Full Issue

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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 moonpearl 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
'Fish,'
he said
softly, aloud
"I'll stay with
you
until I am dead."

The Old Man and The Sea
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a proposal</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>paris</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pa jose's voice...</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prescription for a myopic lover</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>oink</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the glass kage</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>two resignations</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>are not some distant hounds</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>already evening time...</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the pilgrimage</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>tom hughes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clarence amann</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>joe ruffino</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ray pavelsky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rick taddeo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tom hughes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jim hall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ken mansky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phil parisi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ray pavelsky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>angelo abbondanzieri</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jack vorrasi</td>
<td></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 put 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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contents</th>
<th>18</th>
<th>bob de maria</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>from the anatomy . . .</td>
<td>tom proietti</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;the munificent seven&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>four poems</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>john morreall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>small person</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>john morreall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>herman brause</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the shepherd’s version</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>harold de puy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>as a child i stood</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>ray pavelsky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>threnody</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>jack vorrasi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>smothering under the . . .</td>
<td>rick taddeo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>on the dover train . . .</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>clarence amann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the muses are dead</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>phil parisi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>jim allen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Hughes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Paris

Paris,
Your pictures flatter you!
You do yourself no favor

to whisper nasally
'mid concertina strains
seductive summons

to those who court you
from afar!
Dame of heat and show
you are;
facsimiles, 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 unmystereous haunt
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 phallics only
and vaginal arches
whose frequent bedding
begets but a
boorish brood
of
exhibitionists
triumphant!

clarance amann
Pa Joe'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 saddened 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 Phereson 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 Phereson'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.
OINK

Sure white socks are cocky bastards with sweaty heels
eeking 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 just warm 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 line

"...days have passed more quickly than the web is cut
by the weaver, and are consumed without any hope."
BOOK OF JOB

"Anarchela, on learning that the sides of a ship were
four inches thick, said that the passengers were just that
distance from death."
DIOMENES LAERTIUS

"...even the dogs..."
THE CANAANITE WOMAN

you are promised

woofing your bark with clippers hound
whipping 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 looms 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 tweed
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

"pueris 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 square
"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
yeco yeo 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; clamor civitas
prostrata est Philisthaea omnis;
ab aquilone enim fumus veniet
ei non est qui effugiet agmen ejus.
o polyphemos
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 novacaine
go go go
darkly
darkly
through the glass
yes
yes
I know
death
is slow
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."

MINCHA ELIASE

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 Cornman
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
confined confined
choking choking
shifting swollen
I's
rose
—an eternal instant—
yearning
from
the
glass
Kage

jim hall

https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss1/21
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. . .

phil parisi

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 abbondancieri
THE PILGRIMAGE

"Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
Oh, King of the Churches and the boat
bewareing your sores and your wounds."

Anonymous 9th Century

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.
from

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 wry,
Alludes to the purple, picaresque, and high.
His substantive 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 shoo.
From fire and brimstone to the earthy and gay —
From Huck on the river to the red-letter'd 'A'
His course wends aseigh.

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 mates.

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
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
sub-
or-
di-
nates.

Not that his right arm wasn't plenty long enough to reach
all the way over his symmetrically arranged desk top of
wifepicture 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, 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 broom, 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 wanta take no bets
On who was scareder: 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 smelly 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 ever 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 wasn'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 hadda 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 peeped 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 were 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 look right back at me,
And we all sorts shrugged. And then I asked,
"What about the lambs we brung with us?"
Again they shrugged. We really didn't know
What we should do: they weren't ours;
How could we give away what wasn't ours?
Y'know what happens, here, to guys that steal!

"Look, guys," I said, "Sure it might take us all
A little while, but we could pay it back.
After all, we hafta leave a gift."

"Yeah, heck," said one of the other guys,
"What do we do with our money, anyway?
The wine they sell us at that lousy inn
Just poisons all our guts. It serves them right."

We gave them all the lambs, and when we left,
I thought the Old Guy was about to cry.
The Girl kept saying, "Thank you. God bless you."

I found out later why they were in town:
Some Roman big-wig said they hadn't leave
Where they were, and go back where they came from,
To be enrolled. Enrolled—and what the heck is that?

Something to do with taxes, I suppose.
Well, maybe in a coupla thousand years
They won't have taxes. Yeah—fat chance of that!

I wonder why old Herod got so mad
When them three Magicians from the East
Stopped in to see the Kid? A guy would think
He'd of been glad they took the trouble to.

Anyway, I'm glad we got there first.
Maybe you guys haven't felt a change,
But I ain't had no stomach trouble since.

You think it was the Kid? I think so, too.

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.

harold de puy
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.

Author: Full Issue
Published by Fisher Digital Publications, 1967
the artists

ANGELA ABBANDONZIE, '67
english 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 pastime; 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, ratiocinative, verbal, imaginative and architec-
tural, all varying in proportion with the poem and the poet. The
poem itself must communicate with a degree of reader effort pro-
portional 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 diver-
sion that finds its practical application in the emotional eutharasis
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 ‘crea-
tion’ lacks either of these two qualities, I question its function as
art.”

BOB DE MARIA
english 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... aegrescit medendo."

JIM HALL, '68  
economics major  
The uncanny  
Cornman  

"life the dying echo of a futile whisper of a sterile night:  
is.  

Poetry  

ice cream...  

van (a)  

ill

TOM HUGHES  
english major  
an artist.  

"I know dreams. And I know the strained willful pleasure of drowsiness. And I know chloroform of slighted sleep. And I write poetry."

KEN MANSKY, '69  
sociology major  
an editor's dream  

"For me, art is primarily a source of recreation infrequently producing self-satisfaction; but the few times I draw or paint something that really pleases me is enough to keep me going."

JOHN MORREALL, '68  
philosophy major  
when it's necessary to  
make a point of order (or dis)  

"Art is man's way of reassuring himself that he is human."

PHIL PARINI, '67  
english major  
spinning  
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 are all lies. May our children disown us."

TOM PROETTI, '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  
deeply  

"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."

RICK TADEO, '67  
english major  
love. love.  
love  

"I write primarily to clear up my mental innumera, 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 TOHRI, '70  
english major  
an extended  
hand  

"... drama, music, art in the final analysis, I suppose, is really nothing more than liturgy..."

THE DAILY RECORD  
we wish to thank THE DAILY RECORD and its artists—particularly RUN and Bob—not only for their skill and guidance in putting out the angle, but also—and more especially for—their endurance of its editor.
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