Full Issue

No Author
Spring is a call to action, hence to disillusion, therefore April is called "the cruellest month."

—Cyril Connolly
The angle
A collective poem
Torn from the
Spring guts
Of the students
And faculty
Of saint john fisher
College rochester
New york
Volume twelfth
Number second
Nineteen sixty
Seventh
Editor the
cornman
Associates
tom hughes
davy wolf
Sir john vorrasi
Ray pavelsky
Rick taddeo
Moderator
Father hetzler
Cover drawing
Ken mansky
Cover design
The cornman

Oh, what the hell, it's Spring!

--Donald Robert Perry Marquis
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... There is a time for building
And a time for living and for generation...

Winter kept us cold
So before the tireless fire
We made warm endless love
For there was snow
Winter kept us cold
So we breathed in empty churches
Our faces wet with love
For there was snow
Winter kept us cold
Yet the whitened winter withered.
And the sunken snow grew pale

And we were patient patient
For it had come

Around the mountain whispered hope
And so we sighed in words
For there was spring
Around the mountain shadowed sun
And so we sighed in gold
For there was spring
Around the mountain murmured earth
And so we sighed in green
For there was spring
Yet we lacked a silent voice
And so we willed a deed

To T. S. Eliot
Poet of Spring
It snowed the night before.

With dawn the wind came, drawing down the long cuts of land past Barno; gnawing the forest clean.

The river lay like a dead avenue, that day, stripped of snow and black between rapids. Where feet had tracked across the river in the night the snow was packed, and these remained in the wind, each a small ghost.

A boy stood above-river, hands in the pockets of his great-coat. The wind, he thought, is glass.

After a while he went across the river, and north.

—RAY PAVELSKY

Saying & Doing

An if I tell you that the wind is howling
Would you be able to calm the chaos wind?
But as it is no sound breaks through,
And nought to calm, to say or do.

An could you see the force direct, then,
If no trees became uprooted
And no broken birds splashing on the wall?
Well, you see, there are no such signs, tis true;
And nought is said or done by me or you.

Yet, if some accidental word escape,
One trembling word from inundations of nothing,
If it should howl and grate
In its own broken, bone-hollow way—
But if you chance to hear it speak, then,
An if you do
Shall you be able to grasp the wind scattered
Wretched feather’s tumblings?
An if you do
What then shall do?

The house is shaking in the wind
But I cannot tell or show you.
Is there nought to do or say
But bellow hello, how are you today?

P. PARISI
AN ANSWER

A glance, a thought, and we can
Rerun the gamut of mind through
An evening’s ponding; tenements
Of tight quartered thoughts.
An evening with credit cards
And false eyelashes.

A night sky,
Painted black by bankers and
Beauticians. The fog remains—
Sharpened paws of cats clawing,
Stinging hard and cold, but dry.
Dry — gone the pools; replaced by
Yesterday’s paper and a cigarette.

A red light
Heeded blindly — abrupt stops
Relieved only by vernal visions.
The Everlasting yea and nay in dumb
Commands; never questioned, quietly
Conditioned and chained far above
Intersecting paths.

A lighted porch
Lending salutations to invitations only;
No regard to need. Not a part
Of the whole; a hole adrift
And alone in a pinball machine.
A scub battered, bored, and
Disgusted.

A facade
Painted and carved with tender care
And anointed with powder and dust.
Parched eyes immobilized by smoke
Of cigarettes and pipes and chimneys.
The sluice is dry — ask Mariana.
Clocks, hands amputated, wrestle
With April.

But hands grow back in gardens,
Among corpses. Time passes
As men do, falling into paths;
Great circles from many arches.
Gaps are always filled, save once,
Where springs result.

—THOMAS P. PROIETTI
An unending path pierces the neighborless neighborhood—
An obscure night hides the islands on its way
Hides too the one who walks it...

with its people
its fences
its antennae
its meters, boundaries, lines, drives,
newly-seeded-lawns

Silence alone avails the sojourner of ears that hear;
Eyes that perceive—
Sensitive to the cries of the fatherless child;
Folds his clean white handkerchief
Joins and passes by

Attentive to grief,
Darkness swallows the mourners

Searching out laughter,
Jubilation colored now by a quickened memory...

the blue island trimmed with white and suicide,
red island closed in oceans of thick cancerous grass,
white island standing less firm in the near dark—
the Realtor's sign marks its cry...

Pavement pounded, eyes ahead, the sailor passes silently
Seeks that certain-numbered harbor
Sheltered from shouts; secure in even tide;
apart from lonely and unsafe waters...

Arms that reach and protect engulf him—
At peace in his pastels, vessels constrict—
a memory labors to dissolve walls that could not hide,
people whose cry he heard,
tensions acutely felt,
needs unmet,
seeds unsown

Good God! The paperboy must be paid,
The butter passed.

Floyd Whyte's Toll Booth

White flashes leaped between my trembling hands as I vigilantly
sighted the vertex where the lonely cinder bed joined the streaming markers
of the vacant road. I raised my sweaty hand to massage eyes wearied
by the insults of the pavement, but the portent of the assault beguiled relief.
It is done. The burden of expectations is unzipped.
I turned to Paul, my companion in exile.
—You thought it. I thought it. Together we have done it.
Doesn’t that sound ponderous as hell?
—Jees, Tob, we have.

A tired professor was recalling fond memories of what never happened. Napoleon was born and then died. Man has an intellect and knows things. Numbers reason. Animals and plants live. I am alive. Education is dead. I am alive. I must succeed. Degree. I am learning nothing of living—I am dying. I don’t care. Indifference cannot be tolerated.

Bless me father for I have sinned. Windows are not to see through. Crucifixes are popular. People pray to themselves. The dead must die again. Hope is agony prolonged. Help, help, your soothing sweet words comb my hair but the wind blows unchecked. Indifference cannot be tolerated.

Hair, caressing soft beauty with a fragrance so gentle, clasped to retain that moment of closeness. A nervous smile reveals that the invitation of eyes is a paltering epic. Do you love me? Yes, I love you. Yes, I love finger nails. Yes, I love martinis. Yes, I love trains. Yes, I love lamp posts. Yes. Indifference cannot be tolerated.

The girlish voice tweaked out the final notes of Don’t Fence Me In. The gym chuckles in mock applause and little Floyd Whyte solemnly accepts the grateful appreciation of his audience. Happy, happy am I, Floyd Whyte, that you are happy happy. You see not your false happiness. The ritual offering of youthful promise to the Minotaur of war you see not. Declare your duty to fight and die for you are called to consummate the sacrifice of human folly. The frantic scramble of cloistered minds to be free you see not. You demurely mumble of order, peace, and simple sameness. Love as a grasping need to be loved you see not. You marry a girl because she looks at you. Middle age is pleasant. Seams can be let. A noble job is yours—on lonely nights you raise your hand in benediction to the heretics of highway hypocrisy, who flee on the treadmill of tradition. You do not see. You merely tend a toll both.

—Sir, may we turn around and go back through your booth?
—Certainly.

It came with a condescending smile. That smile was yours, Floyd Whyte. You watched two feeble wills turn back to your sedentary middle age of stagnation. You took the money. You gave the ticket. You allowed the question to rotate unanswered. You inspire our prayer of despair.

—Tob, Tob, there’s hope. If we must go back, there must be hope in doing it. Hope. This is our hope.
Floyd Whyte, to you I dedicate my mediocrity.

—Cross Whyte
Easy Wednesday

You'll probably go through your whole life . . .
reading and writing poetry and wanting to be
good.

—Cross Whyte

... "che è costui, che senza morte
va per lo regno della morta gente?"
—The Inferno

I am not old
I am not young
An ancient novelty at best
A modern antique at worst
At the time when youth is gone
But death not yet at hand
Without passion and dread
Between evil and good
Too old to seek redress
Too young to seek forgiveness
At the age of indifference
Half wise in middle age.
Too old
Not to have heard
An hungry hollow laugh
Not to have known
Ash and smoke and death
Not to have known
Sand and wind and earth
Not to have heard
The pearl bewail the oyster
Too old, to old
Not to have suffered the question
Too young to have suffered the answer
Too young
To have solved the death of the talisman
To have solved the puzzle of symbol
To have solved the carrousel riddle
Too young, too young to have much hope
Too old to have despaired
My calm middle age questioning
In my leisure moments.

How many
How many broken fragments
How many lost dreams
Broken phrases, lost words
How many dead poems
The women in pink
The perfumed women with cigarettes
The smiles of perfumed girls
The girls with half open eyes
The wiles of cellophane dolls
The sweatered dolls and their cigarettes
The smoking swung by polished fingers
The polished pink and plastic coded colors
Pink in perfumed beauty
Small tweed breasts
And lipstick breaths
And latex lust
And nylon hushed
By plastic sunglow.
A wreath of innocence
Welcomed at the carnival
To sing the song of night
To play the games of nakedness
Naked with the harlequins
Naked on the night lawn
The sickness unto dawn
The night in pining amour
The smoking by the hour
The season of cigarette ends
The season of rainbowed gods
The season of the beauty of the dead.
Once was I
Too young to long to taste
The madness of the circus
Its cotton candy lust
Its twirling gypsy dust
The lurking virgins, their love songs of tin.

How many
How many broken fragments
How many lost dreams
Broken phrases, lost words
How many dead poems
In the terror of Sunday morning
In the terror of a Sunday noon
In the terror of moderate suffering
In the terror of casual boredom
In the terror of indifferent love
In the terror of half belief
From the drunken sobriety of Saturday night
Credoed by the arms of convenient dogma
I have watched us men.
I have watched us men
Multiply our gods.
Watching I have heard
The murmur of the land
Burning at my ear
Masked in the heated silver
Of the dismal tinsel sun
Watching have examined
The tickings of the watchmaker god
Rejecting my hereditary sin
I still remained a man
Watching I have seen
The tempting of the clown
The white clown lives at dawn
I have watched the band of half lost people
Lame from agony of half held hope
Have watched the crippled life
Of the sinking sharks in the pool hall
Have watched the pinwheel petaler
Limp lonely after the parade
(Old men creep in the shade)
Have watched the echoing cigarette
Thrown from the racing Chevrolet
Passionless as a diamond
I have watched the second rate poets
(Always the first rate lovers)
Have watched the forgotten poets
Who watched the weeping children
Who watched and wept upon the stairs
Have watched the forgotten poets
Wander with the ocean of words
Cling to the green of the liquid grace
I have watched their brows
Long to jump to the conclusion
Decay shall bloom again
In alabaster moments.
No.
My religion is an Alpine dream
No dark night can claim my soul
No blazing sun my fervor
No hope my adoration
I am not Don Quixote
Nor was meant to be
Let the mannequins laugh from the windows
Let them laugh among themselves
Let them throw off their knowing smiles
Let them dance their mute dance
In dumb time.
I can bear to bare the jokes of time
Time is for those who wait
Time is for those who wait
Time is for the sorrows of summer
Not for the nerves of spring
Time is for the joys of autumn
Not for the bones of winter
Time is for those who wait
Time is for those who watch.

How many
How many broken fragments
How many lost dreams
Broken phrases, lost words
How many dead poems
A wounded suit of armor
I have melted through the dusk
Through the ancient dust
Through the silent horror
Of the shrouded museum
The great glass god
The display case god
The glass cage god
Has laughed
(I failed to wedge eternity
Into the accordian of years).
Still not by choice
Did I join
The crackerjack parade
Still not by chance
Have I been dying still
Still dying in my aging
With the crumbling of my years
One who has not seen
The beauty of the ancient days
One who has not opened
The sacred guarded tome
(And so not found it empty)
One who has not sorted
Through the living gifts
Left by the dead
Seeking their dark riddles
With the restlessness
Of the trembling scholar
Yet, still, with the restlessness
Of one who has hung around
For a late after lunch martini.

How many
How many broken fragments
How many lost dreams
Broken phrases, lost words
How many dead poems
The night streams muted
The streets have had their music
The lonely organ grinder turns
His notes silent.
Yet before the final fall of night
And the autumn of my organ
Before the dying of my organ
Before the weeping before my coughing
Before the watching before my clutching
Before the whispering before my coffin
Before the decaying behind my waxing
Before the silence behind my shadow
Before my cavalcade behind the cycle
Before the words upon my words
Before the dirt upon my dirt
And before
Before the dust upon my dust
There shall be longing years
A difficult number of wounded tomorrows
There shall be longing years
Years submerged in easy morality
Half living, half fearing, half living, half fearing
I shall dream white dreams
Sprung from memory of things to be
I shall dream sky castles
There for the Prince of the Air
And I shall prepare
Oh how I shall prepare
For Divinity
To come to the suburbs
By the economic ritual of the installment plan
On an easy Wednesday's afternoon

—The cornman
Ambiguous years
Meaning clouded by drifts
Yearning for the tread of human boots
T'would be months of desparation
However time really does pass away
Over and over again
Mishaps drift larger drifts
Passing hands over the light of love
Soon the bleak misery reaching out
Over and over again
Now t'was the time for spring
It dwindled the drifts . . . slowly
Leaning gently on the wind
Over and over again
Velvet breezes caressed the glowing embers
Early the rains came
Years of drifting
Over and over again
Until the full breadth of light — the light of love

A flower
once grazed upon a barren hill
Alone.
but knew that the wind must blow.
And it loved the breeze.
It never feared the night
And it loved the dark.
It looked to life for everything
It took nothing.
It was free.
And it did not condemn the trees.
And it equalled the grass.
It respected all.
It respected itself.
And a man one day came along.
He saw everything he had ever
Wanted from life.
He picked the flower.
Not out of love but
Fear.

—FRANS WETTINGERS

—LAWRENCE LECHNER
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers, silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends or other testimony of summer nights.

---The Waste Land
Heathen child find a god

In love is every man a boy alone
in a parked car taking candy from a stranger
while everybody else is in the store
retrieving pennies for ford foundation gum
Robbing the poor box of incognito passion
this sacrilegious child will rub
police protected powder staining purple
his arms and legs and face for one woman
She will wash him with her oily tears
and dry hair he will mark with reverence
and open mouth his signature bound
by the tip of her tongue to never call again
himself one person and aspirined in the fever
of enlightened pleasure the end of all endeavor
he will train to learn that every joy
will dike sorrow against his straining fear
They will dent shelter in dark rooms
with dead flashlights in newsy corners
to tell each other of themselves
and be no longer strangers but inmates
in the unlocked tabernacle of one orange pulse
raising their eyelids in rhymed communal awe
prostrate at a gate that bars no road
but opens to a sandy ocean stretching
far beyond the horizon of reason
He will run in eager time
to the sound of his own heartbeat
through the silver field of happened
so that she will have to tell him that
not until he hears their child
may he grow a beard.

—THOMAS HUGHES
**What Art, Thou?**

When I don't do anything on-purposely,  
(Hear my breath gush seconds down my ear),  
I can discern what time is:  
Snaking everything along the coast of now.

Not like Husserl, not like Hegel  
Do I thinkertoy to find time's formula.  
I intuit He who do it:  
In the hinterland He dwell creatingly.

But what I'd like to know,  
Does He do an evernew  
Take  
On this guitar of me-and-you?

Or enjoying His completed  
Flick,  
Like Bergmann, popcornseated  
(Freewill being merely *ce qui se dénoue*)?

---RAY PAVELSKY

**THEOPHANY**

“My art is profoundly spiritual.  
Shall we ever give God back his  
physical dimensions? Really, God  
has the most beautiful body there is”

—FELLINI: *Giulietta Degli Spiriti*

My God my God you are a God of thunder  
Lightning cracking smoke neath sheets of rain  
A wild wind wilting flowers in your way  
Shattering crystal windows of your vault  
Cutting eyes that yearn with coloured glass.  
Forced up our nostrils with the air we breath  
Our lungs burst ugly in a paid lust love  
Or else we turn damned away in disgust  
Your smiling procurers behind us  
Cut off from your antiseptic body  
Cursing the storm and forgetting the rainbow.  
Still one day in the quiet of my garden  
Watching the sun's shine image in the pool  
I'll look too close and see you sad unsmiling  
And softly fall and catch you in my arms.

—JOHN F. VORRASI
And He Died Partly On Some Shady Shore

By No. 201279

The scene was hectic, as it always is. The men-commuters were running to the work-bus in a graybusinesssuit-and-attachécase type-way. The younger set were milling around (as the younger set will do) with tennis rackets and golf clubs and radios and suit cases and mod clothes and "Dutch Boy" caps and dirty sweatshirts and toe-hole sneakers and guitars.

Only the guitars seemed out of place. Not the guitars that were carried or held or leaned upon—they fit in. But two guitars that were fingered by two bearded tenors and connected by a pseudo-soprano did not belong. The difference most readily seen was that they were alive and not silent, yet hummed only for themselves. The two guitars and three small voices were partly here and concrete and yet also were far removed.

The song was of some shady shore or perhaps a high grassland or silent slope close to the horizon. No, not the content of their songs—that wouldn't stand out. Probably they mouthed pious platitudes or perhaps impious irony. But the composition they fingered—that's what impressed.

Now soft, flying, free, light as sunshine, combining nature with nostalgia. Now swirling, pulsating, combining passion with platonism. No, they did not fit in. They were not of the solid here and now. They were not mindful only of thoughts of trying to sidestep some goddam kid with that goddam big bag or wishing this old hag in front would either "move it" or go to hell. They sang of the not now. They were not of the here.

Sitting near this island sanctuary was an old man. He was not moving, not looking around. He seemed not even to sense the bustle about him. There was a case near him—not an attaché style nor a luggage style. It was hard to classify it.

He and the guitar player-singers were seated on a long bench in a waiting alcove; he on the end near the archway, the three someplace-else near the middle. Like his proximate companions, he seemed to be somewhere else. Perhaps he was with them on some bygone grassy hillside or maybe he had his own island.

Now he did begin to move. Not up but rather over in a circular motion. Strange — he made no effort to stop himself. Leaning, sliding, falling, falling. Falling over the end of the bench down, down, down onto the floor. Stretching, sliding, slipping, cutting, bleeding, oozing, exhausting.
"Ignore it." "Walk around." "Step over it — it's in the way." "Get away from it." Only about three and a half people noticed. The rest just continued in their well-worn tracks.

Oh yes, a doctor and a nurse did presently come, but it was no use trying. The floor was sticky red, and so was the head. They tried oxygen, hand pump, needles. But —

Now a small crowd had begun to gather. "I saw it all. He just rolled off the bench and knocked his head open. No, it didn't jerk around or nothin'. Yeah, but so what — he's dead, ain't he?"

Even with this increase in activity, the quiet guitars were never silent. Three heads never turned; the tempo never broke. The quiet, humble beat of the soft tide could barely be sensed above the angry turmoil of the turbulent seas. But the shore of the island was still there.

The body was wheeled out and barricades were set up around the mess. Some big, slow mop-wielder came around in about twenty minutes and slopped some water on the floor to dilute the mess and then went on to move it from the floor to the mop to the bucket (and then down the drain). He finished up and then removed the barricades and went away. Everything returned to normal but the case still sat at the end of the bench.

And the player-singers continued to play and sing. They stayed on some shady shore.

64
As the concrete flows onward
    towards a screaming leaden crevasse
    smothered by a hardening element . . . progress
A tree laying upon its side
    crying out as timbers are slewn from its side
    and crucified and buried beneath plasterboard
    — a stagnant heap of human refuse
An earth trembling from explosions
    a broken hill lies dying
    as its limbs fly skyward
All in the name of a reverent god . . . progress
    destruction of a wooded hill top
    a sandbox constructed from open fields
Yes — progress truly tis marvelous

—FRANS WETERRINGS
Come sit down beside me
Where the fire's burnin' softly
And its warm,
The night she's cold, the wind's shut out
It sounds your only knowledge
of the storm.

But I'll take that too, you'll soon forget
Your troubles rest, they'll sleep
in peace tonight,
And we'll laugh and love, forget the world
And all its people 'til the break
of morning light.

Yes, we'll settle back and talk of things
and watch the fire burning
in our eyes,
The relief from life, the warmth
And strength will gently make our
spirits rise.

For the merriment of smiling, going
round the world while still
a'sitting here,
Will make us dance and sing go up and down
forget the sources of
our worldly fear.

I'll tell you things you can't believe
t'will make those eyes a'sparkle
like the fire,
As a whole new world unfolds for you
A place with so much beauty with which you'll
never tire.

The magic of my words will send you
tripping through its gates you'll
never see,
And the only thing you'll know is
this overwhelming funny feeling
That you're free...

Come sit down beside me.

-HAL CUNNINGHAM
But the fountain sprang up and the bird sang down
Redeem the time, redeem the dream
The token of the word unheard, unspoken . . .

—Ash-Wednesday
Virtues

Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.
These tears are shaken from the wrath-bearing tree.

—Gerontion
A horse! A horse! My springdom for a horse!

(Editors ... are like the people who bought and sold in the book of Revelation; there is not one but has the mark of the beast upon him. —Samuel Butler)
Come Back To The
Huddle, Unitas, Honey!

By Harold de Puy

I quite realize that in the days that I am writing, it will be quite impossible for a reader... not to jump over a Freudian moon, but I belong to a simpler and a less polluted generation. I have always gloried in my conception of friendship, and I will insist to my dying day that it has nothing of sex in it.

—The Rector of Justin

For years I resisted the blandishments, the siren song of the Freudian school of literary analysis. Marie Bonaparte and her disciple, Leslie Fiedler, left me cold with their broad, enticing hints of impotency and miscegenated homosexuality. Whenever I was accused by some staid Jamesian of treating his milk-soppy, fingertip-kissing, neuter Henry with cavalier Freudianism, I invariably took umbrage at the libel. My central position, as I saw it, was that if there is latent homosexuality in us all, awaiting only the proper moment of failure and frustration to signal its emergence, then let latent homosexuality lie. I, for one, didn’t want to know about this disgraceful aspect of my idlibidoego.

Anyway, the only homosexual personalities I’ve ever met were anything but latent; you could spot them a mile away. Their patter is

1I’ve forgotten how they’ve disposed of necrophilia. Perhaps they figured that corpse-diddling was just a bit too un-latent for so accurate a science as Freudian analysis.

2Cf. “sleeping dogs.”

3If the Freidians can coin terms, what’s the harm in an amateur’s trifling with the poor, bedraggled, latently-homosexual English (?) language?

4Surprisingly few—which bodes little good for either the “latent” crowd or the misguided “miscegenates.”

as subtle as that of a Peking Red Guard cadre, and their “approach” is quite as obvious as that of one male dog to another.

In any event, I was in enough hot water myself, being from the phallus-under-every-bush school. I didn’t have a single moth-eaten disciple—which is way under par these days: everyone in sight has hordes of disciples. My only admirer was a muddle-headed character, who sidled up to me one day after a rousing ‘reading-in’ session in the novel course, leered suggestively, and said, “You’re in on the real secrets, huh, Mr. D.?”

Still I resented his leer less than I did the look of pious hurt and resentment on the face of the student who complained one day that literature was no longer for the mystical few, as it apparently had been during the reign of my predecessor. Mysticism—shesh! Of course, no one minds when first-rate mystics are tenth-rate poets; after all, who can complain if you’re great at your vocation but not so hot at your hobby? Much the same can be said of good poets who are bad mystics. But when you tell this to

5Rather a shameless lot, male dogs; especially during Dog Days.

6Imagine the anguish and shame of the bush without one. Shudder!
Blakeans? they descend on you from every maggoty, 'mystical' cubbyhole in Christendom: who could've guessed there'd be so many! And when the Blakeans get riled, the Joyceans get upset, too, because they figure it's their turn to get iconoclasm next. And if there's anyone who needs a good bashing now and again, it's a Joycean. I'm not too popular with either Blakeans or Joyceans, because I know more about either writer than any of them. Those who hate me best, though, are ignorant Shakespeareans and Jameseans. Melvilleans don't know I exist, for which small favor I daily praise heaven — Melvilleans, in general, are the most ignorant and complacent dotards in . . . I almost said existence.

But I have gone afield, haven't I? Let's see—where was I? Oh, yeah; I finally converted to Freudi-anism one dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens. That is, I was sitting one Sunday, transfixed in my rocker, utterly mesmerized by the unblinking eye of the t.v. screen, watching the Baltimore Colts trading civilities with the Green Bay Packers. I had always regarded pro football as an innocent, invigorating, albeit somewhat bloody sport that even nuns and little kids could enjoy—educational, even. For a while, I watched the activity with mild interest, averting my gaze only now and then from some more-than-ordinarily-brutal display of high spirits and uneven temperament. I even began to laugh at the jokes that the announcer-analysts were telling. Then it came to me in a flash. What was going on down on that field in full view of every citizen, black and white, of these United States was an indecent exhibition! I don't mean an exhibition of organized sadism and assorted acceptable modes of inflicting cruelty. Hell, no! I mean, these seemingly clean-living quarterbacks, halfbacks, fullbacks, cornerbacks, and just plain throwbacks were displaying their latent homosexuality — both the straight variety, and the miscegenated, for there was a pretty even distribution of white and negro 'players.' Shades of Huck and Jim!

As soon as I saw through the

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10 Speaking of kids, I read "The Tyger" to my kids once. They not only thought it was a lousy poem, but they suggested I speak to Blake about his spelling. But what do kids know?
11 I had bets on both teams that day, and I won them both.
12 Did you ever watch Jim Taylor gouging out a lineman's eye? Beautiful technique . . .
13 Later I was told these were not jokes—they were a straight-faced assessment of each team's strategy.
14 Give or take a few protesters, who were even then picketing the L.B.J. Ranch over Viet Nam, instead of protesting the bombing of Baltimore's secondary by Bart Starr at the instance of Vince Lombardi.
thin veil of respectability to the basic orgiastic character of the exhibition, I leaped to the phone and put in a long-distance call to Leslie. However, Professor Fiedler had recently been purchased from Montana U., in the Missoula league, by Buffalo U., in the bush league, and there was not enough left in the household budget for a call to Buffalo. So I snatched down my well-thumbed Bonaparte and during half-time, instead of drinking in the cacophony of 110 massed high school bands, I made hasty notes. Alas, it was all there, the naked infamy of it. I now knew the wicked purpose of the huddle, for instance. Not only were they showing their behinds half-teasingly, half-insultingly to the patrons of the orgy, but one of their number was craftily singling out a new victim to be defiled, a sacrifice to their latently homosexual idlibidogos. I noted that they always chose the handsomest, smoothest-shaven, most masculine opponent for their assaults. They not only fondled the victim and pinched him saucily, but they inevitably made him fall to the ground, where they could have their will of him with impunity, the pile of bodies masking the true nature of their abominations. The hoarse chuckles of the assailants drowned out the nervous giggles of the assaulted. The diabolical part of it was that everyone rose from the disgusting exhibition looking either cooly unconcerned, angelically innocent, or (in some obviously overacted cases) angry and perturbed.

I was furious with myself, of course, for not having seen through their charade right from the beginning. Were Sigmund alive, he would have taken one look at the knickers the so-called players were wearing, and he'd have whipped up a book in no time about their adolescent attire and all it implied. His disciples, taking their hint from The Master, would have noted other revealing characteristics: the skin-tightness of their clothes; the over-padding in certain places to enhance their masculinity; the makeup some (especially the rascally quarterbacks) affected under the eyes to make the eyes more prominent and effective for flirting; the fancy headgear; the bandages many wore to elicit pity and attract attention; the sharpened cleats to add a sadistic touch—the mere threat of them would send delicious shivers down the spines of their playmates. Some of Freud's more sharp-witted disciples would point out, too, a clever ruse employed to help throw the suspicious off the track, should anyone indeed suspect; that is, many of the players had wives and children—this cover of respectability would hardly fool a Freudian!

Getting back to myself, it became clear now that the ogling quarterback, normally much smaller and more delicate than the others, was dangled as bait by his knowing co-conspirators. Some, like Fran Tarkenton, danced shame-

15 I learned later that Mr. Fiedler was at Bison Stadium at the time, floating over the massacre of the Jets by the Buffalo mastadons.

16 "Scrambling," huh! We know better, don't we, fellas? (Wink! Wink!)
lessly for long seconds in the open field, looking helpless and frightened, in order to entice the more desirable of the opposing players into positions of vulnerability, where they were brutally mauled by other inflamed players. Some victims showed a marked degree of annoyance at this shabby treatment, but probably only because they had been singled-out by some ill-favored wall-flower rather than the man of their choice. I noted also how often one player patted another on the fanny, with obvious relish on the part of both; further, my suspicions were borne out when opposing players scruled not to indulge in this overly-affectionate gesture on occasion. Blocking and tackling were, of course, crudely disguised erotic procedures. The tackling, especially, caught my eye: as often as possible the tackler hugged his victim tightly in both his arms, reluctant to release him, and likely as not falling with him to the inviting turf till surfeited. Nor did they fool me for a second with all their naughty talk of red dogging, flare patterns, tight ends, and what-not. I haven't deciphered their hidden meanings as yet, but I'm certain they're there; just give me time. In this lascivious Fren-dian world, no one says what he means: I've done enough literary analysis to know that!

And what of the onlookers at this bestial Saturnalia—were they revolted and saddened at the dis-

play of shameful decadence? Sadly must it be told, they were not. Rather were they incited, themselves, to frenzy, accompanied as the activity was by suggestive band music and other aphrodisiac inducements to moral laxity. For no Roman emperor, no matter how debauched, had so licentious an exhibition been arranged. The crowd cheered on their favorites, vociferously voicing their voyeuristic approval (oh! most dubious of delights) at each fresh outrage.

Oh, I could go on—what a tale I could unfold, that would elevate the hackles of every decent, red-corpuscled American! I tell all this reluctantly, knowing beforehand that many will misinterpret my motives in itemizing the crude, indelicate features of this hebdomadal carnival of pseudo-masculinity. But I cannot continue. If I am to retain my sanity, I must hurry to my psychoanalyst and unburden my tale of conjectures and suspicions. It may be some time before I am emboldened to make my notes public and bring down scorn and opprobrium on the heads of those moleskin-clad rascals. Meanwhile, back to the huddle, all you hoity—who knows what new adventure awaits you on the next exciting foray into the line!18

17I don't know the singular form from the plural, and I doubt if the stupid Romans did. All I know is that Saturn got his, but good.

18And even oftener.

19If you don't believe me, see these guys sometime when they don't have their padding on. Why you can't tell them from any ordinary pro wrestler. And speaking of wrestling... well!

20I didn't really have a footnote to insert here, but twenty is a much neater number than nineteen any day, believe me.
SPRING FEVER

HONEY?

At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

—THE HOLLOW MEN
Too Hot for Comfort

I wore a suit made out of ice
One sunny summer day;
What happened then was not too nice,
It even hurts to say.

As sunshine melted off my suit
Leaving me quite nude,
An arresting cop said, “think you’re cute?
Five years for being lewd."

---RICK TADDEO

Just A Little Off The Sides, Please

and all the answer people
hold their meetings
and all the answer people
give five-minute speeches
They’re almost there, you know
Pretty soon they’ll have it all
Nicely statestreeted in their libraries,
Notebooks, microfilm, 8x5 cards, and
8x5 memory banks
and all the answer people
froggiesmile.

and all the question people
weep but mostly laugh
and all the question people
don’t care if they forget
Because or not because they’re
Ignorant, even of their ignorance.

---JOHN MORREALL
Clarence Jones

They buried Clarence Jones this Saturday afternoon
Saturday afternoon: a rusty razor blade
And I cannot forget his words, his ways, his whys
His tasteless words sloshing between his tarnished jaws:
Restless vegetable soup on a hobo's tireless fire
His house—its Delphic floor; its stained prosaic windows:
The where of sacrifice—dry and dark and brooding
Come, said the oriel, observe the drooping bar
And tavern neon dripping on his flashing face
There would he stand and look, thus would he look and see
Then would he feel for a buck he knew would not be there
Sad as a god who dropped his star.

There's poison in the holy water he would say
Drinking the cup of his accumulated suffering
Then would he minister to the day in muted beauty
Swinging his incense at the wheeling universe
A chain with a handless watch worn by the drops of time
Baptizing the stillborn hours, forgiving them to morn
Confirming them to noon, ordaining them to night
Anointing them in death, cremating them to ashes
Watching, waiting, longing for the dust to blossom
In the sundirt of his secret garden.

Some told him a poet; no one read him though
Yet I think he wrote of floods of yesterday
Of shrines of memory, of rites of recollection
Wondering in his memoried forgettances
Dreaming a dried up dream from the tooth of the elephant
Dreaming a withered dream from his remembrances
Wondering if someone, somewhere, sometime could be sadder
Perhaps an attic trumpet player.

Then he would shuffle over his prophetic floor
Even as shadowed lovers' hopeful broken whispers
Sighs and sounds of boards, sighs and sounds without words
Seeking his sun in the fire, seeking his shadow in the desert
Seeing his life in his limping, seeing his past in his journey
Just stumbling to humility.

A broken faced old man, a broken nosed old god
Somewhere, always lost in the epic throng he crept
Toward the silent pagan sacrament to die
With dry finality of good-bye.

Everyone quickly said with grave automatic concern
That the State would bury him.

—The Cornman
Suadente Diabolo*

On parade in a book pressed poppy concession and playing pious in my pew, I am peering through these shuttered panes at the powder pouting girls and thinking sundry. I am nodding jerk approval of your modulated script and planning prompt disgression from your dripping pulpit pander to the duty doing faithless. I am panting out your prayers to a power happenied god for the new succession babe barren borne in brittle birth. I am praying on the claim of your paddle padded plenty to the child drowning plain of constant lit and money. I am waiting for your pride to prod the mystic magic in the plush for blushing chalice. I am pending to pretend my own substantial blend in the pinking pointed pronouns of the priest.

Hic est je suis enim un autre mei.

Now and now a solemn bow to the transubstantial feast for gobble gobble beast in the absence of all yeast. I am memory alone strictly confidential honed for an interventus ulcer from your ever fiendly rome. And ye'll love love love for the bumble bee your dove has granted me a vision in the open planted missal sandwiched sanguine stench on my nose my hush puppy nose. It colors in the renting of a boyhood I didn't have. Hushed in hurried frenzy.

softly Qu'il vienne, qu'il vienne,
Le temps dont on s'eprenne

Swirling through the stalks of muddy unmade breads, she swelled the hazy hills' clumped cleavage. With a cool and gentle palm firmed my jaw to speak.

— Guts.

Was a sound of solemn peak peering when I lofted heroes. Something brave and strong in my tar baby clinging made me clap worsted. Something brave and sinew was a bold man. Something berg and surging was eyelending wisdom. Something violent red was the pulsing touch of knowing. I spelledknelt truth to tumble a cascading casino of laminated prolixity. I ate the pale blue pages of fact vending and polished gold baring busts. My footline receded and I reached to scrape the evening pink tuft's promised joy. And I am poised pawned a vestal child.

Come the doubting smile waved and I felt the hand that moistened me to follow to the frowning lake an absent fishers flatboat. Rowing slowly

*——The old canon law used this expression in legislating a basis for excommunication: "violentas manus suadente diabolo inilicentes in clericos vel utriusque sexus monachos." It describes a deliberate and conscious physical attack or act of disrespect, while under the advice or persuasion of the devil, against a sacred person or object.—Ed.
to the center swelling and resting on the easy lashing current, I slunk
the cool bottom seeking the rounded divinity who gently still my wander-
ing in the melting pressure of a former despair

hold tightly tightly that I may breathe
worn out vapors of an extended eve
scourge once again the dilemma you leave
time and barbarians topple goddesses

And hard of seeing I splashed those selfish words

forgotten lines of a nursery rhyme moan
lady bird lady bird fly away home

Cynthia Cynthia and my sacred Echo Dithyramb as I whispered forever
laden with the rocking clouds.

I fought heaven's indifference with a dry fall snowflake the whimsy
santaclaus the breath of all woman beating in my hands. Jimmie wishes
on the fairy puffball for angel hair and runs to nuns hiding in evergreen
trees holding the cobalt milkweed. How that thief serene chases me to
subservient corners to find the virgin spider. And finding only the grey
hairs of old women lint from portly navels ragged filter tips kisses from
a leper’s lips. Now boys in suburbs blow those wings away to rake your
mommy’s lawn with splintered popsicles like sky relined in fat. But may
cannot last in a dead eternity as the phosphorous thruway flows into
october the lava city.

I keep thinking of what my friend always tells me
— the world screws.

the world screws and I say good—so what—all the time world screws
but the virgin poet no. Being swallowed into New York and suddenly
concerned with suicide and poetry with all the reason not to at my side.
Her—I wonder who she is. Poetry is a drunker stupor that visits its
relatives to admit pregnancy—naively not knowing who or when and
usually not how. Naming each kid Ezra because he doesn’t know either.
As the tri-boro coils its tongue on me—this will be a relaxing vacation from
the world screws—beginning to wonder myself if that’s just what I plan.

Just before the city drinks us I wake her up and with loud staccato
emphasis growel

— Let me kiss your brain with my teeth.

and then we are registering in the Sheraton—conscience struck I sign
into the Y.

Prurient interests in our purity sit through San Francisco art—when the
cock goes flop flop I’ve had it—sick microscopic color pushing me to
the floor huge chunks of brilliant red vomiting horror. She practically
carries me out. I leave her that night with her own horror creaking
through the key hole—she dreaming James Joyce in the next room trying
to rape her and on my way uptown to the forbidden park. Found them
all over—snorting pigeons wounded by BB shot—hauled them into a
subway john nursing mankind’s spittle telling shiny blackmen with no
irises (black dog eyes) to help me. These pigeons are dying. Flush the goddam bastards down the john with them—a whirlpool of death grey green cooings turning red—this is my body—New York City—a dog biting its ass.

Sleep finally in a filthy room my fingers in the air like rheumatic docks tied in veins of drying ink. Day turns into ballooning thighs and the muscular women of modern art. Only memorable moment spent with Manet and his shaded vision. A heap night in the village which is an imported British comedy but not half bad when you're high. Happy in street center looking f... you at the vast hordes of curious American parents. Embracing between lamp posts and skipping in slush with pink cotton candy. A real comeon when the walls are made of junkie niggers rolling tokens for quick eternities. Pocket change willingly but wishing us middle class christmas joy squashes our airy bounty. Around the corner alone together leaning with a sticky mess—my god happy candy cotton gobs of red despair in my hands. End up drinking coke until tears come to our eyes and loving with the same intensity. I cant leave tonight. Sleep in a chair. I do believe in responsible people and I've decided she's a goddess.

Me?

Only the next day she reads "Lion for Real" in the automatic subway chasing benches of faces with Ginsberg's masturbation and one guy really excited. I loved him. Then the Puerto Rican bus ride from 100th down 5th trying to do this right without killing the hungry sunken blue eyes that ravish my goddess. She sleeping and I just stare at him staring at her. The only man I've ever hated—the semen sight of New York spread eagle in every god forsaken window not even looking directly but through reflections in windows. I will not leave her tonight.

Double scotch—two—307—door closed against the bright lights of night. I sit on the floor. Yes we have not done much of anything but turkish taffy police men giving directions always say just a little further but dont breathe the amonia (the sidewalks illicit grease pools of it). So what—let us love—that is do love making. Lets go watch the sun set on some lawless velvet back skin. I have no control—trying not to break any arbitrary armistice.

mother—what is it—sex?

No it is done—go in peace. Did I leer? My sorrow is penance—no pity no compassion only a sadness. Even though we smoked the pot of forgetfulness. Even though putting on my shoes holding hard to me saying why. I left leaving her only a leering memory to sleep with.

I stumbling with self fear wander lonely with city lights playing not it tag with my six shadows. I the seventh. Finally converging in a dark street. I dont want to be lonely alone. Waiting swept out for the return of the seven—now diabolo myself. The blasphemy—in leaving her. On parade in a book pressed poppy concession.

—Thomas Hughes
Trois Petites Liturgies sur le mot “Amour”

I

Derrière le miroir

What are you going to do now
when nights grow cold and long
when all the mourners have gone home
and you are all alone

What are you going to do now
when kind words fade away
when remembrance has no more pain
and you are all alone

And who do you think knows
and who do you think cares
and who do you think sees
and who do you think shares

Today I brought you a rose
Tomorrow it too will die

II

Variations sur un theme d’un autre poète

It was a happy Sunday morn
all fresh with smiling dew
the first day of a spring new-born
filled with a promise hue

And all the happy people
so glad to wake alive
all headed for the steeple
God’s love there to revive

Then Jack jumped into the pulpit’s throat
waved a wordy fist over the happy congregation
stepped down, sighed,
and everybody felt religious
III

Chanson pour un degel en janvier

Martha: Get over there and open that door!
George: You've been advised.
Martha: Yeah... sure. Get over there!
George: All right, love, whatever love wants.

—Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Oh it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
Puberty's come at last
And at the foot of the Colosseum
Your cow eyes wink brown coffee.
Oh it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
The sea is a blue green grass
With tears in our eyes we think and sigh
In remembrance of things long past.
Oh we have been friends together
In the days beyond recall
Through fair and stormy weather
When life was a chain and ball.
Oh we have been friends together
Fat-boy, Confessor and all
Sunk in the depths of a sanctified lake
Hearing handwriting on the wall.
God, it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
Do you remember when
We fought tooth and nail for your victory
What they said?
But we showed 'em eh?

"Success!
Victory!
Greatness in all things!
Chuck"

God bless America
Raise that flag on Hi!
Golly, gosh, by gum
Oh gee: foody do.
Oh God, and the looks on their faces
All the way through
I wonder if they knew...
And I had longed long to eat this supper with you
But you didn't want to come...
Tout d'un coup it wasn't you at all.
?
Ah!

https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/28
It's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
J.M. Barrie's old and died
And from the bottom of a crystal lake
Does a chanson innocent rise.
So it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
And all the scores are in,
I see now under the arc of the sun
A time for everything indeed.
Yes, it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
But good friend your happy half lie
Is blacker by far than the meanest truth
A vicious god could ever teach with a slap
Into the blinding light as we cry out our first breath.
I'll never close my eyes to what I see
Or close my ears in fear of what I'll hear
I'll never color crystal what's blue green
Or stop my heart from searching out its God.
Oh it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
And we've all stuck around saying
Lord, Lord
Shrugging our shoulders and asking
What can it be?
Or are we all just too polite
to say what we know it is.

—John F. Vorasli

“And Young Men Shall See Visions”

At the edge of nowness, darkness begins.
Therein bittersweet sounds of silence glow,
mellow-scented colors are intoned,
and only the wonderful wind caresses both light and night
If you entered, would you dare return?
Grasp the solitary strand of gossamer,
and wander with the wind.

from MARKS
The Web In The Wellspout

Owasco Lake
Summer 1966

To this Summerplace
Owasco
I come each year

Here
this morning
I went to draw water
from the common well
that fronts the cottage here

With my first fervent pumping
the nitent waters
burgeoned fulgent forth
across the squarelipped mouth
and each new thrust
upon the handle
forced a fuller flow
like some giant’s heaving pulse
and as the polyethylene pail
gathered the vital potage
to its very shape,
I noticed ’cross the squarelipped mouth
slanted
one single wispy hair
of spider webbing
securely fixed on either side
but its slender middle
taking the floodflow full
so softly lean ’twas hardly seen
unless the light was right
and then it glistened certainly:
it slackened slightly
before each sudden burst
lightly arced and slightly strained
threatened, drooped, pulled, waned,
but held,
held, held, and held
through ten and twenty, thirty
lusty handstrokes and thirty
gusty floodthrobs, held, held,
and never gave, never broke,
this slender strand
so frail and firmly fastened
firmly founded by its fixer

How?
I dare not hope for answer.

Yet

some simply sounded depth

seems here

whose cold and crystal liquor

savors of a truth sublime . . .

"The weak things of earth

he chooses oft
to stupify the strong."

I dare not hope for answer

Still

there's answer gratis . . . satis!

—CLARENCE AMANN

what I didn't see in the park

lovers hoard words like disgruntled
domestic racoons in the green roots of night
picking buds of trust from g stringed
bouquets of thunderclaps and maturely
contracepting time with careful silences
with twinkle lying joint blurred eyes
to prevent the platonic and be carnal if they want
secretely hoping astray they ejaculate their
o gods to some obscure last week playboy
and pet the underbelly of planned parenthood
until it sleeps in a jealous quiver of shrieks
and chuckle knowingly when told
it just ain't that great
by a campus minded ex professor
because they lead an exciting sex life
complaining of stiff necks and palpitating
kneecaps while soothing matchless complexions
and peppermint brushing commercial compliments
reading poetry as a fragile type
of intellectual debauchery
and extending their immortal union in
rough suggestions to huddled next day friends
sharing a tender moment
living in dorms with the constant threat of
wine stained bedsheets they roar
cries of liberated love
burning in the ice of drying belief
not knowing the whole time
that love is a rhythm
breathed in two different rooms

—THOMAS HUGHES
Spring the First

MY CONVERSION

What is all this talk of spring
When May endures our hopes to bring
New things to touch and
New faces to see.
I have responded to stronger hopes
And regarded newer and better joys
to be honest
beauty has stepped in before
and cast the spell to me:

I saw a child and he sat on my knee
As I once did
When we sat along those banks and watched
The barges churn water
(but that was when the fish weren't jumping)
because we were buddies
him and me.

These lines were made when I was ten.
What could prescribe a new hope
If brought back again
They could only be
The other times that weren't like that
though only memory searches the spirit
you see:
I have given all to the other three
But only spring gives all to me.

--Ronald Ashe
I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable . . .

—The Dry Salvages
The Artists Spring

JIM ALLEN: Spring is Like good Art
fresh and alive in The Simplicity
of its Lines
And Bright as The Artist’s
imagination

CLARENCE AMANN: "The land is green with strength.
The harvests sing like confidence
In the ascetic earth. . ."
—MERTON

That’s the unsecret secret of spring: the promise that’s only promise “in the ascetic earth.” Unsecret because every man recognizes its presence, secret because in no two men is the promise the same. The potential to be realized, the fruit that’s only seedling now, the shoots that, properly tended, pledge luxuriant foliage in mid Summer — that’s the unsecret secret of spring.

HERMAN BRAUSE: Springtime is the season for breathing fresh air, the time when pale-faced students should pack their knapsacks, don hiking togs, and head (per foot or bicycle) for the nearest fields and forests.

HAROLD DE PUY: “Youth is like spring, an overpraised season.”
—SAMUEL BUTLER

Spring is the bad plot in an otherwise excellent work of art. Spring? only the incorrigibly romantic can view it as a revitalizing process. Spring can be diagnosed as generalized debilitation (with a rotten prognosis). Spring is sappy poetry, hasty marriages, snotty-nosed nuisances that somehow must be endured. Still, one happy note is detectable: if spring is here, can winter be far behind?

JOHN DEROSA: Spring is the time when the earth is green with hope.

NO. 201279: Gold, white, green,
Sun, youth, clean,
Look, see, dream,
Think.
I’m blind.

TOMMY HUGHES: Spring is the regularity of prose and the freedom of poetry held in the unspeaking heedlessness of nature.

LARRY LECHNER: no bells toll for the smooth White Lady. everybody sings for la belle verte.
The Artists Spring

from MARKS: The reddening of life has yet to be frostkissed by the deadening chill of forty winter days. On a spring day when the fires from that ember have scorched the earth green, who questions the value of winter? With this same certainty we await the summerless Easterspring.

JOHN MORREALL: Spring isn’t something to yearn for in the cold of winter, nor is it something to mourn in the heat of summer. Spring is peculiarly now—to live, to enjoy, to savor.

PHIL PARISI: Here we are again—when the formed geese quack over at the dawn. I’d like to stop one and ask him—over a coffee and a smoke—why he goes back and forth, inveterately. Maybe he’d say it’s good to change. And I’d agree. Then maybe he’d uncross his legs, take a drag and say, "Damn it though, even this change is no change, except for you." Agree also. So where are we? Spring—it’s good to have you back again.

RAY PAVELSKY: caring tugs my (windy) string.

it is quite lonely

in the kitefields

spring comes here.

WARREN PAYNE: Spring is four wheels and a plank, ball bearings and a bleeding chin.

DON SCHWAB: Jay’s sign of Spring: "When the worm returns!"

RICK TADDEO: In the November wind Kareenith smiled, and now winter is no more.

SIR JOHN VORRASI: "... and only in springtime I grow nearest understanding the true sorrow of resurrection."

AAKO WETTERINGS: Asked to write on spring, a reply must be: flowers and rain and beauty and all that means life.

THE CORNMAN: —As editor: I do not feel qualified qua editor to make a specific comment on spring. (My general comment is embodied in the collective poem itself.) Nevertheless qua editor I do feel qualified to tell you what hell is.

—As poet: blood is in the spring.
—As man: spring is my mother’s middle name.
—As Cornman: Le printemps c’est moi. Et moi? . . .

Once again we thank our friends at The Daily Record who, after having sprung the winter, now have wintered the spring.
The desire for space with which
to watch a world grow brings the
Burden of ages of men, little men
to bury the sun, the sky, the grass, and the
Space of thousands of stars.

—Frans Wetterings

and what does the wind want.
to remove man from the blaying plain?

ha.

man has done wind’s work.
he has built walls,
becoming corpse while tooling tombs.

in removing himself from wind
he has removed himself from plain.

—Ray Pavelsky
...And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane...

---East Coker
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

The Love Song
Of J. Alfred Prufrock