the other side of a cloud, moving on.)



# On A Phoenix

by EDWARD MCGINNIS

The morning sun rose from the soft glow of dawn  
As dreamily down the Salt River flow I float,  
Watching while the crusted banks are licked by doe and fawn  
From over the sides of a silver swaying sailboat  
When suddenly they start and soon are gone.  
Lingering on the breeze I sense a tender song  
As if the mourning of a father by his son;  
Each note rises in the air and drifts along  
Blended by the teasing wind while still I listen,  
Entranced with the melodies of nature never wrong.  
He looks down with favor as his creature mates  
In the fiery final ceremonial pact.  
The funeral nest of myrrh which now awaits  
His last most precious sacrificial act.  
And as the youth arise, the old resign to fates.  
The brilliant rubric golden feathers are tested  
With spices carried from his smouldering birthplace  
Until the tan and yellow tuft is breasted,  
And then the son conveys his father's waste  
To the Solar temple where he's laid and rested.  
Now the fabled phoenix always disappears,  
Roaming the earth, eager for his time to come  
To descend to Osiris as all of his peers  
From the beginning of time immortal have done —  
And propagate his race for the next five hundred years.



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