

ST PUBLICATION OF  
ST ABBEY COLLEGE  
THE 6 DECEMBER 1965

GORA

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## THE WORMS' TURN

By Philippe Crane

Most of the crowd in the long red-carpeted room of Paget Galleries was clustered about one picture. Behind its velvet rope the large canvas covered with a mass of red and blue squiggles bore the legend: "Portrait of Jennie" by Florian Tempest. The viewers' comments were breathless and excited.

"He's really out-done himself this time."

"Tempest is certainly one of the greatest."

"Who would believe that worm painting could achieve such heights?"

"Such vigor, such powerful curves!"

Anthony Staines, art critic for "The New Era," standing in the middle of the group, fingered his little goatee and stared at the picture. He wondered what it was about it that made him uneasy. To his sensitive eye there was something vaguely disquieting about this new work by the great Florian Tempest.

As a painter with worms, Florian Tempest had long been a recognized master. His worms, each dipped in a different color and dumped in a squirming mass in the center of a piece of canvas, had created a tremendous critical stir, and his paintings had been hung in famous galleries the world over. There were many who said that the worm technique of Tempest was artistically superior to the drippings of Jackson Pollock or the dust-bin collages of Kurt Schwitters because it was completely free of subjective human control. In fact, it was Staines himself, in an early article in "The New Era," who had pointed out that worm painting was one of the purest forms of art. Once the worms were released on the canvas, the painter had no further responsibility for them. The manner of releasing, the colors used, and particularly the condition of the worms themselves reflected the artist. Beyond that the painting was an independent expression of nature, a free form at its most free.

Staines rubbed a well manicured hand over his small, protruding belly and pondered the question posed by the painting. What was wrong with it? It wasn't the manner of release. This was characteristic of Tempest. As usual he had rolled the worms up in a ball and dropped them in the center of the canvas so that even the direction they took was up to the worms themselves. They might all go one way, as had happened in the famous "Red Boy" now hanging in the Palo Alto civic gallery. And it wasn't the colors: they were right in keeping with Tempest's recent purple period, predominantly reds and blues with the inevitable single lavender worm which in this picture had chosen a tortuous course to the upper left. No, it wasn't the colors. Gradually the answer began to dawn on him. He readjusted his pince-nez and elbowed past a plump dowager for a closer look.

"It's the movement," he said to himself, finally. "Never have I seen worms so active. The tracks are so vigorous that there's a flamboyant quality about them. And there are bits of color splattered along the paths. It looks as if the worms had been writhing so hard that they flicked off drops of paint. It's unbelievable. Tempest has never done anything as powerful as this before. No wonder the gallery-goers are excited." He sucked his lip, pensively, and a crease appeared in his brow. "But I wonder if Tempest really did it. It's so unlike him."

In the midst of his meditations Anthony felt an elbow dig into his ribs. He jumped aside sharply, but his angry look turned to a smile when he saw who it was: Belmont Paget, owner of the gallery.

"Hello, there, Anthony," Paget said, his tall frame leaning down over the smaller man, "admiring our new Tempest?"

Paget had a long thin face atop a long thin body. Like many tall men he had a perpetual stoop, but when he talked to his friend Anthony Staines he had to

practically h  
day. Don't y  
"Well, not e  
beckoned to  
He shut the  
"Belmont,"  
I think it r  
"Anthony,"  
"Well, Belm  
quite under  
style, but it  
movement i  
"I'm afraid  
trained eye.  
"Where did  
tioning a su  
"Why, it ca  
was post-m  
excited whe  
asked us to  
telling you,  
"Well, if I v  
beyond the  
"Oh, dear,  
on a woeful  
"There, the  
about this.  
home. I'm  
"You know  
walked to  
Galleries h  
you find ou  
"Of course,  
the crowde  
bling to hir  
A few days  
quite excit  
been broug  
right. Ther  
Anthony w  
other man  
"This is M  
exhibition i  
day in Chu  
that same f  
Anthony st  
The tracks  
in intricate  
finally drop  
"It's amazi  
trically, ach  
higger or r  
of a Tempe



double because Anthony was so short. "We just got it in yesterday. I think it's one of the finest things he's done?"

"I think—" Anthony said. He put a hand over his mouth and elmont to follow him into the inner office, away from the crowd. or and turned to Paget, his goatee quivering.

said, "I think there's something wrong with that picture. In fact, possibly be a forgery."

elmont gasped, "how can you say that?"

t," Anthony replied, "there's a strange quality about it that I don't and. Oh, I know the initials 'F.T.' are on it, and it's certainly in his just a little too vigorous, too overblown. There's almost too much t."

didn't see what you mean, Anthony. Of course, I haven't got your

get it?" Staines asked in the flat level tone like a detective ques-ect.

by mail—with a letter from Jennie Tempest herself. The package ed 'Dover Corners' where Tempest has his studio. Believe me I was I saw it. We don't get many of them. It's all perfectly normal. She l the picture for them. We've sold several before. And I don't mind ey go like hot-cakes. Artistically speaking that is," he added.

you I'd be careful with it. Something has stimulated those worms rm. That painting gave me an unwholesome feeling."

dear, this is awful." Paget wrung his hands, and his long face took xpression.

Belmont," said Anthony, "I'm not really sure yet. Let me think me more. I have some reproductions of old Tempest paintings at g to look them over and compare them in my mind."

respect your opinion, Anthony," said Paget as the two of them door of the gallery, "but in this case I hope you're wrong. Paget ver hung a forgery in its entire existence. You'll let me know if ything, won't you, old man?"

course. Good-bye, Belmont." Anthony hurried down the steps into enue. He put his pince-nez into his pocket and walked along mum-

*Anthony received a telephone call from Belmont Paget. He was* an-  
thony," he said, "can you come over here right away? I've just o-  
ther Tempest, and I think I see what you meant. You were  
something wrong with these pictures."

right over to Paget Galleries where he found Belmont and an-  
sly looking at a canvas standing on an easel in the inner office.  
worth," said Belmont. "He says he bought this picture at a little  
nklin Union about ten miles from Dover Corners. It's called 'Sun-  
It has Florian Tempest's initials on it, but, as you can see, it has  
yant look about it."

the painting. It was even more fulsome than "Portrait of Jennie."  
worms were positively rampant. The colors laced and interlaced  
olutions. The lavender worm had made a complete circle before  
off the canvas at the lower right.

Anthony said, "not even Liparci, who stimulated his worms elec-  
effects like this. In all my years as an art critic I've never seen  
complicated worm tracks. This picture has all the characteristics  
d yet it's almost grotesque. It has a sort of unhealthy glow about

it. The worms' bodies appear distended, and their wriggings have an orgasmic quality. What can he be doing to them? They certainly are over-stimulated." He shook his head and turned on Bedworth who was looking pretty gloomy at this appraisal of his picture. "Where did you say you got it?"

"My wife and I were on our vacation last month," Bedworth replied, "and we were driving through this little town, and we saw an art exhibit. In a barn, it was. So we stopped—and we bought this picture. We paid too much for it. Seven hundred and fifty dollars. We've never done anything like that before, but, well, we fell in love with it—all those reds and blues with that big circle of lavender, but now my wife doesn't like it any more, and I thought that since it was by such a famous man that maybe Mr. Paget would help me dispose of it."

"Imagine, only seven hundred and fifty dollars for an original Tempest," Belmont put in.

Mr. Bedworth's eyebrows flicked up hopefully, but Anthony's next remark sent them down again.

"If it is an original. Tell me more about this little exhibit in Franklin Union."

"Well, there were these paintings by various local artists hanging in a barn with a sign outside, and in the middle of them was this special one by Florian Tempest. There was a fellow, a dark haired young man, sitting in a folding chair beside it."

"A dark haired young man, eh? That's not Tempest. He's in his fifties, and wears a beard and sideburns. What was the young man's name?"

"I think I heard someone say his name was *Motley*."

"*Motley*," Paget and Staines exclaimed, almost together. "Why, that's the name of Tempest's care-taker. What's he doing selling Florian Tempest's paintings?"

"Well, I'm not sure he was selling them," Bedworth answered. "He was just there and seemed to be in charge of it. I paid the money to the man who was running the exhibit."

"This is getting more and more mysterious, Anthony," said Belmont. "It seems to me I heard that Florian fired Motley a few weeks back."

"Yes, I heard that too, now that you mention it. Something to do with his behavior toward Jennie."

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised. That Jennie's quite a girl, and Tempest is such a self-centered old grouch."

"Belmont, there's only one thing for us to do. You and I must take a ride up to Dover Corners and see Florian himself. I haven't seen him in months anyway. I never see him any more since he decided to bury himself up there in those hills."

"I think you're right, Anthony. I'd like to see him. And Jennie, too, for that matter. She was always such a pretty, gay thing. Let's get to the bottom of this."

It was a long four-hour drive from the city to Dover Corners, and Paget and Staines decided to book a room at the inn in the village before making their way out into the country to Florian Tempest's studio, which was in a secluded spot at the end of a rutted dirt road. The building itself, on the shore of a lake, was very modern. The studio, which was attached at one end, was almost completely glass surrounded by low shrubbery.

"This place must have cost a fortune," Paget said, "way off here at the end of nowhere."

"Well, he's got the money to pay for it," Staines replied. "His paintings have brought big prices for years."

"I wonder how Jennie likes being stuck up here in the woods with him."

As the car stopped, Jennie Tempest came out from the house and greeted them warmly. She was a petite blonde wearing slacks and a man's shirt. Anthony remembered that she had always been very fond of people, and she certainly seemed happy to see them. She made an awful lot of noise about it.

"Belmont, Anthony, so glad to see you. Anthony studied lines at the corner otherwise she looks thought, married bring. Except w

"Where's Florian?"  
"I'll see," she said.  
She led them through the pines. The pines ran on wires. One end stood a small door.  
"I think that's w  
whisper.

In the center of the rest of the table back.

The two friends of the lake. They and the rumble of the great machine hung back slightly.

He was dressed in worn sneakers. He accumulated droplets if anything more. Out from it all his

"Belmont Paget, them with a glare. Paget and Staines they dealt with. T

"We came to see why should you vor that Anthony

"Well, uh, you see trait of Jennie's as they seem, well,

"More vigorous, s then back at Pag too, but it was ha

"Have you been doing now. Just g tive show to be s of that?"

"Why, that's fine, that your painting active."

Jennie gave a sort

"My worms have fully. What nons Aren't they, Jenni



ny, what a surprise!" she shouted. "What a welcome visit. Oh, my see you. Such a long time!"

Jennie's face. She was wearing no makeup, and there were little lines around her mouth and around her eyes. She had gotten older. Other pretty much as he remembered her. A lovely woman, he thought to a great artist. She has everything that money and fame can buy. Who would want to be married to Florian Tempest?

"n?" he asked.

"id, 'won't you come into the studio and wait?"

rough a red-wood door into the all-glass studio. Full length curtains around the entire room. Just now they were drawn back. At the shed-like structure about six feet tall completely enclosed except on one side.

where the worm box is," Belmont said to Anthony in an awed

the room was a flat table on which stood a few cans of paint. The table was bare. "I guess he's between pictures," Anthony whispered

walked over to the other side of the studio and admired the view. He could hear Jennie talking softly in the other part of the house. A male voice answering her. In a moment she came back leading him. He had apparently been reluctant to appear because he was slightly, standing in the doorway.

as always in a wrinkled sweatshirt, shapeless khaki pants and everything was stiff with paint, food, dried perspiration and the droppings and filth of weeks. His reddish beard and sideburns were more luxuriant than ever, and his iron-gray hair was in wild disorder. His eyes peered like two glowing coals in a pile of leaves.

st, Anthony Staines," he said, looking at each in turn and fixing them. "What are you two doing here?"

They were accustomed to being treated brusquely by the great men. They assumed properly humble attitudes.

re you, Florian," said Anthony. "We wondered how you've been?"

ou wonder that?" Tempest shot the question at him with such ferocity. Jennie jumped too, and put her hand to her mouth.

see, Florian," Belmont put in, "some of your new paintings. 'Portrait' and 'Sunday in Church' seem to have some different qualities—more vigorous somehow."

somehow?" Tempest looked at his wife, who looked puzzled, and at Janet and Staines. There might have been puzzlement on his face but hard to tell.

doing anything different?" Anthony asked faintly.

Why should I do anything different? Everybody likes what I'm doing. I got a request from the State Department for a one man retrospective sent on tour to under-developed countries. What do you think

me, Florian, but that wasn't what we meant. What we meant was that things have a new look about them. The worms seem to be more

sort of gasp but no one paid any attention.

ve always been active," Tempest shouted. "I pick them very carefully. The question is this? Active worms, indeed. Of course they're active. Jennie?"

Jennie didn't reply. She was looking down at the floor, her lips compressed and her fists tightly clenched. She seemed afraid to answer.

"Florian," Anthony began again, "we just wondered if you were doing anything different. What we'd like to know—" Gentle persistence was Anthony's method, and it usually worked with the egocentric artists and sculptors he dealt with, but Florian Tempest was having none of it today. He finally blew up completely when Anthony asked him if he was artificially stimulating his worms and told them to get out. White and shaking, Jennie herded them from the studio while Tempest stood spluttering in the background. As they got into their car she rushed back in. The last thing they saw was Jennie talking excitedly to him. He still stood in the doorway where he had first appeared.

The two friends looked at each other glumly as they drove back to Dover Corners.

"Well, wasn't that the strangest thing?" Anthony said.

"It certainly was. He didn't need to take offense. After all, those pictures have changed, and an artist like Tempest should be the first to know it."

"He really didn't act like himself."

"You know, you're right. He just stood there in the doorway and yelled at us. He never came into the room at all."

"Remember the way Florian used to stride around when he was excited?"

"I certainly do. This wasn't like him at all. By the way, you never asked him about Motley selling his picture for him."

"How could I? I never really got a chance to ask him anything. The man's become a pompous fool. Or else he doesn't understand his own work any more. Anybody with the least bit of artistic training could tell that those worms are acting strangely. Why should he try to deny it?"

"Well, he didn't really deny it."

They drove on in silence for a while, each lost in his own thoughts, ignoring the beauty of the wooded hills and rolling farmlands around them.

"Belmont," said Anthony, finally, "we've got to spend the night in town. It's too late to drive back to the city. What do you say we come back tonight and surprise them? They won't expect us back. Maybe we can find out something."

"Surprise them? You mean sneak up on them."

"Yes, I do," said Anthony, lifting his chin so that his goatee pointed straight at the windshield. "That's just what I do mean. The way Florian treated us, I have no qualms about it."

The darkness of early evening was just beginning to fall when Staines and Paget parked their car about half a mile down the road from Tempest's home. As they walked toward the house they could see that the studio was lit, but the curtains had been drawn.

"Come on," Anthony whispered, and crawled into the shrubbery to where he could see through an opening in the curtains. Paget bent his tall form so that his head was above Staines, and the two of them crouched together.

Inside, a man was leaning over a large canvas on the work table. In one hand he held a ball of squirming worms, and with the other he was dipping individual worms into various cans of paint. As they watched he closed both hands over the



ball and rotating his wrists slightly he let the whole thing fall in the center of the canvas. When he lifted his head for a look around the room, both Staines and Paget gasped in amazement. The man was young, smooth-shaven, and he had sleek black hair.

"That's not Tempest," Anthony whispered.

"No, it's—Motley."

"Come on, let's go inside. Something strange is going on here." The two rose up from the bushes and burst in the door of the studio. They were greeted by a scream from Jennie Tempest. She had been sitting in the corner of the room, hidden by the curtains. Now she rose up and came toward them, eyes flickering with fright.

"Wha-what are you doing here?" she quavered.

Anthony drew himself up to his full height and pointed his goatee at her stomach.

"I might say, Jennie, what are you doing here watching a forgery being created before your very eyes?"

At first Jennie said nothing. There didn't seem to be any fight in her. She looked over at Motley and then at the floor, lips quivering, fists clenched. "It's no use, Charlie," she blurted, "they can tell they're forgeries."

Motley walked over to them, wiping his hands on a rag. His face was ashen.

"Who sent you up here, the police?" he asked.

"No," said Belmont, "we're art critics."

"But we're detectives too," said Anthony, struck with sudden inspiration. "What's going on here? Where's Florian Tempest?"

Suddenly he became aware of how Motley was dressed. He was wearing a dirty sweatshirt, soiled khaki pants and sneakers—the same ones, in fact, that Florian Tempest had been wearing that afternoon.

"It was you, wasn't it? This afternoon?" Anthony said.

"Yes, yes," Motley said, his shoulders sagging, "there's no point in going on with it. We thought we could sell more pictures, but if we can't sell them as original Tempests, there's no reason to keep on. How did you spot them anyway? I thought I was doing everything just the way he did it."

"Where is he?" Anthony asked again, relishing his role of stern inquisitor.

"He's dead," Motley said, wearily. "He's been dead for a month. I came back to help Jennie get things straightened out. She's had a pretty tough life with that old goat. We should have reported it, I suppose, but then we had an idea. We thought of making more pictures. All we had to do was let people see him once in a while, and we could keep on selling his paintings. I kept the clothes and the beard handy for visitors."

"What did you do with the body?" Paget asked.

Motley wiped his brow with an agonized gesture. "It was Jennie's idea, really," he said. "I wanted to throw him in the lake."

"I don't think I quite understand," said Anthony.

Motley didn't say anything. He took Anthony and Belmont by the arm and led them over to the small shed-like structure and opened the door. A dank odor swept into Anthony's nostrils as he peered into the dark little room. At first he could see nothing except a shallow tray of earth about six feet long propped on two saw-horses.

Motley murmured in his ear, "He'd been living off *them* so long—"

Then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw that there were glistening lumps in the thick rich earth, and that in and around and over these crawled hundreds of worms, bigger, fatter, happier and more active than they had ever been before.



## THE EARTH IS FULL OF A GREAT MANY THINGS

---

The earth is full of a great many things:  
like the sound of a far-away car  
passing on a night road  
and man going in the speed of his own mind's invention,  
or the song of flutter-wings,  
a morning thought of grandeur or some bizarre  
bronze antique that Granny left on the front porch to corrode,  
or the stalking talking wavers of a salesman.

The touch of particles of stone  
that line the river bed and know within themselves the thought  
of a thousand years of runing water  
and the dignity of natural acts,  
or sadness lying stern and forced on covered bone  
within a funeral bed, the time that someone bought  
a shroud too big; (the cry of some man's maligned daughter  
whose blistered bed betrays a few facts.)

Like the tone of an organ, or a machine that sings  
where a listener might hear it best, in a church  
or at the pier or where a well was dug,  
or the hand of a priest somewhat consecrated;  
like the murmur of shades in diamond wedding rings  
at the window of a Jew store, or the police in search  
of a thief who stole a priceless persian rug  
and left it mutilated

On a park bench because it made a good head rest  
overnight; the earth is full of more things:  
like the uncounted words of some Manhattan  
couple and the approach to modesty for wives  
with faithless husbands passing days in the best  
*estaminets*, and confession from the wonderings  
of a vagabond with truth; or the sound of a machine to fan satin

Curtains on floral walls in dayhotels and dives  
on the pierpoint. And the earth is full of farms and growth,  
and full of frenzied calls;  
We are full of birth and death,  
Full of quiet moments like this one.

—ROBERT B. EARLY

---

Somewhere in the glinting shuffle of  
the afternoon and evening light  
the mind ceases and descends  
into silence,  
casting beams of recollection  
into colour,  
then splendor bursting quietly orgasm  
into clarity.  
This is what love does.

—DONALD NEULAND

Ac

".... Or p  
comprende  
quando d

Dante, PU

Can you c  
I hold for  
are shades

He had to  
and in al  
his soul t  
his thoug  
only his  
solemn r  
the call  
dow. It  
room b  
with the  
the ceil  
of Ada  
the wh  
her mo  
of his  
the ter  
courtin  
He had  
recalle  
of rad  
mons,

---

Perhaps to be a man it  
is to know what anguish is  
To know that there is no balm  
*To know there is no balm*  
No cure, no medicine, no fee.

thought before that I had love  
But it was only near the center  
find myself, without you, alone  
for you said the quiet word—never.  
*find myself, you gone, alone:*  
*you said the quiet word—never.*

and now cold hands push back my hair  
and cold sheets cover my bed  
*Cold sheets cover my bed*  
and the coldest words a lover could say  
ingle inside and slowly fade  
*ingle inside and slowly fade.*

THOMAS BARTHEL

---

was lost  
as an ocean of freshmen  
Just a speck, a tiny speck.  
he work made it easier to bear,  
at times there was thought  
and depression and despair.  
es,  
thought of your thoughts.  
imagined you had forgotten . . .  
everyone had forgotten.  
and I was like a bird  
ying in a storm,  
eking an impossible refuge.  
ut I found it.  
ound a Living Tree  
at fed me  
cause there was you  
d there was Love.

ORGE HERRARO

---

and you read where some mothers were protesting  
the Holy War in Vietnam  
n't they realize that if their sons weren't  
er there they'd be over here  
ich is a hell of a place for an American  
w  
course you could go south

t Mississippi

NON



## ONCE WHEN I WAS YOUNG

### Overture:

Once, when I was young,  
How long ago were those seven months,  
I loved the only girl I knew who was a woman.  
In those strident, strutting times,  
I roamed and ranted along roads and rivers,  
The clouds were all marshmallow  
And birds did not chirp but Alleluiad.  
Together we shared harbor and hands,  
Grinned at fairs and on ferries  
And found that youth could outspurt fatigue  
And outlove a brigade of Ghandis.  
In those clamorous, rigorous, quiescent days  
We found that kisses could touch and speak  
As we ambled through musty taverns or along  
Pastures of pavements smelling of trips about to begin  
Or of the city when time did not tick and tock  
But was tattered by love or tankards.

My joy began after work but stopped for dinner  
Then started again under the spray of the singing shower  
And then wet-haired and happy I drove,  
Daft with anticipation, with possession,  
Who knows, with passion,  
Over unseen streets and stopped in front of  
Just-seen stoplights, to begin again,  
Unseeing still, to the apartment of  
Circe, of Beatrice, of Daisy.  
Then into the elevator and up,  
Water from the hair on the back of my neck  
Irrigating my collar, spinning slowly my ring  
With my thumb. Then knocking on her door, which she opened,  
Tasting her unprimed lips, smelling her soft, squeaky hair.

While she smoothed the cloth over her hips  
And touched her neck and wrists with perfume,  
Which I would just be able to taste later,  
I paged through magazines: Life, Look or even Vogue,  
To occupy myself, to keep from putting my arms around her waist  
And kiss the back of her neck,  
To keep from screaming or flying.  
I could be no happier if declared saint or war-hero.  
Here in front of me was youth and love and gentleness.  
Here was a cheek I could touch, a body I could hold.  
Here was something positive and sane and beautiful.

And, as I think back now I remember that the most:  
That soaring, searing silence when I watched her  
Being a Woman. And she, I know,  
Trying to be matter of fact  
But inside loving herself,  
Now a woman because someone loved her for being a woman,  
Not a daughter or a sister or a friend.  
She knew my uncontained joy with her, with myself  
And she must have said things to herself

Which did  
But just ex  
With me, v  
With herse  
What she  
Over and  
My chest f  
And, as I  
It is that  
Perhaps sh

iv

Or maybe  
And after  
She made  
Because o  
She made  
Because s  
That's wh  
But I thin  
Her man,  
Like wom  
And she v  
Me, sittin  
Made her  
Me, smok  
Her man  
And so sh  
Just as sh

v

And I im  
My foot  
Happy b  
She wash  
And the  
So as no  
Mutterin  
I imagin  
Perhaps  
How goo  
And, I d  
But lyin  
Maybe t  
She thou  
Or, may  
Or may  
Or some

vi

I wish I  
But I ca  
I remem  
And, pe  
In a pla  
She rem  
Herself  
In anot  
On ano

by Thomas Bar

did not make sense, as I did,  
expressed the smothering joy  
with herself, with the world,  
herself just standing there.  
e said, I guess, was "Oh God, Oh God"  
d over again, unable to articulate.  
t felt as if it were full of ribbons and warm pudding.  
sit here in backward-crawling crab age,  
I remember.  
she thinks of the Fair or the harbors—I don't know.

---

when, after my hands and lips had touched her  
r we had spoken, not talked,  
coffee for me, urging me to be quiet  
of her roommates, while I giggled and smoked.  
e coffee because I wanted it,  
she wanted me to stay awake driving home,  
why she made it.  
nk she did it because her man was sitting there,  
and she wanted to watch me, she wanted to serve me,  
men being women do, because I was happy and she was happy,  
was the cause of my happiness and I was the cause of hers.  
ng there, made her happy, made her a woman,  
r alive.  
king a Lucky and drinking the coffee she served.  
who made her happy.  
he sat and watched, and I knew it,  
e knew I had sat and watched her hours before.

---

agine, after I left,  
tapping to the music of the car radio,  
eyond screams,  
d the cup and saucer and turned them over on the sink.  
she undressed outside the bedroom,  
to wake her roommates,  
g to herself how damn tired she was,  
e she thought for a moment,  
n front of the bathroom mirror,  
d she felt though exhausted.  
n't know if she expressly said these things,  
; in her bed,  
uching her face or her hair, feeling the cover on her,  
ght Woman! Young! Love! Alive!  
e just to herself, she said her name, or mine,  
e remembering something I did or said that night  
other night or maybe the way I reacted to her.

---

ould have it and her back—  
't and as  
er, the joy is still with me.  
aps, dressing for a date  
e that has no Fairs or harbors  
mbers with sadness and joy, with joy and sadness  
ressing in another town  
r age  
er planet.

---



It was dawn as I awakened from my slumber  
And I found myself sitting above the world,  
On the ancient mountain.  
And I gazed through my wonder around me  
And what I saw made me cry with pain  
For it was dark, although morning.

To the northwest lay a vast country,  
Green and gold and iron gray and red,  
Supported by steel and ceramic legs.  
I saw amidst this land  
Black and white chessmen fighting a battle,  
With clenched fists disappearing in the gloom  
And the fog that had settled from the North  
Upon this steel-and-ceramic-leg-supported-country.  
And I made out the dark handful of beacons  
Which sent forth light into the pitch black gloom.  
And I heard the sirens from the lighthouses  
Screaming wildly toward the fighting chessmen.  
But the warning was not heeded  
And the battle raged on.

As I sat trying to understand the fight of the chessmen,  
My eyes wandered south, to my left.  
There was a big expanse of land, crowned by peaks;  
And to my surprise, as in the land to the North,  
The checkerboard pattern could be detected.  
Through the green jungles and roaring rivers,  
Through the deep crevices and steep plateaus,  
The pattern came.  
And I beheld a group of grotesque figures;  
Puppets were they, as in a three-penny carnival;  
Being actioned by invisible hands  
That clung to the strings from their end.  
I tried to see the owners of the hands  
That held the marionettes;  
But I failed to pierce the fog that had come  
From the mouths of the dolls  
Which now were stretching upward  
By a thrust of the guiding hands.  
And these figures crushed beneath themselves  
Uncounted millions;  
Releasing long-stored tears of pain and oppression.  
And an S with two crossbars appeared through the dark  
And then I knew the puppeteers.  
Wanting no more to see the fate of the lands to the West  
Under the hollow figures and warring chessmen,  
I closed my eyes and silently grieved  
And a voice came from my mind and it said;  
"Look to your right and behold your failure."  
And I gazed to my right,  
To the right of the land of the puppets;  
And in the tempestuous oceans  
A long, wide continent stood, enveloped in mist and dusk.  
A carpet of storm-black clouds  
Covered this land like a shroud,  
And I could not see what was happening below.  
Then I realized that I had the power

To make the clouds roll open,  
and they did, in silence, retreat.

Across the surface of the land the clouds had covered,  
saw long winding processions of waxen men  
Who mourned and intoned a monotonous chant.  
They carried slender candles  
made out of the same wax as their bodies,  
and their skins glistened from the light of the candles.  
The processions moved slowly  
and I saw they carried heavy burdens in their midst,  
long, square boxes made of dead wood,  
the mourners carried to the end.  
I noticed that the waxen men  
had a golden seal imprinted upon their foreheads;  
and some had broken chains dangling from their ankles.  
I tried to distinguish the heads of the processions  
and what I saw made me tremble  
for there were no leaders.  
And near the beginning of the winding rows  
lay puddles of melted wax  
mixed with the underbrush and the mud.  
Before the puddles I saw the approaching mourners  
stop, kneel and wait,  
till the candles' flames reached their waxen hands.  
And the light from the candles burst out in great intensity,  
and the waxen colossi fell one by one  
into the puddles of molten element;  
making the heads of the processions balls of fire,  
of singing fire.  
I clearly saw as this holocaust continued endlessly,  
that the sun-like disks and the broken chains  
were deposited in heaps by the ever growing puddles;  
mute testimonies of people who had failed.  
With the tableaux of the processions  
still present in my mind,  
I turned aside and north my sight directed,  
northeast from where I was surveying the Orb.  
There was a strip of land like the one in the lake  
remembered long ago in the land of milk and honey.  
And on this land there was only an abbey decayed  
through the roof of which I could see.  
I saw a group of monks sitting round a table  
with empty plates set in front of them.  
And they did not talk, for their beards were long and white  
and speech was scarce in this falling church.  
They sat silently in their massive thrones,  
their eyes covered by a cloudy film which blinded them.  
I could see in these empty halls discarded coats of arms;  
the Aquila Imperialis and the Crosses of Lorraine,  
the Fleur de Lys and the Golden Lions of Britannia;  
all evidences of greater glories of the past.  
Also among these proud symbols books were strewn.  
All bound in red and with the worker's emblem on them.  
These books had fallen on the coats of arms and buried them,  
though the monks had tried to save the symbols.  
One of the books opened by a sudden gust of wind,  
I read the pages;



But they were blank except for three words  
 Which appeared in the center of the red-bound book.  
 They were: Treason, Falsity, and Deceit.  
 As I fixed my eyes upon the three words printed in the paper,  
 I suddenly realized that the coats of arms,  
 those proud symbols of yore, had been buried by hideous lies  
 Unbelieving I was, and as I stared at the book  
 I heard a rumor coming from outside the tattered abbey  
 Which rose to a clamor and then to a guttural shout,  
 Coming from the burning throats of the hordes of men  
 Who were surrounding the monks' ruins.  
 And the men around the abbey spat curses and insults;  
 And they carried banners proclaiming Treason, Falsity, Deceit.  
 Red banners and the proletariats' emblem.  
 Another group appeared among the swarming throng  
 But they held standards of heraldic glory,  
 Gilded coats of arms and stately names.  
 And the crowd was divided between the opposing groups,  
 and, as if a signal had been given,  
 They began rushing madly into one another.  
 They fought while toasts of blood were made,  
 For Hate was being crowned today.  
 And the monks inside their abbey did not move.  
 They just sat silently, facing their empty plates,  
 Their eyes covered by a cloudy film.  
 I turned away from the hordes which fought in the northeast,  
 And I stood to see beyond this troubled land.  
 As I did so, a desolate, unending plain became visible.  
 I saw upon it a long trail  
 Lined with leaveless bamboo reeds,  
 That was being traveled by a human river.  
 On foot, cart or oxen they were nearing their destination.  
 Suddenly I realized that these things which I was seeing  
 Were not human, for they were skeletons,  
 And the skulls had the features  
 Of the men and the women and the children of the East.  
 The faces upon the skulls were convulsively distorted;  
 And I could even feel the common feeling of hunger  
 Which accompanied this walking mass,  
 From where I was far away from these lonely plains.  
 I caught a momentary glimpse of one of the skeletons,  
 And as I stared into the sockets which the eyes had occupied,  
 My soul sank in pity and compassion.  
 For a time I kept on watching the walkers;  
 How hushed they were,  
 How sad the expression of anguish in their features.  
 And I wondered, where were they heading?  
 As far as I could see the road had no end,  
 It went on to the horizon and beyond.  
 Was there no stop to their journey?  
 And the earth split, and the masses fell into the abyss.  
 As the lips of rock were closing together again,  
 I peered into the fissure  
 And I felt a *great stillness in the air*,  
 For the skulls had a placid smile in their phantasmagoric faces.  
 And then I knew where the road ended for the Orb;  
 Peace in death.

## WHO BOAST ONLY DUST

---

Streaking and shattering through space's extremities,  
The bullet-shaped locomotive  
Escapes the hypnotic disk which shrouds the globe.  
It plummets onwards  
Out of earth's control,  
Subject only to the whims of orbit,  
Which flick it away from civilization, towards the globe,  
Whose seas can boast only dust.

Pioneers we acclaim them  
As they conquer a new horizon.  
We laud them with similes to past heroes  
Whose names are as innumerable as ticker tape,  
Whose accomplishments are as immeasurable  
As a glob of peanut butter.  
But no sooner are the words  
Columbus, Lindbergh, Glenn sounded,  
Than an embryo is seen  
Pushing through the miscarriages of seas,  
Out of the dusty womb of the mother of lovers.  
The monster grows.  
First sprouting a matchbox moustache—  
Then reaching roly-poly proportions  
Til finally the womb erupts and mushrooms it out.

—RAY SMITH

## THOUGHT

---

our lives  
are as parallel lines  
both going in the same direction  
but never crossing  
we walk along  
side by side  
'til eternity  
our hands touching  
a quiet laugh  
a frequent smile  
but our paths never meeting  
i must slant my line

—B. M.

## ON THE VALIDITY OF ROMANTICISM IN WARTIME or WAR IS SCHILLER THAN A CHATEAUBRIAD

---

What are Wordsworth to a man on a Coleridge  
When each Shelley hears go Byron's wild,  
And Burns a Gray scar that Keats reminding him  
He may at any moment Goethe face his maker?

—ANON



## THE FALL OF MYRON OPENHEIMER

by Charles J. Radimer

Budweiser, Michelob, Budweiser, Michelob, Budweiser . . . Myron is seated on a bar stool just below the revolving clock. Budweiser, Michelob, Budweiser . . . for over two hours he has been stationed at the center of the bar—directly across from the draught taps—slowly devouring beers. He would much prefer Scotch; but in this town there seems to be some law against it; and besides, the cash register has almost consumed what little remains of his dwindling bank roll. He is wet (even after being inside for more than two hours); he is tired; he is some 750 miles from Manhattan; and he is trying his damndest to get drunk. As the timepiece comes around it is eight o'clock.

Myron, as the name connotes, is a Jew, a twentieth century American Jew. We are all familiar with the breed, I am sure: no religion; the classification being merely the scar of national ancestry. He was born in New York—the city, that is—up in the Bronx, and at an early age, an age older than his memory, he and the family migrated to suburban Long Island. It was the post World War II exodus from the slums and, even more, from the newer elements of the slums. On the Island, the family had established itself as an integral part of the Jewish communal system. He later returned to the City in order to attend college. He was working for a degree in Architecture. However, as of yesterday, these plans were crushed.

It started some time back. Myron began to lose interest in school; he began to spend much of his time and more of his money on favorite brands of Scotch—J. & B., Cutty Sark, Haig and Haig—actually, he favored them all. Then came the easy breads, and then more easy breads, until sometimes he lost contact with the family for many nights. He explained to the worried parents that this time was being spent on intensive research . . . Research of three-dimensional forms. You see, the one virtue which Myron had was that he never could tell a complete lie to the family. But his answer was not accepted by that which he wished to call the Court. It could no longer cope with Myron's attitude. He was sent to an analyst. However, this proved unsuccessful. The analyst too was unable to cope with him. He reminded Myron of his responsibility, not merely to his family, but to the society of man. He told the headshrinker to cram it.

Now the patient might have made it, but for a letter which he received shortly after. It was from the Departmental Dean and read: Dear Mr. Openheimer: It is my sad task to inform you that we have withdrawn you from the school of architecture because of your unsatisfactory scholarship.

Could this be true?

The young ex-student strained for an answer. Yes, it was; and enclosed to prove it was a transcript of his semester grades—eight 'F's' and one 'A'!

But how did he achieve the lone 'A'? Physical education.

It must have been a crap course, Myron thought, for he never attended a single class.

This was the beginning of the Fall. This was the failure which had chased the young Jew over the hundreds of sad, lonely miles to this blue, mist-drenched room.

By this time he had struck up a conversation with the bartender. Hubert was his name. He too was from the North, originally a native of Pittsburgh. He had descended South some fourteen years ago. He was nearly thrice the age of the wet beer-consumer, but being completely bald, he did not look this old. From the start the bartender had pegged Myron for a Jew; and simultaneously Myron had figured him to be a trick, a hairless trick.

Why the hell did he come South?

It was because of the weather, stated Hubert.

For some reason the bartender of the Carolinas over there, however, was not very interested in him to take refuge in the rain for hours in a steady downpour. Capable of enjoying rain for hours, I'm getting the sure this is one joker who knows. But then, Myron could not be so rewarding to those who were so to dry and to rest—these soaked streets than to keep them dry. A fresh draught was placed before him, removed the used glass, and must be a highly consistent one. With that Hubert was satisfied.

The clock moved into place at the time. The bartender and academic casualty tried to make sense of it. How was he driven to this?

It seemed that after failing to become fully aware of the situation, headed into the City, and station, proceeded to do so whenever he had a difficult time up the center of the street. The problem was either that you see, this walking was a walk sign lighted up at the time he had reached and by mid-block he was with a new pack of cards never lost. This might be a high school education grade, or of their involvement in the care to inform anyone of their inferiors; he was king of the race.

But today the race was crammed with failure. What the hell can a man do? What the hell . . . !

First he was struck with laughter; maybe the last. No, never, he laughed. Why? He would not end his own way—the way of the world.

But now he must avoid what he would do. So he headed toward the edge. At this moment America's answer was out of the question.



bartender seemed to enjoy the rain-drenched, warmer climate for the seasonal changes in the climate of Pennsylvania. Myron, very impressed. For it was this same weather which had forced him into this unhappy cavern. He had been walking for several hours before finding this refuge. He would never again be caught in the rain, and he promised himself: As soon as this God-damned rain stops, he would get the hell out of this . . . this Atlantis. And you can be damned if you will never come back.

He could not help wondering, could it be that this climate was more suited to bald men? If only he could ask; but to remain indoors, to avoid the rain, these were paramount. He was more satisfied to avoid the rain than to know why a bald man preferred such distasteful conditions. A glass of beer was placed on a fresh napkin in front of him, while a hand quickly passed him a bill for a dollar and some thirty-five cents. The napkin, thought the Jew, was a conservative method of protecting the wood finish of the bar. The waiter was summoned away by some dark, indiscernible form.

Myron took his position. It was now 9:45. Myron was not very interested in the bartender. The bartender did not seem to be returning, and in his absence the Jew tried recalling the events of yesterday.

What led him to this Hades?

He did not fully grasp the meaning of the dean's letter and after a moment's reflection of his plight, Myron knew not which way to turn. He decided to go down, and ascending the steps of the Thirty-fourth Street subway, he began to walk up the nearest avenue. This had been Myron's way; a difficult problem to wrestle with, he would do so while footing the bill of the big town. This procedure brought about two effects. First, it solved the problem; and Myron's ego received a boost. Second, it was actually a race. At each street crossing, when the green light came up, Myron was off—off and sometimes nearly running. By the time he reached the curb he was normally neck and neck with the leaders, but by the time he was striding far into the lead. At the next street he fell in with the pack, and a new race was in the making. Myron had thought that he had been due to his natural ability as shown by his physique, or, more likely, it was due to his competition's not knowing how to win in such a contest. But Myron never gave a damn. He did not care for the participation. Myron was Myron, and people his way of thinking and therefore winning was ultimate.

Myron was forgotten. Today he was not up to it mentally. His cranium was filled with far too many questions. Where the hell do I go from here? . . . Where the hell does a nineteen year old failure do? . . . Where does one start? . . .

Myron was with the idea of joining the military—the Army. But no, he would not join the Navy? It would probably be the more pleasant of the two. He had heard much harder, who the hell would believe in a Jew volunteer? He must remain a civilian and serve his country in his own way. He thought of his father and his father before him. A decision was made. He would avoid the draft. As he walked further north, he wondered as to whether he should. Suddenly and without any real thought, Myron turned around and looked at the Empire State Building.

On the sixth floor he tried to conceive how it would be possible to climb the railing; then carefully evading the pointed prongs of the railing, he came to the corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. He walked for a moment. Myron's ego called him back, even though this could lead to the Vietnamese human barbecues, to sacrifice oneself for the Vietnamese human barbecues, to sacrifice oneself for the Vietnamese human barbecues. Who would gain by such? . . . Certainly not him. Who

was to know what kind of a career he would be cutting short? And, besides, was a loss to humanity, to civilization.

No, Myron lacked the courage to sign up and he lacked the sense to count on a suicide. Myron may have failed but still Myron was a Jew. He could go home and fall on the mercy of the Court, Mr. and Mrs. Openheimer. Please, he would explore, you can take back the T-bird, cut the allowance. I never tried to fuck you. Not really. Jeez, you got to believe that. I worked my tail off. It just wasn't me, honest!

At first this sounded good; on second thought, it was too good. Eight Times one 'A,' no, they would never believe it. Not even his old man and old lady would be dumb enough to fall for that line. No, Myron could never return home. To start anew was the only logical answer.

Now the problem was that of escape, where to go and by what means?

Where the hell can I go? Where outside of metropolitan New York is a Jew accepted? Where the hell is he even accepted?

He could go North. Yes, North to the Catskills. But no, no, this would be near a Hebrew point of termination. He sought a place from which to begin. Beginning with the little coin he had on him and nearly all he owned at home, this was time to set out for Grossinger's.

Could he go to Israel?

Damn, he thought, that's an idea. Back to Israel. If a Hebe couldn't make it to Israel, he'd never make it.

But was Myron a real Hebe? Hell no. He knew he was not. He was no Israeli. He was American. He had grown fat on American milk purchased with American money. He must remain in his own land, that which had produced and nurtured him.

Yes, it was established. He must remain in the states. He would go South to the only available Jewish stronghold, Florida. Yes, it would have to be South to Florida . . . where else?

With this decision made, Myron, abruptly changing course, began seeking the nearest bus terminal. There was never a single ounce of consideration given to traveling by plane, or train, or any other means. The bus was a Hollywood-inspired choice. It required no thought. It was a result of many injections of Hollywood-produced films of wayward, lonely, despondent persons who journey many miles without an exact destination. In such productions, these persons and bus travel were so inseparable that Myron had long been instilled with the answer. It was merely a matter of finding himself in such a despondent predicament that would cause him to put this infused knowledge to work.

The golden beer rushing into an empty glass had caused him to come back to the barroom. Gazing up as the clock came around, Myron read the time to himself, 10:50.

I was a steel man, explained Hubert with subdued pride. Yeah, had my own steel firm.

Myron managed to look impressed, while to himself he was thinking: I bet even bastard and his brother who ever came from that filthy factory called Pittsburgh, from the lowliest sweeper up to the biggest stuffed-shirt engineer, claims that he was nothing less than company owner or company president. And why not? Were all the same kind of bastards who can't help but play the role. It's a fact of life. I'm a freedom rider, interjected Openheimer. Originally, I was a Broadway actor. Until recently, that is. You see, I figure that it's about time all of us should play our role.

This is indeed clever, thought the ex-student, definitely pleased with his chain of words.

The two talked off-and-on for some minutes. Through their discussion Myron

learned why Hubert had Junior, whatever his name, and in order to start a new life. Senior was to be the one along with it. His cap was his own.

Myron, in his glazy-eyed state, I'm truly interested in wandering on through the search of . . . of the grimace. Yes, I am a student. At this point Hubert was a bit of a drunk. The ex-student was 11:25. But, the two black hands were round and round, he was Young Openheimer. He was up one of the canyons, ruptured by a foul looking fellow, mally such a fellow with an emphatic gesture. He could not resist, slammed a large hand.

Thank you.

The foul image of the ticket counter actually presented far as Florida. He was of the Carolinas.

It was that God-damn Hubert, it was a son of Florida but for the quiet it down. The What!? What was I said we're closer. But what the hell. Look up at the clock. But it's only twelve. That's the law, kid. Why you can't, son. There. For Christ's sake. Cool it, kid; cool it. With that Myron. You just try and head a trick.

Listen you Jew, keep your stink. Myron was not it back to the door. Give me a break. Hell, you god-damn



why Hubert had gotten involved in the bar business. It seems that Hubert whatever his real name might be, was the one who came up with the idea, order to start out he required a substantial amount of coin. Since Hubert was to be the magnanimous supplier of this money, he would have to go with it. His capacity here was more that of a sentinel than a devoted tavern

in his glazy-eyed condition, would not be outdone.

interested in this freedom-for-all stuff, he retaliated. I'm sort of casually going through the entire South, hitching a ride here, walking there, in... of the common man's true sentiments. It's my own unpublicized pilgrimage. I am a pilgrim in search of the true answer.

point Hubert began to slowly fade out; his customer was now quite ineffectual. The ex-student forced himself to look up at the clock as it swung around. 25. But, the Jew was no longer capable of grasping the meaning which black hands conveyed.

round, he softly recited, it goes; where it stops nobody knows.

Openheimer drifted back again to the previous day. He was again walking the canyons of the city headed for the bus terminal. His trip was interrupted by a foul looking wretch who approached him seeking a hand-out. Nor did a fellow would have been bombarded with loud obscenity topped off with a phatic go-to-hell. But somehow Myron was unable to rise to the occasion. He could not help but wonder... and quickly, and with little comprehension, he slipped a large portion of his bank roll into the beggar's filthy, scar-marked

face of this man walked along with the Jew to the terminal. It was only at the counter that Myron discovered how much of an endowment he had inherited from the tramp. Openheimer was unable to purchase a ticket as the Jew had settled for less than half that distance, some little town in one of the hinterlands.

God-damned son of a bitch, Myron shouted at the bartender! Listen to this stinkin' beggar! Yeah, this beggar, he was what did it. I'd be in for that louse. That God-damned lousy bastard!

The bar is closed.

What was that?

Bar is closed; closed for the night.

What the hell? demanded Openheimer.

Bar is closed, kid.

What the hell's going on?

Bar is closed, kid. We close up at twelve in this state.

Bar is closed, screamed Myron! What the hell is this? It is raining like hell out here. For God's sake! What kinda stinkin' state ya got here?

Bar is closed, or I'll cool ya myself!

Bar is closed, seemed to go berserk.

Bar is closed, and cool me. You just try it, you goddam... god-damned bald-

Bar is closed, I've had it; now get the hell out of here.

Bar is closed, in' hands off me. I'll kick ya in...

Bar is closed, allowed to finish. Picking himself up off the sidewalk he made a dash for it.

Bar is closed, k. Damn, I'm down and out. I have no coin. I got no place to stay. God-damned bastard, don't you have an ounce of pity?



Looking into the glass door, Myron saw his own reflection. But no! It was not he. It was that same beggar. The same wretch he had given his money to. The ugly image which had followed him over the many miles—watching him in the night as he had looked out the bus window, watching him through car windshield shields. Always following him.

Myron banged like a mad man; but no one came. With rain running into his eyes and down his neck, he turned, pulled up his collar, and in a low ugly voice said: "You damned mother! You stinkin' mother!"

The clock would never again look upon the face of Myron Openheimer, nor would Openheimer ever look upon that of the clock. But every second of Myron's *damn* would be indicated by the hands of the timepiece as it slowly turned round, *be* weiser, Michelob, Budweiser . . .

## MR. GREENGRASS

3D00

Billy was standing in the middle of the cornfield, throwing a rubber ball at talking. "You must get real hot and tired standing out here the whole day long. Huh, Mr. Greengrass? You don't even lay down at night. Do you sleep standing up like that?"

The scarecrow's head was tilted to one side, and the painted face smiled a fresh but blind smile at the boy. The figure shook slightly as Billy threw the ball against the straw-filled chest.

"I bet I'm the only one who ever talks with you. You must be very lonesome. I it wasn't for me, you'd have nobody to talk with, nobody to play catch with, nobody to clean your clothes. . . . Are the birds really afraid of you? Do you yell at them? I betcha they get pretty scared, huh?"

"I caught a tadpole today down at the pond. Did you ever see a tadpole. Mr. Greengrass? It's a funny looking thing, sort of half frog and half fish. Dad and I used to go after tadpoles. Did you know Dad? He wore a hat something like yours."

A voice called from far off, "Billy! Billy!"

"Well, I have to go eat now, Mr. Greengrass," said the boy. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The scarecrow smiled.

Billy's mother had been a widow for about a year and a half. After her husband's death she alone was in charge of running the big five-hundred-acre farm. She was doing a good job of it too. But she realized that this broad, isolated farm was no place to bring up a small boy. There was not another child around for twenty-five miles. She had decided to do something about this.

Billy came in for his supper.

"You've been out in the cornfield again, haven't you, Billy?"

"Yes, ma'm. Talking to Mr. Greengrass."

Billy's mother looked troubled, but spoke softly and tenderly. "Billy, I've told you this lots of times: Mr. Greengrass is only a scarecrow. The only thing he's good for is keeping away the birds. He can't talk and he can't hear you talk. He's just

a lot of straw bunched together  
forget about him!"

Billy only looked at the floor.

"And now I have a surprise for you."

"Moving!"

"Yes. I've sold the farm and will be nice?"

"I don't wanna move. I want  
to stay here. You?"

"You'll like it in Yuma. You'll want them. I don't

"I don't want them. I don't want to change your mind. I

"You'll change your mind. I  
friends. You can't go around

It's not good for you. But y

The next day Billy was on Greengrass. We're selling real friends there." His word kind of kids they have there along and bumped into me. I can just see the kind of real going to make me go!"

Finally, moving day came. The house was put in good order for the move. All the boxes and bags had all been packed up. Billy's mother knew that it was time. And there he was, talking to her about what. When he saw his mother, he stated flatly, "I'm not going." Billy's mother was great. She said, "To live with real people?" Billy! Please!"

"I'm not going! I'm not!"  
 "Then you're going to miss  
 a match from her pocket."  
 When Billy saw this he  
 No! I won't let you! I

The dry straw burnt  
"Look, Billy! He's not  
The fire enveloped t  
Suddenly this face  
lasted but thirty sec

boy was strangely calm.  
"Are you ready to go?"  
Billy stood there for a moment  
on the ground before  
So Billy and his mother  
with the earth.

raw bunched together under a hat, a coat and a pair of pants. So please  
out him!"

looked at the floor.

I have a surprise for you, Billy! We're moving to Yuma!"

sold the farm and we're going to live in Yuma from now on. Won't that

anna move. I wanna stay here."

re it in Yuma. You'll have all the friends you'll want. Real friends."

ant them. I don't need them."

ange your mind. Billy, you've got to have real, human, flesh and blood

sa can't go around talking to scarecrows and pretending like you do.

od for you. But you'll change your mind."

day Billy was out in the cornfield again. "We're going to move, Mr.  
s. We're selling the farm and moving to Yuma. Mom says I can have  
s there." His words became bitter. "I went to Yuma once. I've seen the  
ds they have there. I was walking along a sidewalk, and a kid came  
bumped into me on purpose. Then he tried to pick a fight with me. I  
e the kind of real friends I'm going to have. But don't worry. She's never  
ake me go!"

oving day came. The furniture had been sent ahead, the farm had been  
d order for the new owners, the farm hands had been paid off and the  
ll been packed. When it was time to leave and Billy was not around the  
mother knew where to find him, and set out for the cornfield.

he was, talking to the scarecrow and knocking the straw off its big red  
he saw his mother he started, but then regained his composure and  
y, "I'm not going."

her was greatly disturbed. "Billy, this can't go on! You've got to learn  
a real people! That's why I'm taking you to the city! Now, please come,  
e!"

ing! I'm never going! I'm never gonna leave Mr. Greengrass!"

re going to learn right now, son! For your own good!" And she took  
n her pocket, lit it, and set it to the straw.

he saw this he became hysterical. "No! No! You can't kill Mr. Greengrass!  
t let you! I won't let you!" He tried to stop her but she fought him off.

aw burnt furiously, and in ten seconds the entire scarecrow was aflame.

y! He's not a man! He's just a hideous scarecrow. Look!"

veloped the pants and the coat, and blackened the still-smiling face.

his face crumpled away, showing the straw behind it. The flames

irty seconds longer and they were gone. When the fire was over the

angely calm.

ady to go now?" asked his mother softly.

there for a little while, staring at the smoldering black heap, lying

nd before him. "Yes, Mom. I'm ready."

nd his mother went to the city, leaving Mr. Greengrass' ashes to blend

with.



## THE COBRE TALES

by Rafael J. Montoya

### THE GENERAL PROLOGUE

In the year of the Liberation,<sup>1</sup> when the stifling heat had marched down, leaving behind the remembrance of some romantic night by the sea and of slothful days when the air, equally filled with two opposite sensations—the hopeful perfume which hints the nearness of the sweet sugarcane, and the grief produced by the desire of the few to apply some foreign, anti-human doctrine—the air anticipates messages of temporary progress and future feuds among the sons of Martí and Maceo,<sup>2</sup> in a small hamburger joint in the outskirts of the city of Santiago, there has occurred—by chance or fate—a meeting of several pilgrims who were getting ready to start the customary pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of the Patroness of Cuba, La Virgen de la Caridad del Cobre.<sup>3</sup> Most of them had come alone, but some had found relatives at this starting point. Since there were twenty and five kilometers of lonely road to walk, we (for I was there too) decided, at the suggestion of the hamburger seller, to go together in good company, and forget for some four hours the apparent difficulties existing between us.

This observation from the hamburger seller made me pay attention to see if I could spot these differences. But since I am not very smart, let us see if I can find them with your help.

There was a politician, a senator I believe, who had left the comforts of his capital and had come to the campo,<sup>4</sup> where he had been pampered many years ago. Although he had not departed in very good repute and was looking for "better air," this well-mannered gentleman was so well-dressed, in his neatly-pressed white suit, his \$100 Panama hat, and the gold and jewels adorning him, that it seemed as if he had not yet had the time to adapt himself to his new life among the Juanes and the Joses. He was a man who had lived by his wits for many years and who had survived many civil tempests.

At the end of the counter, shyly eating a hamburger and nervously sipping a cup of coffee, there was a prematurely elderly-looking man whom, by his aspect, I could immediately recognize as a descendant of the Adelantado, the Condes, and the Conquistadores. A tall and proud latifundista,<sup>5</sup> of course! His clothes were good, although old, a gray work shirt and trousers. The frayed Texan hat could have told of many long days under the sun. On one of the fingers of his calloused hand he wore a wedding band, the only jewelry he had, although people said that his bulging pocket could afford many a whim.

Next to the retailer there was, of the shoe industry, a pompous disciple of Mercury.<sup>6</sup> He was short, fat, and fond of women, and though he had only one lonely hair on his head, he tried to distract attention from this fact by sporting flamboyant clothes and the latest style in shoes, and by eating like a youth of 13.

There was a wealthy man—no doubt about it—and wealthier than he had been before. He would be, because even though he knew little about Lenin's New Economic Policy, Stalin, Trotsky, and the rest, he could smell the coming of a break. That was why he was going to the Virgin's shrine, to ask her to extend the bonanza indefinitely.

Next to the lawyer was, by comparison, our more worldly companion: handsome and tall, closely shaven and dressed in the latest style in Italian suits. He was the very portrait of the Latin lover. His black-rimmed glasses gave him an intellectual air which Minerva herself sustained by her residence in his mind.

7  
*At this time the lawyer was engaged in defending ex-members of Batista's Constitutional Army.*

8  
*Most law school professors in Cuba were leftist.*

9  
*Fidel Castro's nickname. For Cubans, the horse is a symbol of strength.*

10  
*Inhabitant of the northern part of Spain.*

11  
*Reference is here made to a joke which was very popular among the Cubans in the first two years of the Revolution. The government had said: "Our revolution is neither red nor yellow, but olive green." The Cubans said: "Our revolution is like el camaito (a fruit)—olive green on the outside, red on the inside."*

12  
*Olive green was the color of the Rebel Army uniforms.*

13  
*Military leaders of the Communist faction in the Spanish Civil War. They were defeated by General Franco.*

14  
*Slings used by Castro's revolutionaries.*

This advocate by popular a socialist th words, defeat atmosphere. "Down with His cousin exemplar of nette. She l vogue, she chosen from visit to Mia Dior exposi She had ma all of them. 27, she had obedience, now dead. The religio holy man f once dislike good wine. cigars were 35 years. H rated with he was rea He was a g Another h He had be a reversible This more from old g Spain. Fat he was an This priest back in the in the int later that concepts h tinguish be was the fir There wer only likene One bore couldn't te and his ha under his fierce batt brave "Be Hiena," ex



This advocate of the condemned,<sup>7</sup> who had been a schoolmate of the fiend who by popular consent was now oppressing his countrymen, would at times talk like a socialist theoretician. But his friends and I knew that these were empty-hearted words, defects of his education.<sup>8</sup> I strongly suspected that in a more uninhibited atmosphere, say, for example, among his drinking companions, he would yell, "Down with the damned 'Horse'!"<sup>9</sup>

His cousin, Maria Lucia de la Caridad Felipa Condesa Miramar, was the perfect exemplar of the Latin American socialite. She was fair and pretty, a Cuban brunette. She had been weary of doing nothing, and since the "New Order" was in vogue, she took it up now. To show her conformity to the New Order, she had chosen from her wardrobe an ensemble of slacks and blouse acquired on her last visit to Miami, rather than wearing the acquisition that she had made at the latest Dior exposition in Paris.

She had made half-hearted attempts to succeed in various fields but had failed in all of them. Education, business and marriage were but a few examples. Now, at 27, she had started the "new life." Her uncle, to whom she had professed parental obedience, had been Governor of the province and a friend of Batista. He was now dead.

The religious atmosphere of the occasion was accentuated by the presence of a holy man from Spain, a Franciscan priest who loved Cuba as much as he had once disliked Franco. As a good Vazco,<sup>10</sup> he loved to eat good food and drink good wine. He would always argue with you about boxing and soccer. Havana cigars were his greatest weakness. He was overweight for his height and for his 35 years. He looked like a big bronze bell in his brown cassock. He had collaborated with the Rebel cause, but now that he saw the real color<sup>11</sup> of the revolution, he was ready to help again, this time against it.

He was a good man and a good priest. He lived for his Church and its sons. Another hallowed man, there was, who had just returned from his superior see. He had been summoned there because there had been some rumors that he wore a reversible cassock, black on one side and olive green on the other.<sup>12</sup>

This more experienced priest belonged to the oldest order. His ancestors came from old glorious England, but he had spent all but seven years of his life in Spain. Father, or, better said, Major Sarna, because with his new chaplainship he was an officer of the highest rank, had finally found his right place.

This priest's name was rather well known. I remember my father telling me that back in the thirties, Father Sarna had fought side by side with Lister and Bazo<sup>13</sup> in the internal strife that had stained his native land with blood, only to realize later that he should side with Franco and La Guardia Mora. This confusion of concepts had not abandoned him, now that he was fifty. He still could not distinguish between the statements: "Humanism is our aim" and "Jesus Nazarenum was the first Communist."<sup>14</sup>

There were two men in olive green uniforms. The uniform, however, was the only likeness between them.

One bore a star on each shoulder and an abundant beard covered his face. I couldn't tell his age, but he was short and stocky. His nose was flat, his lips thick and his hair kinky. He wore no jewelry because he did not have any. A scapular under his shirt was his most valuable possession. He had won his stars in some fierce battles<sup>15</sup>—where tanks, artillery, planes and infantry had been overcome by brave "Bearded Ones"—and not by some well-constructed letter written to "La Hiena," explaining his case.<sup>16</sup>

15  
the battles  
Revolution  
described as  
e." Batista's  
fell more  
own corrup-  
an from the  
Revolution.

16  
yena," nick-  
laoul Castro,  
brother. In  
of some dic-  
ing the war,  
ow Secretary  
med Forces.  
y Majors ob-  
their stars by  
begging let-  
ters to him.

17  
is the color  
with right-  
imperialists.

18  
s of Batista's  
ded Military  
ence Service  
were manned  
r (white uni-  
a policeman  
iform), and a  
(yellow uni-  
thus the term  
ri-color car."

19  
night breeze  
ows from the  
to the land.

20  
Rebel Major.  
customary to  
te the rebels  
dirt and foul  
odor.

21  
informer. As  
I. M. man,  
Host would  
ll about such  
people.

His adjutant, a slim, tall Good-looking man in his early thirties, was well-mannered and very hairy. His white skin did not have the characteristic Cuban sunken look. He had the countenance of an intellectual and wore a class ring from some foreign university. He always said "yes" to the ladies and "bona sera" to the priests. This poor fellow had been the victim of his own hate. The slogans, "Yanqui go home," "Cuba si, Yanquis no," "Our wine is sour, but it is our wine," "The Revolution is neither red nor yellow,"<sup>17</sup> but olive green, like the Cuban palm,"—these made him happy.

Walking tirelessly with us, drinking a coke, there was a fair mulatto. Her healthy legs, wide hips, narrow waist, well-proportioned breasts and beautiful face would make any man crave for her. Green eyes and straight hair denoted her mixed ancestry.

She was poor and very Catholic, and, although she had benefitted from the revolutionary measures, she was very strict in her judgements. She had been critical towards the Revolution in many cases. She was now working as a clerk in a department store and attended college at night.

The hamburger seller was her brother. Of him I could not tell you much. Someone said that he had been seen in a tri-color car<sup>18</sup> in the days before the rebel horde descended from the hills. He loved food, drinking and girls, and had a phobia of the color yellow. He wore a handlebar mustache and dark glasses.

## THE TALES

Upon the hour of twelve midnight  
We decided to depart

With la fresca<sup>19</sup> in our favor  
Our Calvary should not be hard

The ex-S.I.M. member was the first to talk. "I here propose to make this pilgrimage gay, that each one of us tell a short story or a joke or whatever he pleases. If this is done, I shall treat you to a splendid meal of pork, rice and beans, salad and nice, cool beer. Sis, would you like to start?"

His sister spoke: "I will tell you all the story of my life. It is filled with suffering and struggles. At last I have gotten some good luck. Although this state of affairs sometimes looks very bad, I know that it is only a transitional phase and that we will soon arrive at a tranquil harbor."

"Oh, Sis!" said our self-appointed host, "not a sad story now." He paused for a moment; his sister was silent. He then said sententiously, "Sadness has temporarily abandoned us and is gathering strength to come back."

Having said this, he turned to the neatly-dressed gentleman. "You, my dear interrupted legislator," he said, "you may give us some advice upon which we can base our behavior."

The well-mannered gentleman said, "A pleasure it is to be so honored. I intend to fulfill the agreement, but please, when you refer to this poor Juan, do not talk aim so sharply, because I smell 'una buena peste' among us."<sup>20</sup> And you, tell me, lad, do you pet a monkey or a 'chuvato'?"<sup>21</sup>

"I used to certainly, but no more," our Host replied.

The Franciscan priest got into the conversation. He said, "Christians, let us pray the rosary for the intentions of our brothers, as well as our..."

The Host interrupted him: "I forgot to tell you, my dear friend, that no interruptions are to be made." Looking to the gentleman, he said, "You may proceed, distinguished sena... I mean Juan."

"I will tell you the story of the life of a man I knew," he said. "Alegre,<sup>22</sup> I think his name was. He was the son of one of our provinces and felt indebted to his

22  
Batista's Senate ma-  
jority leader was  
named Alliegro.

23  
Student Revolutionary  
Directory. One of  
the many organiza-  
tions that formed  
the revolutionary  
movement.

24  
20th of July Move-  
ment. Castro's original  
organization.

25  
10th of March  
Movement.

26  
The Cuban cartoon  
counterpart of the  
American "John  
Q. Public."

27  
Castro's name for the  
counter-revolution-  
ary Cubans.

28  
Puncho is short for  
Francisco. The found-  
er of the Franciscan  
Order, to which this  
priest belongs, was  
San Francisco de Asis.



needy constituency, but as soon as he got to the Capitolio, he found out that it was more profitable to dedicate himself to more appropriate businesses. The newspapers said that he sold his vote now and then on key issues. Well, you know the credit our newspapers deserve. They also charged that he was responsible for the big embezzlement that occurred while he was an interim secretary. He knew nothing about it. But the damned newspapermen—the Virgin forbids me!—were so skillful in investigating him that everybody knew that he was making more withdrawals than deposits.

"Now when Alegre had some time to reflect, he thought and philosophized about the many good things he could have done while in his post. He said that it was the environment that had prevented him from doing so:

But he could not kid himself,	That he would do it all over again,
While in his morning soliloquies,	Because he was proud of his wit."

"Ave Marial" said the Host, "that you spite the fellow, I can easily see. Now, my dear Condesa," he said, turning to the fashionable lady, "would you mind telling us a story—whatever you please. We know that you are not a novelist, a story writer or the like, but since you travel so much, I am sure that you can bend your Cuban wit to the task and give us something that will assure your place at my table."

"Well," she began, "when I was last in Miami, land of the Yanquis, which has become the burrow of revengeful Cubans, I heard the story that I am about to tell you. It was meant as a joke, but I could not find any humor in it."

She started cautiously, "Castro had died and all of his comrades had come to his wake. They were trying to decide where to bury him. The representatives of the D.R.E.<sup>23</sup> suggested that, since he had been such a good disciple of Jose Marti, he should be buried in Marti's tomb, in Santiago de Cuba. The M-26-7<sup>24</sup> thought that, since he had been such a great warrior it would be fitting to bury him in the tomb of Antonio Maceo, in La Habana. The M-13-3<sup>25</sup> was of the opinion that such an internationally-known leader should be buried at Arlington, United States of America. The old comrades of the Popular Socialist Party wanted him buried with Lenin's mummy in Red Square, Moscow, Soviet Union.

"Finally, the Catholics there proposed that such a benefactor of the Cuban people should be buried in the Holy Land. But to this last proposal, Liborio,<sup>26</sup> who was so happy with Castro's sudden death that he could hardly talk, said: 'Excuse me, gentlemen. I accept all proposals but the last one because I know of Someone who was buried in the Holy Land and on the third day rose again.'"

"God and the Virgin forgive your sins," said the Franciscan, "because whoever jokes about such a sacred thing could certainly do things much worse."

The Host replied for the Condesa: "My dear Father, do not be so ashamed. It is not her fault, but that of the 'worms.'<sup>27</sup> Now, would you like to tell your story, Pancho?"<sup>28</sup>

The good father took out his rosary and said, "Let me recount five stations of our Redeemer's short life. There have been many sins committed in this land and more are yet to come. The rich and the poor alike will pay for them with tears and an insecure life. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost..."

They prayed for twenty minutes, some fervently and some with no words. The Major, the Host's sister, the latifundista, Father (Major) Sama and the Host carefully followed the verses of the rosary, while the others did not try to do what they felt was a waste of time.



28  
"feasts" were  
ed at this time  
e year: Christ-  
d the anniver-  
of the Cuban  
lution, Jan. 1.  
feast the priest  
ferring to here  
is debatable.

29  
Cuba's largest  
is located here.

30  
applied to ex-  
members of the  
tutional Army.  
r applied to all  
ista's followers.

31  
e monsters are  
s officers. Note  
the prized po-  
sion of the Ma-  
or is a scapular.

As soon as the last "amen" sounded, our impatient Host, eager to get back to his mood, appointed the army chaplain to tell his story or joke.

Father Sarna said, "Your excuses I beg, comra . . . I mean brothers in Cuba because I am most busy at the time trying to meet the deadline for the preparation of some songs. I have to have them ready for the next celebration of the Feast."<sup>28</sup>

"Very well," the Host replied (after swallowing a drink from a bottle he had wrapped in a paper bag). "My cool Ciceronian," he said, turning to the lawyer, "tell us something to keep up the mood."

"Yes, sir, right away, sir," answered the lawyer jokingly, "so that I may not be left out of your splendid meal."

"There are many stories or jokes I could tell you, but, since you asked me to keep up the mood, I will tell about a funny thing that I watched the other day.

"As I was going to Boniato<sup>29</sup> to see some distinguished esbirros<sup>30</sup> (for there is not too much to do in our profession nowadays but to defend people already condemned by the accumulated hate of the monsters with scapulars<sup>31</sup>) I saw something that gave me a real understanding of the direction in which our society is going. I saw my former tailor, who now manages a refreshment factory, doing a flock of enthusiasts into a sugarcane field to do some volunteer work. One there, they started to cut without too much knowledge as to where they should step or how high the precious cane should be cut . . ."

"Stop right there!" thundered the Major, "We have had enough!"

"Yeah, quit that, you jelly-belly imperialist!" echoed the adjutant.

"I thought," the host said calmly, "that the rules had been set forth at the beginning of the journey."

The lawyer said pompously, "Let the barbarians interrupt my account. There is not much they can do to me because their leader needs me for his courtroom theatricals. Their major mistake, so far, has been to forget that the peasant is a human being. We are Cuban and no foreign political system is going to change that." "Hey, man, you're getting too serious," said the host. "Why don't we all just have a drink and forget it?"

The Major, his eyes jumping in his head, said, "If you don't drop the subject right away and apologize to me, I will have to blow your head off. It will not be the first time I have done it, either. I have fought in many bloody battles and I lost three brothers in the war."

"My dear Major," the host said calmly, "are you telling your tale now?"

"Look, you ambulance-chaser," the adjutant said tempestuously to the lawyer, "you Batistiano, advocate of the presence of North American imperialists, CIA agent, you better beg mercy of the Major or you will not live to see the morning." With these words, he drew his gun. The group immediately scattered, leaving the five of us—the two soldiers, the lawyer, the Host and I—standing there alone together.

The lawyer retorted, "I will not bend my knees under any form of coercion. If your wishes are that I do not live to see the dawn, go right ahead."

The Host took his bottle out once again and, drinking a long shot, threw the bag to one side of the road, causing the grenade he had hidden in it to explode.

Our two brave soldiers started to run like rabbits with hounds chasing them.

"The Americans, the Americans have come!" were their last audible words.

Being unable to keep the covenant because there was no one left to tell the tale to, the lawyer, the Host and I finished our pilgrimage by going to a bar.

## THE CLASSICAL ELEMENTS OF ROBERT FROST

Andy Crosland

There are many possible approaches that a reader might take to any author's works. The best one is probably that which gives him the most pleasure and understanding. With a poet as fertile as Frost we want to make our first approach as wide as possible so that we will perceive some of his outstanding qualities, yet are afraid that if our approach is too wide we will miss many of the "poetic details" that are a major source of our pleasure. Thus, I hope to have taken a mid-ground by choosing to discuss Frost on the classical side of a broad division of literature into classical and romantic, while at the same time quoting freely from various poems and making my statements as specific and concrete as possible.

I turn to the Thrall, Hibbard, and Holman *Handbook to Literature* to see the principles that we must follow when we speak of classicism.

It is true, however, that classicism does stand for certain definite ideas and attitudes, mainly drawn from the critical utterance of the Greeks and Romans or developed through an imitation of ancient art and literature. Some of them may be suggested by the following words and phrases: restraint; restricted scope; balance of reason; sense of form; unity of design and aim; clarity; simplicity; order; attention to structure and logical organization; chasteness in style; severity of outline; moderation; self-control; intellectualism; decorum; respect for tradition; imitation; conservatism; "good sense."

Let's look at the qualities of "restraint, moderation, chasteness in style, and severity of outline." We will take these together as they seem to be rather closely related. Here is a short poem of Frost's with which I will try to demonstrate the qualities.

### Fire and Ice

Some say the world will end in fire  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.

Restraint to mean not over-indulging in emotion, or luxuries of poetic expression. There seems to be very little emotion in this poem; rather we have an observation of an almost indifferent tone. The language is extremely simple and pure. The meter is simple. Lavishness of style is lacking. As far as I can see, moderation can merely be taken to mean exercised restraint—the poet restrains himself and moderation results. Chasteness of style again seems to me only another form of restraint. It expresses a chaste style free from redundancies, useless "decorations," or unnecessary impurities. This has already been noted, but for further analysis let's see some alternative possibilities. Instead of saying "desire," a poet might say something like "the foul meat of animal man's passion and greed"; and instead of "ice," the "cold hard heart." This is chastity, but also serves to give us a lead into the meaning of "severity of outline." I must take this to be a subdivision of severity of style which also refers to the exclusion of the non-essentials in the poem. But it seems to mean a little more than this. Nims in the *Saturday Review* discusses and illustrates the point rather well. "Frost's simplicity is never flatness; his language crackles with what he has called the play of the mind, the little twists and turns." Nims uses this line (about sawdust) to illustrate. "Sweet-scented

as, John Frederick, "The Classicism of Robert Frost," *Saturday Review*, February 23, 1963.



stuff when the breeze drew across it . . ." "Stuff" has Elizabethan overtones; "drew" makes the breeze like a fine silk the sawdust clings to . . . , but it is typical of Frost's classic economy that he can insinuate a metaphor without stating it." In other words, Frost uses words that not only provide the skeleton or essentials of a poem, without the added drag of the unnecessary, but also provide tones of metaphors that "put meat on the bones" and are highly gratifying to the alert reader.

Very closely related to the first group of qualities are the following: simplicity, restricted scope and clarity. Simplicity in language is well-illustrated in this line: "And to do that to birds was why she came." What could be a simpler line than one composed entirely of monosyllabic words? Let's look for a moment at those words. There are no adjectives or adverbs in the sentence. And when we break the line into its logical components (rather than grammatical—which I ask leave to do here, for the logical division is simpler, more easily seen, and better suited to the present purposes) we have but two catagorematic words (words which refer to objects in the world of thought or in the world around us), "birds" and "she." All the rest of the words are syncategorematic, serving here to order, connect, and explain the catagorematic words. Further, both catagorematic words are univocal (having but one meaning) and don't depend on ambiguities to furnish their poetical excitement. So we have a line of completely simple words with completely simple meanings. But what makes this line poetry when with equally simple words and meanings we might produce this helpful but unpoetic line, "Run, Dick, run"? I think that the difference is this. With the Dick line we have no pronouns whatsoever and so the meaning is clearer. Of course there is nothing wrong with this, for very few poets, I think, would voice objections to clarity.

But here, the clarity is so great, the expression of the reader so set, and the character of the speaker so limited as to make the whole thing commonplace and terribly unexciting. Now let's look at the Frost line and what makes it poetry. The answer in a sentence is its stark, yet rich, simplicity. Looking first at the sounds, there is a pleasing little alliterative interplay of the sounds in the unstressed monosyllabic words "to, do and to" possibly suggesting a background wind on the scene. Then too, the blending or rather harmony of the sounds of the stressed words "and," "that," "birds," "why," "came"—moving up from "a" sounds to "i" sounds and back to "a" sounds. The rhythm of the line (/ - / - / - / - /) is simple and carries us easily along. But it is the simplicity that obviously catches our attention—the effect of simple statement that comes to rest in our minds and stays there because it carries its meanings, fits the poem well, is beautiful, and has a virtually impossible economy that is presented easily and simply.

I am a little doubtful about the meaning of restricted scope. Possibly it should be related to "unity of design and aim." Again, let's look back at "Fire and Ice." The scope of the poem seems restricted to concern with a single aim, the poet's speculation on "the end of the world and the beginning of wisdom" (Louis Untermeyer). There is a single speculation on two closely interrelated ideas and nothing else. Perhaps "unity of design" is the key element here that greatly augments the provision of unity and restraint. The "design" of the first line gives us an end hinted to by two tentative causes, thus an introduction and writing of "beginning of wisdom" (as some say) and the destruction of the world. This is sort of a bleak explanation, but I can't seem to find any better words, for Frost doing is a much rarer thing than Crosland telling.

Another element of classicism is "sense of form." Quite a few examples and critical notes could be given to express this sense in Frost, but let me just cite this poem of Frost's called "Pertinax":

Let chaos storm!  
Let cloud shapes swarm  
I wait for form.

The dominance of reason  
"Enthusiasm is taken th  
in color, all the way fro  
ment at the other end. I  
willing to throw away e  
quote (though not spe  
that the intellect (rea  
Again and again in F  
"Birches" where there  
desire to "get back to e

I'd like to go b  
And climb bla  
Toward heav  
But dipped its  
That would be  
One could do v

Two more lines:

I'd like to get a  
And then come

Again, remember in th  
pauses wistfully, look  
reluctant, goes on.

The woods are  
But I have pro  
And miles to g  
And miles to g

Now, let's turn to the  
ing. Two poems in wh  
Wall." In the former  
pressed (contrasted) e  
poem rests on this bal  
balance. Let's look at  
of contrast. "Something  
good neighbors." This  
we have a logical contr  
for order, yet man see  
want to take it too far)

"Self-control" as a qua  
under "restraint and me  
of intellectualism. Fro  
intellectual poet—he se  
common sense." So in  
"good sense" would ta

"Attention to structure  
Structural attention w  
guage, rhythm, harmo  
logical organization"  
lation, it seems that lo  
poems, for they are g  
growth of meaning" h  
help the simplicity ge  
cerned with the destru  
puts them in order of

reason is also a characteristic. Here is a quote of Frost's.  
through the prism of the intellect and spread on the screen  
from hyperbole or overstatement, at one end, to understatement. It is a long strip of dark lines and many colors. I would be  
say everything but that: enthusiasm tamed by metaphors." This  
specifically concerned with it) expresses the belief of Frost  
(reason) should direct or dominate enthusiasm (emotion).  
in Frost's poems we see the hand of a reason-guided man. In  
there are expressions of freedom and whimsy there is yet that  
to earth."

go by climbing a birch tree,  
black branches up a snow-white trunk  
heaven, till the tree could bear no more,  
and its top and set me down again.  
It would be good both going and coming back  
and do worse than be a swinger of birches.

get away from earth awhile  
and come back to it and begin over.

in the "Stopping by the Woods" poem how the traveler in life  
looks, yet reasonably doesn't forget duty, and even though

is lovely, dark and deep,  
I promise to keep,  
and go before I sleep,  
and go before I sleep.

the quality of balance. The key to balance is contrast in mean-  
ing in which this is outstanding are "Fire and Ice" and "Mending  
Wall." We have the contrasting elements of hate and desire ex-  
pressed) emphatically by the two opposing words—fire and ice. The  
poem is balance. I think we have here a rather "classic" example of  
balance. Look at two lines from the latter poem that embody this element  
of balance: "Something there is that doesn't love a wall," and "Good fences make  
good neighbors." This poem too rests on contradiction, and as in the other poem  
on contradiction—one that balances out. We must have boundaries  
and seek a freedom that is part of him. Possibly (though I don't  
know for sure) a call on reason—to provide the "golden mean"—is implied.

a quality of classicism in Frost has been sufficiently indicated  
and moderation." I frankly don't know what to do with the quality  
of balance. From what I have seen I am not inclined to refer to Frost as an  
intellectual—he seems more a reasonable one with "good old New England  
values." So in the initial list of qualities I would think that the one of  
balance would take precedence over "intellectualism."

structure and logical organization" is another thing to be considered.  
This was discussed earlier in this essay when we spoke of "lan-  
guage, harmony and the sound of sense." I think that an example of  
organization can be found in the old standby—"Fire and Ice." In specu-  
lation that logical organization must play a large part in all of Frost's  
poems are greatly pared down to essentials, and if the poet intends a  
poem to "ring" he would almost be bound to follow some pattern that would  
generate full significance. At any rate, "Fire and Ice" is con-  
sidered the destruction of the world. The poet indicates two main causes. He  
orders of significance and qualifies this organization by explaining



that "desire" is capable of destroying the world, but that hate "is also good  
And would suffice" as a second choice.

Let's take "conservatism" and "respect for tradition" together. Here again is a  
thorny question. Compared with some of the modern experimental poets, Frost  
seems rather conservative and tradition-respecting; yet it would seem wrong to  
call Frost either a conservative or a traditionalist. Rather he has the conservatism  
of self-restraint and all that it implies and adheres to tradition when he sees it  
worth—not merely because it is tradition. In other words the two qualities above  
named are accidentals resulting from Frost's poetic theory and are not causes of it.  
From "The Road Not Taken":

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

The final element is that of decorum, a doctrine practiced in Frost's poetry. Sim-  
ply, it is a doctrine founded in Aristotle and more explicitly developed by Horace  
which states that characters should exhibit only those qualities and actions typical  
of the type or class of characters to which they belong and are not to be developed  
in terms of idiosyncratic qualities. Let's look at "The Death of the Hired Man."  
In this dramatic poem we have consistent characters who speak as expected.  
Mary has her point of view and sticks with it as does Warren. Their thoughts  
and speech are in tune with their characters. Warren with his possibly mocking  
attitude says this of home, "Home is the place where, when you have to go there,  
They have to take you in." Mary answers with her characteristic reproving mild-  
ness, "I should have called it/ Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Frost here uses decorum to briefly describe his characters to us. From the large  
body of associations drawn from other readings of literature and from reading  
and experience in social and ethical doctrines of our culture, Mary pops out as  
the gentle, home-loving youngish, wifeish type. One tends immediately to picture  
her, broom in hand, wearing a relatively drab dress that hangs below her knees  
and the brightly flowered apron, lightly spotted with grease from last night's  
cooking. Her belief in the value of home tends strongly to wipe away most traces  
of urbanity from her persona and thus emphasizes that she is a rural. Warren's  
comment also is pregnant enough with association to give birth to his character.

Thus it becomes somewhat evident that Frost follows decorum in presenting his  
characters and then from the sparse description his poetry allows him—lets our  
decorum-fostered preconceptions develop more fully the character he hints at.  
Frost uses tags offered by decorum characters in much the same way (though to  
a much lesser extent) as Chaucer used the humors theory—in developing the Wife  
of Bath, the Pardoner, etc. Evidences of decorum usage are to be found in Frost's  
poems, "The Self-Seeker" and "The Fear" if anyone wants to look into this further.

The last thing I will go into, but by no means the least, is Frost's tragic view of life  
which does so much to give him the classical label. Nims says that this view is  
constituted by a realization of the limitations of human nature. Further, he goes  
on to say, these limitations form a sort of *dike* (universal law) which is eventually  
recognized through violation and its accompanying suffering. There seem to be  
overtones of Aeschylus. "A few lines from Hume's famous essay are interesting  
here because the very phrasing is like Frost's: 'The classical poet never forgets  
this finiteness, this limit of man. He remembers always that he is mixed up with  
earth. He may jump, but he always returns; he never flies away into the circum-  
ambient gas.'" Nims then gives the following lines from "In Hardwood Groves"  
and a part of "Birches" (which I have already quoted) as an example of "domi-  
nance of reason."

However it is in some other world  
I know that this is the way in ours.

I think that we may del  
This fact is a significant  
experimentation and fr  
and out of the sanctuary

We are made to remen  
imagination than mere  
sexy subject matter.

## TEMPO INFINITE

If you stared  
You look at m  
Though you r  
I know; I can  
and it remain  
I will no lon  
but submit in  
to the mount  
I de

I give up bu  
merely persi  
in keeping th

It has touch  
become part  
if taken out  
would be he  
no longer b  
I can  
no longer b  
I have been  
scratched o  
a loss comp  
never to be  
for there is  
but one ent  
one set of l  
too just  
when you  
you realize  
how just—  
but lost  
all.

—DAVID V

it we may definitely say, then, that there is classicism in Robert Frost.  
is a significant one and one to be appreciated, for in these days of poetic  
tation and freedom, we are reminded that within the bounds of order  
the sanctuary of good common sense can come excitement and beauty.  
ade to remember that novel creativity is more a matter of ability and  
n than mere shock—than newly coined words, wild rhythm patterns,  
et matter.

## INFINITE

you stared at me and said you didn't see me it would be the same.  
you look at me and cannot see what has happened.  
though you might sense it you do not know what I feel;  
now; I can express it, but expressing it it is not expelled or expended;  
and it remains a part of me  
will no longer fight  
it submit in dying  
the mounting deaths  
I deal myself in life.

I see it in this world same to come.

give up but not hope  
erely persistence in trying to keep the feather in the air,  
keeping the feather from touching earth's too mortal mud and decay.

has touched and sunk into the slime and  
come part of it and  
taken out the feather  
ould be heavy and the barbs stuck together the nets matted: it would  
longer be carried on the air.

can  
longer be carried on the lists of the living.

have been  
atched off the books,  
oss completely written off  
ver to be entered again,  
r there is  
t one entry for each and one column  
e set of books—it's too honest  
o just  
en you fail  
u realize  
w just—  
t lost



only remember  
was like falling down stairs;  
rough and rolling, images floating,  
hurled about in my eyes.

I stood weak-legged  
in bland words of a lost  
humanity, trying to walk.

The air was different at the  
bottom of the stair, thick  
with the heavy fragrance of flowers,  
and air with a self-illuminated  
mist borne on darkness.  
I was stifling to breathe  
and the mist caused water  
to gather in my eyes.  
The tears rolled so easily,  
freely down my cheeks.  
I did not have to think  
of them to form.

I had a thought of the darkness  
cracked on the atmosphere  
hinging back hinged and open  
revealing a greater black  
in which the mist escaped  
and finally cleared,  
in which the fugitive  
geometry of  
forms returned.



Then the half-picture-half-feeling  
was magnified and the harshly  
vivid and luminescent  
outbursts of color were paraphrased  
as panting morbidity.

A strongly red sun fell behind  
static blue sea that rose like a  
sheet to an unnoticed ceiling,  
sealing in low the diffusion  
of blue.

The sound of the water on the  
rocks still carried to my ears;  
as through a wall I heard it till  
it ceased.

Silence: a hermetically sealed  
consciousness. A mirror fragment  
of the world of glass struggled through  
the resinous envelope,  
broke through, leaving the wound to heal  
quickly, coagulate at  
exposure to my indifference,  
absorbed in it and in watching  
the reflection, a man, a soul,  
a demon, sin, virtue, injustice,  
all in the act of being.

Then the mirror turned black  
and all values, all things  
steel and wood and glass  
faded, died, stored themselves  
somewhere waiting for a subtle  
and mutant reincarnation.

Soundlessly the mirror cracked  
and the broken pieces  
fell at my feet.  
No longer were they so  
fragile; the pieces of  
glass were stronger than the  
mirror they had made,  
stronger than the whole; they  
would not break down as easily.  
Not as fragile though their  
edges were jagged.

It is a sad perceptive blindness,  
a specious divinity  
ignorance calls insanity.

—DAVID VAN ZILE

## BIOGRAPHY

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### Tom Barthel

is a 1963 graduate, and though currently engaged in several "freedom" movements of his own, manages to be a heavy contributor to the magazine.

### Phillipe Crane

is a prominent corporation president from Hamden, Conn. His stories, which he claims to write for fun, have previously appeared in several national publications. We take pleasure in presenting this delightful story to you.

### Andy Crosland

will be (he hopes) among our June graduates. He displays in this essay the scholarship that is typical of him.

### Robert Early

in his two latest efforts again shows the promise of his growing literary talents. Bob is a permanent member of the Abbey community and now makes this third appearance with us.

### Jorge Herraro

is now an Abbey sophomore, appears here in print for the first time.

### Rafael J. Montoya's

unusual undertaking we print in hope that it will be fairly reminiscent of a much earlier work of this type.

### Don Neuland

is an Abbey senior who occasionally submits a poem or two for publication. He is also the current editor of *Agora*.

### Charles Radimer

is a 1964 graduate from New York, who, from his short story, appears to have been greatly influenced by his years here in the Carolinas.

### Ray Smith

is a sophomore at the Abbey and is an active member of the community. He is making his debut with us.

### Carlos Manuel de Torres

is an Abbey freshman whom we hope to be hearing from in the future.

### David Van Zile

is a third year science major whose interests evidently are extremely varied. His poetry initially appeared in our Dec. 1964 issue.



AGORA STAFF: DON NEULAND, EDITOR.  
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