Come Back To The Huddle, Unitas, Honey

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"For years I resisted the blandishments, the siren song of the Freudian school of literary analysis. Marie Bonaparte and her disciple, Leslie Fiedler, left me cold with their broad, enticing hints of impotency and miscegenated homosexuality. Whenever I was accused by some staid Jamesian of treating his milk-soppy, fingertipskissing, neuter Henry with cavalier Freudianism, I invariably took umbrage at the libel. My central position, as I saw it, was that if there is latent homosexuality in us all, awaiting only the proper moment of failure and frustration to signal its emergence, then let latent homosexuality lie. I, for one, didn't want to know about this disgraceful aspect of my idibidoego. Anyway, the only homosexual personalities I've ever met were anything but latent: you could spot them a mile away. Their patter is as subtle as that of a Peking Red Guard cadre, and their "approach" is quite as obvious as that of one male dog to another."

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Come Back To The Huddle, Unitas, Honey!

BY HAROLD DE PUy

I quite realize that in the days that I am writing, it will be quite impossible for a reader...not to jump over a Freudian moon, but I belong to a simpler and a less polluted generation. I have always gloried in my conception of friendship, and I will insist to my dying day that it has nothing of sex in it.

—THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN

For years I resisted the blandishments, the siren song of the Freudian school of literary analysis. Marie Bonaparte and her disciple, Leslie Fiedler, left me cold with their broad, enticing hints of impotency and miscegenated homosexuality.1 Whenever I was accused by some staid Jamesian of treating his milk-soppy, fingertips-kissing, neuter Henry with cavalier Freudianism, I invariably took umbrage at the libel. My central position, as I saw it, was that if there is latent homosexuality in us all, awaiting only the proper moment of failure and frustration to signal its emergence, then let latent homosexuality2 lie. I, for one, didn’t want to know about this disgraceful aspect of my idlibidoego.3

Anyway, the only homosexual personalities I’ve ever met4 were anything but latent; you could spot them a mile away. Their patter is as subtle as that of a Peking Red Guard cadre, and their “approach” is quite as obvious as that of one male dog to another.5

In any event, I was in enough hot water myself, being from the phallus-under-every-bush6 school. I didn’t have a single moth-eaten disciple—which is why under par these days: everyone in sight has hordes of disciples. My only admirer was a muddle-headed character, who sidled up to me one day after a rousing ‘reading-in’ session in the novel course, leered suggestively, and said, “You’n me are ‘in’ on the real secrets, huh, Mr. D.?” Still I resented his leer less than I did the look of pious hurt and resentment on the face of the student who complained one day that literature was no longer for the mystical few, as it apparently had been during the reign of my predecessor. Mysticism—sheesh! Of course, no one minds when first-rate mystics are tenth-rate poets; after all, who can complain if you’re great at your vocation but not so hot at your hobby? Much the same can be said of good poets who are bad mystics. But when you tell this to

1I’ve forgotten how they’ve disposed of necrophilia. Perhaps they figured that corpse-diddling was just a bit too un-latent for so accurate a science as Freudian analysis.
2Cf. “sleeping dogs.”
3If the Freudians can coin terms, what’s the harm in an amateur’s trifling with the poor, bedraggled, latently-homosexual English (?) language?
4Surprisingly few—which bodes little good for either the “latent” crowd or the misguided “miscegenates.”
5Rather a shameless lot, male dogs; especially during Dog Days.
6Imagine the anguish and shame of the bush without one. Shudder!

DePuy: Come Back To The Huddle, Unitas, Honey

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Blakeans? They descend on you from every maggoty, ‘mystical’ cubbyhole in Christendom: who could’ve guessed there’d be so many! And when the Blakeans get riled, the Joyceans get upset, too, because they figure it’s their turn to get iconoclasted next. And if there’s anyone who needs a good bashing now and again, it’s a Joycean. I’m not too popular with either Blakeans or Joyceans, because I know more about either writer than any of them. Those who hate me best, though, are ignorant Shakespeareans and Jamesceans. Melvilleans don’t know I exist, for which small favor I daily praise heaven. Melvilleans, in general, are the most ignorant and complacent dotards I almost said existence.

But I have gone afield, haven’t I? Let’s see—where was I? Oh, yeah; I finally converted to Freudianism one dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens. That is, I was sitting one Sunday, transfixed in my rocker, utterly mesmerized by the unblinking eye of the t.v. screen, watching the Baltimore Colts trading civilities with the Green Bay Packers. I had always regarded pro football as an innocent, invigorating, albeit somewhat bloody sport that even nuns and little kids could enjoy—educational, even. For a while, I watched the activity with mild interest, averted my gaze only now and then from some more-than-ordinarily-brutal display of high spirits and uneven temperament. I even began to laugh at the jokes that the announcer-analysts were telling. Then it came to me in a flash. What was going on down on that field in full view of every citizen, black and white, of these United States, was an indecent exhibition! I don’t mean an exhibition of organized sadism and assorted acceptable modes of inflicting cruelty. Hell, no! I mean, these seemingly clean-living quarterbacks, halfbacks, fullbacks, cornerbacks, and just plain throwbacks were displaying their latent homosexuality—both the straight variety, and the miscegenated, for there was a pretty even distribution of white and negro ‘players.’ Shades of Huck and Jim!

As soon as I saw through the

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Blakeans are those who, finding no sex in William’s poetry, decide that any writer so clean had to be a mystic. They’re mistaken, of course; mystics are clean but not bloodless.

If you don’t recognize the plagiarism, you should be ashamed of yourself, you ignoramus.

Incidentally, if you want to know why the Packers are so damned rude to their opponents, go spend a winter in Green Bay sometime. You’ve gotta be mean to keep warm.

10Speaking of kids, I read ‘The Tyger’ to my kids once. They not only thought it was a lousy poem, but they suggested I speak to Blake about his spelling. But what do kids know?

11I had bets on both teams that day, and I won them both.

12Did you ever watch Jim Taylor gouging out a lineman’s eyes? Beautiful technique....

13Later I was told these were not jokes—they were a straight-faced assessment of each team’s strategy.

14Give or take a few protestors, who were even then picketing the L.B.J. Ranch over Viet Nam, instead of protesting the bombing of Baltimore’s secondary by Bart Starr at the instance of Vince Lombardi.
thin veil of respectability to the basic orgiastic character of the exhibition, I leaped to the phone and put in a long-distance call to Leslie. However, Professor Fiedler had recently been purchased from Montana U., in the Missoula league, by Buffalo U., in the bush league, and there was not enough left in the household budget for a call to Buffalo. So I snatched down my well-thumbed Bonaparte and during half-time, instead of drinking in the cacophony of 110 massed high school bands, I made hasty notes. Alas, it was all there, the naked infamy of it. I now knew the wicked purpose of the huddle, for instance. Not only were they showing their behinds half-teasingly, half-insultingly to the patrons of the orgy, but one of their number was craftily singling out a new victim to be defiled, a sacrifice to their latently homosexual idlibido-gos. I noted that they always chose the handsomest, smoothest-shaven, most masculine opponent for their assaults. They not only fondled the victim and pinched him saucily, but they inevitably made him fall to the ground, where they could have their will of him with impunity, the pile of bodies masking the true nature of their abominations. The hoarse chuckles of the assailants drowned out the nervous giggles of the assaulted. The diabolical part of it was that everyone rose from the disgusting exhibition looking either coolly unconcerned, angelically innocent, or (in some obviously overacted cases) angry and perturbed.

I was furious with myself, of course, for not having seen through their charade right from the beginning. Were Sigmund alive, he would have taken one look at the knickers the so-called players were wearing, and he'd have whipped up a book in no time about their adolescent attire and all it implied. His disciples, taking their hint from The Master, would have noted other revealing characteristics: the skin-tightness of their clothes; the over-padding in certain places to enhance their masculinity; the makeup some (especially the rashly quarterbacks) affected under the eyes to make the eyes more prominent and effective for flirting; the fancy headgear; the bandages many wore to elicit pity and attract attention; the sharpened cleats to add a sadistic touch—the mere threat of them would send delicious shivers down the spines of their playmates. Some of Freud's more sharp-witted disciples would point out, too, a clever ruse employed to help throw the suspicious off the track, should anyone indeed suspect; that is, many of the players had wives and children—this cover of respectability would hardly fool a Freudian!

Getting back to myself, it became clear now that the ogling quarterback, normally much smaller and more delicate than the others, was dangled as bait by his knowing co-conspirators. Some, like Fran Tarkenton, danced shame-

15 I learned later that Mr. Fiedler was at Bison Stadium at the time, gloating over the massacre of the Jets by the Buffalo mastadons.

18 "Scrambling," huh! We know better, don't we, fellas? (Wink! Wink!)
lessly for long seconds in the open field, looking helpless and frighten\ed, in order to entice the more desirable of the opposing players into positions of vulnerability, where they were brutally mauled by other inflamed players. Some victims showed a marked degree of annoyance at this shabby treatment, but probably only because they had been singled-out by some ill-favored wall-flower rather than the man of their choice. I noted also how often one player patted another on the fanny, with obvious relish on the part of both; further, my suspicions were borne out when opposing players scrupled not to indulge in this overly-affectionate gesture on occasion. Blocking and tackling were, of course, crudely disguised erotic procedures. The tackling, especially, caught my eye: as often as possible the tackler hugged his victim tightly in both his arms, reluctant to release him, and likely as not falling with him to the inviting turf till surfeited. Nor did they fool me for a second with all their naughty talk of red dogging, flare patterns, tight ends, and what-not. I haven't deciphered their hidden meanings as yet. But I cannot continue. If I am to retain my sanity, I must hurry to my psychoanalyst and unburden my tale of conjectures and suspicions. It may be some time before I am emboldened to make my notes public and bring down scorn and opprobrium on the heads of those moleskin-clad rapscallions. Meanwhile, back to the huddle, all you honies—who knows what new adventure awaits you on the next exciting foray into the line!20

And what of the onlookers at this bestial Saturnalia17—were they revolted and saddened at the dis-

17I don't know the singular form from the plural, and I doubt if the stupid Romans did. All I know is that Saturn got his, but good.

18And even oftener.

19If you don't believe me, see these guys sometime when they don't have their padding on. Why you can't tell them from any ordinary pro wrestler. And speaking of wrestling... well!

20I didn't really have a footnote to insert here, but twenty is a much neater number than nineteen any day, believe me.
SPRING FEVER

HONEY?

At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.
—THE HOLLOW MEN

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