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STAFF

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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. Forster

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.

Peccavi. Man Is Dead. I am dead. A. Paul Sigurd is dead. The dying man; the dying man. / Lived his life in a frying pan. Too many stairs in this thing. Too many stairs. I go up and always must come down. Up and down. Incycleness. Even on an island it’s here. Incycleness. Man’s gray frailty. Fighting to get drunk on eternity while time plays bartender and every spring painting my lighthouse white and every winter it looking black and how beautifully thrusting itself into the hollow air. And yet how dreadfully. Revolving redundancy. Incycleness. Swim, swim, swimming in the sea. So clean but I must come out. And then at night my searchlight. Stabbing the sea. Maybe some day a ship. Maybe maybe maybe maybe maybe maybe maybe. Maybe not. If. Hemingway said you could but Faulkner no. Maybe Godot. Perhaps. Maybe nothing. Nothing is nothing of nothing’s nothing. Don’t worry about it, they say. Live it. Cars and bowling balls and skis and radios and country clubs and governments. You know — life. Some plaster needed here. Terrible to rot away. Better quickly. Lighthouse, destroy thyself. No. It’s with us. Lord of the Ants. The gun is there on the table. Dusty death. Hemingway said you could not thinking you should and Faulkner no. But Leopold Bloom’s father . . . The gun is there on the table the gun is there on the table the gun is on the table gun is on table gun is table gun gun gun gun gun gun — Peccavi.

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 circumference.
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
snore
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
milchchild.

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 bored him ending brutal in his lips, ragged in his hands. she saw
the candywrapper shamming from his pocket and slowly took from him the
spare white liquid, spare because that morning's ransom half unsilvered in
the transusance of some sweet sacrament. then-gentle she held eyeight the
quaking shells, reached the wrinkled evidence and placed it in a pain-poor
pocket, as he had taken from her hand the glister wet few 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 nunswho walk hand in hand with
cynical criminals
and dance to the
same
twisted tones
of the black and white discoteque . . .
what ever happened to
wide-eyed figure skaters
that trip and fall
in the public sunlight
but
jump back up
reskating

througs 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 occassional clown
in a procession of mourners
is enough
to postpone the funeral
for a day (at least) . . .
look out 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 heat 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
mix a solo of sneakered
feet padding their way
to love
along with crazy birds
in golden trees
mix
a
mix

you

got

the

spring

combo.

Dave Fisher

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.

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.

"I never spat before!"
"A poor excuse, yes, it is."
He counts his fielders; veterans,
Pawns of many matches.
They know the feeling well.

His spit beads in the dust —
"Deformation professionelle;"
Motivless, expected, accepted.
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 Wndy

JAMES R. HALL, JR.

WARNING OF THE TENDENCY OF ALCOHOL TO CRIPPLE
THE GENIUS OF A BARD WHO WILL TOO HEAVILY TIPPLE

who woos
the boozes,
the Muse
eschews.

—C. A. Anam

http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss2/28
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 splish-splish 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 anticlimactic retracing, but somehow amazingly there was only its 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-drumb-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 highte... 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 highte...

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 highte.

**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**

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**Floating Half Pressure**

"... nothing as solid as sadness: living at half pressure expresses it best. Half pressure."
—E. M. Forester

*A Passage to India*

An old youngman here I lie
And die
But cannot
The gray rain punches at my pane
In rambunctious rhythm—
Still I thirst
The hoarse 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 car-light 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-meant 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 flics
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, chalice
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 moonlight,
Each grain itself a moon,
Breezes breathe
Cedar incense on high
As in thirst
The horizon consumes
The wine-mist.

SUNSET-MOONRISE

Bill Frankenberg

Jesus Go Naked

Cold cloudest 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

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 bastard black
night. and always it was plasticlimax 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—

DAVE FISHER
The canal—

Gentle nature sings

A falling rainbow of fragrant leaves.

—Bill Frankenberger