Full Issue

Cover Page Footnote
Originally published as: Volume 11, Number 2, Spring 1966.

This full issue is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss2/28
Literary Magazine of
St. John Fisher College
of Rochester, N. Y.

Spring 1966
Volume 11
Number 2

STAFF

Editor in chief . Raymond Pavelsky
Associate Editors . Tom Hughes
........................... Rick Taddeo
Jim Hall
Phil Parisi

Moderator . Rev. Leo A. Hetzler, CSB
Cover Artist . Alan McMillan
the night
is singing the blues
her fiery eyes
are covered
with weeping lids
from which
the tears
flow freely
rapping and slapping
my lonely face

look up look up
see her featureless countenance
look up look up
feast upon her depth
reach it touch it
pull it down
rap it around you
—your soul—

the night is singing the blues
crying the blues
my blues
our blues—

DAVE FISHER
A. Paul Sigurd's Decision

By James R. Hall, Jr.

"What — what have you been doing?" he cried suddenly.

"Playing a game, studying life, or what?"

—F. M. Forester
A Passage to India

Well, son, I don't think anyone really knew how he got it. Some said it was always his and that he was always there. Yet others said that he inherited it from his father. And many believed that it was given to him by an impulsive woman — the Hester Prynne type — who, being in dire straits, had to get rid of it. A few even said that he built it himself when he was a young man. Me? I never cared how he got it; the fact was that he had it and he was there. But I must confess I always wondered why, I mean with no boats coming into the harbor anymore. And did you know that he used to paint it white every spring? And that he used to put the light on every night? Every night it could be seen from the mainland. Going around and around and around. But why? No boats had come into the harbor for nearly twenty years.


Yes, he certainly was a queer old man. I mean, to live in a lighthouse so far, far away and deprive himself of the fruits of civilization. Cars and bowling balls and skis and radios and country clubs...

A Reality

Outside I see the snow,
Inside I find dissention.
There the green things grow,
Here is intervention.
Always cold winds blow,
Life is circumvention.
Ice pulls the branches low,
Man but a new invention.

—Bernard J. Kilonsky

Outside people walk,
Inside he sits alone.
There they laugh and talk,
Here no love is known.
Always will wing the lark,
Life is a way to roam.
Ice even leaves its mark
Upon a man's gravestone.

Outside sky is high,
Inside ceiling low.
There the mountains cry,
Here one does not know.
Always a lullaby,
Life we can overthrow.
Ice can beautify
Even pure white snow.
An Acute Case of Ph.D

black-tassled
aerobats
stuff
circus
tents
executing
highwire
tricks
for
other
performers
who
yawn
and
snicker
behind
grinning
masks
while
a
heart
specialist
leads
children
for
laughing
walks
through
deepest
woods
teaching
them
first-aid
for
crippled
creatures

Rick Taddeo

Spring Vision

The black barked tree
Suddenly turned white;
Danced through the woods
With flowing laced gown
Pranced in the fields
Then quickly changed brown.

Angelo Abbondanzieri

apartmeant

By Ray Pavelsky

knotnuckles clutching the doorknob worn with more uncounted palmings
young and old she tottered at his words and could only breathe toward the
milkechild.

he was thin and brown as springirth, his eyes strange birdegs in a nest of
face. he stood lying, so fragile he might rattle in his cuffs. she knew the
need that cored him ending brutal in his lips, ragged in his hands. she saw
the candywrapper shaming from his pocket and slowly took from him the
sparle white liquid, spare because that morning's ransom half unsilvered in
the transspance of some sweet sacrament, hen-gentle she held eyetight the
quaking shells, reached the wrinkled evidence and placed it in a pain-poor
pocket, as he had taken from her hand the glistenfew coins of dawn into
his. that now lay soft and chocolate and stirring in his stomach.

eggs hatched quick glass birds; she palmed the victorian door between them.
the exhibit lay lifeless in one hand, the milk innocent in the other, growing
warm. she wept from fulness: tears flocked beyond the door.
Chewings of a Bubblegum Mind

i'm getting sick of
goody-goody nuts
who walk hand in hand with
cynical criminals
and dance to the
same
twisted tones
of the black and white discotique . . .
what ever happened to
wide-eyed figure skaters
that trip and fall
in the public sunlight
but
jump back up
reskating

throughs of seasoned passengers
and i
clutch to a sinking ship
during a raging storm . . .
don't panic
they console me
see the waterwalking coast guard captain
off in the distance . . .
i reply
i'm nearsighted

an occasional clown
in a procession of mourners
is enough
to postpone the funeral
for a day (at least) . . .
lookout mr. clown
your looseness
may get you stiff
remember the mourner's motto
if you can't join 'em lick 'em

why don't the headless ostriches
turn off the air raid sirens
destroy the fallout shelters
pick up their heads
and become
sweat lovers
for some needy
construction company

i wish i could
vomit out
the two-ton balance sheet
that's rooted to my gut
then in its place
i would plant a
weightless dove
pregnant with
soaring eagle
and nail a sign
to my head and heart
that says
accountants forbidden

Rick Taddeo
The provocative beat of a rain drop on a tin roof or the screaming of tires on a dry pavement filled in with the flow of a breeze behind a drawn shade to love along with crazy birds in golden trees to love along with crazy birds in golden trees

To a Doughnut

Oh dainty piece of pastry,
Delicious though you taste,
I fear the man who made thee,
Did his job in haste.

Where's the extra would-be bite
That should be left to thee?
'Tis but a silly slot,
A vacant hole I see.

Just think of all the dainty things
Which might have filled your center;
If only you had had
A more extravagant inventor.

Dale Fisher

Allan McMillan
Initiation of a Rookie

Trembling, he wipes his brow —
"My arm is sore," but it isn’t —
"My God, the sweat."
The voices from behind encourage;
Loudly, lively, but go unheard.
They know the feeling well.

His spit beads in the dust —
"I never spat before!"
Deformation professionelle;
Motivless, expected, accepted.
They know the feeling well.

“My arm is sore,” but it isn’t —
“A poor excuse,” yes, it is.
He counts his fielders; veterans,
Pawns of many matches.
They know the feeling well.

**Thomas P. Proietti**

Wendy

as the Whining Wind
Winds from
Willow to Willow

as the Surging Sea
Shifts from
Shore to Shore

as the Pining Paramour
Passes from
Pillow to Pillow

so Wends Wendy

**James R. Hall, Jr.**
A Moment For Me

By Chuck Werger

Miles away or yesterday mean nothing to a moment. It's here with the speed of light at this meditative time. I can call it when I will, which is not often, since a moment, though it is for always, has no place always. But now is a good time. It is a moment which grew so quickly where the land slopes into the water which I now summon.

No stairs, but only a mound, and there was the ocean. I would have expected us to freeze and stare and wonder at what was too much for comprehension, especially on a whistle-stop. But no, we stepped right over that mound and moved toward the bottom, the edge. It was overwhelming, but I had had no sun in days, so we turned our backs on that mass and looked for a place to lay blankets. All the blankets were behind shelters and all the shelters already had a blanket or two. Blind me found an open plateau though — a fine place for a tan... and a blind man. But like the hound, the mass knew better. It threw its petals at me until I agreed to let it splash my eyes open. The agreement was sealed with a folded blanket.

The edge was the place to walk. It was cold, both underfoot and at the shoulders, but I discovered that this was part of the agreement. We rejoiced now at walking this undulating edge. My rejoicing had to be manufactured, however, as it only really came after I saw her leap the edge and come back again, not once, but again. For submitting and for being pure, the waters gave her a present of white jelly on brown wheat cereal, and she savored it. But I warned her that it was mysterious and wouldn't let her finish until she was satisfied. She was willing, I was still squinting, and we walked on.

We approached the hazy hills to the time's limit and turned to go back to the mound. It should have been an anti-climactic retracing, but somehow amazingly there was only a continuance. My rejoicing became louder as my vision widened and I too leapt the edge.

It seems that some enjoy remaining at the edge while casting a line into the swirls beyond hoping for a catch. We encountered such a fisherman who to me seemed so experienced. How did he manage to keep his line out there, she wondered, and didn't hesitate to ask. The answer was given to us, but since neither of us had a pyramid sinker in our possession, we walked on.

We reached a rock which meant the mound. In peace we sat on the rock and faced the mass quietly promising to return. We lingered until it seemed a whistle blew; the whistle lifted us away, but we never left. I still carry that folded blanket.
When Books Will Read Themselves

books will read themselves
stars will turn to dark
plates will bleed on shelves
trees will spurn their bark

eyes won't learn to look
secrets won't be told
tROUT won't churn in brook
old men won't be old

puppets will have souls
rocks will all be flat
streams will all have shoals
inventors all stand pat

fires won't yet burn
skies won't still be up
days to night won't turn
dogs won't grow from pup

then we'll understand
that god-animal: MAN

JAMES R. HALL, JR.

THE HANG.

I’ve got this morning liquor’s pinion, punishment of last night’s drinkin’, dumb-drump-numb feeling, in my walking
Of the rolling level underneath me steady side-walk, and striding
In my ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate’s heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed by the big wind. My head in hiding
Stirred by the ache, — the mischief of, the misery of the thing!

Brute pain and weakness and stupid, oh, air, air, blow, here
Cool! AND the fire that breaks from me then, a billion Times told hotter, more dangerous, O! my head hurts!

No wonder of it: manhattans, martinis — I had a score
Of them, and vodka-collins, too, ah my dear,
Fall, gall myself, and out to get some more!

JOHN F. ROBBINS
Salome
A Roundel

Salome was she hight . . . only a name, an auricular mite . . .
But a name, bisyllable breath, a sound that soon dies . . .
But a name, a moment's vibration, a witchening wight,
Salome was she hight . . .

Salome's but a name . . . but once it was music, and eyes
That were bright with the rain in the night and the light
Of a tow'r . . . and her liquid black hair gave the stars of the skies
A mirror to mime the memorable sight
That made them all jewels, celestial prize,
Gave a ponderous pedant a perilous plight . . .
Salome was she hight.

CLARENCE AMANN

Chance

Few hearts have met — kind of cue-balled together
by that Third Party.

But when met, Love rebounds.

Waiting, my soul's closed roundness relaxes for the impact . . .
And as time wobbles by, the felt greeness of my hope fades slightly
in the afternoon sunlight.

Anonymous

Floating Half Pressure

"... nothing as solid as sadness; living at half pressure
expresses it best. Half pressure."
—E. M. Forster
A Passage to India

An old youngman here I lie
And die
But cannot
The gray rain punches at my pane
In rumbunctious rhythm—
Still I thirst
The hearse niagara of numb centuries
Has filled my ears—
Yet I have not turned
Nor can I
I have stood on the gaping gulley of
Hollow death.
And felt the chilling waft — my shoulders shivered
And I smiled with fear looking both ways
Weakly coughing
And returned to painful nothing.

My soul is a heap of ashes
Scattered about the universe
I have come back to the scene
Of last night's dry lust
I have thrown
My handful of dust
And smiled bitterly—
I do not know her name
Nor the names of many
I have tried to tell them all
I have tried to tell them all
I have tried to tell them all
And they have asked:
Have you seen?
Have you done?
Have you been?
Have you gone?
And looked away
And were ashamed for me that I have asked
Kiss, kiss me, kiss me
And forget—
And I have for a little while
And then drove in the light black
With earlight blinding me
With raindrops laughing at me
With the question still
And returned to painful nothing.

On Friday nights
There is beer spilled on the bar
I write with my finger in the white foam
And put the smooth glass to my lips—
I count my hours by the glass—
And feel the liquid cold
And taste the flat untaste
And soon I do not care

Until:
The tinkling glasses stuttering for filling re-filling
The star-glowing cigarettes whining for suicide
The dentist-drill conversation shouting for intelligible recognition
The wandering smoke exploring meaningless room corners
The half-felt, half-meaned handshakes mocking unfortuned memories
The protesting pool balls belching hurt-complaining objections
The jukebox wailing million mock melodies of unremembered contexts
The jingling phone booth punctuating dismal success and failure with too-defined clinging
The constant fans spinning rootless reality into bluegray mazes
The chipped paint secretly staring at fanciful human fables
Concrete credibility retreating into the dark white room, filled and confusing

All
All fade away
All fade away
All fade away
And I am drunk no longer
And return to painful nothing.

I can see the lights of passing cars
Drive along the ceiling
And hear the approach and fade
Of their dumb, objective engines
And the rain
I know their windshield wipers are going
Back and forth, back and forth:
Funerals during Rip Van Winkle’s sleep
My life is steeped in dust
And yet I shower
And still I cough
And smile with fear looking both ways
And outside with no thought
Inhaling mechanically
Floating off with the smoke . . .
Murdering my cigarette in the black-stumped graveyard
And return to painful nothing.

The rain has stopped now
The dawn has gone
And I, a jack-in-the-box
Jump
To wearily wend the lonely paths of my Jumping-bean existence
My grief tearless
My soul homeless
Floating half pressure

JAMIE R. HALL, JR.
A tiny bright cross shines
silently
In the wine-mist, chaliced
Upside down
By the bread of an earth
Flowing warm.
Gnarled hands of tree roots
Are washed clean
By cool peaceful waters
As are sands
Glistening all silver
In moonglow.
Each grain itself a moon,
Breezes breathe
Cedar incense on high
As in thirst
The horizon consumes
The wine-mist.

SUNSET-MOONRISE

BILL FRANKENBERGER

Jesus Go Naked

Cold clouldelets come
Rushing toward me
Searching seclusion
I am warm-life:
They die.

A thousand swans’ song
The silent breeze
And dance
Death in the sky-fall.

A three-faced man-god
Stands two-faced
Looking down
Bare feet, bare hands
Body bare of but Himself.

(There is shame in failure.)

Winter webs are spun
Crystalline about Him.

(There is blame in failure.)

Frank Delly

Monk
ascetic Monk
as old as earth
of all ages drunk —
no sign of mirth.

so cold the breath
breathing death
through naked limbs
singing hymns:
shameless efts
brave won’ts
lulled laments
useless don’ts

Frank Delly

Ashen-White One
o sterile Pharisee
walking the sun
into your grace froze sea!
where a Holland tulip’s yawn
and a forgotten summer’s dawn
lay dead ’fore their prime
in the tomb-womb of time.

THE RENT

By Ray Pavesky

they had screamed their throats into the chalk of ash-gray violence, their
eyes into deserts dry with click of salt-mad teeth. a stink in the room of
total chaos. in midword he had gasped his eyes apart, gripping his statued
self, fossilized with the pain that it was she, this well of craze before him,
whom he had touched once, and by whom, he.
his hand finched toward her, but she beyond the space of any inch, beneath
forgotten morningfuls of time. he out the handworn whimperdoor, away,
leaving her in curls of antique anguish, aimless in her islanding.

not any sound. and it is he carried by the flower in a stem-strange grasp
(carried, back to the prodigal porch sagging with the wait of bastared black
night. and always it was plasticmax of heronoon that put the lie to mist-
dressed mistressed mornings.) a she eager he enters, greedling toward hoped
sight of her, yet she is on the finalness of floor, alone, complete.

the flower gone and in the swift ebbs of dawnwind past the handwarm door
a small pulp of blood and bud drinks into petal-tarnished table where knuckle
has mixed clustered tears. the room smells of sacrifice.
The feeling of pain is very soft
As the white light walks slowly off.
The day's end is almost here.
A setting sun sheds a tear
That slides slowly down
To meet the ground.
The feeling drifts on and on
Until even the tear is gone.
Now the soil is soft
And the stars are high.
While night rules the earth and I.

BERNARD J. KILONSKY

Sleep on mighty world
a guarding fog has floated over
hiding from angels the sinners
behind sweaty windows—
giving religious a closer union
with the Almighty—
The great guard also brings out new
2 and 4 eyed monsters
blinking brazenly while they feed
on a diet of asphalt—
Sleep on mighty world
mighty moon
mighty sun
mighty long—

D A V E   F I S H E R
The canal—

Gentle nature sings

A falling rainbow of fragrant leaves.

—Bill Frankenberger