Full Issue

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DEDICATION

On October 23, 1960, the Nobel Prize was awarded to Alexis Leger, a poet who writes a mysterious, elemental poetry under the name of St. John Perse. His personal influence has been admitted by Gide, Claudel, Breton, Char, Spender, MacLeish, Tate, Guillen, Poggioli, Ungaretti, Eliot, and Rilke. Yet, today, at the age of seventy-three, the poet is just beginning to receive the worldwide, popular attention which is his due.

Perse’s first book of poems, *Eloges*, was published in 1910. It was followed by *Anabase* in 1922, *Exil* in 1942, *Vents* in 1953, and *Amers* in 1958. The poems are all marked by an undercurrent of primal breath, a rhythm of natural poetic force which reaches quite beyond the phrase, the line, or the individual poem, and constitutes a personality within his total work. It is, perhaps, this ineffable sound, as secret and as definite as the voice of wind and sea or of the nervousness in man, which has bridged the gap between the poetry of nature and that of art. Certainly, there is a life within his verse which escaped the dry leaves of the last stagnant symbolists. For he is a symbolist in the most vital and connotative sense of the term. The potency and fertility of the undefined symbol is proved by the fusion of word and voice in his poems. And the magic behind the poetic force is the poet’s secret.

It is our wish that this poet be known and honoured by the readers and writers of this magazine. And in an age which knows neither nature nor art, Perse speaks to those who seek that magic:  

*Descends, Sculpteur, et le coeur — car l’œuvre est grande —  
parmi les filles, tes manoeuvres, et tout ton peuple de carriers.  
Revois, o Songe, ton ouvrage; non point le bouclier d’orfèvre, ni le miroir d’argent cisele au court l’ignominie des roses.*

Go down, sculptor, great of heart — for the work is great — among your daughters, your laborers, and all your host of quarriers. O Dream, look again on your work: not the shield of the goldsmith, nor the mirror of chased silver overrun with the ignominy of roses.

St. John Perse: *Amers*  
(Translated by Wallace Fowlie)

AMERICANA

vast, rolling on endless plains of hills and deserts, mountains  
and farm valleys windswept by bird’s gliding, cloud’s floating  
vastly, limitlessly on into village town-cities of  
dusty dog barking streets—  
vast, scurrying life of people:  
women-pulled girls of stolen kisses,  
barn smoking boys in  
shirt open pants with Tom Sawyer stains,  
a preacher walking his black book  
best friend with hat tips to even the  
water melon breasted  
mush-melon faced prostitute of better years,  
corset bound wrinkle-lipped lemon  
members of the WCTU whispering in  
hush alleyways while  
the young enjoy their lives away with  
the old worry why should we  
philosophy of  
riverboat ring your bell  
games that grow into intercourse  
long pants — while  
chatachatachatachatachat together for  
coffee crowds tear America apart  
feather by feather and scatter the  
remains in the wind to be  
whisked to a great trash heap of  
lies — somewhere . . .  
ah, but the righteous; the good, the  
loving and the hopeful  
press their knees against the  
wood of their own crosses for  
the indifference and hoopleha de of  
not one but all generations,  
yet always  
what does it all mean wondering while  
the twisted faces of cast off  
children cry in a lonely night of  
beer bottle trash cans and  
hollow men money . . .  
oh people — racing, mad, forgetful,  
indifferent, living, loving, laughing  
people

Joseph Geraci
THE STARRY NIGHT

An itching, sore, and sleepless eye
sees flesh upon the night,
spun and spiral flesh,
the petrified gyrations of an ingrown tear
which whispers through chapped lips
the gall and heartburn of depression in chains.
Stigmata of the night and of the
male and female heart,
the dowery of phantasm,
reflect upon
the eddy and descent
of a forgotten and discredited whiteness;
be moved by
the snake and whinny of the muddy cypresses
beneath the stabbed and tarantella moon
above the shrunken steeple of votaries and shrouds —
the pointing steeple
which would pierce the snow, the stars, the eyes
and mix the molten seed of brilliance with the dust.
Such an exorcism of fatigue
appears on canvas or papyrus
only when the cypresses alone are unblind to the moon
when the moon is tender to a writhing dryad
or when the lonely, blinking man
of brush or pen
or zodiac skull laid open on the sky
pans gold dust from a tear
to squander on a wisp of dream.

Gerald Ivan Locklin
Some eleven minutes after the lunch period began, there were enough third graders out on the grounds to be organized into volleyball teams. Unnoticed, a boy strode to the cement back steps and, feet together, jumped down one step to another and allowed the momentum to carry him across the sidewalk to the other side of the street. He skipped over the blacktop of the garage area and darted into the neat, narrow alley between two ten-car garages. Running its thirty feet, he let his legs stiffen as he stomped into the quiet sun and onto a tar driveway that padded the entrance to two more ten-car garages. Legs and arms held stiff, he changed himself into a walking mechanical man till the drive began to rise. He walked up it, across the road and out onto the plain of unconverted land.

Two minutes brought him to the left of a steep mound — when the housing development was finished, it too would become a tar surfaced level. His gaze darted warily around, then he smiled to find himself quite alone. Pebbles glittered quietly as he made his way. Keeping to uncut ground as much as possible, he did not descend to the broad road till he was nearly up to the wire fence that cut the wild land of the housing development off from the brown government ground of the Camp. He braked with his feet till he was onto the road. He dashed across, though there were no cars.

There the heavy rope stood, relaxed but straight between the sand brown hill and the black, high flung tree branch. He ran at it from the road and grabbed. The old thrill of freely swinging force spread through him. He caught his breath at the term of the flight; as he fell back, all the strength but what was in his hands was sucked out from his feet. Landed, he felt the great magnet that attacked him in the air pulling his body against the ground. His breathing came almost in little coughs.

He sat down and looked across the pointed, descending house-tops down to the Pacific. It was very blue. A water spout chanced to whirl a dozen feet into the spring sky. It startled the boy and the image of a whale swam through his mind. He watched for another spout but the whale had gone to lunch. Soon he arose, one leg feeling as though it were being pushed into him with every other step.

Just before the descent levelled he stopped to look down at the school. The noise from the playground was all the trees let through. He started very slowly toward the road that ran around the hill. Then he stopped again and turned back. He sat down on a foot-high slate boarder that fenced a small rock garden. The garden enclosed the sloped front yard of the house on the corner. The thick, little, green leaves on the plants looked heavy. The blossoms were a rich whirl of pink. He waited sitting.

The bell in the invisible school yard rang. He sprang up and kitty-cornered the streets in a dash. He sped down the clattering boards of the path, across the road, onto the cement yard. Turning right he darted by the outdoor lunch tables to the side yard asphalt. A boy named Ernest said something that he heard; a few of the others laughed as they got into line. The boy found his place and the line filed in. As he reached the doorway, the school official called out his number. With small steps he passed through the door and murmured, "Present."

Dick O'Connor, C.S.B.
TRIPTYCH: joseph deritis

TRANSITION

Behind distorted glass I peer,
looking with difficulty through rain-mud
cleaving irregularly to the pane
in long ribbon-like strips.
The world I see is without color.
The time is neither winter
nor brown-red-yellow-fall
but a nameless season,
a transitional time
possessing nothing
of beauty.
The heavy green of leaf is spent.
In place a pallid rust appears
as brownish vine climbing
the backyard trellis.
Turning from the window
I gently scan the ashen faces
of persons in my house,
transfixed are the eyes,
speechless are the tongues.

FLIGHT

there is something in me
that breaks out
and leaps high
like a silver flying fish
and charges sun rays
and slips through
quivering wafts of air
only to fall back
into uncertain depths
of my self.

PICTURE OF MY FACE

I see striving in this pencil drawing
of my face,
strong emotions reclining in penciled shadows.
Looking at this picture teaches me unkind secrets
of my self,
tells me stories of this willful heart,
fills me with wonderings of buried thoughts.
This picture is flat and gray,
existing in the vagueness of half-tones.
In it I see reflected something that is me,
and something that is the stranger.
RENDZVOUS

He scrambled up the side of the steep, rocky hill, reached the summit and stopped. His breath came in hoarse sobs. His cheap blue coveralls, except for the pocket flaps, were completely sweat-soaked. Realizing he was skylined to his pursuers, if pursuers there were, he stumbled down the far slope, his heels pounding jarringly into the rocks. Sweeney had been running a long time now. It was almost twelve hours of steady trotting across the Spanish plain, north to the Pyrenees and France.

At school, Bowdoin, it seemed like such a great idea: Spain and the civil war, fighting for the working man against fascism. A Spanish major, he had little trouble in joining the International Brigade in New York. Of course, in 1938 no one would have had trouble. Casualties were running over fifty per cent in every action.

A two week boat trip, a train ride across France and then training in Spain; training that lasted all of two weeks before being posted to front line position with the Lincoln Washington Brigade. He knew little but learned fast. He lived through his first action, a minor attack, and became a veteran. He was a good soldier who had a feel for terrain and a flair for leadership.

Willi Kuch cracked the cockpit of the Stuka a hair, pulled a package of cigarettes from his coveralls, lit up, and passed the pack back over his shoulder to his gunner.

Kuch slouched further down in his seat and relaxed, “No danger of Red fighters,” he mused, and thought about the day’s raid. It was just a village that the Loyalists had taken the day before. They really worked it over. Kuch knew he had only a few rounds left for his MG3. The Stuka flew nicely without the extra load of a bomb. He had neatly put it in the Railroad station. It was a good raid.

His engine had acted up a bit and he had fallen behind the others. It still wasn’t right but it sounded good enough to get him back to the strip. He was thinking about that now; the strip, a bath and a cold beer before supper. All in all, it had been a good day for Lt. Kuch. A milkrun of a raid, a direct hit on the station, good weather and things were fine.

Sweeney still ran, the setting sun, red and purple on his left. It was the same sun last night that had witnessed the occupation of the town. It was his first occupation in Spain. He had never seen an enemy town before. It was sudden, the townspeople had no time to flee. The mayor and his council were brought before the company commander. Sweeney knew they shot fascists when they captured them, but he hadn’t heard what went on before the execution. The scream ripped through him; shrill, keen shrills of terror and agony. They were audible over the central area of the village. He had duty outside of the mayor’s casa where the prisoners were being questioned. He couldn’t leave. Nausea and chilly shudders rocked him. Vomiting, he stumbled to the wall and leaned against it. Suddenly, rough hands jerked him upright and pushed him away. ‘Look out Sweeney, unless you wanna’ take a dive with them,” snarled Sgt. Zepke. The five prisoners were pushed against the wall, they fell on their knees and started to pray. Before they finished the Sign of the Cross, two troopers had cut them in half with Thompson guns. Sweeney vomited again and again. He staggered out of the square, toward a barn. He fell into a pile of hay that smelled about five years old.

He fumbled to get the brandy out of his pocket, uncorked it. He drank deeply and it stayed down. He gulped again and again on the brandy, trying to drown the screams. Sleep overcame him finally and he tossed and mumbled. The cold woke him, sober, an hour before dawn. Sitting thinking, he made up his mind. Home—that’s where he was going, away from this lousy, cruddy war. His rifle was placed next to the sleeping guard near the casa. He filled his canteen at the fountain and started across the cobblestone and brick. It wasn’t too difficult to skirt the others and soon he was in open country, heading north at a steady easy trot.

Willi Kuch leaned forward to check his oil pressure gauge. As he did, a speck moved on the hill a few miles in front of him. Alert now, he adjusted his sun glasses and looked again. It was a man. On the plane droned. Closer, Kuch could see the blue coveralls against the yellow rocks. Thumbing the safety off his gun switch, he nosed down and throttled back. The vulture-like Stuka floated quietly towards the ground. A gentle caress of the gun button and it was finished. The right hand gun had three rounds left and the left had two. That’s all that were needed.

Sweeney never knew what happened. With the wind in his face he didn’t hear the Stuka behind him. The blood stained, sweat-darkened uniform of Sweeney rolled a few feet down the hill. He rested against a rock, the blood trickled a bit further, then it stopped and began to dry.

Kuch grinned, lit another cigarette and thought of the good story that this would make back at the mess. He had never stalked a man before. This was getting more interesting every day.

Brian Fallon
POEM IN TWO PARTS

I

My love rests in my will. I hear
Yeats sigh that love is brief and near
Pregnant in its moment, wroth to squeeze
Its breathless blossom forth and seize
The hands of new and lonely wanderers.
I hear the carefree Blake say
Love tomorrow, yesterday,
Today and everyday anew
Find thirst and quenching equal true
Make old love’s embers new love’s spark
... But I can hear a song in from the dark
Etching shop of a lifetime’s love
For an aging wife. Many he will move
With his sometimes song, but not himself nor me.
I have run the maddening myth of all
Your heroes, Lawrence, tall hearts, tall
Thoughts. I laugh with Miller, walk
With Prufrock, note the witty talk
Of Wilde. I would like the Odyssey
Replayed each day, arranged in every key.
As long as I can sleep in your games
Or remember a few of the names
Of the thousands of lovers on the earth
Your stories have magic, tickle, and the worth
Of what is true but once.

II

But she is so real
that what others and myself
have meant by love
and by pain, tragedy, beauty,
desire, suffering, confusion
and worth has nothing at all
to do with us.
Poetry and music are probably
man’s only respite in the noise
and they may be but measured noise.
But what I love for her
is soundless and one and the color
of rainbow before it springs
from the rain.
And all the poem, all the living noise
is what I do not know about my love,
except that it is in my will
before my will that she precedes
the motion of my blood.
If she could cease,
my will and thus my love
could cease.
But if she echoes
even as the long and distant shadow of the wind
she will remain a once and only thing
and I and my love will be unique
— three once and only darkesses
— one night against the dawn
— alone, unknown, not wanting to be known
— outside of Yeats, outside Byzantium.

Gerald Ivan Locklin
**Ennui Chez Sagan**

“A strange melancholy pervades me to which I hesitate to give the grave and beautiful name of sorrow.” — *Bonjour Tristesse*

It is likely that more Americans have seen the name of Franoise Sagan in a gossip column than on a title page. Mlle Sagan’s colorful personal life has caught the public fancy, and it is supposed that the characters in her novels are similar to her public image, that is, that they are young and disenchanted, indifferent or hostile to conventionality.

The reader who approaches a Sagan novel with such a presupposition will, for the most part, be confirmed in it. Not every Sagan character is young; but among her typical protagonists, those who are not clinging desperately to their fading youth. A mood of disenchantment, indifferentism and hostility is present and of prime importance. Indeed, this mood, which can be summed up in the French word *ennui*, is the hallmark of Mlle Sagan’s novels.

*Ennui* can be translated as boredom or weariness, but these English words do not adequately define this dominant attitude in Sagan characters. Mlle Sagan calls it a “strange melancholy” in the opening lines of *Bonjour Tristesse*, which form the epigram to this article. But neither is *ennui* simply melancholy. After fruitlessly searching for an appropriate English equivalent, I have concluded that the notion of *ennui* can best be explained by discussing its causes.

The basic cause of *ennui* is rejection of responsibility; from this rejection flow all of its characteristics. Just why Mlle Sagan’s characters should flee from responsibility is a question that will not be answered here; the fact is that they do. When a person refuses to take on any responsibility, it follows that he will not commit himself to any principle nor involve himself too deeply with any person. To do so would clearly include the responsibility to uphold the principle, to look after the person. This refusal to become *engage* results in giving equal importance, or more precisely, equal unimportance, to all things. The unimportance of all things, in its turn, leads the person to regard the absence of feelings as the most desirable mental state.

This pattern of detachment can be observed in all of Mlle Sagan’s protagonists. In *Bonjour Tristesse*, there is a woman named Anne who has more positive attitudes, but she serves mainly to bring the *disengages* into sharper relief. In the later novels no such atypical character is present. Cecile, the young narrator of *Bonjour Tristesse*, is a typical Sagan heroine. When asked to what she attaches importance, she replies: “To nothing at all. You know very well I hardly ever think.” She is not content with herself, but regards her discontentment with “only an enjoyable resignation.”

As for the shortcomings of others, she has discovered it is easy to accept them as long as she does not feel it a duty to correct them. Dominique, the heroine of *A Certain Smile*, reflects on how to achieve the spirit of *ennui*: by destroying that vital part of the mind “which poses the question, what have you done with your life? what do you want to do with it?, a question to which I can only reply, ‘nothing’.”

The singular pursuit of pleasure by these characters is more than blind self-gratification. Having rejected any permanent standards, any fixed habits, all that is left to them is a regime of inconsistency. This is attained by following every impulse, indulging every whim. “My love of pleasure,” says Cecile, “seems to be the only consistent side of my character”—which is to say, inconsistency is her only consistent trait.

The most appealing diverson is, of course, le jeu d’amour. Love is regarded principally from two viewpoints: physical pleasure and transitoriness. Physical love is the happiest thing, the purest thing. No one ever thinks of “repressing (desire) or trying to elevate it into a deeper sentiment.” No deep attachments are wanted because of the obligations that go with them; all liaisons are, therefore, temporary. They are entered into with the purpose of being “very gay together. Just gay.” The characters feel tenderness and devotion come all the more easily because they are transitory.

The *ennui* of Mlle Sagan is certainly a provocative subject. In varying degrees, it has always been present among the young. But today, at least in Mlle Sagan’s world, it is the dominant mood. Just why this is so is a question with many half-answers, many of which the reader himself may reflect upon.

Larry McAlpine
TETRAD

SANCTUARY

Be thou love my sweet content,
Yet joined in mortal bound,
But like to heaven's firmament,
Two souls as one resound.
Be thou love my sole reward,
In happiness transpose,
And never let my thought regard
Another one's repose.
Be thou love my impetus,
To works fulfilled in grace,
Keep my heart in constant rouse,
To life's incessant pace.

Larry Fleckenstein

GOLDEN BOY

A small gold boy
stood
by the pool
weeping —
I want the sunset color in the trees
and
the sound of the leaves
He stood shouting
crying
as the sun went down
in a laughing
mock of dusk.

Joseph Geraci

EXORCISM IN PASTELS

Child
full of grace
bring lilacs to God
bring pollen lips to sparrows
shriek fragrant polemics of joy at larks
and turn your sweetly kissing eyes from
father mother brother aunt
cousin lover seducer devil.

Gerald Ivan Locklin

THE HORSE

Have you ever been on the
Horse
There is always
Horsing
On the horse and there is always
Of coursing
Here on this
Horse
Made of needles and little
Brown
Cigarettes which are definitely
Bad but then the
Horse
Doesn't really think
That way really at
All the time anyway.

Michael Culross
JOY ON EARTH

The disc was spinning as all discs must. The rebounding sound was Miles' Sketches of Spain. It floated up from the stereo, filled the spacious room, settled on the young man reclining on the modern Danish day. He was sitting loosely—settled back, feet on the coffee table, scotch and water in hand—he was resting, staring into the corner at the tinsel, the lights, the brightness that are Christmas.

You could have asked him about Christmas. Humbug. Perhaps he was confused; certainly he was bitter. "That is French for..." he raised his glass to the empty wall— for "here's looking at you." He had become used to it. But by no means was he satisfied.

He reached to his right, lifted a phone, and dialed a number.

"Hello, is it Bob?" he thought. "Who is this speaking?" the phone asked.

He felt trembly as she talked. He always did. "How have you been, anyways?" The hope, the doubt.

"I'm fine, thanks. I just called to wish you a Merry Christmas." "Excuse me," she said absently. "I can't hear you. We have some people over and they are making a tremendous racket."

"I said that I just called to wish you a Merry Christmas. That's all."

"Thank you, Bob, the same to you. Where are you going tonight?" Again he felt the faint hope, the doubt.

"I just thought that I would stay home and listen to a few records."

"Silly, it's Christmas eve—you should go out someplace. Why stay up in that apartment all alone?" He crushed out his cigarette and with it the hope.

Don't worry about me, Deb. a little solitude is what I like."

"There you go again. You're alone too much. You should go out once in a while." She began making conversation.

Then, "I'm sorry, Bob, but I have to hang up. Somebody is calling me. I'm hostess you know. Why don't you call me again sometime? When we can talk more."

"Fine, Debbie. It was a bad time to call, anyway, so long."

He kept the receiver to his ear a few seconds then let it drop into its cradle. He pushed back his chair more and slumped his head back. An ice cube clunked noisily down in his glass, and reaching out a hand he finished the drink in a gulp and wearily got up to make another. Happy Humbug, he thought.

That afternoon he had been out walking. He had walked for hours up and down the neighborhood. He had seen the old steady hand in hand with that new guy. He had almost taken a swing at him. He didn't know why, but he always felt like swinging at somebody. He had passed bars just bursting with Christmas joy makers. He had heard their drunken laughter, their riotous "Jingle Bells." He had trudged through inch-deep slush, had been pelted with the pebble-like flakes. Cold, wet, tired. It was a happy, joyous, white Christmas.

He was making himself yet another drink. He was beginning to feel a little high but he didn't care. Miles' Sketches still rebounded off the walls. He felt like getting plowed. Three cheers for Christmas!

He sat down again, this time in the corner. His whole soul was spinning: Miles, Debbie, scotch and water, stereo, merry Christmas, old steady, laughter, "Jingle Bells," slush, girls, C'est la Vie, loneliness, kicks, life, people, humbug. He felt his hand smashing into the solid wall. It hurt like hell. It all hurt.

Charles Lyons
TROTH

You speak quiet
To me my tormentor,
As though we were
Alone;
And once again
I say to you,
Admitting I love not me
But another,
"As fleeting beauty
Do I go
Where none can be
But are;
Where winds from the east
Caress thy breast
And Murmur soft hymns of love;
Here in this realm
I hear thy life's pulse,
Like the strains of an organ
In the depths of a Church . . .
And I sip soured wine,
And inhale foul odors,
But sense instead
Hair of brunette
And taste only lips of red."

PORTRAIT

She whispers softly
Thoughts I have never heard,
While her tongue is still
And her look grown cold.
Her lips I Kiss
But never touch;
And her fingers entwine
About those of mine
But never hold my hand.
Her eyes gaze deeply
Where mine have been;
And I tell her I love her,
But into her ear
I never speak.

Alfonso Borrelli

Oppressive

Deep, deep, deep
In that measureless cup
My soul doth sleep
Under the bone,
Under snow,
Under heavy
Hard stone.

I creep,
Then climb,
Then pull at roots.
The grass slides in
Deep do I go, yet

Too far gone, my hands bleed,
And though I grasped,
The dirt still trickles.

My life has been, yes,
Whate castles, and
Too close streets.

Gordon Judd, C.S.B.
THE COWARD

"Yes, sir, I'm glad about one thing — the thing has finally come to a real war." Fat, puffy fingers twirled the drink round and round on the table. "I only wish I were young enough to be with our young men. They'll be sorry they ever tangled with us! I have a nephew"—here he wiped his nose on his sleeve—"that's gettin' all the adventure I'd be dying to have. To the young fellas belongs the vengeance. Lucky young dog. Ha, there'll be no holdin' him when he comes back. Why I bet..."

The young soldier stood at his post facing the lines. On his right and left other sentries stirred restlessly. He leaned outward against the breastwork that edged the high ridge of the hill. Close before him loomed other misty hills and below lay the damp, checkered farmlands. Wherever a defense line was set up, the view seemed always the same. From many such heights had he watched and waited. He liked to lose his thoughts on the soft edges of distant color, and with the sweep and roll drift into timelessness. But not this day. His eyes kept narrowing. He felt troubled somehow.

No matter where he gazed in the morning light, his thoughts kept carrying him to home, to a low house with roses budding in the yard, his dog running to meet him, to a warm, happy kitchen, his mother moving pans about the stove. Would he ever see those roses, his dog, that kitchen, or Mom again? And Julie — would he see her again? He stood once more by the train and beheld her looking up solemnly into his face. What he had read in her eyes that last week she finally spoke with words, "You must come back to me. You must come back." She had said those words simply, but he knew that her whole life lay in them. "You must." He had promised her as solemnly and as simply that he would. He would. He would come back — to Julie and to all those things.

The first shell hit, bursting but yards away, and showered him with dirt. He dove behind the sandbags and stayed where he had fallen, grasping at the grass, waiting for the falling fragments of earth, steel, and bloody flesh. The bombardment was a heavy one. The soldier lost all track of time before the final hail of man-made brimstone ended. Then he pulled himself up to the edge of the bunker, dirt slipping off his body as he moved. The boy peered over the rim into the newly ordered chaos that once, some ages ago, had been neat farmlands. The fields were covered with bursts of smoke, flame and raw pits. Through the swirls of smoke moved a hoard of bayonets and men — blood-hungry and wild, men who wanted to kill him. And still the only thought that held his mind was a desire for home. It was then that the threatening danger found fear in him. This was battle, perhaps his last. Maybe he would die. What would happen then? There would be no more Mom, no more kitchen, no more Julie. She had said she must come back. He would. He had to.

He dropped back into the dirt clutching his head. Shells were killing, maiming, annihilating all around him. He crawled deeper in his hole and sobbed.

He was cringing there, sobbing, when he felt a sharp pain in his ribs. It felt like a kick but he knew it could not be. One of those random shells had found him. He was hit and would die. But he could not die. He had to go back. Home was waiting. Julie was waiting. He felt another pain hitting him and a bony hand pulling at his shoulder. It was death, trying to turn him over. He was going to see Death face to face, man to horror.

He opened his dusty lids and there silhouetted against the terror stood Death — thin, vague, dark. But Death wore three stripes on its uniform. It was Death in the guise of a sergeant. But he knew its tricks. It was trying to fool him, but he was too smart for that. He would not face it. To do so would be to die. He wouldn't face it. He wouldn't die. "Go away, go away. I don't want to die," he sobbed. "I've got to go home."

Death answered, "Get up, soldier, And fight."

"No, no, leave me alone."

"Get up, damn ya. Get up."

"Go away, please go away."

"Fight, ya coward," screamed Death.

"I want to go home. Mom?"
The sergeant never heard him. Death shouted and drew its pistol. The boy felt the pain and it hurt. The pain was sharp, but still it was pleasant, for with its impact the battle and the terror dissolved soundlessly into darkness — gentle and welcome. He was safe. He had escaped. There was Julie waiting for him at the end of that long, dark tunnel. The train had taken him right into his backyard. “Julie, I’m coming,” he whispered. Wait for me.

Even as he was breathing this, they dropped the blanket over his face and carried him down the hill. They carried him on to an unknown grave in that unknown land to a coward’s burial.

“Who’ll buy me that drink to toast our lads with?”

Charles Lyons

Robert Kleinhans

SEA VILLAGE

Unfinished seascapes
sit languid amid the rocks
awaiting vermiliens to awaken them;
But, blue-gray mists
breathe
upon the rotted browns of barns
and pierce the muffled scene
with souls.
Life devoid of
sparks and crayons
rests in rest-less quiet
upon the untouched canvas
of a wharfless port.

USELESS MEMORY

Lost in the Memory
of a brook
my mind stands
stagnant
in running pools.
Only rivers
reach the
mouth.

UNCONSCIOUS

Green grown paths revisited
shake the doors
and scar the marrow;
it is better they lie dead
breeding life which
I will never know.
A SUNDAY MORNING
On a Sunday morning
Between the conscious and the potency
Awake, turning, yearning
Striving to place some regency
Atop the topsy-turvy half light
Questioning all that's impressed
Unable to set the world upright
Quivering in bed — in perpetual unrest
Hoping to find that sans error
Completely unable to accept
The now dawning terror
All powers are fully adept
O God, what Have I done
it's true.

John Levay

REQUIESCAT IN PACE
Like
dawn deserted street
or
rapid run river
Like
summer soft sunset
or
whistled wind whisper
Dawn flowing death
whispers softly.

FOLKLORE
Under the spreading chestnut tree,
I slipped and broke my neck.

Joseph Deroller

Affectionately to Miles
It had to be Miles, we both agreed to that. In fact, there had never been any argument. Actually, playing the record had not been the problem, only where and when. Now, all was in readiness. The low, barely discernable hum of the amplifier told us that it was warmed up and ready for action, and we both knew that the rest of the components were, too.

He tenderly lifted the album from the stack and then we both freed Miles Davis... 'Round About Midnight, CL 949 from its unwanted jacket and sleeve. We didn't even read the liner notes, for we already knew all the lines. We carefully prepared for this long-awaited performance, and the conditions were perfect as we slipped our record onto the turntable. Then, deftly positioning the tone arm, he caressed it into the first cut on Side 2. It was our favorite, Bye, Bye, Blackbird. It had always seemed sad before, but now I was not afraid of its ever leaving.

The song began in a somewhat clumsy, jumbled, and almost squeaky manner, but soon Miles smoothly rose to the fore and set the pattern for the rest to follow. And his magnificent horn, though now softly muted, was as powerful as I have ever heard. It was subtly biding its time. Miles was tender and guiding in that opening passage, and I followed him as closely as I could, eager to find out where his next note, his next phrase would lead me.

When John Coltrane's golden tenor finally took the lead and sped onward, the heat became hard and driving. I could feel every breath of his horn as if it were a part of me. He egged me on further, leading me I know not where, but I knew he was saving himself still, now only barely started.

Then the rhythm section, consisting of Red Garland's piano, the Paul Chambers' bass, and the pounding drums of Philly Joe Jones were playing alone, but still they kept at the exact point where the horns had left off and remained there for what seemed an eternity. Then, almost without warning, the individual pulsing of drums and bass was felt apart from the smoothly gliding piano. At this signal, the horns quietly returned. Then the whole group throbbed and drove on as one. And suddenly I knew that each musician was playing his instrument with every ounce of feeling in his body. At that instant I could feel the wild fury of the Quintet as I never believed possible.

Then the song was over. The blackbird had flown but now would return and return.

M. G. Culross
**CHAOS IN EGYPT**

Many authors have toyed with the notion of the elusiveness of truth. Even those who would hold for an ultimate, stable truth, admit the difficulty of human comprehension of it. Human subjectivity reduces almost all statements to mere opinion. At any rate, the author's epistemological bias is certain to affect his attitude towards his characters' motivation, freedom, dignity, and convictions.

Among those who have emphasized the contingency of truth, its dependence on our point of view, are Lewis Carroll, Robert Browning, and Luigi Pirandello. Carroll was particularly interested in the linguistic, the logical difficulties of intellection and communication. The different personalities of Alice and the Mad Hatter twist the same facts into totally opposed realities. In the Ring and the Book, Browning personifies various partial interpretations of the same events. Pirandello, like Yeats, focuses on the masks of personality.

Perhaps to a greater extent than any of these, Lawrence Durrell, in his *Alexandrian Quartet*, has sought to portray, rather than resolve, the protean character of human experience and the human's memory and analysis of it. The subject and object of the act of knowing are fused throughout his work. His fiction is a concrete demonstration of the theorizing of contemporary philosophy. The existential, empirical flux obscures identities and meanings. Life is lived in the present or else lived among faded shadows of the real, and the present allows no time for universalizing of experience or penetration beneath appearances. Space and time are a continuum eternally interacting. Even the most careful reader finds it impossible to grasp the chronology and geography of the story.

Alexandria is the perfect symbol for both the confusion of our age and for the illusions which stymie true perception. Here are reborn and mingled all the viewpoints of past civilizations and a few which our age has added. Atheism, deism, paganism, Christianity, democracy, autocracy, sexualism, scholasticism, rationalism, existentialism, superstition, nationalism, colonialism — they are all present in theory and in practice. It would be misleading to say that all types of persons are portrayed, for the individual is a chameleon whose character and thoughts constantly elude our grasp. Indeed, the author does everything within his power to convince us that we must despair of achieving even a single, permanent, true conclusion.

All the characters are involved in a search for reality. But even their approaches are varied, as are their reactions to the eventual failure. Often they are destroyed by the weariness of frustration, but the brilliant style and inventiveness of the author does not allow this fatigue to touch the reader.

Durrell makes his aims quite explicit.

*The narrative momentum forward is counter-sprung by references backwards in time, giving the impression of a book that is not moving from a to b, but standing on its axis to comprehend the whole pattern. Things do not all lead forward to other things: some lead backwards to things that have passed. A marriage of past and present with the flying multiplicity of the future racing towards one.*

Durrell shows us the same events seen by different people. Justine, Balthazar, and Mountolive deal with the same events. In their course, suicide turns to murder, murder to accident, and accident to murder. Even the omniscient narrator of the first is found to hold a partial viewpoint. Clea extends us in time. But the reflections of the characters confirm only the necessity of a suspended judgement.

... even if the series were extended indefinitely the result would never become a roman fleuve, but would remain part of the present word continuum. If the axis has been laid down well and truly in the quartet, it should be possible to radiate in any direction without losing the strictness and congruity of the continuum.

Modern literature offers us no unities, so I have turned to science and am trying a four-decker novel whose form is based on the relativity proposition.

*Three sides of space and one of time constitute the soup-mix recipe of a continuum.*

The subject-object relation is so important that I have tried to turn the novel through both subjective and objective modes.
The third part, Mountolive is a straight naturalistic novel in which the narrator of Justine becomes an object.

... it would be worth trying an experiment if one might find a morphological form one might call "classical" for our time.

I have quoted Durrell at length in order to show that he is "in tune" with the times. He does not stand back and ironically or satirically exploit the foibles of the age as Sinclair Lewis did. He uses our god, science, and our preoccupation, sex, as guide points to show us the utter despair and chaos of the age. Durrell has used the idols of the day and shown them to be incapable of giving comfort or guidance to modern man in his search for reality. He has held out to man one hope—the hope of becoming an artist in order to become a man. Science and sex must be made to serve as indispensable aids to the development of the creative man.

I wait, quite serene and happy, a real human being, an artist at last.

Frank Salamone

HEAR THE WHITE ROSE, THE BLACK CANDLE

I the White Rose and that Black Candle — we are mere nothings, and yet we represent something of life and death. I the White Rose was born from a seed, grew from earth into life, and blossomed into flower. My friend the Candle has body and has life, too. Its flame is its life, and others have noted that it dies as it lives. We both rest in a dark and somber place, and we hear soft, sad weeping.

I the Black Candle bring forth light, and my friend the White Rose, too, reflects life in its way. But now we play a different role. You see, we are death, too. For beneath us lies a boy whose budding life has withered, whose dancing flame has wandered off into darkness.

So you see, we both represent death and life. And when the casket is borne away, my friend the Black Candle is snuffed out, I the White Rose wither too away. And thus ends the life of a boy and a Black Candle and a White Rose, that lasted but a day.

John Roselli
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