Take thought:
I have weathered the storm
I have beaten out my exile.
- Ezra Pound

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If I could turn you on
If I could only drive you
out of your wretched mind,
if I could tell you
I would let you know... .

- R. D. LAING

PREFACE

To whom these presents may come greeting:
The sound of winter laughing,
The silence out of Harrington,
The dreams of dogs and children,
Lovers,
Exiles, all of you;
Fools, for Christ's sake.

In a doppler way,
the sound of coming time
rises
to the crushing pitch of presentness...

If you cannot love me,
then laugh at me,
It will serve for now,
And now is all I own.

Don't describe the vision,
make it;
Kisses,
ticklish shadow of a moustache,
pimples and perfume...
Rather, much rather,
the glistening body,
torso like a glass cylinder
stop the bolt-fired mountain,
Naked in the wind and promethean rain,
knowing only the leap,
and never
the fall.

And yet, in a doppler way,
Each moment passes in a descending moan:
We reel,
by love making,
by love destroying,
Midas-cursed,
And everything we touch
turns into
words.

- k. g. m.
OBSERVATIONS AT THE GAP

The editor of this worthy anthology has bid me commit to paper some of the speculations that have surfaced in our three-year running dialogue on the state of the world. One can well tell from the subject of our dialogues that neither he nor myself is a man prone to humility. We, like so many of our sophistic peers, are brush beyond our means, our minds careening about, overturning intellectual furniture and rarely stopping to pick it up again. Our impatience has the unfortunate consequence of leaving few places to sit when our minds seek some rest. What is offered here is a sort of ten-second Polaroid picture tour of one of the rooms we have visited in hopes the clutter will be provocative.

Allow me to speak to that subject which is most immediate, the university. My generation has, it seems, thrown its soul (or should I say its glands) into reforming the university. My generation has, it seems, no market for the past. I wonder, though, how many of us (Which would lead one to expect that the Mexicans would go beyond the generations that have gone before to bring down the establishment, if we really want to go beyond the generations that have gone before, let us do it by being better than they, better physicists, intellectual brothers. Let us beat them with hard facts and sound reason. Let us slash off our intellectual flab and get down to work. Throw away those innocuous texts that homogenize the truth for you and wade in the books, read Homer, and Newton, and Kant in their own words. Digest those facts so that they cannot defeat our ignorance. We must do the leg-work. If the past is our enemy then we must understand it to defeat it. Let us be good at something besides rhetoric and empty passion. We demand respect, and we raise our hands to Budweiser cans and Cannibus Oblivious. We beg it.

To this latter brand of intellect, putting thought into words is a process intrinsic to any productive mental activity, which would be severely limited without it. Even Beckett chose to verbalize his thought, however negatively, for he reads voraciously, often acts impulsively, often lives on his senses perceive it and the world that MIGHT exist assumes that MEANINGFUL experience must be intensely PERSONAL, even to the exclusion of a verbal communication of experience.

The creative writer is among those philosophical thinkers who reject silence in favor of words, who are less concerned with private rumination than with meaningful expression of that second world, who must believe that if a sensibility CANNOT be put into words, it is not truly understood or has been insufficiently examined. To paraphrase our earlier axiom, "Those who know, MUST say; those who can't say, don't know.

Why write? Because to choose silence is to choose a mutated form, up through the channels of consciousness being named an input-output theory of creativity. Consider, for example, the idea that "Each word is like an unnecessary strain on silence and well-being." - Samuel Beckett

At the outset, one of the questions most likely to arise in the consideration of the act of writing is that of the very practicality, the intrinsic value, of the act. To speak is writing is to verbalize, examine, render to account for the very nature of the individual's psychological relationship to his environment, or what I shall call ambient reality. Those words in which intellectual cultures are glutted is met with a cynical and not entirely unjustified skepticism, in contrary times that must rush those words, if it is true that those who choose his words, whether in reading or in writing, with extreme care. The individual, crafted as he is to such a practical world of defensive reactions, who mistakenly assumes that MEANINGFUL experience must be intensely PERSONAL, even to the exclusion of a verbal communication of experience.

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the novice to use in the development of a personality unique and effective style. Even the most arid and philosophic people recognized that all things had already been said and done.

It is ours, to say and do those things again, though hopefully in a more effective manner. Utopias is rare because it is so vulnerable. One must be prepared to adopt the position of a fool and a murderer if he aspires to that high objective; a fool in the sense that he must risk self-revelation of the most vulnerable kind, and a murderer in the sense that he must be callously objective, even ruthlessness, in the treatment of his own creative offspring. This is no easy aspiration, but one that quickly separates the dedicated from the dilettante.

This personal risk factor is further complicated by the inevitability of initial failures of intent on the part of the beginning writer. There is a natural component of our ego that tempts us to believe that we can skip the gropings and fumblings, the overstatement and arch symbolisms of the novice to use in the development of a personally unique and effective style. Even the most ancient philosophers recognized that all things had already been said and done.

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Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the Victorian Age is that while England was being transformed at an unparalleled velocity, it was never visited by the kind of widespread radical movements that became almost habitual for continental Europe. England participated in neither the revolution of 1840 nor the conversion to Marxism. The English proletariat maintained its fundamental trust in institutions that they sacrificed much of what they held right and holy in that effort. Victoria's century was a time when ideas were pursued by ambitious men, ideas captured, carried forward on a sure foundation before so little as guessing at real men, and real men were never before so guddly of embracing them. That association and that emotion provides history with a life rich but most difficult to define.

Even the most ancient philosophers recognized that all things had already been said and done.

As the old modes fell when reason and energy were poured into the creation of the Labour Party. It is a tribute to the British workingman that he found for his leaders men like Robert Applethorpe, men who were devoted to sane and intelligent reform, education rather than revolution; that much might not be honestly claimed for the femininist movement in England. Perhaps militant womanhood's putting down of the kettle and picking of the axe is the most visible radical of the most ancient victorian era. Possibly this can be attributed to the female's latent flare for violence which when unleashed puts male barbarity to shame. This student, though, does not feel qualified to comment, historically or otherwise.

The text book of agitation written by the philosophic radical William Bright, was put to use by the working men who discovered the antidote to Marxism in the union movement. From the London Working Men's Association to the Trade Union Congress the British workingman held onto, sometimes tensely, his stake in both prosperity and peace until he realized real and independent power in the creation of the Labour Party. It is a tribute to the British workingman that he found for his leaders men like Robert Applethorpe, men who were devoted to sane and intelligent reform, education rather than revolution;
erotic imaginings for so long recluse in the recesses of the mind.

The tumult and zeal of the Victorians can perhaps be best explained by simply saying that it was a time when men came out of a darkness to realize that they could fashion their own heavens or their own hells, that sweat, ingenuity, tolerance, and reason would somehow make tomorrow a more worthy creation than yesterday. They came to believe that progress was inevitable, and more, that it was good. Victoria's England was a pageant in celebration of that belief.

For men, the timidity of the 18th century was a thing of the past. No longer would society seek to shield men from their desires. Erotic imaginings for so long recluse in the recesses of the mind.

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The audience laughed; it was their cue. They were sophisticated, well-educated members of upper middle class America and they recognized a laugh line when they heard it. It was a good line, and the actor, playing Don Quixote in Broadway's THE MAN OF LA MANCHA, said it with great aggression and laudable zeal, for which the audience rewarded him with a scattering of applause along with their automatic laughter.

True, the line, even out of context, exudes a certain humorous quality: for even a school child knows that facts are certain statements that are genuine and authentic, and that these statements are, if not the truth themselves, at least parts of the truth. And yet, what is this knowledge that even a school child possesses? Where does it come from? Who or what is the basis, the criterion, for such universal knowledge?

There is no answer for such questions because, in actuality, the kind of knowledge described does not exist. It exists only as pedantry, as the smug arrogance of the self-satisfied, as the egotistical close-mindedness of those who are, in truth, new knowledgeable at all, but merely addle-brained. Such "knowledge" serves to sanction and thus increase the actions just described: the automatic registering of a laugh line, the automatic response, the automatic blindness to the meaning and worth of the statement itself.

"Facts are the enemy of truth." Such a simple statement yet with such depth of meaning! It reveals the basic difference between facts and truth: that facts are mere statements about the world while truth is a condition, a state which exists neither in or out of the world, but independent of it. This interpretation sheds a whole new light on the play itself, but also on the type of automated world for which the play is performed.

In the context of THE MAN OF LA MANCHA, this philosophical premise is spoken by the Count Quixado to Dr. Carrasco, his chief antagonist. The Count has supposedly lost his sanity and taken on a new name (Don Quixote) and a new occupation (knight errantry). Dr. Carrasco attempts to effect his return by logical reasoning. However, Don Quixote responds with his magnificent philosophy, thus bringing to an apex the conflict of appearance versus reality, which had been implicit in the play until this scene.

Thus what "seems to be" not always has "is" — "facts" are not necessarily "truth." The Count's insanity might not be the madness it seems, but a higher vision of reality, a vision denied to humans without the Count's belief in the impossible dream. In essence, Don Quixote, by accepting his vision and striving for his dream, is living in the state of truth, and by denying his dull, meaningless existence, is denouncing the world of facts. He has chosen truth over its enemy.

The same philosophy can be applied to "real" life, the life that goes on after the curtain has dropped in the final act, ironically, THE MAN OF LA MANCHA exists in the very type of world its hero seeks to escape. This contradiction is best illustrated by the situation initially described. There is no doubt that this scene in the play invites and deserves the laughter it received. However, the attitude of the audience bears criticism. It is one thing to react with laughter to an amusing line. It is another thing entirely to react in the same way to a line of satire, especially when it embodies a philosophy: pertinent to the viewer. The laughter should also be accompanied with a feeling of self-knowledge, a recognition of the evil satirized.

The audience described does not react in this way: it merely appreciates the humor without perceiving its message. An action such as this can only be a sign of the moral decadence pervading American society today, the moral decadence that has sprung from the basic evil described in Don Quixote's words, that is, the refusal to recognize truth by willingly accepting lies and replacing what is true with platitudes and factual, yet pointless, phrases. In this manner, "facts" can easily hide "truth."

Other examples of this shameful evil are easy to discover: the extreme poverty in America today is the social responsibility of every American. Yet it is easy to hide behind facts: "I pay taxes, that's enough." "I give whenever a drive is held by a worthy charity." "It's taken out of my paycheck every week." Facts? Yes, but the truth remains that the dreadful poverty exists. Facts, in this case, are only the enemy of the truth.

A second example can be found in the touchy racial situation in America. Fact: "I never snub Negroes in any business or social contacts I have with them." Fact: "Some of my best friends are Negro." Truth: "I agree that Negroes are not inferior to the white race, I wouldn't mind if they lived next door to me. I just don't want my daughter to marry one of them." Here, bigotry and condescension are the truth, hidden by the facts of superficial discrimination.

The "knowledge" exhibited by the audience in reaction to Don Quixote's famous line is a product of the decadent environment in which the audience must live. Whether they are makers of this environment, or mere victims, is a mystery. Whatever the situation, a catalyst is definitely needed to jar them into action, into at least a recognition of the truth, as well as a recognition of the evil at hand. "Facts are the enemy of truth." A disease? Certainly, Curable? Only time will tell.

-Nancy Gutierrez, '73
I wish my poems had been born dead
Instead I find them in the bathroom with their throats slit open.

- Susan Hallock, '71
I awoke,
Looked about me,
And seemed, just for a minute,
To recognize
Things I thought I had long ago misplaced and forgotten.
"You see?"
I said to myself,
"You see?"
And I answered "Yes."

What tales, dreams and
Dreams,
What daydreams, and dark-deathdreams,
Deaf dreams,
Scuttled, pushed and hurried to the
Black seas of my brain,
To the back of my
Top-of-the-morning brain?

And my young, pink arms
Yawned and bloomed high.
The pinkcheeked morning sky felt cool
As it ran dribbly down my arms,
And flowed easy between and around and over
Two firm breasts, bug-eyed at six-thirty in the fall morning,
The free, brilliant, embracing morning.

What were the imaginings?
What is it the morning
Wants me to forget?
Some of my "yesterdays"
And "younesses?"
And what was it the night told me,
Warned me to remember about
My "tomorrows?"
Is it right to remember?
Dare I bother?
Is it right to bother to remember,
When,
At six-thirty,
The funnyfaced morning smiles bright?

My feet squeaked to remember
The cold, wooden, morning floor.
The window shades purred at my "Let me look!" touch.
And the sun met me at the window,
Always punctual,
Always on time,
Always waiting for me when I got there.
"You see?"
I said to my matter-of-fact self,
And then I nodded at me.

From my window,
The naughty morning is
Rosy-cheeked
(From playing, I think, too near the sun).
And I can see the couples huddle
And fumble down the doorsteps,
Still warm with the secrets of

Their one night's hot hibernation.
On the corner of my street,
The humble melon man yells of his
Fresh Morning Melons!
And blows steam
From the nostrils of his pudgy face,
And home."

Is it right
That I forget the fears of the night?
"From my window,
I can see the brown overcoats of little men,
Funny and serious,
The backs of their necks, cold and rosy,
Looking like pomegranate skins, under their grey hats,
With their busy brown parcels,
Mumbling all, of the morning,
And the melons,
And Time."

Have I forgotten
The forbidding
Of the setting
Of the sun
And the terror
Of a promise
About another day?
I sit me down to hot tea,
Cozy in my pretty flannel nightgown and slippers.
"Now let us see
It was to come with the sun.
Something was promised to come with today.
Something will come, I know.
Because I heard the evening say
That it was definitely so."

The clock,
My foolish clock,
Measuring out the meticulous destruction of the days,
Of my day
(Already dying with the coming of the dawn),
Tells me it is getting late.
And I cannot guess. It does not matter.
It is getting late. And I do not think I care.
And I shall not wriggle under the morning's promisory stare.
So, drink your tea while it is hot,
And wait.

The bugaboo
Must be dead.
(Or is he hiding).
"He is not come,"
The morning said,
"He must be dead."
(Or is he hiding?)
What promise was to be fulfilled with waking,
To come with the melon man,
And the humble pudgy-faced mumblers?
I am contented.
I have much time
Before my life is spent.
Much Time
Before my life is spent.
Something to come with my waking,
And the waking of
The huddled, hotnight hibernators.
When I was a child
I played on a swing,
From the top of the arch
I could see everything.
Counter-Fugue at six-thirty
(Con't. from page 14)

I awake,
Look about me,
And seem to see things
I wanted to forget,
I strained to forget,
Went to forget.

"Do you remember now?"
"Yes" my voice sounds so distant.

Somewhere
There was another dream.
There must be another morning.
There is,
Somewhere,
Please,
Another morning!

And my gaunt arms groan to reveal
Two withered breasts,
Weeping at six-thirty in the faded fall morning.

I remember the piping voices,
The songs.
I remember the duet of the dying and the day.

"I know a certain lady,
Of a dignified age,
Falling fast,
Who is very concerned with
Passes over
The problems
The bodies
Of
Of
Our generation."

"All dead souls."

"The empty shadow,
Falling fast,
Passes over
The bodies
Of
All dead souls."

But, watching with my ear,
I can just hear hear,
Drifting through some ancient window,
Some-sunny-where,
The humble pudgy-faced mumbler's hum.

Sherry Stodola, '70

APPLE TREE POEM

HE

SHE

HE

THOU SHE HE THOU

WITHOUT SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

WITHOUT SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

WITHOUT SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

WITHOUT SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

WITHOUT SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

WITHOUT SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

WITHOUT SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

I THOUTH SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

HOUTH SHE IS SHE WITHOUT

OUT H IS H WIT

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- Darby Williams

When snow falls into a pond
it quickens
just before striking the surface and then,
touching, disappears in an instant
dissolved again into
the ancient union.

I crouched watching
big, delicate flakes drifting down
just as many times before... soon I noticed something else.

Through the window of the pond I saw
shadows of snowflakes surfacing to meet
drifting through some ancient window,

I stayed till I was sure
then got up and walked away,
Pausing to look back,
I thought of you.

Bruce Kidd, '72
MOTHER AND CHILD
TRANSCENDENCE

Their green-bubble world
Floats above them
Sparkling at a distance;
Glass splitting
Bits of excited sun
Closer, mud brown walls
Swallowed by yellow despair.
Gray forms huddle together,
Ears deafened suddenly
By the bullet ripping
Through the cogs of silence.
Shapes quiver, then still
But in their unity
They have found the strength
To assert their existence
Beyond the bullet hole.

PARIS REFLECTION

Americans stuff the summer cities
But this one has little interest
In shopping for sidewalk souveniers
A bar of Spanish soap for mother
An ashtray for grandmother
Indeed, it's not in my nature to be a tourist...
I resort to parks and sidestreets
Finding diamonds among the ruins
Eyeteeth in the sand
Ice cream nourishes as I forget to wind my watch
Knowing that time is someone else's invention
Someone who needed punctuality at the dinner table
Someone who never savored shadows, boredom or bedrooms.
Americans stuff the summer cities.

-A Wandi Solez, '70

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT IN VALENCIA, SPAIN

I occupy the space between light and dark
Wrapping packages of baby squid
In crumpled brown paper and twine
I pluck my eyebrows
And push the cuticle back from thin fingers
I study my face in the mirror, pore by pore
I sit on the toilet and let things happen
I read all the labels on all the bottles
The tampon folder is written in French
Through the open window I hear a street cleaner
Does he notice that the blossoms smell like
Freshly baked Christmas cookies?
As I turn out the lights I think
I can hear the blue stillness of a cow breathing.

Standing in my studio once
You told me that you liked to watch me work
As I paused to reflect on a canvas
Asking for acrylics
A canvas as changeable as my black pupils
How I want to believe that you thrive
On my cadmium yellow chaos
Knowing full well that I mix my love shades
On a fine wooden palette
That splinters.

-A Wandi Solez, '70
Harmon had been employed by the Department of Sanitation for seventeen years. On this morning, as on every other morning for the past seventeen years, the alarm clock beside Harmon's bed rang at precisely six-thirty. Thus summoned to the activities of the day, Harmon bathed and polished himself with a minimal waste of time, and, having clothed his portly frame in a crisp white uniform, walked jauntily down the stairs to the street. His flat was located only a few blocks from the Department of Sanitation and Harmon, sparkling in his starched uniform and accompanied by the cheery staccato of his whistle, enjoyed the brisk walk to the garage where he picked up his truck. It was seven o'clock by the time he reached Mr. O'Malley's flower stand.

Mr. O'Malley had operated the flower stand ever since the untimely demise of his wife, Isabella O'Malley, a pim- pasious, red-faced woman with the sensibility of a steam roller and a heart of granite. Isabella had died a sloppy death (something for which Harmon had not quite forgiven her), her face and finally her whole body erupting in large, bloody, oozing sores until she literally disintegrated into shrieking insanity followed quickly by a pungent, glutinous death. Mr. O'Malley, a retiring, sweaty man, was of course weakened man. He had a way of fondling the quarter he got for the flower as if he were going to chase Harmon off the sidewalk. Harmon, bowing quietly in his most dignified manner to the other men, hurried with his equipment from the musty locker room into the wet, smelly garage. Glad to leave the uninviting and odiferous atmosphere of the locker room, Harmon slowly approached his truck, inspecting it closely to make sure all was in order. Rather, it was a small, sparkling white pick-up truck. The back was covered smoothly by a black tarpaulin with "Department of Sanitation" stencilled neatly in white in one corner. The truck was spotlessly clean inside and out, Harmon had spent his own money for seat pads and rubber floor covers for the cab.

Harmon walked around the truck slowly, inspecting every inch for a possible flaw in its polished perfection. At last, satisfied that everything was in order, he placed his equipment in the cab and swung up into the driver's seat. Reaching into the glove compartment, he extracted a small, thick leatherbound book. This was Harmon's log. For seventeen years he had faithfully recorded in it even the minutest details of the day. Harmon signalled to the garage man to open the doors and Harmon signalled to the garage man to open the doors and, after letting it idle for a moment, Harmon had gotten quite garrulous since Isabella's untimely demise of his wife, Isabella O'Malley, a pugnacious, red-faced woman with the sensibility of a steam roller. Isabella had died a sloppy death (something for which Harmon had not quite forgiven her), her face and finally her whole body erupting in large, bloody, oozing sores until she literally disintegrated into shrieking insanity followed quickly by a pungent, glutinous death. Mr. O'Malley, a retiring, sweaty man, was of course weakened man. He had a way of fondling the quarter he got for the flower as if he were going to chase Harmon off the sidewalk. Harmon, bowing quietly in his most dignified manner to the other men, hurried with his equipment from the musty locker room into the wet, smelly garage. Glad to leave the uninviting and odiferous atmosphere of the locker room, Harmon slowly approached his truck, inspecting it closely to make sure all was in order. Rather, it was a small, sparkling white pick-up truck. The back was covered smoothly by a black tarpaulin with "Department of Sanitation" stencilled neatly in white in one corner. The truck was spotlessly clean inside and out, Harmon had spent his own money for seat pads and rubber floor covers for the cab.

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Harmon felt safe in the familiar neatness of his truck. His clean creased uniform gleamed white against the black upholstery of the cab. Although it was hot, Harmon kept the windows tightly shut and so kept both the cab and himself safe from contaminating dust and city fumes. Harmon's district was the West End of the city and he drove swiftly and safely to his usual starting point, a middle to lower middle class residential area in the southwest corner of his area. From there he would move up through the freeway area and a business zone before he reached the exclusive Forest Woods section of town, where he liked to end his day. He pulled on to Horatio Ave. at precisely 7:45 and had driven well over a mile through his winding route before he made his first stop.

Harmon pulled his truck over to the curb and reached for the black rubber boots and gloves. Pulling them on, he also pulled on to Horatio Ave. at precisely 7:45 and had driven well over a mile through his winding route before he made his first stop.

Harmon pulled his truck over to the curb and reached for the black rubber boots and gloves. Pulling them on, he also noted the exact time and logged it in his little black book. Then, he reached for the shiny red collapsable shovel and, snapping it smartly into working position, he went to the back of the truck and unbolted the tarpaulin. As the tarpaulin was rolled back, a heavy odor of disinfectant rose from the back of the truck. Harmon breathed deeply, sighed, and then walked down the street a few feet toward the flattened form.
and bleeding under a magnificent boxwood. Time, and the immaculately groomed avenues of the area Harmon had found nothing that merited the star and the hour of sorrow.

Please be assured that your pet has been sensitively and of the propriety of the note. It was the product of several previously good pedigree, to mark the entry in the log book. He would then compose a brief, formal note of sympathy, with a star and later to look up the name and address of the owner at the licensing office in the Department's building. Returning to the back of the truck, Harmon unzipped the tool kit and first withdrew a large forceps. Plucking delicately around the neck with this instrument he ascertained that the dog had no license at the time of the kill. He then wiped the forceps thoroughly with a clean towel and replaced them in the bag. Next, he removed two aerozol cans, one of insect repellant, the other a disinfectant, and sprayed the corpse, his boots, his gloves, the shiny red shovel and the surrounding area of the truck liberally before slipping up the little black bag and returning to the cab. Taking off the gloves and boots, he climbed into the truck again and entered a neat report in his log.

8:07 A.M.

Beagle dog - no license
2213 W. Mortimer Ave.
Animal dead when found

Harmon closed his black log book and started his truck again. As he continued through the pleasantly familiar route, he stopped often for dogs, cats, and some lesser animals such as birds and squirrels, but he found nothing worth noting with a special star in his log book. It was Harmon's habit, whenever he found a licensed dog of obviously good pedigree, to mark the entry in the log book with a star and later to look up the name and address of the owner at the licensing office in the Department's building. He would then compose a brief, formal note of sympathy, in order to inform the distinguished owner of the animal's death and to console him in his grief. Harmon was certain of the propriety of the note. It was the product of several evenings spent in the city library poring over Amy Vanderbilt, Emily Post and several other books of etiquette. The recalling note was, in Harmon's opinion, a smooth amalgamation of the best and most delicate qualities of each. He kept a copy of the basic form scotch-taped to the inside of one log book's cover. It read:

Dear (owner's name),

It is with deepest regret that I write to inform you of the passing of your dog/cat, (animal's name if available). Please be assured that your pet has been sensitively and mercifully dealt with. Our thoughts are with you in this hour of sorrow.

Kindest Regards,
Harmon Jones
Department of Sanitation

However, by four o'clock, when he entered the leafy environs of the exclusive Forest Woods section of town, Harmon had found nothing that merited the star and the note. Of course, his chances of finding a pedigreed dog or cat were much better in this part of town. However, the one hour he allowed himself in Forest Woods was not much time, and the immaculately groomed avenues of the area rarely yielded what Harmon was looking for. It was almost 4:30 when he spotted the stained and matted body quivering and bleeding under a magnificent boxwood. Hastily putting on his gloves and boots, Harmon grabbed his shovelful and sprang out of the cab to the dog. The animal whispered softly. A opening in its left side ran from ear to tail and had transformed the purebred miniature poodle, Harmon could tell just from looking at it, though, that it was a purebred dog, and he thrilled with anticipation as he thought of writing a note to its owner. He could see the name tag glittering in the sun and, in his haste to see who the owner was, Harmon momentarily abandoned the merciful idea of killing the poodle. Running around to the cab, he snatched the forceps from his black tool kit and scurried back to the now form of the dog. Kneeling over it he plucked the name tag from the collar and wiped it clean with his towel. It read:

MITZI
I belong to:
Miss Olivia Longstock
Fairgraves
of
Forest Woods

Harmon could scarcely believe his eyes. The Fairgraves were, without a doubt, among the most prominent families in the city. He saw their name every Sunday in the society section of the newspaper. Harmon could scarcely believe his good fortune.

A small moan from the oozing stoff ball at his feet brought Harmon's thoughts back to the immediate situation. The dog was still alive. It looked up at him with blank, dumb animal fright and pain in its eyes. Perhaps he should take the dog to the Fairgraves' himself so that they might take it to the veterinarian and save it. The appreciation and admiration that they would feel for Harmon then would far exceed the consolation they might receive from a mere note, Harmon made his decision quickly. He would take the dog to the Longstock Fairgraves' home in person. The only block away. He passed it every day on his route. He needed something to wrap Mitzi in so he wouldn't bloody the cab of his truck, Harmon made a further sacrifice. Removing his spotless white coat, he placed it carefully on the ground next to the dog. He took the carnation out of the button hole and stuck it hastily in the neck of his undershirt. Then, taking his shovel and snatching it into position, he carefully picked up the dog and rolled it, bloody side down, onto his coat. He knelt and gently wrapped the coat around it and, now dressed only in his undershirt, carnation, boots, gloves and spotless white pants, he placed the precious, dripping bundle in the cab. As Harmon drove up the long tree-lined driveway of the Fairgraves estate, he tried to plan what he would say in response to their appreciation, but as the imposing house loomed up in front of him, Harmon felt a mixed twinge of pride and nervousness that made his earrings with anticipation and he could think of nothing adequate that could hardly wait to make the record in his log. Lifting the dog gently from the cab, Harmon turned to the door and rang the bell. A minute passed and a young girl answered the door.

"Yes?", she asked, eyeing Harmon with noticable distaste. "You filthy beast!"

The girl slammed, leaving Harmon mortified and standing dumbly at the threshold, the dead dog's blood dripping thickly through his coat.

- Barbara Mackey, '70
STRANGE LADY

A rounded glass of necessity
Reflected once the orange
green exit sign; funny.
I've got this dropping.
Sensation (that sign is always on)
because she's a
Swede and I know no
Swedish; she's crippled
I suspect though she
Walks well
it's merely
A case of successful
Rehabilitation.

STRANGE LADY II

Oh God! she screamed
And I hadn't said a word.
It must have been her letter.
My fly was zipped
She just slumped over and cried, while after checking
I continued.

- John Gillespie, '72

WHERE THE HELL IS REMBRANDT?

The oceans splash us apart now
Countries divide us
A lonely crowd stands between us
The ancient knowledge of the world is
so near to you, yet so far
Rembrandt, Michelangelo, De Vicci reach to touch
you in a way I cannot understand
I turn as you gently stroke my hair
I feel your heavy breathing as I
wake to the early morning light
blinding my sleep-ridden eyes
Matching you breath for breath
your heart beat by beat
I see day as you kiss my soul but
the sun deludes me and
My heart says roll over fool take her in
your arms and make love
the day is fading fast but
My mind knows the pain of love
And your hot breath reaches my sleepy ears
turn TURN TURN it pants
Love me Dammit love me
And I must awaiting your arms to
squeeze me into life as I know you will
To hold me tightly as I caress your breasts
To kiss me into the world
Still you dwell with the ancient gods
I roll back to sleep
And dream on

- John Loveland, '70
YEARS AGO

Was it a quiet time,
or did I shut myself away from the turmoil?

All the golden answers found
to all my deepest questions
slipped by me
years ago
while I was playing football in the back yard
and learning to divide fractions in my head.

I asked
and there were voices
many and frantic and strained.
They echoed off the walls of churches.
They came from classrooms
and the buildings of government
at all levels.
There were rumblings from the grave.

All of those countless human beings,
shouting and whispering,
engaged in the struggle for my soul
or whatever part of me amused them.
They cared.
They all cared about something.
Perhaps I should have been grateful.
But their urgency frightened me
and I turned away
to become,
otherwise involved.

- John Whitt, '70

I've finished growing now;
am I enough?
The energy that drove me
this far
is gone,
and is it far enough?

Inside my boots there is room for my
socks and my
feet;
no more
no less.
I will never again need a larger pair,
just a different pair.

Bones lengthen no farther and turn brittle,
pituitary pulses to a slower cadence,
Cells wrench the final cleavage,
stiffen, burst, and die.

Bristle creeps to the limits of my face
in the morning glass
and will grow
nowhere else.

The ivory thrust is gentler now;
I have learned to
give her what she wants
exactly
when she wants it.

And now my eyes are raised enough
that I can see the walls
guarding the border of the carpet;
Now I feel my bones straining at
the skin of my fingertips...
I've finished growing now.
And am I enough?

- Keith McWalter, '71
CHARISMA

"The earth is the Lord's and the burden thereof."

I was impressed.

The unkempt and otherwise evil genius of the east side went on.

A marvelous cynic, feeding on crowd reaction, possessed of a clear sense of his own banality, calling us to lesser and lesser achievements. Fantastic.

He spat out those uplifting vituperations and waved his hairy arms in the air. A conqueror.

We waved back.

No illusions, no answers, and no promises. Just pointless rhetoric. But . . . disturbing.

It was somehow oddly constructive. We could ignore that, maybe. The man could be believed.

All the while he smoked cancer sticks, an endless chain. And he told us he would die as he had lived, doggedly, but with unutterable fear.

I was impressed.

He left us high and hanging, with a vision of our narrow finitude, with hands burning from applause, drained.

Ortega would not have liked it.

- John Whitt, '70

MAKE ME EAT PEANUT BUTTER

I only want to grow up, pure and undefiled, hindered within a fertile garden of natural grace and harmony, as my soul tells me.

Yet under a fiery sun my manhood is ripped from me; my genitals bloody the floor pally, and like Prometheus I howl, imprisoned in the demeaning filth of the U.S.A.—a country of contradiction and coercion—fundamental social sacrifice—man infesting its pestilent destiny with ignorant brutality and technological horror.

I thought of cutting my hair and shaving and all I knew interviewers like that. But I figured the hell with 'em. They ought to know what they're getting My hair was long And combed back and I wore a stache The Aetna knew I couldn't understand them if they talked straight so He tried to get to me to identify with me you know and talked hip so I could "dig 'em" Like man you couldn't sell my life insurance I wondered why Like you're don't your thing man and that's great and all but don't do it around me we can't use you fake Go freak with all the other freaks Like you can't relate to normal people

And You, reader, And resident, Are doing this to me. You have poured the brine into my womb, You have pressed the bile into my eyes, Even you who understand and sympathizes, Prisoner yourself, soiled and beslimed, You belong.

Come, duty. Let's all dance in death circle With its serpent smouldering deeply in the dark primordial forest; And burning blind with pagan rites, Evoke those seething forces, Scourge of our lives, Come, whipping ourselves and breeding terror. Dance.

- Fred Walton, '71

I only want to grow up, pure and undefiled, hindered within a fertile garden of natural grace and harmony, as my soul tells me.

I wondered why

So I cut my hair parted it shaved my stache and G.M. said in its mark of excellence distinguity of course Sir you have the finest attributes your record speaks for itself you've had very fine grades this school has Class Status Prestige and he tried to get to me That's what we want in a man You sir could sell Cadillacs to the Lilliputians we could use a man like you on our staff I wondered why

I'm growing my hair again combing it back wearing a stache The hell with 'em

- John Loveland, '70
THE CAT

Hurry, Martha
pack, Martha, we must go

Pawn shops spread their lips
all that crap they belch
Why Martha? Hurry Martha

People are no longer welcome here
Men on lunch breaks snort me
Women shopping clog my nostrils
Whos wretching their guts in the crapper of a bar
I gag and feel like joining them
I force the puke back down my throat
Swimners are the garbage in the streams
Get the hell out of the tub, Martha
hurry Martha
enzymes don't dissolve

No Martha no car Martha
No Car Dammit!
Shutup we'll walk
just hurry Martha

Cars piled high on the roadside
a bag in the street you dare not kick for some fool kid may
have put a brick in it so's you'd break your damn foot
or some dog shit
bloated sheephead, eyes bulging
caught once but "Dammit, another little bastard."

At last
the bridge, Martha
Ahol breatha, b-r-e-a-t-h-e deep Martha
A blue-green world
Ah!

Aren't fairy rings in the city are there? Huh, Martha?
Huh?
Not that kind, you, you... hmmm...
You'll learn, Martha
Bet you never seen anything like this huh? huh?
This is Life, Martha
L-I-F-E, Martha, Life
you'll learn

I love it, Henry
And the cat purrs ready to strike
Wake up Henry Henry?
Get dressed Henry
Our house!
A paw nails bared stretches
A gathering dirt to fill the streams
Henry! Henry Henry
Trees fall
Henry Henry hurry

Why Martha?
Where can we go?

- John Loveland, '70

UNDERCURRENT

I tried to drink deeply
of the air above the waves,
frothing, spraying in angry love
for me
so that my lungs might not forget;
tried to
fuse my feet into the sand
and downward
through plastic rock
and to the breathless fury
of the mother-core
that she might kiss
between my toes with sand
and teach my heels well
their hot screech as I ran.

Listen:
As I sat out on the burning cliffs today
the sun uncorked by pent-up pores,
and in my sweat escaped
the scent of salt-green seas;
I heard
the crystal blood of molluscs
running
in my veins.

- Keith McWalter, '71

ON THE RIM

We all stand on the rim, separately,
unable to fall
into the chasm of total awareness.

When Barry came to me
with the news of his grandmother's death,
I was drinking.
And I became philosophical.
I could reach out for his feelings,
but never grasp them,
and I collapsed into my own.

To proceed half-knowing
and half-known
seems often intolerable.

But it must be done.
So I am told
by people who cannot understand
because they have never listened
to their anguishd selves,
straining against the narrowness of body
and semi-consciousness.

I cannot escape
the picture of my dying grandfather,
confined in bed by his own paralysis.
There must have been both feeling
and unfeeling there.
My mother wanted me to speak to him,
but we couldn't even know
if he comprehended.
And I was silent
before his loss of energy.

All that is left us
is to proceed
along the rim.

- John Whitt, '70
Janus sat with his suitcase on the harsh little pool of light cast by the reading lamp and watched his tracked-in snow meditatively into the rug, and let it sadden him. A steady ticking from the wall clock made almost palpable the silence of the old rooms, the cottony staleness of a month’s locked-and-shuttered stagnancy. One month. The hard, knocked concept of that time’s passing turned numb circles in his mind, and he was for some reason mildly disturbed to see the books and papers on his desk still lying exactly as he had left them. They should have moved in all that time, as he had. They should have moved after he had left by some gesticol ghost of his energy or some secret power of their own. The rooms themselves should have changed somehow, given that month to themselves, alone and empty, yet there they were, exactly as he had left them. Dust a little thicker, but that was all. Very little to show for all that time. Suitcase, snow, stale air, stale body. Very little to show, Janus watched the last of the snow vanish into dark spots on the rug, and at the same time watched himself from some point near the middle of the room, an old, habitual, spasmadic reflex of his mind, soothing in its familiarity but nettling in its frequency. He chuckled dryly as he watched it happen, having long since given up wondering at it. For Janus knew it quite well to be one of those compulsively imaginative persons who constructs tableaux about himself as he moves through life, dreaming himself the protagonist of an endless succession of scenarios, tiny dramas half-wrought by circumstances, half by fantas. No, he had not, but rather’s premise by which his simplest action could be knitted with meaning: a comforting illusion, but illusion no less. He is cursed to know it. So it is, and well it should be granted, that Janus moves within and without this story, and apprehends its unfolding with as keen an eye as narrative invention. It was half empty. Half empty. His imagination was sure scent of disciplined thought, controlled passion. It was true feeling, but falsely framed. A pleasant hoax. It deflating irony, a phrase of self-mockery that would let him see her standing at the boarding gate, still waving. The poems that he found on the coffee table, scanning pages absently, till his eyes caught on a well-thumbed sheet that was headed in small print: “Poems by Gal Murtaugh.” He smiled in quiet recognition, only mildly surprised. He expected as much from Gal. He glanced down the page, remembering from old college magazines that terse, incisive style, her familiar themes and perceptions now magnified and sharpened by time and discipline. What he had known of her then had promised such things: the poetry, the very room in which he sat spoke of her: spacious, modern, with low-slung furniture and muralled walls, tables carefully cluttered with window jars and books and potted plants from the ceiling, all in colors bright and clashing, all cozily overfurnished. And with another kind of familiarity he watched himself from the far side of the room, watching Gal’s long, thin figure as she returned with a steaming cup.

“Thanks. I just found this,” he said, nodding at the magazine as she slipped down next to him on the sofa.


“Very much,” he replied, although he had not read carefull fully. “But I must admit that I’m hopelessly prejudiced.”

She smiled. “It’s a joke.”

“What?”

“A joke, I used to take the stuff seriously back in school, but I really can’t anymore. I just do it for fun, and the little extra money it brings in. It doesn’t mean much, actually.”

She sighed through the last words, standing and drifting over to a window. Janus frowned down at the page, slightly puzzled. The lines tripped down the page in strong, sure meter, the words emotive and charged with careful meaning, with the sure scent of disciplined thought, controlled passion. It didn’t look like a joke. Perhaps he had missed a word of deflating irony, a phrase of self-mockery that would let him laugh too. He could find none, and it disturbed him. There was true feeling, but falsely framed. A pleasant hoax. It reminded him uncomfortably of the reason he had come.

He looked down into his cup and tingled at the cogitation. It was half empty. Half empty. His imagination caught and stored the symbolism, and mocked it simultaneously. He raised the cup to his lips and drank the last, turning to face Gail.

“We should go now,” he said, then paused through a deep breath. “Look, I’m sorry about all this, I probably shouldn’t have bothered you in the first place,” “No bother,” she said without conviction, but smiling. “I know, but I really can’t anymore. I just do it for fun, and the little extra money it brings in. It doesn’t mean much, actually.”

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"Why did you come to me, instead of someone else?" she demanded softly. "You have other friends, closer friends, people you must see often. We haven't met since college. Why me?"

Jann shrugged slightly, turned the empty cup over in his hands, "I'm not sure, Gail. I'd have to see someone. And you were more than just a friend, really..." The words rang foolish in his ear and he felt himself blush deeply. "Well, we did know one another pretty well," he amended, pausing, grudgingly, forcing upon himself recognition of what was becoming clear. He grew calm with awareness. "I hadn't really thought about it, actually, but I suppose I always felt that if it hadn't been Elizabeth, it would have been you," he said simply, sitting, staring blankly at the empty cup in his hands, knowing that by now she must think him a perfect fool, that what had started as a simple oplate for his confusion and loneliness had degenerated into this absurd, pointless confession. She gave no sign, but from some point near where Gail stood his mind's eye looked on with mocking detachment.

"And are you reassured now?" she asked finally, her voice level, carefully neutral.

He managed to meet her eyes. "What do you mean?"

"Reassured that you're not emotionally emasculated, jaded, which is what I think you're afraid of. Can you still feel loneliness?" she hesitated for a moment.

"Love?"

He could not answer.

"Don't mean to preach, Jan," she went on, "But I think you're wrong to grasp at straws so quickly. Don't fight it. Ride it out for awhile. Let it sit. Let it simmer. You're worried that you can't respond to me as you thought you would. That's natural. That's time, Jan. That's one of the things it does. You were with her for a long time. Let it be, Jan. It will pass. One way or the other, it will pass."

He rose suddenly, nervously, chafing at the words. "I'm not so sure of that," he said, placing the HUDSON REVIEW and his cup back on the coffee table with exaggerated care.

"How did you leave it with Elizabeth?"

Gail asked, unrelenting. He looked at her helplessly, as if he had just heard the name for the first time. He spoke, but his consciousness danced in spastic circles in some far corner of the room.

"We left it not in anger or even resentment, just tired. Ride it out for awhile. Let it sit. Let it simmer. You're worried that you can't respond to me as you thought you would. That's natural. That's time, Jan. That's one of the things it does. You were with her for a long time. Let it be, Jan. It will pass. One way or the other, it will pass."

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"We left it not in anger or even resentment, just tired. And numb. And suddenly there's nothing to test myself against, no criterion to judge what I do or say by..."

It was some fandango play, and not a particularly well-written one at that.

"...It's remarkable how much you can grow to depend on someone," he said conversationally, almost cheerfully, "Not in a loving way, but in a sort of parasitic way. It's frightening to think how much it might have been just habit, comfortable repetition, I try to think. I try to remember what it was that was motivating me all the time we were together, but nothing comes..."

He was flying now, more on the sound of his words than on their meaning, out of control, but he blundered on. Bad play! Bad show! his mind screamed catechisms from the other side of the room.

"...It seems there was nothing but trivia on my mind, and we just went through these little mechanical scenes of happiness or misery, over and over, in circles, and all the while I was inwardly quite passive. Not acting, REacting. Do you understand?" The rush ended, the curtain fell while I was inwardly quite passive. Not acting, REacting.

"Just shut up, please." The words came harsh before he could frame them, from some unguarded recess of emotion. He forced out an awkward balm, before the words could stale upon his tongue.

"I love you..."

Elizabeth blanched and slapped him squarely across the face. His own hand shot out by reflex but froze in mid-air, infinitely suspended on the hairline between love and utter hatred. His face burned with more than the sting of her blow. She never moved.

"Jan, I'm sorry," she said, her voice trembling with some dark amalgam of passionate, her shoulders sagging with
a weakness that was more than physical, "but I need much
more than your pride and your damned ego in times like
this. It's no good. I'm no good now, Jan. I don't know
where your mind is when you stare out that window, or even
when you knock around the room. Can you tell me
how much more, Can you give it? Can you?"

Later they went swimming in the motel pool, icy and
long, before they had graduated, and sleep melded
gently into wakfulness, into the air-diffused light and
and liquified through airy curtains and a weightless sea
drifting the warmth of the half-lit room about him like a

He closed his eyes and breathed regularly and deeply,
wiped the whiskey and tiny shards of glass from his hands.

driving away and walked to the car and drove away and thought
sleep, and he turned and slammed the door behind him and
had stayed, he had pleaded, he had fought his way back to
side his own body, with a vision withdrawn and aloof, dead
whole torturous scene seemed familiar as he watched it
numbness, even emotion ebbing now. Long minutes passed,
measured by the spasmodic rise and fall of Elizabeth's

your mind is when you stare out that window, or even when

But I can't do it all. I need you, Jan. And maybe I need more
more than your pride and your damned ego in times like
a weakness that was more than physical. "But I need much

Fear was beginning to creep over him now. He was

It was beginning now. His vision blurred and doubled
and defocused, his eye so thing was like a stimulus; not what
he wanted. He smelled the shot glass deep bucketing down
in the basin and walked back into the living room with
beaten glance and very carefully wiped the whiskey and tiny shards of glass.
He closed his eyes and breathed regularly and deeply,
drawn to the warmth of the half-lit room about him like a
darkential.

The sun shot through the motel room window a limpid
yellow, prismatic through airy curtains and a weightlessness
of dust motes. Janus stirred in his half-sleep and drew
Elizabeth closer to him, watching her dreaming, her hair
shattered like dark fire across the pillow. It was sometimes
long ago, before they had graduated, and sleep melded
gently into wakfulness, into the air-diffused light and
and liquified through airy curtains and a weightless sea
drifting the warmth of the half-lit room about him like a

It was through the last of the dreams that reality
recovered to him briefly, his arms like lead at his sides
in the gloom, his eyes drooping even as they caught the
quick flash of a headlight beam through the curtains, as
his consciousness listed and in the final moments still
heard a steady hissing and heard or dreamed the fall of
his consciousness listed and in the final moments still
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"No, that's alright," Janus said without looking up.

Yeah. Look, I'm sorry, Kurt. I can't think too clearly
now. Doctor says you'll be laid up for a couple of days,
and of course the other boys saw the measurers in gym class, darting
from his neck even in the shower, and asked him what it was,
and he explained that it was a symbol, a token, that it
continued his parchment with the Commandments written on it,
and that only Jews could wear it. And all the boys laughed
and said that they bet there wasn't any little script underneath it,
without opening it up, and that he was stupid for believing
that there was and being fooled so easily. And Janus didn't
answer, but he thought that he did believe that there was a scroll inside,
inside that he would find out for sure, just to prove it to himself.

And late one night, alone, he set to work, laboriously
filling one off the end of the silver capsule, and it finally
broke away and inside was... nothing, emptiness, hollowness,
patience. And then memory, the oven. .. If I hadn't decided to come home a day
earlier, I might have..."


"That's better, How are you feeling?"

Kurt shook his head. "Not yet, You wouldn't be able to keep it
down, God, you gave me a scare. Came very close to killing you, you know. I TOLD you I was going to
sleep, but I just couldn't. I had to close my eyes, and I just
couldn't smell the gas even outside the apartment door, my God. Had
to break my way in and, first thing I see is you knocked out
in the bathroom, slumped there a little while, slinking back
up, puking out gas, ...coffee pot didn't even have water in
it. And the oven... If I hadn't decided to come home a day
earlier," he said as he thought, "I might have..."

Kurt nodded and looked away.

"Thanks, Kurt. I'm sorry, ."

"Okay. Goodnight."
the two white mountains that his feet made at the end of the bed, along the hairline crack in the far wall that ran up past a white metal utility tray, icily clean, past a light switch, a slightly skewed still-life print, framed and alone in sterile exile, and on up to the ceiling...

And there, at the upper periphery of his vision, he caught a dark frantic movement, and he craned and focused till he saw clearly the tiny moth flying in tight, reckless circles about the bright dome of the overhead light, crashing over and over again into the hard surface, trying blindly to reach the killing heat inside, and dying by slow degrees even in its failure. Janus watched closely for a longtime, and listened to the tiny cracks of impact as it flew desperately against the bright, unyielding glass again and again and again...

- Keith McWalter, '71