"Then that's going, get in the goddam wagon. Then that ain't, get out of the goddam way."

William Faulkner, *The Bear*
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You are the moment
between ecstasy and desire.
You are a soft calling
on the raw nerve points of this body,
the points that crave contact with
a throbbing tenderness that is you.
You are an ecstasy
born of hell, a spasm of blinding light
burning into a lightless void.
You are the soft calling of timeless time
and I am the burning anguish of the beastly angel.

"Let us go then..."

Catharine Harig

Lying awake nights
Dreaming away days
Love is
Leaf, stone paths
Birds on bare branches
Love is
Laughing words, crying words,
No words
Love is
Flower petals on rushing streams
Floating clouds
Love is

John Sipes

TWO POEMS FOR THREE LOVERS

I

The bitter sea-laughter secretly calls
Haunting nights our spirits rise to twine
Without the sea, and chills our blood,
Retracing on the sand,
To pool again the paradox
Passed to the sea by our eyes, and,
Unfathomed, passed back to me,

Alone, the spawning, fawning night and sea
Forbear with reconcile and monstrous majesty.
The stolen gifts of aqua stone and triton shells
And rattles carved from bone
I coveted for thee, and thou savorest my thought
Of love
As blindly as did I—

Until the blue-green arachne sea-mosaic stirred,
A warm-cool spot within my heart—an etching
On my brain,
A second chance is tossed about again,
And recalled again
As a languid dirge-refrain
From the wind-chime clash of bones and shells
And stones
Clamoring in my brain—

Now, as writhing on my sea-ceded sand coat
The saline froth designs
Nestle on the sand and fade,
The droll refrain of choice swirls,
Evades,
Then, in the mystery of your eyes, dies.

II

I cannot deny,
When loving you, at times
(with the grit of sand upon my cheek
and salt-water in my eyes)
You are a soul
Fit for the same shirt size
(that would make young boys
orphans and awkward in our eyes)

Albert Bass Chapman
THEY EXPECTED ME

The mist saw me come out of the doorway. I was heading for the garden. It wasn't our garden, it was an abandoned garden, which very appropriately belonged to some wealthy slobs who, at the moment, were in Europe. The place was so overgrown and jingly that even their gardeners had given up (very rich people always have gardeners, just medium rich people have lazy gardeners). Anyway, this crazy, blue mist was settling and then swimming up again. Come to think of it the mist wasn't blue at all; it was a sort of olivey fog. I found my way along the brick path and through the black iron gate. God, I loved that gate. It was about my best friend when I came to think of it. I used to swing for hours on it when I was a kid; just staring into Hudson's garden. That was when they were still in this country. They had a blind daughter named Cynthia or something like that; she used to sit there in the afternoons with her Siamese cat. It was so sort of—Chakovian, the whole thing. I couldn't like the kid. Her eyes haunted the hell out of me. To tell you the truth she was pretty smart; smart enough to compensate for her blindness and it always gave you the feeling that she was read-

ing your mind. God, was that nerve wracking. I'm sensitive as hell and sometimes I get so excited about something beautiful I get sick. That's ironic but I do. This was one of those times. A tree in complete summer-green was dripping from the rain and the woods toward the creek were eternally beautiful with an exciting green-blackness. The thing that drove me wild was—right under this tree (the spreading Chestnut variety) was a whole mess of tall white lilies. Only one was fully opened and yet they all acted as if they had expected me to come; and I was glad to see them. I decided then and there that I absolutely had to have that lily and so I made a rather definite mental note to remember to pick it on the way back. Back from where I didn't know, but I was on one of my regular Saturday morning excursions and I never could tell where I was going.

Walking in the mud is for the birds, but what are you going to do if it rained the night before? I regressed to hopping from Ripton to Flagstone till I got to the landing. There was a sick looking rowboat half-sunk into the weeds that grew along the river. It reminded me of my self, kinda half-sunk and swampy. A frog plucked into the water. I hadn't even seen him and he disturbed me because I hated to have frogs spyrin' on me. I love frogs, but not James Bond Frogs. I sat down on the little dock and started throwing stones into the water and looking at the rings they made. It reminded me of all that jazz they teach you in junior-high school about sound waves. That was a depress-

ing thought cause I hated school. I loved learn-

ing, but hated school. This stone-throwing busi-

ness got to be quite boring after about three stones and even depressing after about seven stones.

I usually have a damn good way of falling

into little adventures but this morning—nothing. Just gorgeousness (gorgeousness?) all over the

place. I kept thinking about that lily. My lily. So I went back up through all the glop and mud

and picked that crazy, fabulously nutty lily and

started home. First I gave a long gaze at the

sun that was bursting from behind a tree and

and burning away the fog, then I swung on the

gate about a dozen times and thought about

Cynthia (or whatever her name was) and her
dumb cut.

Anonymous
The Hunter

Sleet bounced against the rattling window panes as Nicholas nestled another log on the crunchy red embers. Slowly, and without a word, he bent his spine backwards and eased erect again. In the flapping orange light, he looked at the old gun on the wooden pegs over the mantel. The gun had been there for years; it was as common as it was never looked at. Yet now he stared at the barrels as though he had never seen them before. The gun was familiar as his hand, yet strange like a borrowed glove; different, unworn, yet used.

Nicholas picked the gun off the rack. He pushed the lever to open the breech, and at the metallic snick-clack an emotion spread like a muffled wave over the bent old man. The snap was a pebble thrown into a recollection pool. Nicholas couldn’t remember anymore, but he felt he knew. And, indeed, he did know, but he could not recall the myriad memory bits of each experience which formed his mind. He could only stand unwillingly, dumbly, and recall feelings of perceptions suffused back into patterns of emotion. The first hunt and the last hunt were mixed up with those between—organized into the suffused memory which could no longer be remembered.

The sun-touched frost had melted; soaked the autumn fields as they got the shotguns from the back seat of the old Pontiac. It was parked at the end of the ridge field. Bumper deep in sodden timothy grass. The ridge field lay follow. Pin-oak saplings and elderberry bushes started from the rocky ground. Nick pulled out the old double with the friction taped stock and broke open the breech. Muck and the old man, their father, picked up the pump guns. All three were coarse, frayed, blood-stained clothes—the hunting clothes.

On the first day of hunting season they had always started on the ridge. When Nick was a child he had watched the start over the tree tops from the attic window. The start was the best part. It was a decade now since he had to watch; his youth was over yet the love remained.

Hunting began at eight. Muck nervously rolled two shells in his hand with the brass heads clicking. The old man, with the gun in the crook of his arm, stood still. Nick had the dog.

“What time is it, Muck?” Nick asked.

“Almost ten of.”

The dog was whining, straining at the leash. “Maybe we should hunt out Weigold’s corner first. There’s probably some there because of the corn.”

“I don’t know. What do you think, poppy?”

“Well, let’s do this, once.”

“All right.”

The hunters waited. They never started in Weigold’s corner; they started on the ridge.

“Now what time is it, Muck?”

“Eight of.”

Nick reached into his coat pocket and explored the bottom seam with his fingers. There were weed seeds, crumbled dry leaves and a few pheasant feathers. He rolled the feathers into a tiny ball as he waited. The dog started to whine again. The old man shifted his weight on the pump boots. In the distance there was a shot then another.

“What time is it, Muck?”

“About five of, but I’m probably a little slow.”

“Well, let’s go on.” Pappy said. Nick dropped two red shells into the double and snapped the breech shut. Muck and the old man filled the magazines of their pump guns. Then they were hunting the ridge, as they always had.

Nick didn’t want to remember, he wanted to hunt. A young pheasant, hardly in plumage, flushed at his feet and flew straight away. It was an easy shot; he took his time and killed it cleanly the way he had been taught. They hunted the ridge and crossed a gulley into the hill field. A gravel road marked the edge of the hill field. Houses, small and now, were set along the road. There were hunter’s cars parked in the driveways and the hunters milled around looking at which way to go. Another pheasant flushed and flew toward the houses so they could not shoot. Children were playing in a back yard jungle-gym, and they stopped briefly to watch the hunters. A yellow cat darted from the weeds and ran toward a brick house. Nick swung the double to his shoulder, flicked the safety off, and leveled on the cat.

“Don’t shoot it,” pappy warned.

“Well god-damn it, what’s it doing here?”

“Let’s keep going,” said pappy. He remembered when they had hunted past the gravel road past a day south and then back again. Pappy, his older brothers and their boys carried hammer guns at ball cock and used black powder then. Now these three circled the farm like patched boots. In the distance there was a shot then another.

Two rabbits zig-sagged back toward the gulley. Muck’s gun barked and the first one rolled; he jacked another shell into the chamber and flattened the second one fast and cleanly. He had always shot well.

They pushed toward the creek. Four hunters meandered up out of the bottomland, separated and slowly marched toward the hunter-farmers. All four wore red, shiny water repellent shooting jackets. Muck, Nick and the old man were too far away to see the creases left from the store shelves in the jackets.

“Right in front of us. Why don’t they go somewhere else?” Nick snapped. One of the group stopped and shouted across the corner of the field.

“O.K. if we hunt on here?”

“No,” Nick returned.

“Why not?”

“Listen, we own this land. Get outa here.”

“Well now look, we’re all sportsmen aren’t we?”

“We’re not sportsmen. Who do you think you are?”

“We paid to hunt on here!”

“The hell you did,” Nick’s shout almost cracked into a scream. “We own this land.”

“We paid Weigold to hunt on here!”

“Weigold’s ground stops at the road.” The friction tape on Nick’s gun stock turned soft in his sweaty grip. “Get outa here.”

“O.K. we just can’t let us catch you on our side.” Disjointed they turned and walked toward the gravel road. Pappy and his boys hunted the creek bottom and the power forty field gave them place indeed more game than in the past years. They shot.
their limit, never more, and went in. The old man stood at the edge of the porch and ejected the shells from his battered pump gun. He looked back across the creek bottom into the hill field, and entered the house with slow, tired steps. The four scarlet clad men were hunting in the hill field.

And this was the hunt, unchanged, held somewhere in the brain, unremembered, only felt. As the gun broke open the emotion dwindled away, he pulled the shells out and pointed the muzzle at the fireplace. He squinted into the empty breech and saw a red flickering disk, the bore was rusty.

He had hung the gun over the fireplace when there were radio speeches, which he didn’t listen to, about a New Deal. “What good’s an empty gun?” his grandfather warned years before, so Nicholas had loaded it. “Yeah, must have been ten, fifteen years ago when I hung it up,” he mumbled to himself. He held the shells in his hand and squinted down the rusty inside of the bore. “Oughta be cleaned out once,” he said more loudly. He clamped out onto the porch forgetting, or never knowing, the town’s “Ordinance on Firearms”, raised the barrels to the snow and sleet of a December night, and squeezed the triggers. After the eruption of fire and smoke he shuffled back into the house, opened the gun and removed the empty shells, then gently blew the smoke out of the bore. He again looked through the barrels toward the fireplace, they shone brightly. Carefully he replaced the gun on its pegs, and then, since the fire had again died to a glow, he climbed the stairs.

Robert Wood
ONE SUMMER'S DAY

"Gee, I'm glad it's a nice day!" exclaimed Jamie, as she and her friend Jimmy walked along the dirt road which led to Wolf Creek. The small town was behind them and nature sprang up all around them.

"Hurry up," commanded Jimmy, "we don't have all day, you know. It takes a good hour to get there from here.

They walked along in silence for a few minutes. Soon they came to a clearing. It was here that the old colliery had stood, but it was quite a few years since it had closed down. Weeds had sprung up along the rusty old railroad tracks which ran alongside the old coal banks.

"Hey," said Jimmy, "bet ya can't break any windows." looking at what had once been the company office. Most of the windows had been broken anyway. "Come on, try!"

Both of them picked up a good sized stone and Jimmy said, "Okay, 1-2-3—throw." The stones went zooming through the air, and both hit their targets.

Jimmy picked up the lunch which Jamie's mother had made for them, and walked on in silence.

"Just cause I'm a girl doesn't mean I can't do stuff you guys do—and just as good," declared Jamie.

"Aw, girl! What's in the lunch," asked Jimmy.

"Mom put some ham sandwiches, chips, and other stuff in for us. How long till we get there? I'm getting tired," said Jamie. "Oh—why did you come anyway—girls are a drag. It's about half an hour. Now hurry up."

They walked along in silence awhile. The hills were green with trees in bloom, and the smell of wild flowers created a wonderful feeling in Jamie. Talking might break the spell. She could hear the chirping of birds and the gentle rush of water as it fell over the rocks from the small falls ahead. Just ahead was an old mine shaft that had been boarded up to keep the kids away.

"Wish they hadn't boarded up that old mine shaft—we could go exploring," sighed Jimmy, "Yea," muttered Jamie. She knew he'd say that. Boys never noticed anything, but boys are just different she thought.

Up ahead was a clearing. "We're here," shouted Jimmy. "Come on Jamie—look at the dam—here hold the lunch." He picked up some stones and started to skip them across the water. Jamie looked at the dam. It was beautiful. The water was a blue-green and all around were tall evergreen trees. Everything was quiet except for the sound of the stones hitting the surface of the water, and the dull sound of the water flowing over the bank as it flowed into the dam. She was very glad she had come.

"Let's go to the falls—it isn't far, and then we can eat—I'm hungry." So on they trudged through the tall weeds and sticker bushes. About ten minutes later they arrived at the most thrilling sight Jamie had ever seen—the falls. The water fell from a hill about 75 feet high, then over another hill about 40 feet high. It then curved around and rolled gracefully on to feed a small stream which would eventually flow into the dam. Surrounding the falls were evergreen trees and a steep hill, giving a secluded air to the spot. It was a favorite place for "picnickers". One could see a few paper scattered around from old picnic lunches. Jamie set the lunch bag down under a tree. "Jimmy, let's climb up the hill and walk across the falls."

"That hill's slippery and steep. You might fall. Well... if you really want to let's go."

Once on top of the falls, Jamie looked all around her. She saw trees and funny-looking rocks. The rocks were all smooth and felt cold and damp, when she touched them. She kicked off her shoes and tied the belt from her jeans around her head. Her grandmother told her she found a long weed which she stuck in the head-band. Walking to the edge of the falls, she stood very still and spread her arms out wide, tossed her head back and gave out with a war-hoot. "Look, Jimmy, I'm "Little Water", a great Indian... just like in the books."

Jimmy ran over. "Yea, and I was looking for arrow root. My father told me there were some around, only I can't find any. I'm hungry, let's go down and eat."

They climbed down the hill again. Jamie cleared a section of ground and spread out the lunch. They sat down to eat. "Guess what, Jimmy."

"Well, I can't guess, What?"

"I can't wear jeans anymore. Mom said that I'm too old to run around like I do. All the time. Heck, I can't see why, Your sister wears jeans and she's 16 years old."

"Yea, well looks like that will end all our fun. You can't go crawling around or play foot-ball in a dress. Gee, what are you going to do now?"

"Oh, I'll still play with you. Maybe I can get Mom to change her mind—at least I should be able to wear 'em when I play."

"My Mom was screaming at my sister, last night. She said she was going too far. You know she gets her jeans a size too small! Mom thinks that's terrible. I don't know... girls are goofy, especially my sister."

"noticed her jeans. I don't know why she'd do that. She can't move right. It doesn't make sense."

"Well, we'd better go, it's kinda late."

They cleared up their mess and started back down the trail. Jamie missed the path and took another. Suddenly she saw a nest in a bush off the path away. "Jimmy, ma look what I found."

Jimmy came running over. "Hey, that's neat. Wonder what kind of eggs they are." He knelt down to look more closely at the eggs. The nest was under a bush. Part of the ground had been dug out and leaves and dried twigs were set into it. There were three spotted eggs inside of it.

"Come on, let's throw stones at them and see if we can break any of them." Jimmy suggested."

"I wonder where the mother is," said Jamie. Jimmy, in the meantime, picked up some large stones and started to throw them at the nest. "Don't you dare do that, Jimmy Brown!" shouted Jamie. "You mean thing."

Too late, one of the eggs was broken. Jamie started to cry, "I hate you, Jimmy Brown!" cried Jamie as she started to run.

Jimmy dropped the stones and ran after her. "Gee, Jamie. I'm sorry. I just thought it would be fun to do it." He didn't know what to do. Jamie wouldn't look at him. Suddenly he took her hand. She looked up and kind of smiled. They dropped stones and he whistled a tune on the way home while she hummed.

They finally arrived home. Jamie said, "Thanks a lot, Jimmy. I had a great time."

Jimmy stood there kicking a rock. "Yea, well, maybe we can do it again some time. I'll see ya tomorrow." He turned away and walked towards his home.

Jamie ran upstairs. She threw all her clothes and took a warm shower.

Judy Birch
LIONEL MODEL 390
Stand at a crossing
Wait—
As a freight passes like women
I loved once,
Look up and down sensing arrival
Love’s overwhelming magnitude
Shakes
Grows looking up as to God Herself—
Stop a train doing ninety
Then her whistle blows.
Watch the red-lighted caboose
For it will fade.

L’ÉTÉ
Maintenant, c’est l’été
La plus belle saison.
Oh l’on voit monté,
Sans aucune raisons.
Le grand feu cherché,
Allume l’horizon.

La chaleur ici,
Mais point de froideur,
Le grand soleil,
Pénètre le coeur.

Les arbres bri-deurs,
Les feuilles sont arrivées.
Le ruisseau s’en va,
Et tout le monde sait,
Même les oiseaux gros,
Savent que c’est l’été.

La chaleur ici,
Mais point de froideur,
Le grand soleil,
Pénètre le coeur.

Après un séjour,
De trois mois de l’année,
De presque cent jours,
Il faut qu’aille 1946,
Il nous faut des cours.
Pas plus de saison gai.

La chaleur ici,
Mais point de froideur,
Le grand soleil,
Pénètre le coeur.

Michael George Paulson, Jr.

BEGINNING AND END
A mist-kissed day
Began this mom.
And sun hid well,
Feigning storm.
But, by the noon
Blue clouds appeared
And sun smiled golden
Hiding tears.

The gold was gone
By early eve.
And moon arose
In star-studded sleeve.
And as the clouds
Grew deeper blue,
The mist returned
To kiss and woo
The waiting earth.
Anonymous
DREAM ODYSSEY FROM MAIN STREET TO ETERNITY

Twilight finds me alone—
walking, waiting on the corner
of some dimly lighted street
standing, staring as a mourner
at the casket, unbelieving
is written on my face, my figure
bending low in swoons
lingers there as all who walk by
look, yes, stare, but do not see.

deeply drawn in thoughtless prisons
held by logic, falling down
about the sad, mistaken visions
of an earlier, ghostly town
that calls so faintly, oh, so faintly
so I never really know
if it calls at all for me
or if it merely is the wind, mixed
with murrinings.

gazing, hoping with a madness
only one who deeply hates
time and all its dingy furrows
cast upon an aging face,
at the clock upon that corner
at the ticking bandit there
as he steals my life without me,
as he grinds my soul within.

staring till I fall to dreaming
staring at the hypnotic clock
then I leave the shell behind me.
on the corner of the block
then I rise, I float
I fly
upward with the smoke and dust
upward where the thin air cools me
upward, then, and level off
riding, soaring, free and easy
slowing moving on the breeze
glimmering down upon the corner
which is slowly lost behind me
as I move above the town

which is fading, sinking, slipping
from my reach as from my eyes
I am flying! I am flying!
high and happy, high and free
with the drops of dew, descending
later on to catch the tree
and moisten morning's punchbowl.
moving very, very slowly
hardly do I know at all—
but for lights that once were closer,
now have sunk and are no more
the glitter-tinsel which they once were.
I laugh and silently say goodbye.
circles, circles
pathways winding
in and out, and out and in
dizziness has caught me, napping
nausea is setting in

suddenly I see below me,
as if upon the marble floor
of some museum,
displayed and tagged
the ghostly town of long ago.
down! I see the people, happy
down! I yearn to watch and talk
down! For here there are no corners,
only circles, only rings
that cross and crisscross
separating house from store, and church
from both.

but my body waits upon the corner
my soul is light, though dark enough
my body is my life, my soul is only what I want
desire. I think, is soul-stuff, yes.
desire and greed for other things
beyond our grasps, beyond our reason
—the soul is devil with angel wings.

so back I go, within a second
just as if I'd never gone
back to body, back to corner
twilight still, and still alone.

David A. Scheffler

A MARIGOLD GYPSY CAME

A mirrored echo
Come in the silence—
In the bush
Of that year's death
To bring the remembrance
Of another
Who now lives in the dust
Who I never see
Unless I fight
The binding light
And break free
To stand
In grayness.
He came
Wearing the same smile,
The same restless gestures
And whenever
I could afford the luxury
Of torture
A second's memory
Would link
This dying moment
To another long dead.
Again I mistake
The gift
Only to be given once

And I had held it
Once before.
 Foolishly, hopefully,
 As a child might,
 I begged him
 To enchant me.
 Now I know
 As I should have then.
 That he would leave
 To become a gray shadow
 To haunt me
 Before I am old.
 But before he was lost
 I told him
 If he saw the god dimmed by gray
 To tell him
 That the goldenrod was already dying.
 It was spring when he left.
 That the silence was always
 Louder in the light.
 That the marigold gypsy left a glass prism.
 That the years have not changed me
 That I still seek
 The gift
 I find but cannot keep.

Mary Ann Lantz
INTO A GLASS
In the washed out evening we gathered
The driftwood, gnarled roots and barkless
Branches, skeleton hard, blanched bones of
Distant trees, salt soaked, sand washed.
Gray-white driftwood—we made a pile of it:
Lebanese cedar roots
An olive branch from Israel
Ebony trunks tumbled out the Congo.

The axe tree of Hector's chariot,
Long discarded, rotted by the Dardanelles
The flaked visage of a sunken Cretan statue
The dust which is Abraham
A box of hidden scrolls
All were trodden into ageless dust and
Mixed in the earth with an iron blade plow.
Trees sucking sustenance from this soil, swelled
With antique virtue, Archetypal earth
of primordial man.
Take up soil with the earth and soak up
Essence with the water for a
Twisted growth and infinite death.
By chance some topple into the sea:
Into the sun warmed sea
Across the time chilled waves.
Over the knotted sedge-grass cats
We piled the tangled driftwood heap.
After a flame spurt, the
Crackling sedge-grass fire flapped
Against the iron hard wood.
As night air current washed over
Us, the flame soaked wood hissed
Blue and orange. A commingling fire dance of
Soil writhed to the thick black sky. We
Watched it burn and fade . . . glow red, soft
red, die.
We lay as the ashes on the moist sand—
Warm and spent on the level sand.
Robert R. Wood

FEBRUARY 5TH, MORNING.
There was a scarlet mackerel sky,
That tranquil morning.
Winter's breath had swept in from the west,
And chilled and glazed the land.
One star dipping in the east
Refused to say good-bye to the night.
And the world was very, very lonely.
Smoke had begun to pour from the mills.
Belching and booming forth its black mist.
And beneath that twisted mass of chimneys.
People: all sorts of people were beginning to

Now that was a world to know.
Patchwork quilts, frosted windows, cold and more

Creaking steps that once lead to a summer

Now at February Kitchen, full of bitter warmth.
And outside streets and gutters full of icy cold
A squeaking gate and children calling were
The overturn for the day.
And the sun climbed in the heavens.
High into the mackerel sky.
Ruth Wren

VISION OF NUMBER 973
the cone envelopes all
lost within
and darkened from
without
since neither
you or i
can detect such shades of meaning
and people wear such masks.

y. peter fussel
THE CHINA SHOP

There is a land where it often rains, where the wind cuts rock and steel, where the men are few and the women none, where the crops are never grown but they will rot, and the stench floats on the air on the back of the cutting wind it clings and floats, with quivering stomach, in the rain-drop elevators.

Here lies the china shop. The doors are two, and made of glass, the displays inside cost little. All globes. Hung on wires of thinnest thread, suspended from the ceiling, dangling above the floor in orbit about the dollar-sign in the middle of the rug. Every night and every day the globes are interchanged, seldom hanging at the same spot they occupied before. But though they shift, unending, the globes are all the same. No new ones, all are old. So there they hang and look so full, as if ready to burst their contents onto the rug.

But... First visit to the china shop, a step toward the register and no sale rings. Second visit to the china shop, nothing more, no sale, all the merchandise is window dressing, pretty but worthless. I look about the place and examine the wares. Funny, nothing here but the globes and an old woman. No price tags, no identification, only the pretty globes floating above the rug. Well, I suppose I could ask her, but... So there they hang, will always hang, impressive to the eye. Posing a question to the mind—what's inside?

There is a land where it often rains, where the wind cuts rock and steel, where the men are few and the women none, where the crops are never grown but they will rot, and the stench floats on the air on the back of the cutting wind it clings and floats, with quivering stomach, in the rain-drop elevators.

Y. Peter Fussell

TANDEM RIG

O God!

Don't stop for me in your Coup de Ville; For my thumb isn't out to You— But Down to the world;

I'll wait Through the snows of summer and rain at Christmas

Until That dismal third day After my Good Friday For one of my own Of yes! He will come— Towing a refrigerated tomb And stop, He's a teammate...
COGITO

Life's petulant pendulum swings against the night:
The neophyte seeks wings of flight
in a room of books to help remember.
And the month is chilled November.

Swirling, swelling sea
Gray-green, sky-black sea,
sucks and scrapes against the land;
Smashing, searing with winter scorn,
Snapping furiously at the land,
the land that had been born in the sea,
dried and formed at whim
by the sea-spawned wind
The same land that found puberty
in summer's sea,
smoothed by silent fingers that tinted
the gray sky blue . . .
silken sea.
Deceitful, sultry summer bitch,
ocjoling, whispering soft songs of peace,
furtively plucked pieces, bits and chunks
of land.

How soon will the saline slick flanks
Swing softly 'round the thirsting land?
How soon . . . ?

Now, with only enough land
on which to stand,
A life, stripped, bare and moist,
thrills and lusts for
the sterile sea,
smiles and swoons as the pseudo purge
lops the thighs of youth
numbs the eyes of age
wets the wings of mind,
and in slimy green gray weeds
ensnare the human shell . . .

"In the beginning was the Word."

In the beginning the sea receded,
leaving man wriggling on the sand.
Wriggling, Gasping, Squirming;
Withering in ignorant freedom, man could
room, run and die unrestricted, without a whimper.

But now, man can only stand
on a small spit of land,
While the whirling white eddy sucks down
the last salient stone.

In Principio . . .

Glimpse wandered silently across Iranian sands.
An age'd waif plodding toward the whispered
sibilance of hope.
Finding only the cracked crater of an
empty spring, he cursed the shadowy glimmer
and fell, divest of wings, into the pit.

Soon ennui shriveled the mind, bloated the flesh,
and carried the pungent odor of decay
to the waiting pulsating hearts of later days.

Now only the bones remained.
Only the bones proclaimed.
Only the bones, in a warm airy whisper
proclaimed the loss of sinew
the loss of mind
the Loss.

As the sea lay still at seaclip tide,
water gargled in an empty pit
in a quiet, distant land.
Purgating the dry blanched bones.

C. M. Gallagher
THE COLLECTED EXPERIMENTS
OF A. C. MASON

The door’s ojar
the party’s begun;
and harry,
the town drunk,
just died of alcohol poisoning.

it exists
to strike the ear
with sound distinct
to plague the mind
with meaning hidden
across an open expanse
it floats
above the dusty floors of matter
grey with half-witted
attempts
it glides
across an open expanse
bridged by kindness
and a dustpan

what life should lose itself
what mind appear so deeply drawn into the
dark
and evolve again
so soon

i’m alone

a lonely vigil on a subway platform
causes to be funny
when the train comes.

i’ll dance for you
but once again
and then i’ll have to go.
i’ll play the clown
yet one more round
and then i must depart.
i’ll smile for you
again, i say,
and laugh with jerk of head;
but please don’t ask me after that
for i’ll refuse.

the joke of life
is usually what most will take for the dirge
and funeral processions.
most often arrive at a friendly local tavern
to poke fun at the bartender’s fat daughter.
a dime will get a call on the phone if it’s a local
party
and a quarter sometimes purchases a magazine
that’s arty
but what can you do with 50 shares of a t61?

y. peter fussel
The Staff for Essence, Volume 7—Number 1, was:

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Art Editor . . . Wayne Cardinali
Poetry Editor . . . Francis Gall
Prose Editor . . . Patricia Evans
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David Scheffler, Lillian Mirro, Maureen Lessig, and Joanne Zamadics . . . Poetry
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