Full Issue

Cover Page Footnote
Originally published as: Volume 5, Spring, 1960.

This full issue is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1960/iss1/22
HE DREAMED THAT HE SAW A LADDER STANDING ON THE EARTH WITH ITS TOP REACHING UP TO HEAVEN; A STAIRWAY FOR THE ANGELS OF GOD TO GO UP AND COME DOWN. OVER THE LADDER THE LORD HIMSELF LEANED DOWN, AND SPOKE TO JACOB.

WHEN HE AWOKE FROM HIS DREAM, JACOB SAID TO HIMSELF, WHY THIS IS THE LORD'S DWELLING PLACE, AND I SLEPT HERE UNAWARE OF IT!

GENESIS 28: 12-13, 16

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EDITORIAL

Certainly enough has been said about the importance of communication in the world today. In a world of highly developed transportation techniques, boundaries and limits are said to have considerably narrowed. It is exigent, we are exhorted, that attempts be made to foster verbal and other communicative understanding among all people. Communicative understanding, they say, should not lag behind this almost uncomfortable contiguity. Nothing so ambitious is the purpose of this magazine. Nor could the magazine be called therapeutic; certainly it is meant to be enjoyed but it will not “take you away” like the popular cigarette. Nor is it meant to be didactic or persuasive; although we are certainly “committed” in the sense that we recognize and are striving for a “catholicity”, a universality which transcends the printed page, we are neither sodality pamphleteers nor advertising copywriters. What then, in spite of the necessary oversimplification, could be considered the purpose of this magazine?

In its lowest terms it could only be this: to play with words; to try to achieve a surer and more valid grip on truth and reality through experimental juxtaposition of words or images or rhythms: to “metaphorize”; to bridge the gap between the visible and invisible. Less stress, it might be said, is placed on “gentle irony” and “brittle wit” than is fashionable in most magazines today. As we said above we are “committed”; but yet this does not, we think, parochialize our outlook. Rather it would seem to make it more universal; for with our bridge of analogy we are spanning more than the span between a thought and its metrical logic; rather we are spanning and attempting to concretize the whole gap between the visible and invisible worlds: to conceptualize in greater or lesser degrees a portion of reality: to see in the sun’s light a portion of the Light of Divine Wisdom.

The use of the feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul... Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical.

—Bacon, THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia sunt
Et quocumque volent animum auditoris agunto.

—Horace, Ars poetica

The thoughts
that prop open the lids of the inner eye
have always suggested
a behind-the-door ill-lighted crouching—
a searching
for that crude half-circle
that symbols shallow release.

When found, a swirling self through...
Penetrations
of mind-born clouds dripping with obeisance—
Salivary salutations to veneered sovereignty.

Injections of the pseudo-image
Surge out in ecstatic impulse.
Watering poisons,
Dulling regrets.

But pedestals are only air puffs
Flouting, slowly betraying, halting
While gusts still journey,
Even around tombstones.
Picking up veined travellers,
Returning them to their darkened stoop
On the other side of the door.

FRANKLIN L. KAMP
PLAY IT COOL.

Man is born a poet, yet everywhere he is in chains.

There is a bit of poetry in us all, 'tis said. But we are generally content to leave that bit within us and never allow it to see life on a scrap of paper. The professional stage is one thing; yet there is a lot of fun in amateur productions, no matter in what field of activity. Sometime or other we owe ourselves the experience of working on a poem. The joy of tracking down the unknown criminal in a mystery is nothing compared to the joy of poohing upon the elusive word or the right rhythm. The discovery that it was the little old landlady who wielded the hammer is not nearly so satisfying as the sudden realization that the prosaic adjective "white" is the key that makes a whole line come alive. There is a pleasurable sense of creativity in keeping a few lines percolating away in a desk drawer over a period of months, and working over them five or ten minutes every so often, refining them, searching for the right word, phrase, rhythm, and balance. There are many varieties of poetry one may try—the symbolical, for instance:

Its call awakens the strange land
Of child and man, where a trumpet rings,
A dragon sings, and colors dance upon command;
Where a serenity enfolds within its wings
The restless mind, the searching hand,
And the pearl sleeps upon the sand.

or the satirical, the narrative, the humorous; blank verse, free verse, or rhyme. The poem at the end of this article could be used as an example of what occurs in putting about in poetry. A good many poets owe their first inspiration to some line coming into the mind, refusing to leave, and loudly demanding that a whole poem be built upon it. (The poet always takes his revenge by going ahead and building the poem, but then striking out the original line as unworthy of the fine poem just constructed.) This particular poem began, not with some line, but with a thought that came with reading an inscription similar to the one at the end of The Poem. These lines in themselves were great poetry; some professional poets might write all their lives and never attain such depth with such simplicity. Then the idea came of writing a poem consisting of a highly formalistic stanza

HEAVENLY MUSE

Leo A. Hetzler, C.S.B.

in which a poet vainly seeks inspiration while leaning against this masterly inscription. This preconceived form is superior to the form of the poem I found myself actually writing. I had begun with the line,

So often poets seize some passing thought,

but it was the passing thought that seized me.

One must expect the early drafts of a poem to be an ugly-duckling version of what may later be a worthwhile poem. It will contain a few good lines, and it may have in embryo some good images. The first draft ordinarily resembles a free-verse, impressionistic poem, and one may attain powerful effects by retaining this form. But the theme of this particular poem demanded a more regular form to contrast with the closing lines. The following is a second draft to The Poem:

Poets, I suppose, should never be in search of themes,
But even in sleep, one elbow propped up watches the dreams,
Prepared to deliver over some passing thought.
Some impression, some scene hastily caught,
Something comic-tragic in the tragic-comic part,
To the fine knives and plastic moulds of creative art.

The poet stalks the city street and country lane,
Looking out and looking in, a two-way pane,
Peering under faces and rocks, at children and green leaves,
Reading advertisements and webs the spider weaves,
Sometimes in vain, sometimes a startling pattern to trace,
The sudden connection, the unexpected parallel snapping in place.

But what is seen and felt at either pole,
Reverberates upon the instrument of the inner soul;
Some poor two-stringed guitar that picks out a tune
As self-contained as an Anglo-Saxon rune.
Or a fulsome harp that discovers a symphony.
A synthesis and a perception, the elements a cacophony.
When we are confronted with something like this, it is comforting to know that early versions of poems now famous for their perfection of artistry were equally undistinguished, flat, and awkward. Work and re-work always has been the motto, even of the “spontaneous” Romantics. The fourth stanza wrote itself, despite the fact that it has only one rhyme. But the fifth was the most difficult of all. Should it be something like this?

And yet miss a poem already written there,
Cut in stone by some strong harp of sorrow,
When pain like a stranger took the empty chair;
A log that said no to all tomorrow;
Simple lines whose fingers reached and bled.
where?

On the deepest rocks of grief’s ocean bed.
Upon the jagged floor(5) where seas of grief have fled.
Against the rocky depths where
Against the rough floors
On coral floors

That’s the fun of dabbling in poetry: the rewarding pleasure of choosing, refining, searching for the more concrete, balancing rhythms—of replacing

Some impression, some scene hastily caught.
with

Some gesturing star, some silhouette hastily caught.

The sadness of dabbling in poetry is in banishing to exterior darkness such a fine phrase as “coral floors.”

The poetic form is one of the given modes of human expression; there are many moods, feelings, attitudes, and ideas that can be conveyed only in that form. Everyone of us has such experiences; for our own relaxation and enjoyment, more of us should try our hand in experimenting with the mode that is natural for giving expression to them. We should become a bit reckless from time to time, throw off the chains of prose, doff our hats in greeting to one of the Muses, and boldly say perchance, “Take a poem, Miss Melpomene.”

THE POEM

Poets, I suppose, should never go in search of themes,
But even in sleep one restless eye watches the dreams,
Prepared to deliver over some glass-slippered thought.
Some gesturing star, some silhouette hastily caught,
Something found comic-tragic in the tragic-comic part,
To the fine knives and plastic squares of creative art.

The poet stalks the city street and country lane,
Looking out and looking in, a two-way pane,
Peering under faces and rocks, laughter and green leaves,
Reading painted signs and webs the spider weaves.
Sometimes in vain, sometimes a startling pattern to trace,
The sudden impasse the parallel slipping into place.

All that is seen and felt drops its mask and role,
And takes form upon the instrument of the poet’s soul:
Perhaps some two-stringed guitar that picks out a tune.
As barren of sunset hues as a white sky at noon—
Or perhaps a harp that trembles into a symphony.
A synthesis and perception from a dark cacophony.

A poet, now, might seek out nature’s balm and grace.
Green’s inner blackness beneath fir tree’s needled lace,
The church-yard conventional that elegiac Gray once traced.
The hilly mount, the aged marbles by days defaced.
And sigh for communion with the tragedies of the place.
The escapades and greetings A and B had to face:

And yet miss a poem already written there,
When Death with a callous stranger’s air
Usurped a son and soldier’s empty chair:
Lines simpler than any poet might dare.
Yet lines whose fingers scraped and bled
On the rough floors where seas of grief had fled:

Here Lies
Our Son
1864
Age
Nineteen Years
Three Months
And
Four Days
I saw it hanging there on the wall
And I grimaced
And convoluted like a pricked balloon
My stomach shrank
His indiscriminate pitchfork
Taunted man
Spat on woman

He looked right down along the
Length of his nose
At the world
Before my eyes his wife vanished;
He didn't notice,
Maybe she had been assimilated
Into his veins and flowed there
Hating.

I went home, went to bed
And dreamed I could see
Him, frowning at Christ
Hanging on the other wall for
Giving a bad impression.
There he was, slashing away
At Caesar's back to
Punish his adulteries,
And no sooner had that sacred libation
Nourished our earth than
He was up on the funeral pyre
Pouring vengeance into the
Lent, bent Roman ears.

In our time, he was burning
Books and films, instead of witchen.
He had parents believing
Orphan Annie twice the sinner that
Joan of Arc was.
And he was rowing his boat
Through atom bomb tests, and writing
"Letters to the Editor" and
He was dead set on stamping out
Every sin and sinner in the world.
And I wondered when the sinners
Would gang up on him
And bring our own
Corrupt, compatible, comfortable
Peace back to earth.

In willow groves where sleeping beauties slept
Where sparrows whispered lyrics in my ear
In meadows green that glistened from the rain
Where fauns and kids still grazed and violets grew
I dreamed my boyhood days in heedless bliss
So circumcised of care, the blue-eyed boy
Of Mister Earth was I. I sang my song
To stars and moons and sprites, I did whate'er
I dreamed, I dreamed I flew and fly I did
With falcons, with eagles, with an angel or god,
Through caverns, through clouds from world to world still
The perfumed nymphs breathed love upon my eyes
And soothed my limbs with oils and sprinkled balm
Upon my hair, and no one taught me tears
In the green and golden innocence of youth
I played upon the earth and sang the song
Of sparrows, till ...
GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Fingers crossed
breath held
pitching pennies
in a gray mop
pail wishing well,
for something wanted
undeserved.

DESPAIR

Fear's cold arms around me clasp,
And in my ear I hear the rasp
Of withered leaves, my withered hopes.
Then closing, cutting, coiling ropes
In snakes embrace my neck entwine.
With whispered, wincing whine,
Slowly to my death I go.
Go to join the neat stacked row
Of those that went before.

JOSEPH DEROLLER

THEY HAD NO MUSIC

They rode on short shaggy mounts. Two—with a wounded one in the middle. It was dusk and they were silhouetted, black, against the descending sun. Their trail wound through the hills from the place of battle, where the enemy retreated down a valley to the sea.

"Why here, what does America want with these stinking hills." "Why is my friend dying?" "Our countries are huge yet they fight for this barren, rocky soil." "Only five years ago we were allied against the Japanese, now we are bitter enemies." They thought these things as the animals picked their way.

The man in the center retched and his head sank deeper onto his chest. A thin line of blood ebbed to his chin. He knew that he would die and welcomed the release from pain. He recalled with a wry smile, imperceptible to his friends, the look of fear in the tall enemy's eyes, when the enemy's shot did not stop him. He had killed the tall one. Now it was his turn to be afraid as his mouth filled with the salt taste of blood.

The sun disappeared. The cold intensified. They pulled their quilted jackets closer, and slowly left the place of battle. The wounded man was leaning, far forward, in his saddle, he would have fallen, but his comrade on the left caught him. More blood stained the snow. Then—all was stillness. He had been a soldier and was dead.

They let him fall, they had his weapon. Unspeaking they rode to the north.

BRIAN FALLON

MAQUIS

Rebel, Rebel, don't let them crush you.
Yes, they are stronger, but they can't read your thoughts.
Rebel, Rebel, but only in your mind.
Say "Yes" and "No," make no incriminating gestures.
Rebel, Rebel, from the privacy of your intellect curse them.
Hate from the depths of your soul this sterile existence.
Rebel, Rebel, you may remain the lowest of the low,
Isn't it enough to make them wonder, and a bit apprehensive?
THE TREE HOUSE

JAMES BOND

Benjamin, a rather frail boy of seven and a half, unhesitatingly walked through the large puddle which obstructed his way. The water, especially toward the middle, proved too deep for his worn, patched rubbers. But Benjamin didn’t mind a “soaker.” In fact he rather enjoyed the momentary pleasure of the warm, muddy rain water on his feet. Nor did he even consider the scolding which invariably followed when he came home with his feet wet; his only unpleasant feeling arising when his feet later became chilly in the coolness of the June late-afternoon. His two older brothers would have been home from school long ago; first communion practice had detained him. Still, he would have been home earlier had he not remained after the others. When there were no people in the church he liked to walk its long aisles; he enjoyed the feel of the thick carpet as he walked; he imagined he might sink in it if he followed it through the small opening into the dark room next to the St. Joseph’s altar and he always shivered and felt a kind of pleasant weakness when he approached it.

“Benjy, where have you been?” The sharp voice of his mother assailed him at the door of the house. “I see your feet are wet again. Well, young man, you must of course take your shoes off before you can come in. Where have you been anyway?” “Communion practice.” He mumbled these last words as he hurriedly pulled the wet shoes from his feet, anxious to escape the stern glance of his mother as quickly as possible. Dinner was accompanied by the usual unpleasantness. Benjamin’s mother, since his father had died, had been forced to take a job during the day. After working long hours she was tired and inclined to be rather short-tempered by dinner time. “Don’t lean back in your chair,” she reproached him, “do you want to break the back off?” Benjamin acquiesced thoughtlessly. “Benjy had to go to the principal for sassing back Sister Paul,” his older brother Daniel, an eighth grader, remarked. “He’s in the last row cause he can’t read good. Johnny Miller told me,” observed fourth-grader, David. “He can’t read because he’s dumb like you,” replied Daniel. “You better shut up.” With these words David rose from the table and attempted to strike his brother who was sitting out of reach on the other side of the table. “Now you’ve spilled your milk,” shouted Daniel. He welcomed the accident because it would cause his mother to forget the cruel taunt which caused it and would enable him to take command of the unfortunate situation which had been essentially his fault. Sensing this, he ordered David to “clean up the mess you made.” “Can’t I have a little peace and quiet at least at my dinner,” demanded the mother, “now you can all shut up for the rest of the meal.” Benjamin, meanwhile, began to make a furrow through the middle of his mashed potatoes.

Dinner over, Benjamin decided to go outside. The night being rather chilly, his mother insisted that he wear his sweater. He went down into the basement where he kept it. Some moments later, Daniel, preparing for the mighty game of “one-o’cat” followed him down the stairs to get his bat and ball. Realizing that his brother had not heard him follow, Daniel decided to “play a little joke” on Benjamin. Hiding under the staircase with his bat in hand, Daniel waited until Benjamin approached almost to the foot of the stairs. At this moment he leapt from behind the staircase and screamed at his unsuspecting brother. Benjamin, too frightened to move, his speech paralyzed by the sudden and unsuspected terror, merely stood before his brother, his eyes riveted on the baseball bat which his brother had raised menacingly over his head, his hands assuming an almost suppliant position in front of him. A few seconds later he screamed, screamed and ran up the stairs clutching the small dragging sweater behind him. His mother had heard the commotion and went to investigate. “What’s all the noise?” she asked Daniel. “Oh I just scared Benjamin, ma.” “Darn you kids,” she replied, “can’t I ever have one minute of peace and quiet in this house? I work hard all day, all I ask is a few minutes of quiet at night. Now, go on out and play.” “But all I wanted to do was scare him a little,” said Daniel. “Just go on out and play,” his mother reiterated, “and leave me a few minutes peace in the day.” Benjamin, meanwhile, had gone to the living room where he sat tensely in the large enveloping arm chair, stroking the pet cat. His gaze happened to fall on his father’s picture. The aura of honor and respect with which the rest of the family surrounded the memory of the father and his pictorial representation here on the mantle-piece had never affected Benjamin. Perhaps he had been too young to remember the man. In any case he had not built a “glorious legend” about him as many sons of deceased fathers often do. Gazing at the picture he wondered for the first time what his father must have been.
like, he wondered what a "father" did, what purpose did he have. The fathers of some of his friends took them to ball games and bought them hot dogs and popcorn. He thought he might like that, he had always liked hot dogs and popcorn. A few minutes later, seemingly much calmer, he left the house.

An ancient oak tree whose shade in summer encompassed the entire back yard was Benjy's private retreat. During the warm months he would spend long hours climbing and descending or merely sitting in its branches. From its height he could gaze, unobserved, upon the whole neighborhood. He loved, for instance, to watch them play ball. He would pretend to be a radio announcer and would sit for hours "broadcasting" a crucial game. His mother, although constantly warning him that he would someday "break his fool neck," nevertheless had not forbidden his climbing the tree. His brothers, occupied with what they considered much more interesting diversions, never bothered him there. The tree, Benjy often thought, was a place where only he, not his brothers nor his mother, existed. Only he knew its secret adventures and its sublime pleasures and, fearing that they should be discovered, jealously guarded them by being secretive and clandestine at all times with his mother and his brothers. It was here that he went now. The cut which he had been fondling, leapt from his arms across the next yard and Benjy ran toward the tree and immediately began climbing it. Then he saw it. Situated on a sturdy branch midway up the trunk was the beginning of what appeared to be a tree house. A few wood planks, slabs from packing crates, uneven in length, had been nailed to the branch. Benjy climbed to where it was being built. For several seconds he simply gazed at it. Then he began to cry, first softly and then convulsively, his frail body racked with choking sobs. Seizing the planks, he violently pulled them, one by one, from the branch. Then he swung from the tree, dropped to the ground and ran, crying bitterly as he went. Across the field at the back of the house he fled. In the background the ball game was progressing and the noise of the boys could be heard by anyone in the vicinity. But Benjy did not hear them. Benjy heard nothing and kept on running. Finally he fell, mercilessly tripped up by a tree stump in his path.

He pounded the ground with his fist, sobbingly. For long moments he lay there. Then he went home. He went directly to bed. In the warmth and protection of his bed he fell asleep, more exhausted than he had ever been in his life.

"Benjy, your breakfast is ready. Come on, lazy one, you've got to be at church at eleven o'clock." The imperious tone of his mother's voice brought him to full wakefulness immediately. He got up and dressed slowly. On the floor of the bedroom shared by his brother was a baseball bat and glove. Benjy saw it, but looked away quickly and, buttoning his shirt as he went, ran down the stairs. At the kitchen table his brothers were halfway through the morning meal. "Somebody got into the oak tree and pulled out the planks we had nailed for the tree house." It was Daniel. He knows, thought Benjy. "Benjy is always up in that thing, maybe he knows something about it," his mother answered. "Yah, maybe he did it," laughed Daniel. Benjy, excited almost to the point of trembling, hoped desperately that it didn't show. With a tremendous effort he swallowed a glass of milk and tried to concentrate on the morning funny paper. After several agonizing efforts to swallow his cereal, he excused himself and left the table. "No wonder you're so skinny, never eating properly," admonished his mother. "Well never mind, if you want to get sick don't expect me to take care of you." Daniel mentioned something about baseball scores but Benjy hadn't heard it; he had gone into the living room and put his hands over his ears. At precisely 10:45 Benjy left the house for church.

A gray, sombre sky which all morning had been threatening rain, suddenly, in a thunderous release, exhumed its contents on the landscape. Benjy ran the last block home. How easy it all was he thought. Some of the kids had been afraid. But he, as though he had been going for years, had been the first in line. He smiled as he thought how awe-stricken Miller had been at his action. "It was easy," he had told some of them waiting fearfully in line; "all I got was three Hail Marys; he didn't even ball me out." Approaching the door of his house he didn't even notice the huge limb that had been stricken from the oak tree; he was occupied thinking exultedly of the presents he would receive for his first communion tomorrow.
You sparkled that night,
In vestments of blue;
Radiant and thin were the flowers
Not enhancing, but enhanced by,
The indigo magic of you.

The full puffy sleeves,
Daubed with rare azure blossoms,
Formed an aurora of resplendence
For arms so beautiful
As to arouse envy in the soul of Venus.

TONES IN BLUE
Alfonso Borrelli

Your lips of vermilion
Enshrined a smile of pure rhapsody.
That sang in chorus
With your garment of exotic floral design;
Speckled with the snowy white of clouds,
And the turquoise of the sky at dawn,
As if borrowed from the reaches of mighty Heaven
To grace the fairness of my Queen.

Twin roses, red as my heart's blood,
Purchased with love, given with homage,
Pinned on the bosom of your dress,
Were glorified there, by the majestic beauty
The subtle enigma
The lady, the flowers, the blue.

SERENADE

I

When in evening cool you love me
and we sip away the hush-starry hours
in jingle bell laughing gulps
and your lips have no need of a
no on them
for my heart has no want of a
please in it
I am I think a god
when your lips touch my fingers.
We are then real I think
not facets real
not headache real
not nausea real.
But moonlight real
but purity real
(which is most probably
the least likely real)
but Ithaca real
Penelope.
And love is real, my love.

II

When in evening red you love me
and I love you like hate chewing ashes
then my lips purse
and sensually discourse upon
the trembling, loving, fearing
and maybe
(I hope so hope not)
yielding skin of your beauty.
My red reality is a song
which will sing in my mind
as I sweat in my sin
but will sing shrill off-key
when your head lies in shame
upon my shoulder.

Sing a shame into my cooling veins
and look back upon the
lust of my love
but do not doubt
the reality of that love, my love.

III

Forever there are evenings
for never are there days.
The sun would blind me
as the world is blind.
But in the dusk
I can see you and love you
and I need not be troubled
by the glare of hallucination.

There is green in my heart
there is blue in my throat
there is gold in my brain
there is pink upon my lips
there is scarlet in my loins
but within my love there is no gray
the gray sunbeams of pretence
which seek to pierce
the honesty of my evening.

I am chained to life
and I cannot break the chain
nor can the chain break me
if you hold my hand.
so hold my hand, my love.

ADAM
J. W. Miller

The salient darkness was not of the soul
That night, Eve, you drew the blanket
Over me and went to view with moody curiosity
The moon drifting lightly through the hills of Eden.
The river had a silver-skinned unity, and the scales
Of the Serpent too scintillated like pearly spores,
Reflecting each a possible world. It was an hour
For imagination to reinterpret the elements of creation.
The eleventh hour of our pristine history.
And the call went out of your restless bosom
For a new arrangement of our many-generationed life.
Decades had passed, and a new attitude was needed.
The subtle insinuation murmured like misty intuition.
And you wanted out of the fool's paradise you had been born into.
Our social status would be higher, you thought,
To eat the apple and become as God.
It pleased you, the good sappy fragrance, like
The satisfaction of munching nuts while playing
Innocently at dinosaur-dice. You were relaxed,
Enjoying a good show: quintessential drama:
The alienation, the recognition, all that:
Both hubris and catharsis for the actor-spectator.
But look at Cain, our firstborn and now to be
The firstdead. Was it worth it, rescinding
The ordered intensity of infused knowledge
For the challenge of the empirical act,
The tainted adventure of an intellectual epicure,
Feeding the sense for the sake of the mind?
No crescendo of passion moved you onward,
Merely the old demon Experience, the little hells
We all demand to fructify our heaven.
Ah, Eve, you should have let the deer,
Stalking fearlessly in the fields of Paradise.
Eat the apple. For him it was no cosmic act,
Echoing through the loins of unweaned children.
Seeding history with the germ of dissolution,
A flake of oxide rust on the mechanism of existence.
Thinking of what you've done,
Sitting here in misery for the first time,
Agonized even at this new vocabulary of sorrow.
I cannot suffer in silence. My boy,
Unwomb'd in sin, can only learn our sorrow
By incarnating endlessly our error.
His infant moan is a wail of doubt, unanswered at birth,
Unanswerable until the timeless moment after death.
Our little world of light has melted into twilight
And the illumination we now love is darkness.
What words will ever convey to our son the vision
That was real enough to touch and push over?
What will I tell him, Eve, when he listens in silent anguish
To our tale of the lost Paradise?

GERALD IVAN LOCKLIN: TRIO

I
In the wind-spitting, heaven-creeping
Chasm of unchastity
Gargoyles staring at my peace—
Revolving thrust
I choose and devour thirst to
Sanctity
And jest my thrashing donouement
In lust.
In the sated aristocracy of chimes
And satires
Depriving the madrigal of legs and
tympani
I swallow and dart distrustful of
Squires
And fall awake unshrived upon
Her knee.

II
I once said good morning to an eyeless
Rock
And because the rock would not reply
I took
A piece of chalk and drew a funny
Face
But when I looked at the work of my
Hand
I was frightened and with a linen
Cloth
I rubbed off the chalk and went
Away trembling.

III
The bronze man in the park
Is falling off his rocker.
DIRGE (FOR TAMBOURINE)

Once a festering sore
From which poured the living ooze
Of the Tammany Tiger and Tweed
And the red lights,
Raw money,
And horse feaces,
And the flowing blood of
Lindberg,
Al Smith,
And a million protoplasmic ghettos,
Reviving and revived,
Microcosm of life,
But now a scab.
Millions scurry over the remains,
Ants in brightly-colored death masks,
Parasites to the last sweetness of decay.

Empty tenements (a place to leave) like constant, bloodless
wounds
Betray the death of inward spirit:

Buildings protrude grotesquely like musty aged
Many-tiered wedding cakes
From a wedding long past fertility:

Like some huge reclining leper the Great White Way
Shines phosphorescently to fall
Piece by piece
Into the protean bay.

JAMES BOND

Withdrawal Symptoms

In the spastic prison
of my grey-walled body
my mirror-mind shatters a million times
and is forced together
by my clumsy conscience.
Pitchers of ice-water,
baptize me.

JAMES BOND
RONDO
Gerald Ivan Locklin

I put down my pen because it was night. My words sat on the page before me and would not slither, nor drown, nor formiculate, would not whisper to me of the life that I could feel breathing from its diaphragm in the night—the night, the prescient night which termites through the walls, gathers itself in front of you, winks its eyes and vanishes.

So I put down my pen, put away my plots and subplots, which were a few seconds ago the cynosure of my vision, opened the door and was one with the night. I donned the chambray of blackness and the nocturnal requiem of the streets was mine.

One block, two blocks, sidewalk running towards me, past me, running away from I am going towards it. All alone. Crowds of people in bed. Air is wet, gets up my nose, drown my brain, maybe. Corner coming up afternoon paper boy crying pahup pahup read all about his sullen eyes and dirty white shirt I stopped.

As I leaned against the lamp post staring at the asphalt all about me, I was aware for the first time that the streetlights were out. There were no houses on this block and neon signs were far beyond the business expenditures of the speckled trout who owned and operated these stifling little stores. I can not remember what thoughts occupied my mind, nor can I gauge the time that I rested in ebony solitude against the soft pole.

But after a time the throbbing pressure, the hard pulsation against my body and I backed away and started to run and light explodes paw windows people at me looking staring people at hostile sadistic people wrinkled faces long noses. Run a step run run over my shoulder still staring at me twice as many. Multiplying worse than rabbits run run fall down my knees. Oohh my knees, my lungs I'll swear curse my breath.

When I finally caught my breath and the spirits were no longer drilling my eyes, making me dizzy, I felt the rain upon my head, sticky and uncomfortable. I leaned on aching arms to raise myself from the puddle in which I had been lying. But illuminated by its own brilliant eyes I beheld the image of a laughing child. Enraged, I gained my feet and kicking and splashing the waters I watched the child curl into an embryo, a foetus and smaller and smaller.


There.

I was in the middle of a lighted square. At first my eyes blinked at the glare but as I regained my vision, I could see the undulating shades of the swaying lightposts. My heart and lungs were paralyzed. People were jammed into the open windows, now smiling idiotically, laughing, chanting in over-sweet, feminine, voices an unintelligible song or hymn. Then, doors began to open and people were coming at me from every building still smiling and chanting and curtsying to me and to one another and taking a great gulp of air I broke for the first side street in a tortured frenzy scouring or trampling the pigeons who blanketed the road.

I was not followed from the square. I found my way home and upon entering the house and returning to my desk, I immediately fell asleep in the chair, with my head upon my manuscripts.

I awoke the next morning to vitamin D sunshine and a dryness of atmosphere that filled my sore limbs with warmth. For a moment I experienced pleasure and peace. But then the blurred reminiscence of some indefinables happening began to annoy me. Would my brain divulge its secret? The spot of blood rose from my papers and the pain in my head forced itself into my consciousness. Scrawled across the top page were the words "Non Serviam." The handwriting was my own.
ONCE WITHIN A THISTLE LOVE
Gerald Ivan Locklin

She stirs across the motion of my mind
Through shadow loves, a spark of prosody
Through love love loves, a thistle briar thorn
Scratching bloody the poetry wind
From my lips, the tasteless threnody.

O yes succinct within my Eden-borne
Soul I jealously a goldenrodding goddess
But now again unto my catnip sense
O sinews taut and sore elated madness
Wafts the distal draught. So, shorne

Of grace, I christen servitude and in
Her apyretic grotto, I immolate my verse
And when I dare converse
With her, as though from Venus' frozen warmth
I heard the odes of Sappho ring, I sing in silence.

And do I squawk with febrile rasping throat?
If I possess the bluebird love
Within my blackbird loins
Will I e'er sound a perfect note
While reaching to stroke the turtledove?

Especially now: spirits travelling incognito.
Personality, a generation's labor, discounted
Continually by a word: phoney or eccentric or beat.
We're always another's mass. The neon serenade
And the mechanical larynx all agree:
Hallucinated emotion is the only good.

CASSANDRA
J. W. Miller

Reason and the tempered intensity.
Vision clarified by hindsight passion.
Are mocked by the cerebral proletariat who.
Educated, is marshalling beatitudes of sensuality,
And regimented depression, and subliminal tingods.
And moneytheistic myths, for peers.
Salute the new myth of irrationality,
A graphic system of curves and hollows
Like a ravenous boneless fleshskull.
True as a submerged iceberg.
Hell, we swear anachronistically,
It is too much to contemplate
Of souls and Satan and the misty Stranger
In the skies; wine and cake and human bodies
Are a finer intoxicant. Their imagery
Is joyfully and empirically verified
In a land of feckless euphoriasts;
Old gods are eaten every Sunday and life is empty,
Like a doughnut with its message of nada—
Just one big hole in the vicious circle of eternity.
Cain, too, whose brow was marked with the insight of genius,
Harkened to no commands without a reason.
Arguing rather that the poor first peoples of earth
Should reap the benefit of his harvest—
Cain who reappears as the Publican and the Prodigal Son
And the man who stared at God from a fig tree.
(Literary or religious, in the myths there is drama:
The hoary bombast and the swollen phrases of damnation
Give life to death and joy to suffering).
With wonder and doubt they looked; and so we too
Keep seeking eclectic heroes in the arid complex
Of a thousand creeds, and watch for Doubting Thomas

Straddling a church steeple, swinging his aluminum sword.
Heroes are not dead: Antichrist is stirring in the womb!
Lend an ear to the terrifying private visions of the
Psychoanalysts and the churches and the artists.
Will we ever feel the superego or the beatific vision
Or the apocalyptic organism? The dark improbable Father
Might know, but who are we to carry on
A dialogue with Him? To ask is an end:
It never was in fashion to give answers.
The quick-tongued Pilate greeted only silence.

Hyphenate the world into literati and ignoranti
Then join a monastery. Ponder silent self pity
To abusive vanity or abjure both and be a saint.
Why did we lose God in the fifteenth century?
On the vacant-minded bodies of old Schoolmen
We harass for the mushroom thunder in the skies.
As once we listened with a prophet’s ear
For the cryptic explosion in the womb
When He was conceived:
How we watched with jaundiced atheistic eyes
The carpenter’s Son being wedded to His wood.
The old myths slip like radioactive sand
Through our fingers, and the pollution marks eternity.
## Contributors

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Franklin L. Kamp</td>
<td>A regular contributor to <em>The Angle</em> since his freshman year, Frank adds a poem to his credits. He is a senior History major and associate editor of this year’s publication.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leo A. Hetzler, C.S.B.</td>
<td>A professor of English at the College, Father Hetzler applies his knowledge of poetry to his article on its cultivation as one of the most pleasurable of the arts. He is moderator of this year’s <em>Angle</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald Ivan Locklin</td>
<td>A transfer student from Holy Cross, Jerry is one of the most talented and prolific of our writers as is obvious from his poems and prose in this year’s magazine. He is a sophomore English major and junior editor.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph DeRoller</td>
<td>A junior Education major, Joe’s whimsically ironic poems mark his first appearance in <em>The Angle</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brian Fallon</td>
<td>A veteran of two years’ military service in Europe, Brian inculcates his insights into the ironies of modern warfare in his two vignettes. He is a junior Education major.</td>
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<tr>
<td>James Bond</td>
<td>Editor of this year’s <em>Angle</em>, Jim has contributed regularly to the publication since his sophomore year. He is a senior English major.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alfons Borrelli</td>
<td>A sophomore Biology major, Al marks his first appearance in <em>The Angle</em>. His poem evidences an interest in poetry, newly-whetted by an intensive study of the types of literature which he has this year accomplished.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J.W. Miller</td>
<td>A former editor of <em>The Angle</em>, Joe’s two dramatic monologues represent the alumni contribution to this year’s publication. He has contributed several poems and essays to previous magazines.</td>
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