dedicated

to those younger men who now see visions

to those older men who still dream dreams

to those quiet men who float along

the crystal sea . . .
sand dry afoot month pearl above;

to those Fishermen who angle . . .

having vowed to stay with

the Fish until

the very

end

ARTS MAGAZINE
ST. JOHN FISHER COLLEGE
ROCHESTER

VOLUME 12
NUMBER 1
AUTUMN
WINTER
1966-67

http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss1/21
"Fish,"
he said
softly, aloud
"I'll stay with you until I am dead."

The Old Man and The Sea
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contents</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a proposal</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tom hughes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>paris</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clarence amann</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>joe ruffino</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pa jose's voice...</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ray pavelsky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prescription for a myopic lover</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rick taddeo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>oink</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tom hughes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the glass kage</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jim hall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ken mansky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>two resignations</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phil parizi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>are not some distant hounds</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ray pavelsky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>already evening time...</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>angelo abbondanzieri</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the pilgrimage</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jack vorrasi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chuck di salvo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A Proposal

When I knew your beauty I became confused
and words were vulgar beside you
— to Sue

And if your parents like my parents
we shall paddle down the river
the grease skimmed Genesee
with the wind against us
then shall we drift idly to the ground
and measure out time by
complaining crackling autumn leaves
lying there with the smell of dirt
mingling in our joyous embrace
that we are human and exhaust it
and be subtly told to
move on for that sort of thing
pat the foolish dog accomplice and
move on up the dusty path
murmuring soft words of loving
and not caring about propriety
not being cynical
but walking together into the night
in concert with the swamp frogs
without moon or stars
mounting strength and courage dispelling fear
we pledge in whispered glances
to withhold opposing strife —
when the cool air finally rains
we forget all those righteous faces
in a windy chapel
and command nature to our happy prayer
together now

tom hughes
Paris

Paris,
Your pictures flatter you!
You do yourself no favor
to whisper nasally
'tmid concertina strains
seductive summonses
to those who court you
from afar!
Dame of heat and show
you are;
faesimiles, reports and dreams
be ye content to give
your lover
from afar .
forbear to bare your countenance
as you've uncovered it
to me,
sallow
in unnymysteries rantier
overcompensatory
profaning penury in
unprivy promiscuity
bohemian bluster,
libidinous luster .

Small wonder
the face of
Notre Dame
is sombre
steeped in shadowed sorrow,
her prostrate gothic corpus
straining
in vain
to crawl
on weary buttresses
away
from your embrace
in selne
insane .

If there is truthful beauty
in you,
despite your nakedness
— 'au natural' —
and bolden protestations
of Gallic frankness,
I have not seen it
but Eiffel phallies only
and vaginal arches
whose frequent bedding
begets but a
boorish brood
of
exhibitionists
triumphant!

clarence amann
Pa Jose's voice ran along the river-grained floor slats like wise currents. He had spoken to the slight-bodied youth stationed against the twilight blue window. His own antique shell balanced darkly in the doorframe he had hung when his hands were the boy's age. They shook gently now, twisted around the evening gazette, as if suddenly by some unhappy headline.

Jose had spoken and was suddenly absent, drunk back into the liquid night of the upstairs farmhouse. The boy no longer felt his presence, who had softly as the maplewind clicked the wooden door behind him. And the music of family voices, the clank and rattle of afterdinner doing, was far away.

The rivers past his feet were dark now. Words flowed by one and two at a time, as if a boy's afternoon raft had broken apart in some rapids beyond the baseboard, beyond the bend of his thoughts. To live is to live for people. His brother's harmonica wafted in on the breath of dover from behind the barn. No, it was his sisters' singing on the porch of some neighbor. No, it was merely the wind's nightly sweeping.

Because to arrive at a chosen thing needs courage. Now Pa was dying. Since his birth Pa had been dying, giving chunks and slices of himself to anyone who needed. And everyone had needed. Hands had shown sweat, shone in the May sun when Pherson was buried. Everyone had missed Jose the morning of the funeral. Close friends should come, they said. Pa did what he believed, giving where he saw best. All day he spent plowing Pherson's east twenty, and did two men's work for a week. He was quiet about it, but took the stairs slow those nights. Dying.

Stars now, like higher fireflies among the shudder-winded leaves high about the house. The boy rose and gripped the middle sill. Stars were clean here. They garnished the swept width that was the land's sky, that stretched across the faces of the land's people. The city's stars came out with rats. Stuck above the huddle of brick and skin like separate, bitter needles. There was no sweep there, no wideness, but only sting and unbreathing narrowness. That land's people housed eyes that shrank like rats, and stars there meant rape and roaches.

The sickness of decision paced his stomach. His father's words rattled behind his eyes. What we choose can't be what we've already got, since what we've already got there isn't much use or respect for. A man's gotta keep becoming a man.

The distant percussion of a train rushing through the lush summer darkness. The land knew him before he knew the land. Frost's poem became his, and he knew only of the land that needed but did not want him, his hands to soothe its ragged face. Everyone got bitterness in his chosen thing. He nodded his head past the room and the window, past the home and the harmonica, past the maples and the porch and the music of voices since birth. The man walked downstairs. Intensity settled on the forded wooden rivers.

Thinking dreams dead or damned to dark deception
I chanced upon
garden shapes and colors
where crystal glitter
dazzled my shattered dawn
with green serenity

ingredient

while resting my head
on a flower bed
a savage earthquake
sucked me in crushing care—
fully as I fell
til fading focused
on a singing eagle
sweeping down

Myopic

Lover

brushing my face
it left a feather
that caught and carried me out
into the breeze-fresh sky
higher and higher and higher
resting me on a cloud
that reflects the steady gaze
of moon and sun and stars
and . . .

Richard Taddeo
OINK

Sure white socks are cocky bastards with sweaty heels
elicking stuttering rape of puffy cheeks and oily-white complacency

Sure that writhing sneer proclaims a smile in contempt
swallowing inverted eyeballs stinging with tears of tugging frustration

Sure some prickling shredded wheat squeals god is dead
with a bouncing belch from the top step that smothers Him

Sure grown men cry because their own pedigree learn to kill
and write home letters sagging with the unasked will I die

Sure soap dispensers in perfumed johns are dried by
J.D. Salinger's muffled comment on the unkempt kept walls

Sure pin stripes are in and ties are thin so pencil in
that each for living just chases his own tail no pun intended

Sure the ivory halls are not ivory nor are there towers
to acclaim the quest for truth starving on justwarm benches

Sure I'm the one who stamped out oink in the snow beginning
with K so you would grin until the O perplexed your sin

Sure

what the hell

tom hughes

the glass Kage

"...we are all born in the same way but we all die in
different ways."  
James Joyce

"The time of human life is but a point..."  
Marcus Aurelius

i. point $\pi$ line

"...days have passed more quickly than the web is cut
by the weaver, and are consumed without any hope."  
Book of Job

"Aeneas, on learning that the sides of a ship were
four inches thick, said that the passengers were just that
distance from death."  
Diodorus Laertius

"...even the dogs..."  
The Canaanite Woman

you are promised

woofing your bark with clippers hound
whiping and warping before the bound
slaying sea gulls by your wrath
shuttling sea shells on your path
mending not your sirius ways
weaving yet in more dog days
you are promised
scylla loons by craft
cerberus shrouds the raft
to death
a lingering death
a fingering death
a promised death
like doomed macbeth:
lust tears death
I have seen your lust indulged in dust
stare your soul
I have seen your busy tears from the depth
of some human despair
I have seen you dying by degrees
order your certificate
Yes I have seen
you are promised
you have whistled at the wisdom
of the canine knight of tyre
you have sniffed at the kingdom
of the heaven hound of fire
  no creed you heed
  you feed in need
  you bleed in need
  your seed is weed
indeed
souls long
snakes hiss
dry song
hands lace
false kiss
dry face
dead rise
no bliss
dry sighs
faith a sterile bloom
love a sterile womb
hope a sterile tomb
indeed
you have not eaten of the crumbs
of the dogged young woman
you have ignored the tongues
of the bearded young man
dark
dark
through the glass
  yes
yes
I know
death
is slow
ii. line ™ triangle

"suius et umbra sumus" Horace

smoke
doubt
death
smoke is in your mouth
death is in your doubt
smoking death you rout
ashes

strangled in your hand
ashes
mangled in the sand
ashes
wrangled in the wind
  ashes sand wind
  ashes in your mind
  your life is sand
  your soul is the wind
adam sinned
you have half-hunted haunted crystal beaches
the red sea monster
you have half-hunted haunted bristol mountains
the white snowman
you have half-hunted haunted benzine stations
the red winged creature
you have half-hunted haunted christen fountains
the white snowhand
  water whispers defeat
  snow softens in heat
  gas gushes concrete
  no hand touches the feat
the hunt is not complete
No leviathan
No yeti
No pegasus
No hand
No tradition
  Just graffiti
No oasis
  Just sand
for you
  there is you
useless maginot line
ashes is your mind
  there is you
captives of the band
your life is sand
  there is you
waiting to be pinned
your soul is the wind
  there is you
ashes and
sand and
wind and
adam sinned
smoking death
there is you
darker
darker
through the glass
yes
yes
I know
death
is slow

iii. triangle $F \leq F$ square

"Go, go, go said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality."
T. S. Eliot

your empty, hungry laugh in hollow halls
I have heard
empty, hungry, hollow calls
and the bird
go
go
go
you respond un-seeming
to know you’re in a game
motion minus meaning
action minus aim
yec yec yeo
where you sow
you do not reap
you say so
i need my sleep
sow sow sow
with open eyes you sleep
and crouch in the plastic jail
modern antique
I can hear your silent wail
woe woe woe
whispering wailing where
wondering wailing when
watching wailing what
weeping wailing why
crying crying die

crying crying die

Ulula porta; elama civilias
prostrata est Philisthaea omnis;
ab aequo enim fumus veniet
et non est qui effugiet agmen ejus.
o polyphemus
clamor in your cave
you cannot see
with empty eye you rave
no man kills me
no no no
it is your blood
poured for the wrong reason
it is your dust
stirred in the long season
it is your flood
drank for your own treason
No sword
No lance
No dish
No grail
No bird
Just rants
No fish
Just wall
Dead symbols strewn on the trail
Hacked pieces to an ancient puzzle

sow reap; so sleep
bear the futile pain
sow sleep; so reap
your issue is of novocaine
go go go
darkly
darkly
through the glass
yes
yes
I know
death
is slow
The Angle, Vol. 1967, Iss. 1 [1967], Art. 21

iv. square \( \square \) circle

"...one neglected aspect...of the Centre:...that it is enough only to raise the question of salvation, to pose the central problem, that is the problem—for the life of the cosmos ever to be removed. For...death is often only the result of our indifference to immortality."

Mircea Eliade

you have ruptured time:
you suffer the riddle
and not the answer
you play the fiddle
and you’re the dancer
you suffer the question
and not the reply
you weigh your pension
and you’re to die

so I
The Corman
because of man annan
ventured a psalter
erected an altar
ventured to enter
cosmic centre
ventured to dare
circle the square
posed the problem
the problem
with care
and carved out oink
in the cold, kinetic curtain of snow
in the couched college courtyard just so
commencing with K
commenting on clay

Your
coffined coffined
choking choking
shifting swollen
I’s
rose
—an eternal instant—
yearning
from
the
glass
Kage
Two Resignations

1

I am standing alone on the corner here
While the frigid blast
Is ramming its needle-fingers
Through my limping coat.
Through my senseless body.

I am standing alone here
Making no effort to
Cringe behind my collar,
But letting the speeding crystals of
Snow and ice slap me cold in the face
In hoping.
Hoping that I might revive.

I can't tell you how I am dead.
Today is Ash Wednesday
And they’ll tell me I am dead
And that I’ll turn to dust.
But you know all that; you’ve died before.

2

I can't tell you how I am,
But I don’t have to because you know—
You know how to step in front of a car
And don’t care.
But tell me, but tell me this,
What is living here?
And say how we are.

Will you walk with me?
Walk with me by my side
Through the slush-black sidewalk mazes.
Brush off the snow that drips heavy
From my brows and blinds me.
Say you too have been lonely these months,
For I cannot see beyond the pelting moment.

Are Not Some Distant Hounds

When you are twelve, my unborn brawny boy,
Will you observe lush summer with a sigh,
Endure its jungled greenness with half-joy,
And weary of its lust by late July?
Will you, my son, be first to greet the frost
With laughing breath into the autumn dawn,
Be first to get the dusty football tossed
For blocks around the maple-deepened town?
And will you stop and see some moonhuge night
Octobered with the chill I gladly brave:
A witch-dark wedge of geese against the light;
November bearing autumn to its grave.
And may you know, that night, of older cares:
Where bound the autumned men in rocking chairs?

-Ray Pavelsky

Already evening time
And friends have gone away.
Alone watching the sun go down
And thinking of the day.

But my day was a failure, I know.
And why? What went wrong? (question you)
Well deep in my heart, where it really matters,
I don't love a thing that I do.

- Angelo Abbondanzieri
THE PILGRIMAGE

On a warm September night leaning
lonely out the window of my study
the dry leaves brush the ground while
windy thoughts blow me.
My mind is a string of mirrors.
And then something —
a taste of air, a sound
like a tiny bullet of light sets a reflection in the darkness and
back and forth against the glass it races spinning in
building light until a pain catches in my throat
and fills me with remembrance.
I know I have lived this night before.

I've heard that people watching the ballet
have by the very motion of the dance
been struck so to the soul that actually
they feel their spirit's free in motion on
the stage of coloured light and whirling sound
while they sit safe in their respectable seat.

But now the hour is fully come.
And in a circle slowly
softly white against the darkness
turning as the ancient ode winds
tearful through the fallen trees
down the mourning steps the stars'
bright glory sinks a silver death
shrouding.

I step toward my unknown love
I reach out my hand...
On a warm September night leaning
lonely out the window of my study
I know I too am dying.

So this is the kingdom of heaven, father.
Lead kindly, light.

jack vorrasi
THE ANATOMY OF MELON COLLIE
"The Munificent Seven"

Sing to us, enlightening Muse
Of devoted scholars in tennis shoes.
Of men who promote thought and learning,
Creating a thirst; an uncontrollable yearning
In minds not too discerning.

Views, Muse, in us enkindle —
Of educators' efforts that ne'er dwindle.
Of seven bards of the "Tribe of Ben"
Nobly reviewing the great works of pen
By men of vast ken.

Each one is a cosmos, micro by size,
In a macro that honors the wealthy and wise.
Knights of the word, viscounts of pages,
Barons of thought, actors on stages —
They relay the ages.

Their leader, their Jonson, their Donne, their Pope,
Is a cleric — a bonnie lad of literary scope.
A mystagogue in kilts — a humanistic man,
Flexing his elbows as fast as he can,
Like classical Pan.

Their invincible Romantic, their Victorian squire —
A spoonful of coffee or death by fire.
This religious aims at Chesterton's view
While walking the road to Xanadu,
Yet opium is not his clue.

Their minstrel has wit, so pithy, so Swift;
The Wendellian voice is his God-given gift.
"Fascinating material", of which "there is much",
Would harrow thy soul and tingle thy touch
With glee, very much!

Their Ribaldian cynic, both novel and sly,
Alludes to the purple, picaresque, and high.
His subjective scope, from Fielding to "scheesch'!
Mythic in content, punning in reach,
No more doth he teach.

Their poet, their sophic, this slim statured soul,
Aback of his whale he rides toward his shalow.
From fire and brimstone to the earthy and gay —
From Huck on the river to the red-letter'd 'A'
His course wends aright.

Their linguist and critic, oft candid and dry —
Of usage and syntax, of Chaucer and Frye.
By Arnold and Eliot, by Johnson and Yeats,
He guides young scholars to baccalaureate gates;
The rest, to their fates.

The last of the Seven, an actor could be;
His last name may fool you, no citrus fruit he.
Discussing the playwrights, from Marlowe to Will,
This young scholar gives the Shakespearean pill;
The rest, we kill.

The distaff, of which we know nothing about,
We'll leave her alone like a good eagle scout.
Although the temptation to jibe has been great,
Whoever did hear of "The Munificent Eight'?'
Thus, we abate.

The gamut's been run and now that we're through,
We'd like to give thanks to this mighty crew,
For taking these jibes like drops in a pool.
Please recommend us to graduate school.
Exit, the fool!

bob de maria

Tom Proietti
**THE SALE**

They're having a sale on money today
What a bargain that will be
You can buy a dollar for ninety-eight cents
Plus tax.

---

**WHALES ARE SMALL**

Boses are small, broad-bodied factories
And let the eagulls hawe a roll.

---

**IF NINE**

If nine were the largest number
I would chop off my left thumb
If those stupid lilies would pay their debts
They wouldn't give cards a bad name.

---

**OPINION**

he was a small person

**Not** that his body was little, oh no
his head plus his neck plus his trunk plus his legs
was more than enough for his purposes. He was just a
boss

**little shorter than his**  and a **little taller than his**

**subordinates.**

**Not** that his right arm wasn't plenty long enough to reach
all the way over his symmetrically arranged desk top of
wife picture balanced by company calendar to hefty clutch
your extended hand in a personnel perfect handshake

**Not** that he was too small to get on the nice big incubator-
comfortable company jet all by himself and appear (at least
from the back) fully .003% crucial to the existence of
Mother Factory

**Not** that any of the wingtipped nostrillaughers who
endured coffee, tea, coke, smoke, milk, and lunch breaks
with him thought of him

as non-group-oriented

**Not** that anything he said was ever
insulting, controversial,
clever, significant,
or human

it's just that he was
**a small person**

---

**john morreall**
It was a kinda chilly, gusty night;
The brightness of the stars above our heads
(especially a big one in the east)
Made it seem much colder than it was.

So all the guys scrunched closer to the fire
And watched the smoke whip off and settle
In the hollows of the hills around.

You know what we were doing there, of course:
Baby-sitting with a bunch of stinking sheep!
But like he told us, when we asked the boss:
We hadn’t brains enough for better work.

So there we were, just waiting. Hoping
Our relief would be on time for once:
Them other clods ain’t very fast, y’know.

Me, I was off a little from the rest,
Sitting staring at that biggest star
—Kinda hypnotized, y’know—wondering
Why it moved: the others didn’t move.

I must’ve dozed a while, ’cause suddenly
That star got very big and very bright:
Almost like the sun, though not that hot.

I kinda rubbed my eyes a bit, and belched.
(My stomach wasn’t very good, y’know
—Believe me, neither was the room ’n board—
And now and then I saw things that I didn’t.)

What I was seeing didn’t go away:
If I was “seeing things,” the other guys
Were, too; ’cause they were rubbing just as hard.

The place was really Bedlam, believe me!
The guys were shouting, and the cruddy sheep
Were twitching, jumping, baa-ing—lord knows what—
As if the world was coming to an end.

Then all at once I heard a lot of singing:
The kind you hear in church on Sabbath day.
(Not that I got there much—that stinking job!)
Boy, then I really belched: it's bad enough
Ya see things, but when ya hear them, too . . .
That's the time to take a bromo, right?
I coulda used a couple, let me tell ya.

Then I seen the other guys kinda
Putting up their arms to shield themselves
From something—who knew what, with all that fuss?
Sheesh, was I scared! I didn't know what way
To turn. I wouldn't wanna take no bets
On who was scarier: the sheep, the other guys,
Or me. Just take my word, we all were scared.

Then all at once the butterflies stopped tickling
My guts. Some guy (I think)—up there—was talking
In a soothing voice. The uproar died.
I don't remember all he said to us
(I ain't ashamed of being not too bright);
I know I got the gist of it, at least,
And for a dope like me, that's pretty good.

(Y'know—now that I think of it a bit,
It maybe wasn't really some guy talking;
Let's say it was a voice, deep down inside.)

Well, anyway, the voice was saying something
That I really couldn't understand:
Something about us going to see some Kid;
And even told us where we hadda go.

You bet we didn't wait around to argue!
We just took-off, like crazy, down them hills,
Picking up a few stray lambs along the way.

Funny thing, but all the way to town
I kept on thinking of that moving star:
Which wasn't very strange, 'cause there it was,
Pink and pretty, right in front of us.

Well, you might think I'm kidding, but that star
Stopped—dead in its tracks—just as we reached
The place the voice told us we hadda go.

Hey—what does the word "adore" mean? That's what
The voice told us we oughta do: I mean,
Adore the Kid. Oh, I know how to do it;
I just don't know exactly what it means.

Well, like I said, the star stopped. You'd think
With all that fuss and bother it would stop
Over some really high-class house, y'know?

But not this time, 'cause there we were, standing
Outside a rickety, run-down, shanty hut
You see alongside any lousy inn:
Funny—it didn't stink like all the rest.

Sure, there was a smell of honest sweat,
But we smelled like that, too, so what the heck!
Just so it wasn't like them stinking sheep.

It wasn't exactly cozy inside, either.
But—funny thing—it didn't seem to matter,
'Cause everything felt good inside of me:
First time in years my stomach didn't hurt.

Me and the other guys, we stood around and stared
—Kind of embarrassed-like: know what I mean?
We must've looked like rubes, or dopes, or worse.

There was this kind of middle-aged Guy there
Who looked as if he might've been in charge:
Not like a big-shot from Jerusalem,
Or one of them snotty Romans like ya see.

Instead, he was the nice and quiet type:
Says what he means, but never shouts, y'know?
There's far too many of that other kind.

He had a grin on him, from here to here;
I figured something good had happened to him,
Like being grandpa of this Kid we came to see
And hadda—what's that word?—oh, yeah, adore.

He comes right up to us and shakes our hand
Like we was quality—like neighbors, even.
(Him and his silly grin: I hafta laugh . . .)

Then he looks over in the corner, and kinda
Nods—like this. On a neat bed of straw
Lies a Girl, looking kinda bushed but happy.
Just a kid: sixteen, maybe, at the most.

Hereabouts, they all get married young.
They tell me it's the custom for the girls:
Why should she be different from the rest?
But she's not grinning like the Old Guy is:
She has more like—you know—a look of peace.
Happy the job was over, probably.
(Boy, am I glad I ain't a woman!)
I see this bird—a Dove, I think—roosting
And cooing on a ledge above her head:
If it was a pigeon, I'd of wrung its neck!
The Father wasn't anywhere in sight;
You'd think he'd be around at such a time:
I know I would. (I must be foster father
To about a million lousy lambs.)
I don't know why they weren't at the inn.
If I was married, I'm sure I wouldn't want
My wife to have her first kid born in there.

Anyway, while we was standing there
Sorta gaping at this nice young Girl
Lying there so still and peaceful-like,
The Old Guy ambles over to the crowd.
"Mae," he says to her—and he says it
With a sorta choked-up sound, y'know?—
"These gentlemen have come to see the Child."

That's the first time in all our lives
Anyone called us gentry. It made us
—Well—feel good. That nice Old Geezer knew it would,
I'll bet ya anything ya want to bet.

Not that he hadn't be polite to us:
It wasn't any special holy day,
Like the Romans got, to make the cruds feel good.

"Joseph," the Girl says—and she says it, too,
in that choked-up way I can't describe—
"Joseph, dear, the Child is fast asleep:
Do you think we ought to wake Him up?"

"I'm very sure we should," the Old Guy says,
"An Angel—perhaps the very one I saw
In my dream (you remember?)—sent them here."

Funny he should've said it was an Angel:
I didn't even know it was. But then,
He was a smarter guy than me, I guess,
So I let it go at that. An Angel—sheesh!

Without another word, the Girl reached down.
(It must've been a sort of crib or cradle
There, tucked out of sight beside the bed.)
She took a tiny bundle in her hands;
The careful way she held it, you'd of thought
That it was really made of solid gold.
(Gold I don't know about, but lambs I do.)

Then she unwound the stuff they had Him in.
(Why do they hafta wrap them up so tight?
The lousy sheep don't do that to the lambs.)

Finally, this little face peeked out,
All red, and raw, and wrinkled-like:
Just another Jewish kid for all
That any one of us could tell, y'know?
The Angel's voice had told us to adore
The Kid; so that's exactly what we did,
Touching our foreheads to the ground, and all.

Even old King Herod would've had
To be satisfied the way we done it:
And we done it pretty good, considering.
We don't get too much practice in the hills.

What the Kid could've thought about
All this bowing and scraping, I don't know;
But I kinda liked doing it for Him.

Anyway, no matter what He thought,
While we was doing it, that same bright light
Came back; and all the choir-singing, too:
You must admit that someone up there liked it.

When we got through adoring Him, y'know
It came to me that, here was this Kid born,
And none of us had brung Him any gifts.

Knowing the local custom, I felt bad,
Although it wasn't any fault of mine.
So I went over to the other guys
And asked them what we ought to do about it.

I looked at them; they looked right back at me,
And we all sorts shrugged. And then I asked,
"What about the lambs we brung with us?"
as child i stood

as child i stood,
chin-high to polished sill,
parlor/dark stood round me,
her hands mothersoft on my shoulders.

bed-ready i stood,
secure in footed sleepers,
my silver breath piled slow
from the window corner:
i told me strange and many things
in lovely lettering
that only childhood could read.

and streetlight stood,
star-high to the windy elm.
white-jewel snow swirled round him
and was as lovely in his light
as his light was lovely
because of her.

as child i stood,
and told me with my breath
"they must be loving"

THRENODY

When sun shone young and grass was firey green
and sky rang brilliant blue with singing birds
when stars' first fires winked night's gentle caress
and secret longing stirred a summer earth
while barefoot through the sand all diamond white
and running as the wind smiled through her hair
the moon playing his tricks upon her face
reflected in her eyes his stolen light
it was that night I made my own true choice
or thought the choice I made was my own true.
But now a few short years have turned me old
and scream my madness in a new-found night
no longer sweet with mystery but too clear
to eyes haunted by dreams of crisp brown leaves.
when stars' first fires winked night's gentle caress
smothering under the blanket warmth
of a hundred healing arms
sinking into the cushion softness
of a thousand assuring breasts
burning from the thrilling touch
of a million mattress mates

till awaking light
pinches night

changing
blanket to hail
cushion to stone
mattress to nail

On The Dover Train...
For a brief few miles
she rode with me,
this raven-tressed
eye-shadowed
office lass
aspiring to be
another Burtonspouse,
answered my Dover query
uncertainly
around her morning paper
and now
passes out nameless
to me
into the long
lists of those
whom I'll
not even know
I think
on Judgement Day.

The Muses Are Dead
And on this frail pen alone
Does rest the burden of
Transcriptions of haunting memories:
My fingers tremble
Lest I make her ugly, and distorted;
Or lest, in poring over realms of gold,
I fall into pits of tar as some
Great and stupid beast of ages past —
And there remain, never to be dug up,
(Indeed with no such fancy
To be found in that dull state).

Yet memory and desire,
Insidious friends do summon and push too,
Lest the ink dries to the point I hold,
And thus forms not
Even footsteps to make casts of.

the artists

ANGEL ABBANDANZIEB, '67
inglish major
elegant simplicity

"When I write poetry I try to put in words, thoughts which I have on life: where man is heading, that is the direction; and also what he is doing in this world in relation to his fellow man."

JIM ALLEN, '68
history major
as the wind doth sweep

"To the Viewers,
I began sketching when I was five years old. At that time it was a pasttime; now about the only time I sketch is when I really feel like it, which is not often. I first started drawing cars and trucks. Since then I turned more or less to capturing on paper what I see and feel."

CLARENCE AMANN
english department
a moral journey into night

"To my way of thinking, writing poetry takes a kind of talent that is at once musical, rational, verbal, imaginative and architectural, all varying in proportion with the poem and the poet. The poem itself must communicate with a degree of reader effort proportionate to the reward obtained when its meaning is unravelled. Mostly poetry is personal and will rarely please anyone more than its author. Therefore it is most realistically an avocation, a diversion that finds its practical application in the emotional catharsis and the economizing of words it affords its author."

HERMAN BRAUER
german department Licht, Liebe, Leben

"Art should be either heaven—or earth-bound; if an artist's 'creation' lacks either of these two qualities, I question its function as art."

BOB DE MARIA
inglish major
touche'

"Poetry as a branch of art can hence be good as well as bad. But worth and beauty are in the eyes of the beholder."
(the artists)

(HAROLD DE PUY)
english department

to young poets—
a smile, a word

"Modern poetry is 'by definition' limited to too possible roles: it can be a sophisticated literary 'game'; that is, a work of art—or it can be an enjoyable personal experience. After my first attempt, I renounced sophistication, with all its pomp and complexity, perhaps via the sour grape route.

"I think I should have enjoyed wooing a girl with light verse, rather than with light prose.

"I write several poems annually, with no perceptible damage to my manhood."

(CHUCK DI SALVO, '70)
history major

gracehigh
symbolism

"Attempting to discuss art is sometimes comparable to a patient being treated by an incompetent doctor... aegreisit medendo."

(JIM HALL, '68)
economies major

The uncanny
Cormman

"Life the dying echo of a futile whisper of a sterile night:

is.

Poetry

vice cream...

van

(a)

(TOM PROIETTI, '67)
english major

a loaf of bread,
a jug of wine, and wow

"Art is man's reaction to the world! He is the clown; the world, his laughter.

"Poetry, as a branch of art, is a verbal, musical response to one's environment, capable of all human emotions. When personified, a poem can only be a man."

(JOE RUFFINO, '70)
sociology major

reading

deply

"I have always enjoyed art as a hobby, especially figure and portrait drawing. This particular drawing is an attempt to express the loneliness of one human being, and to bring this emotion to life so that it may be experienced by the viewer.

"At the present I am considering a career in art education on the college level."

(ACK VORRAR, '70)
A daily record

particularly UN and BOB—not only for their skill and guidance in putting out the Angler, but also—and more especially for—their endurance of its editor.

(PHIL PARINI, '67)
spinning
english major

gold

"As a child impatiently endures the yearning of his limbo years, after which he will be strong enough to go on the hunting trip with his father; or developing the means of objective and subjective participation."

(RAY PAVELSKY, '67)
philosophy major

a dreamsoft,
quiet yes

"Plato had no place in his republic for the poets because (he said) they told lies. Can't blame him. If our generation fears the risk that wisdom asks, our poems will be lies. May our children disown us."

(KICK TADDEO, '67)
english major

love. love.

love

"I write primarily to clear up my mental sinuses, secondly to create beauty... the more I read and write poetry, the more confused I am to what poetry actually is... Maybe illusiveness is its very charm."

(JACK VORRISI, '70)
english major

an extended

hand

"... drama, music, art in the final analysis, I suppose, is really nothing more than liturgy..."
A gentleman trying to get a fly out of the milk or a piece of cork out of his glass of wine often imagines himself to be irritated. Let him think for a moment of the patience of anglers sitting by dark pools, and let his soul be immediately irradiated with gratification and repose.”

G. K. Chesterton