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EDITOR'S NOTE

I wish to thank all the students and faculty who have contributed to the success of this first issue of *Orpheus*. In particular, I am indebted to Dr. Philip S. Wilder, Jr. for allocating the money to finance this project.

Both *Mandorla* and *Orpheus* will continue publication next year. All plays, stories, and poetry for the Winter 1974 issue of *Mandorla* should be sent to Dr. Anne Passel, Department of English. Critical articles, essays, and reviews for the Spring 1975 issue of *Orpheus* should be sent to Dr. Marla W. M. Iyasere, Department of English

S.O.I.

A SECOND LOOK AT PRESIDENTIAL REQUIREMENT

Presidential Requirements

At the present time there are only three constitutional requirements for becoming a lawful candidate for the Presidency of the United States. First, citizen must be at least 35 years of age; second, candidate must have been a natural born citizen of the United States; third, must be in residence in the U.S., for at least fourteen years. These three guide lines are basic and do not tread on the toes of any one group or faction.

These requirements have established a system where *almost any* U.S. citizen, regardless of sex, race or national origin may attain the highest office in the land. They are all, in their own right logical. The first insures the maturity of the President. The age of 35 marks the attainment of a plateau reached by knowledge and experience. The second condition recommends that only a natural born citizen can be depended on for complete allegiance. Their minds will not become confused with America's discourse with other nations. This goes in hand with the third condition, that a candidate has been a resident for fourteen years. This will put the damper on foreign influences and allegiances in the White House.

But these basic requirements, though well meaning are not extensive enough for the atomic age. As the country has matured, so has the presidency. At the present time, the powers of the presidency are extensive and super-human. The responsibility for his actions are equal to that of God's, in a nuclear situation. Thus, with troop build up and border clashes in evidence on the Russo-Chinese border, and the prediction of war between these two titans in the summer of '74, by such respected political analysts as George Putnam, the Rev. Billy Graham, and Jean Dixon, security should be increased. Therefore, I am about to risk my future as a political scientist, with these additions to the requirements for becoming President of the United States.

1. President must be a male (transsexual, not included).
2. Must be a natural born citizen of continental U.S.
3. Must be in prime maturity.
4. No criminal record.
5. Must be married and have children
6. Have a degree from an American college or university.
7. Have been resident of the U.S. all adult and natural life.
8. Must be of white race, an Anglo-Saxon nationality and a member of a Protestant church.

Though women have made tremendous leaps forward, towards equality with men, they will not attain it in the forseeable future. The greatest works of Art, Philosophy, Music, Science, Exploration, Athletics and Politics, all were obtained by men. Feminine characteristics such as compassion, kindness, generosity and chasity are really weaknesses in the hard cruel world.

Only a natural born citizen of the continental U.S. could ever be considered for the Presidency. Everyone knows that Hawaii is saturated with the Oriental influence. It is now estimated that 35% of Hawaiian free enterprise is owned by Japanese businessmen. How could America trust a man who received money from Japanese business, or that could tell the difference between Oriental individuals?

The Alaskans are cut off from the U.S. by a foreign country, whose population is divided, between loyalty to two European countries. Also Alaskan and Soviet coastlines are only a few miles apart in several places. This distance is easily covered by such means as carrier pigeon and megaphone. The place is a hot bed of Bolshevik influence.

A simple look at biblical history shows that few men of position chosen by God were under a hundred. Logically then, prime maturity at its best, would be the oldest man in America, for who would be better seasoned for the job?

No candidate should have a criminal record of any kind. That would include misdemeanors and traffic violations. Those innocent candy thefts of youth will remind the mature man how much easier it is to acquire things illegally. Traffic violations are the result of poor judgment and mechanical skill. These are not weaknesses a president can afford.

An attractive wife and companion are essential if a man is to get rid of those embarrassing, primitive drives. Children are the bright and shining examples of his success and virility. Only men with large amounts of well-formed children are to be considered normal. Remember those locker room rumors about Adolf Hitler? Why did he only have half of a moustache?

The clause for a solid background of education is twofold. First, the man with a degree from a university holds a good perspective on the world. Second, with the cost of higher education today, a college or university graduate must come from a wealthy family. This meant good nutrition as a youngster and proper care from a hired nurse. An individual reared by his parents is usually neurotic and has formed dangerous alliances.

Only an Anglo-Saxon Protestant could convey the dignity that must go with the Presidency. A black would have trouble limiting himself to the blue pinstripe suit honored for decades. And how could a black American pass the chance to do a two-step when he hears "Hail to the Chief"? And a president of Latin heritage? The White House kitchen would be in an uproar, and he would be more concerned with the measurements of the Queen Mary, rather than her dimensions.

A Jew would be an unorthodox selection. Everyone knows they start in on the Manishewitz wine on Friday night and won't quit until Sunday. And our foreign aid programs would cease to function. A Catholic would be a security risk. A confession heard on Sunday morning would reach the Vatican the same day.

These modest additions should put an end to those confusions thrust into the minds of Americans by those Marxist influenced groups such as the N.A.A.C.P., Women's Liberation, American Civil Liberties Union and the Y.M.C.A. This will give a new strength and purpose to America where all men are created equal, except where the Presidency is concerned.

Mike McCoy

A STUDY OF REVOLUTION:

A Theory of Revolution As Applied to The Mexican Revolution

INTRODUCTION

It is in the nature of man to inquire, to discover the nature of things that interest him. Since the phenomen of revolution is an ever present reality or threat to modern nations, political scientists as well as sociologists are striving to formulate observations and conclusions about these socio/political processes present in history that would lead to a systemic theory of revolution. These men of science have studied institutions, persons, and policies of governments very carefully. They have come up with as many theories of revolution as there are revolutions. As one investigates these theories a thread of agreement begins to emerge. I will attempt to follow this thread and by so doing try to clarify my own perceptions of what a revolution is.

WHAT IS A REVOLUTION

What is a revolution? Is it true that all revolutions resemble one another as revolutions, and that there is probably a science or technique of revolution as such? Every government in the world would like to be able to recognize such a pattern if it were present within its domain. Is it not enough to say that revolution is like war, occurring when all compromise fails, and representing a violent clash between two or more groups over the structure of society to which it belongs? This is the view of Robert R. Palmer who says that all wars are alike in being wars, and that all revolutions resemble one another as revolutions but that the differences are to be found in both the participants ("combatants") and the effects upon mankind.[1] Most would agree with this definition, that we must look at the *results* of any conflict to determine whether a revolution has taken place. Any war within a state can only be classified as a revolution by assessing the end results of that war. War and revolution then are interrelated phenomena as Hannah Arendt claims:

> ...however needful it may be to distinguish in theory and practice between war and revolution desptie their close interrelatedness, we must not fail to note that the mere fact that revolutions and wars are not even conceivable outside the domain of violence is enough to set them apart from all other political phenomena.[2]

Nicholas S. Timasheff makes a very clear and short differentiation between war as a violent armed conflict between states and revolution as a violent conflict *within* a state.[3] While we can accept this as a valid definition we must realize that within a state there can be many kinds of conflicts–violent and armed, of long or short duration, over one or many areas, brought on by one or many social or political problems or a combination of both–that need not nor cannot be called a revolution.

KINDS OF REVOLUTIONS

Recognizing that conflicts within states are not always revolutions we can exclude such things from our consideration as race riots, campus conflicts, union strike violence, and so-called "urban revolutions," which are clashes and contests involving at times both violence and change. By so doing we are then including both these ingredients, violence and change, in our definition of revolution.

A coup d'etat, a conflict within a state is sometimes considered a kind of revolution. George Pettee, in listing types of revolutions, equates his second type, public palace revolution, with a coup d'etat.[4] Since such a phenomenon is restricted in its scope as far as the participants and in the change it effects within a state we cannot accept it as a revolution. It is conceivable that a coup d'etat, if it introduces a *complete* change over in the political and/or social orientation of the state, could *become* a revolution.

Hannah Arendt excludes coups d'etat from the category of revolution along with palace revolutions, both of which she describes as mere transference of power from one man or one clique to another, with such change carrying only "a minimum of unquiet to the people at large...."[5] She also limits the effects of coups to a sphere of government with preservation of a political system into which nothing new has been injected.

David C. Rapoport sums up his discussion of the characteristics of a coup d'etat as "an unexpected, sudden, decisive, potentially violent, illegal act, dangerous for plotter as well as for intended victim, and needing great skill for execution. Its professed purpose is to alter *state* policies."[6] Although this definition does not identify the participants in a coup d'etat, it does include most of the ingredients of revolution. However, a revolution need *not* be sudden or unexpected and a revolution must change more than just state policies. It must change whole political and social orientations. It is, in Hannah Arendt's words–"a new beginning."[7]

The key difference then between a coup d'etat and a revolution is that, while both include a leadership crisis, the driving force for a change in leadership in a revolution is for the purpose of a radical redirection of the political and social systems into an entirely "new beginning." (One can always look back and find historical evidence of some kind having a link and similarity with what is claimed to be new. When I use this term, "new beginning," I mean that the change initiated by the revolution will be perceived to be new to the experience of those affected by it.)

When dealing with kinds of revolutions (those internal wars, considered by some to be revolutions) we should find the place that civil war might have since it is a conflict within a state. I am not thereby separating coup d'etat and civil war. A coup d'etat could be an opening act for a civil war just as it could be for a full scale revolution. The results of a civil war will determine if a revolution has indeed taken place.

Violence is present in both a civil war and revolution so that is not a distinguishing element. (It is conceivable, however unlikely, that violence or the threat of violence in a revolution need not include the use of arms.)

Another element, besides violence, that can be found in both civil war and revolution is the participation of the masses, the populace, either as combatants, victims, and/or supporters of the warring factions. In saying this, however, one might get the impression that I am separating civil war and revolution. Such is not the case. As I said above, we look to the results of a civil war to determine if a true revolution has taken place. Those who would make revolution would agree with Marx, who would use total civil war, class against class, to effect change.

We are familiar with the war in China, certainly a civil war, certainly violent and destructive, which resulted in the creation of an entirely new class structure and political base so that little remains of the old Chinese political system and institutions. The results of this civil war were completely revolutionary--politically, socially, and economically. The results were a new beginning brought about by violent means.

CAUSES OF REVOLUTION

So far our investigation has determined that the participants in a revolution is the society as a whole, that the results of a revolution are change, a new beginning, and the means of effecting that change are *violent.*

Briefly, we want to look at the causes of revolution. Brinton speaks of the preliminary signs of revolution as being:

> ...government deficits, more than usual complaints over taxation, conspicuous governmental favoring of one set of economic interests over another, administrative entanglements and confusions, transfer of allegiance of the intellectuals, loss of self-confidence among many members of that class to the belief that their privileges are unjust or harmful to society, the intensification of social antagonisms, the stoppage at certain points...of the career open to talents, the separation of economic power from political power and social distinction...[8]

I think this rather lengthy quote is justified in that it is a sum of the political, social, and economic factors that can be found in some, if not all societies and, Brinton points out, existed in various combinations and intensities in the revolutions that he had under consideration. Eckstein warns that one can attach significance to any element found in pre-revolutionary society that one intuits to be of significance and "so long as one does not conjure up data out of nothing one's hypotheses cannot be invalidated on the basis of the case in questions."[9] Eckstein's argument is that there need *not* be a relationship between objective conditions and the subjective attitudes perceived in a pre-revolutionary society.

Davies sees attitudes rather than objective conditions as creating revolutionary situations. He takes both economic progress and regression to form his hypothesis on revolutionary pre-conditions. Revolution may occur when after a period of economic and social development there follows a short period of sharp reversal. Davies uses both the ideas of de Tocqueville and Marx, which seem to be opposed to one another and "juxtaposed and put them in the proper time sequence" of progress then regression.[10] Agreeing with de Tocqueville, Davies says that revolutions do not ordinarily occur when a society is generally impoverished because "the physical and mental energies of people are totally employed in the process of merely staying alive."[11]

One could go on to other authors and their assessments of causes of revolution. Eckstein points out the futility of trying to narrow down causes by listing the hypotheses emphasizing "intellectual," economic, political factors of revolution along with aspects of social structure and social process. He thus demonstrates the ambiguities found in all studies of pre-conditions of revolutions.[12]

After all the research on this topic I find my original idea--that revolutions will differ because each revolution is called forth by the particular political, social, economic and historical situation each state finds itself in is a valid one. By historical situation I mean the events of history that have led up to the present moment--those forces from within and without the state that have had a bearing on the conditions of the moment. For this same reason I believe that we in the U.S. cannot export our type of democracy to other peoples. We have developed our institutions from our own unique historical situation and other societies must do the same for themselves--through revolution or evolution. The most we can hope for other societies is that they may enjoy that political liberty that freedom in which they can act unobstructed in the development of their own peculiar institutions. Isaish Berlin calls political liberty a negative freedom. It is a freedom within limits--limits that prevent the strong from imposing their will upon the weak.[13] Revolutions have been fought for this liberty and will be fought again. Freedom, however one may define it, is a natural urge born in the heart of every man.

REVOLUTIONARY JUSTIFICATION

Thus far we have established that there are or can be different causes for each revolution or at least a combination of different causes. In mentioning the cause of liberty above we have moved into the area of justification or ideology. It is my contention that each revolution has material goals and each has its ideology. The revolution may be initiated and fought by the "middle sectors"[14] but they are motivated and spurred on by those who can articulate the abstract desires of men's hearts. Justification is provided thus by the intellectuals of the society. What I am saying is that there must be an "alienation (desertion, tranfer of allegiance) of the intellectuals."[15] Intellectuals give direction to the revolution and prevent the conflict from being a senseless blood-bath. A blood-bath it may be, but men have consoled themselves since antiquity with philosophical platitudes justifying their violence.

Leiden and Schmitt see justification developing as the revolution progresses with only that which is significant and "successful in mollifying not only those aroused by the revolution but other population sectors whose long-run approbation is essential to the stability of the new regime" being kept as revolutionary ideology. They see ideology replacing pre-revolutionary myths and producing new ones.[16]

An interesting survey of Marxist literature will demonstrate the development of a revolutionary ideology. What Marx and Engels wrote has become the ideal--most likely an unattainable ideal. Lenin has taken this ideal as the basis of his ideology for the Russian revolution. He has re-interpreted it to fit his historical situation. Mao Tso-tung has also taken the ideal of Marx, applied it to the historical situation of China and developed it into an ideology that rules the minds of Chinese society today. "The myth of Mao Thought has reached into homes and even spirits (which Leninism or Stalinism hardly ever did in Russia)."[17] Mao has come closest to realizing Marxian idealism--but by his own route.

REVOLUTIONARY LEADERSHIP

We spoke earlier of a coup d'etat being essentially a change in the leadership of a government and again above, of the intellectuals who give direction and meaning to revolutionary movements. These same individuals can be the ones who attract followers from the masses in times of generalized discontent and who can eventually become revolutionary leaders. Leiden and Schmitt speak of Hoffer's three distinct categories of leadership–"men of words to prepare the ground, fanatics to hatch the actual movement, and men of action to consolidate and carry it through."[18]

The leaders, be they initiators, participators, or consolidators need to be men who can inspire others to sacrifice all that is held dear from the past in order to step forward into new and unchartered paths. The ideologies must provide the "religious" fervor necessary for men to accept martyrdom for the "cause." The "fanatics" need the zeal to carry the message throughout the land and to spur men on when the high pitch of revolutionary intensity begins to wane. Those who are the consolidators need the wisdom to bring order out of chaos lest the price paid for the opportunity be spent in vain. What I am saying is that every revolution has a revolutionary elite, needs an elite, and cannot be without an elite. Even Marx who speaks of the classless society with a withering away of the state visions an elite of sorts. He calls for control by "a state of *armed workers.*" Can we not say that *any* mass movement needs an elite to give it direction and force?

CONCLUSIONS

To sum up briefly–we have seen that revolutions are conflicts within a state; that coup d'etat and civil wars can be termed revolutions only if the end results of these conflicts have brought about change, new beginnings in the political, social, and economic sectors of the state; that the causes of revolution are to be found in the same three sectors with the added dimension of the historical situation; that each revolution develops and refines an ideology to fit its unique needs and goals; that each revolution has a leadership elite to give it direction and an opportunity for success; and finally that revolutionary conflict is always violent or carries with it the threat of violence. I mention this last because in the beginning of our study we spoke of it but here I want to emphasize that throughout the research for this paper, violence was the most consistent thread found in all the theories studied. I also want to emphasize that violence has been the answer to the deep discontent, dissatisfaction and oppression experienced by the masses. In fact, a revolution can and has developed from isolated acts of violence initiated by those who reached the end of endurance. The Mexican Revolution was just that kind of revolution in the beginning. We shall speak of that in the second part of this paper.

An important point must now be restated–that a revolution is a revolution only if, when one assesses the results, one finds that a new beginning has been made–not merely a change. After all a coup d'etat brings about a change but merely in leadership.

Two points can serve as summary–as the ever present thread found in revolutions: violence and change to new beginnings.

(To be continued)

Sister Ann Teresa Nagy

FOOTNOTES

1. Robert R. Palmer, *The Age of the Democratic Revolution* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959), pp. 10-11, Vol. I.

2. Hannah Arendt, *On Revolution* (New York: The Viking Press, 1963), p. 9. Dr. Arendt sees violence as the common denominator for both war and revolution. We will speak later of the place violence takes in the theory of revolution.

3. Nicholas S. Timasheff, *War and Revolution* (New York: Sheed and Ward, 1965), p. 7 ff.

4. George Pettee, "Revolution-Typology and Process," in Carl J. Friedrich, ed., *Revolution* (New York: Atherton Press, 1966), pp. 15-16.

5. Arendt, p. 10.

6. David R. Rapoport, "Coup d'etat: The View of Men Firing Pistols" in Carl Friedrich, ed. *Revolution*, op. cit., p. 10.

7. Arendt, p. 10.

8. Crane Brinton, *The Anatomy of Revolution* (New York: Prentice Hall Inc., 1965), p. 65.

9. Harry Eckstein, "On the Etiology of Internal Wars" in *Struggles In the State*, ed. George A. Kelly, Clifford W. Brown, Jr. (New York: John Wiley and Sons, Inc., 1970), p. 172.

10. James C. Davies, "Toward a Theory of Revolution" in *Struggles In the State*, p. 150 ff.

11. Davies, p. 152.

12. Eckstein, pp. 177-178.

13. Isaiah Berlin, *Four Essays on Liberty* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1969), p. 122 ff.

14. John J. Johnson, *Political Change in Latin America* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1958), p. ix.

15. Eckstein, p. 172.

16. Carl Leiden and Karl M. Schmitt, *The Politics of Violence* (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall Inc., 1968), pp. 98 ff.

17. Ross Terrill, *800,000,000: The Real China* (New York: Dell Publishing Co. Inc., 1971), p. 227.

18. Leiden and Schmitt, pp. 75-76.

– PREFACE –

The purpose of this paper is threefold: a) to provide a broad description of Greece, b) to provide a current economic description of Greece, and c) to discuss a current Greek economic problem vis -a -vis the developmental process. To fulfill these requirements, this paper will be in five major parts. The first section will provide the reader with the necessary geographical, historical, cultural, political and demographic descriptions of Greece. The second section will be a general macro -economic description and analysis of Greece. This section will deal with the factors which have had an effect upon the Greek development process. The third section will be an examination of the problem of agricultural modernization and, more particularly, the change of the peasant into a modern farmer. The fourth part, the appendix, will provide the reader with the necessary relevant data for the various descriptions and discussions. The fifth part, the bibliography, will be annotated and will include both those sources which have been directly utilized in the writing of this paper and sources which have not been utilized but would be useful for further study of the various topics. It is hoped that this method of approach will both facilitate the attainment of the outlined goals and enable the reader to easily follow the development of the discussion.

SECTION I: PRELIMINARY SURVEY

The purpose of this section is to provide a relatively comprehensive background for the subsequent analysis of economic development and growth in Greece. This background study will be composed of five area concentrations. The first area will be a physical description of the geographical area known to natives as – Greece. Second will be a necessarily brief review of Greek history. Time and space limitations preclude a consummate treatment of the subject, therefore, only modern Greek history will be discussed. Third will be an examination of Greek culture including, but not limited to, ethnic, social and linguistic descriptions. The fourth section will deal with the current Greek political system. This area should prove to be quite interesting as the Greek political system and political culture has been, especially since World War II, in a relatively constant state of flux. This has had, and currently does have, serious implications for the economic development and growth of the nation. The fifth and final area will be a demographic description of Greece. Discussion and descriptions in these five areas will provide the background necessary for further study of Greece.

According to legend, when God was making the earth, he gave generously the good things such as water, forests and rich soil to all the parts of the earth. Suddenly, he remembered that he hadn't saved any for Greece. What to do? He reached up to the sky, cut off a chunk of the rainbow, picked up all the leftover rocks and mixed them together with a little sand and dirt. Then he threw the whole thing into the Mediterranean Sea and that was Greece. [1] Symbolically, the rainbow is the colorful people of Greece while the physical geography of Greece is reflected in the mixing of rocks and sand.

Greece is the southernmost country in continental Europe, occupying the bottom of the Balkan Peninsula. It is bordered on the east by the Aegean Sea, on the south by the Mediterranean Sea, on the west by the Ionian Sea and on the north by Albania, Yogoslavia and Bulgaria. The northeastern tip borders Turkey. There are approximately 1,425 Greek islands and approximately 170 of these are inhabited. Greece covers 51,182 square miles, including both the mainland and the islands. Approximately seventy five percent of this area is mountainous. There is an old saying in Greece that "the mountains divide; the sea unites." This has been and is still truly descriptive of Greece. There is no place in Greece which is farther than 60 miles from the sea and there is virtually no place in Greece where one cannot see the mountains. The Pindus Mountains run from north to south and the Olympus Range follows and defines the northeast coast. Mount Olympus is the highest mountain in Greece at 9,574 feet. Mountains cover the Peloponnesus, the peninsula in the southwest portion, since 1893 technically an island with the completion of the Corinthian Canal. The natural divisions are the basis for the eleven provinces of modern Greece. Thrace lies in the extreme northeast corner, bordered by Bulgaria on the north and Turkey on the east. Thrace is largely rolling plain, crossed by fair-sized rivers. Macedonia lies to the west of Thrace and is the most fertile area. Macedonia is bordered on the north by Yugoslavia, on the west by the Pindus Mountains, on the east by the Aegean Sea and extends south to include Mount Olympus. Epirus is to the west of Macedonia, bordered on the north by Albania, on the east by the Pindus Mountains, on the west by the Ionian Sea and extending south to the Gulf of Corinth which divides Epirus from the Peloponnesus. The Ionian Islands off the west coast of Greece form another province with the capital at Kerkyra (Corfu). Thessaly is south of Macedonia, lying primarily in the grasslands along the Aegean Sea. Central Greece or continental Greece is the province composed of the remains of the mainland plus the large island of Euboea and the Sporades island group in the Aegean. The Peloponnesus is the large peninsula/artificial island lying to the southwest of mainland Greece. Crete is a large island province one air -hour to the south of the mainland in the Mediterranean Sea. The Cyclades Islands province has its capital on Syros. This group lies to the southeast of the mainland, roughly at the center of a triangle formed by Athens, Crete and Samos, an island off the southwestern coast of Turkey. The Dodecanese Islands, lying off the southwestern coast of Turkey, form a province with Rhodes as the capital. The remaining province is made up of the large eastern islands off the west coast of Turkey which include Chios, Samos, Samothrace and Lesbos. Greece has few rivers, none of them navigable. The Evros, Nestos and Strymon Rivers run into and through Thrace, forming valleys as they go and minor delta regions where they reach the Aegean Sea. The Axios or Vardar River flows to the sea through Macedonia from Yugoslavia. There are few large lakes, Kastoria, Ioannina and Prespa being the three largest, all in northern Greece.

The geography of the country has had a definite influence in the history of the country. The mountains are not big enough to have posed significant barriers to northern invasions and the sea has provided relatively easy access to all who wished to come to Greece. As might be expected, Greek history is a succession of invasions, encroachments, occupations and wars. Woodhouse in *A Short History of Modern Greece,* argues that Greek history is an "unbroken continuity,"[2] lacking the "quality of steady, coherent flow."[3] This may at first glance appear to be contradictory, but at second reading one finds a basis for the hypothesis. Greek history is characterized by invasions, and more important,

military coups d' etat from the first Constantine (4th Century A.D.) to the last (removed from power in 1967). The history of Greece is necessarily to be discussed with brevity. The concentration will be upon the period of independence to the present. However, brief mention of the major periods will be helpful to place modern Greek history in the proper perspective. The early four periods will be listed, but not discussed.[4] The first is the foundation of Constantine. In 324 A.D. Constantine the Great laid out the city of Constantinople, the capital of the Roman Empire at Byzantium. The end of this first period is marked by the death of Heraclius in 641. His successor was Constans II. This date also marks the beginning of the second period, that of Byzantine ascendancy. The end of this period and the beginning of the third period, the decline and fall of Byzantium, is marked by the date 1071. This was the year of the defeat of Romanus at Manzikert. The year 1453 marks the end of this period and the beginning of the dark ages in Greece. This is the year that Constantinople fell to the Moslems and was largely destroyed. Greece was occupied until the 19th Century, primarily by the Turks. The beginning of the 19th Century brings the end of the dark ages and the beginning of the struggle for independence. It is at this point that a more detailed description of modern Greek history begins.[5]

During the latter half of the eighteenth century the Greek people had begun to come into contact with European countries, especially Great Britain, France and Russia. Strong feelings of nationalism and a desire for liberty developed as the Greeks nurtured these contacts through trade. On April 6, 1821, these feelings were translated into action as Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, raised the Greek standard at the monastery of Hagia Lavia near Kalavryta. This date is still celebrated as Greek Independence Day. The movement spread quickly throughout Greece. The islands, especially Hydra and Spetsai, provided the insurgents with a useful fleet. Elements in northern and central Greece declared their solidarity. The Turks responded to the uprising with cruel action. Many Greeks were slaughtered in Constantinople, Macedonia, Thrace and elsewhere. The Patriarch of the Orthodox Church, Gregory V, was hanged on Easter day at the gate of the Patriarchate. The Greeks retaliated upon the Turkish population in Greece and the breach between the Greeks and Turks and the desperation of the struggle grew. During the early years of the war, the Greek rebels held their own. In the latter part of 1824, the Sultan Mahmond II induced Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, to invade the Peloponnesus. This Egyptian army, led by the Pasha's son, Ibrahim, inflicted serious damage upon the Greeks. In April 1827 the rival parties in Greece reconciled and elected Count John Kapodistrias as President. In July of 1827, a Triple Alliance was concluded between Russia, Great Britain and France. The three countries declared an armistice between Greece and Turkey. Greece accepted; Turkey refused. The British fleet sailed to the Mediterranean and destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino on October 20, 1827. The Egyptian troops left the Peloponessus the next spring. The final battle of the revolution took place in September of 1829, when Demetrios Ypsilanti defeated the retreating Turkish army near Thebes. That same month saw the Peace of Adrianople between Russia and Turkey which expressly recognized the independence of Greece. The Conference of London in 1832 settled the boundaries of the new Greek state. While a majority of Greeks were outside of the new nation, the nucleus had been formed. From 1832 to 1843, Otto of Bavaria reigned as King of Greece. He had an all Bavarian government, allowed no Greek participation in decision -making and refused to summon the National Assembly for the promised purpose of drafting a national Constitution. On September 15, 1843, a blodless revolt occurred which forced Otto to dismiss the Bavarian clique. The new Ministry was formed, composed entirely of Greeks and the National Assembly was summoned. The Constitution of 1844 was then drafted. While progress was being made in the new state, especially in the merchant

marine, economic problems, inter -party struggles and lawlessness hampered this progress. By the end of the Crimean War, Greece was bankrupt, lawlessness was rampant, the army was threatening revolt and civil outbreaks occurred in scattered places. Otto abdicated in 1862 and was replaced by King George I, formerly Prince William George of Denmark under the new Constitution of 1864. The Chamber of Deputies was set up as the legislative body and the king ruled as a constitutional monarch with strictly limited prerogatives. At about this time Great Britain ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece, beginning the continuing gradual acquisition of Greek lands by the Greek state.

The period after 1864, especially from 1875 to 1895, was dominated by Charilaos Trikoupis and was characterized by the first major effort to modernize the economic and administrative structure.[6] There are many indicators of growth and change. Road mileage multiplied by ten between 1863 and 1909. The Corinthian Canal was opened in 1893. The civil service, Army and Navy were completely reorganized. By 1895 the merchant fleet tonnage was 400,000 tons, commerce flourished and several large banks opened and created the basis for a modern credit system. Industrial potential, measured in horsepower, was in 1889 twenty times what it had been in 1867. The urban population grew from eight percent in 1853 to twenty -eight percent in 1879, herlding the change in the social structure in the latter part of the 19th Century.

Land reform was one of the main trouble spots at this point. Seventy - five percent of the cultivated land was owned by a few old, conservative landowners whose main concern was to prevent land reform. During the 1880's, a number of peasant revolts took place and were harshly repressed.

After the fall of Trikoupis from power in 1895, the conservative element returned to power. There was a substantial economic development setback. Depression set in, public opinion was aroused and the government declared war on Turkey in 1897 in spite of itself. The Turkish army took only a few weeks to crush the Greeks and it was only because of potent international pressure, mainly British, that no serious territorial losses were incurred.

Unstable conditions during the decade after the defeat were experienced. Weak governments maintained some semblance of order until the crisis of 1905. Eleftherios Venizelos, as head of Cretan nationalist forces, rebelled against the British -controlled Governor of Crete, Prince George of Greece. The army created a secret society called the "Military League." Liberal ideas fostered dissatisfaction. The revolution of 1909 was the culmination and Greece begins to enter a new phase where the remnants of feudalism began to be dissipated. Between the war of 1897 and the appointment of Venizelos as prime minister in 1910, the king was prudent in his restraint from interference in politics. With Venizelos' ascendency to power a turbulent period began. The king only lived to see the beginnings as he was assassinated on March 18, 1913, in the recently occupied city of Thessaloniki (Salonica). This act by a Greek came after the *de facto* union of Crete to Greece and only a few months before the anniversary of his accession to the throne of the kingdom.

The Balkan Wars lasted from 1912 to 1914. Suffice to say at this point that these wars extended the Greek territory to include most of Macedonia and most of the Aegean Islands. World War I was little more than an extension of the Balkan Wars as far as the Greeks, Turks and Balkan states were concerned. The Government became sharply divided and vacillated between pro -Allied and pro -Central Power politics. Venizelos was strongly the former, the new King Constantine the latter. In 1917 the king was forced to abdicate in favor of his son, Alexander, and Venizelos, as prime minister, declared war on the

Central Powers in June. The armistice signed with Turkey on October 30, 1918, was uneasy and ended with the Greek attack in March of 1921. The campaign ended in disaster for the Greek forces in Asia Minor. The Greek government ordered demobilization of the army and then resigned. King Constantine abdicated again in September of 1922 and died a year later at Palermo. The settlement with the new Kemalist regime in Turkey was completed by the Treaty of Lausanne on July 24, 1923. One of the main features of the treaty was the exchange of population clause. Greeks in Asia Minor were sent to Greece, Turks in Greece were sent to Turkey. A large refugee problem resulted that exists to the present day.

The next two decades are characterized largely by domestic turmoil and uneasy reconciliation with neighbors. After Constantine abdicted in 1922, Venizelos was briefly prime minister. Then Papanastasiou proclaimed a republic in March of 1924. In June of 1925 General Pangalos, head of the Officers League, declared a military dictatorship in the best interest of the country. In August 1926, he was overthrown by General Rondilis who paved the way for a Coalition government of leading Royalists and Republicans. This coalition lasted until Venizelos resumed the leadership of his party and his country in July of 1928. Venizelos lasted for four and one -half years, resigned and stepped back in twice and then resigned for the third time in nine months in March 1933. The Royalist Tsaldaris took over and stayed for two and one -half years. The Royalist Metaxas was Minister of the Interior, Kondilis was Minister of War and Papanastasiou the Republican was dismissed. Two military coups were attempted, in March of 1933 and again in March of 1935 by the Republican General Plastiras. After the second coup, some leaders were executed, there was a purge in the civil service and the army, the Chamber was dissolved, the Senate abolished, and the security of tenure of judges and civil servants suspended.[7] Elections were held on June 9, 1935, in which the Liberals and Republicans refrained from voting. The Royalists won and King George II returned in November 1935. General John Metaxas became virtual dictator in 1936 and successfully defended his country against the Italians at the beginning of World War II. He died in January 1941.

German troops moved into Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria in early 1941. Yugoslavia held out for a time. German troops moved into Greece and overwhelmed the Greek army. General Tsolacoglon, the Prime Minister, capitulated on April 23 and the King and the government left the country.[8]

The period from June 1941 to 1944 and into 1945, in the case of Crete, is the period of the resistance. The resistance was led primarily by Venizelist and Communist elements who agreed in opposing the return of the king after the war. The government -in -exile lost the sense of perspective of occupied Greece. Thus, two separate streams of Greek thought developed which would have gross consequences after the war. The Greeks in occupied Greece held the predominant idea that after the war the old social and economic order would be swept away. The Greeks in exile adhered to the old order and assumed the return of the king after the war.

The story of the Greek resistance is a story of courage, bitter hardship, starvation, cruelty and fierceness. Full account of the resistance is not within the scope of this paper. It must suffice to say that the different factions of guerilla fighters, assisted by the allies, harassed the occupation forces and each other. By the close of the war, the different

factions were locked in a struggle against each other. At the close of World War II, the Greek Civil War began, which ultimately resulted in the restoration of the constitutional monarch and the defeat of the Communist faction.[9] In March of 1947, President Truman announced his famous "Truman Doctrine". This filled the void being left by the British and provided sorely needed relief to Greece and Turkey.

King George also died in March, leaving the throne to his younger brother, Paul. By September 1949, the rebellion was over and the nation turned to the gigantic problems of reconstruction. In June of 1949, the prime minister, Sophoulis, died in office and was succeeded by Diomedes. The problems he faced were multitude: inflation was rampant, the balance of trade was adverse, industrial discontent was surfacing, the civil servants went on strike in protest of the high cost of living. Diomedes resigned in January 1950. The elections of March 1950 marked the emergence of a new party, the National Progressive Union of the Center (EPER) under the leadership of General Plastiras and Tsouderos. By the time of the elections of September 1951, eight successive coalition governments had formed and dissolved. In October of 1951, Greece became a member of NATO. On January 1, 1952, a new constitution was enacted. In October of 1952, new elections were held and a relatively stable period of government began under the leadership of Field -Marshal Papagos. During the early 1950's, economic reconstruction began in earnest and marked improvements were made in Greek foreign relations. The second half of the decade was characterized by continuing troubles over Cyprus. In 1959, there was marked improvement of relations with Britain, the United States, Turkey, Yugoslavia and the Soviet bloc. It was during this period that the nation economy strengthened. Inflation was controlled and investment in Greek industry increased dramatically with the new confidence in Greek currency. Tourism developed as a major industry. The relative stability began to disintegrate in the early 1960's. In February 1964, the Cyprus crisis created great problems within the increasingly unstable political system. In February 1965, Papandreou won a clear majority in the general election. It appeared that stability might once more be attained. On July 15, 1965, Papandreou was ousted in an undisguised intervention in politics by the new king, Constantine II. That the parlimentary system under Papandreou had had shortcomings and had made mistakes is beyond doubt. However, in this month in 1965, the King's open intervention literally abolished the principles of constitutional monarchy and had paved the way for the coup d' etat in April of 1967. It is at this point discussion of Greek history shall be terminated. The events of the late 1960's shall be discussed subsequently in dealing with contemporary Greek politics. The focus at this point turns to the third major area of study, the Greek culture.

The population of modern Greece has four principle elements. The Slavonic is considered today to be latent. The other three, Greek, Albanian and the Vlach or Wallach, are apparent. There are also minorities composed of Latin origin, descendants of Genoese, Venetian and Frankish settlers, as well as a small population of Jews and Gypsies. The strongest argument for the continuity of the Greek people is the language. With certain modifications, the language used today is the same as the language used by the ancient Greeks.[10] Fallmerayer, the German historian, argues against this hypothesis, asserting that the Greek population today is largely Slavic. The Albanians have been largely assimilated into the Greek culture with the possible exception of those in northern Greece bordering Albania. It is interesting to note that the picturesque dress of the Evzones of the Greek army is of Albanian extraction. Some of Greece's most prominent leaders were Albanian descent. Admiral Koundouriotis and M. Zaimis, the two Presidents of the Republic are examples.

The Vlachs are primarily nomadic, with a language related to Rumanian and of Latin background. They are concentrated in Northern Greece and migrate with the seasonal changes in climate. The Turks have pratically disappeared as a result of the population exchanges and the Jews are of small consequence due to their small population. Probably two of the most striking aspects of the Greek culture are the intense nationalism and the equally intense quality of hospitality. In the Greek language the word xenos ( ) means both guest and stranger. In at least one area the European influence has made few inroads. This is the area of women's liberation. The woman is actively discriminated against in the sense that the place of the Greek woman is in the home. In the large cities today, the younger generation is eroding this principle, but it is still the very predominant view of the vast majority of Greeks.

Modern Greek culture encompasses many areas. Predominant are music, the arts, and literature. Music and the performing arts are the national pastime. The Athens State Orchestra is one of the most accomplished in the world. In 1963, George Seferis, a Greek poet, won the Nobel Prize for Literature. Art colonies are found in many places, especially on the islands of Hydra, Mykonos and Rhodes. Greece has many fine museums; although much of the best -preserved of the antiquities are to be found outside of Greece, especially in England. It is at this point that the necessarily brief discussion of Greek culture terminates and the discussion of modern Greek politics begin.

The political system in modern Greece is, at best, confusing. The predominant theme is one of instability and of the historical tendency of intervention in politics by the military. The description of modern Greek politics[11] begins with the events culminating in the military coup d' etat in April 1967.[12]

Although the military coup d' etat of April 21, 1967 may have been an international shock, it could hardly have been so to the Greeks. As has been adequately pointed out, military dictatorship had been for the Greek people more than merely a possible turn of events. Indeed, this was one of the probable outcomes. The events of the recent years, especially since the fraudulent national elections of 1961 under Karamanlis, have demonstrated that Greece could become ripe for a European -type progressive movement. Several factors induce this conclusion. The wounds of the civil war had been healed. The Right had diminished in power and was becoming a permanent minority. No longer was the Right strong, the Center decorative and the Left, by definition, dangerous. A modern social -democratic party was evolving. In the first half of the 1960's there was talk of a new Center Left coalition, even of a New Left. The coup was proof that the trend toward political democracy and social modernization was recognized by all sides. What has happened since April of 1967 is primarily the consolidation of power by George Papadopoulos. The king launched a counter coup in December which was a failure. Constantine has been since then living in Rome. Papadopoulos declared Greece to be a republic in 1973 and renewed his promise of elections. Some emergence of political party activity has been evident since Papadopoulos' banning of political parties in 1967. Current empirical data to support hypotheses about the Greek political culture in the post -coup period are lacking. However, several generalizations may be made. In rural areas there are segments which are cognitively oriented. These people are aware of the political system, but have made no judgement as to its legitimacy or as to its good or bad influence upon them. The orientation of the majority of the Greek population is evaluative. People in this sector have made judgements about the political system but do not believe that they

are able to do anything to influence that political system. The sector of the Greek polity with effective orientation is obviously minute. However, the level of citizen competence is high, especially in the elite sectors. This is repressed by the current military dictatorship, but may conceivably provide a base for change in the Greek political system as it is today. Yet, given the historical Greek propensity for unstable government, divisive splits among leaders and military coups d' etat, I am not optimistic about participatory democracy in Greece. See Appendix B.

It is not within the scope of this paper to provide a definitive study of Greek politics. Suffice to say at this point that the colonel's government under George Papadopoulos has prospered, consolidation of power had been accomplished at the expense of democracy and much Greek personal liberty, and there does not appear to be any political force or forces sufficiently strong or articulate to challenge the status quo in this decade.

At this point demographic description of Greece, the final area of study, will be made. Due to the nature of the subject at hand, informal tables will be used to present the data. Unless otherwise noted, the data source is the United Nation's *Demographic Yearbook, 1971.*

The latest census taken in Greece was in March 1971. Unless otherwise noted, data are for this year.

Population	8,768,648
Density	172 per square mile
Population of Athens	867,023
Population of Patras	112,228
Population of Pireaus	187,458
Population of Thessaloniki	345,799
Annual rate of population increase	0.7% [13]

Life expectancy at time of birth 1960-62.

Male	67.46 years
Female	70.70 years

Marriage rate per 1,000	8.0
Divorce rate per 1,000	0.3
Crude birth rate per 1,000	16.0
Fertility rate per 1,000 females	58.7
Crude death rate per 1,000	8.3
Infant death rate per 1,000	27.0
Natural increase rate per 1,000	7.7

Midyear population estimates (in millions)

1962	8.45
1963	8.48
1964	8.51
1965	8.55
1966	8.61
1967	8.72
1968	8.74
1969	8.77
1970	8.79
1971	8.85

Live births by urban/rural residence

	1967	1968	1969	1970
Urban:	80,862	80,254	78,804	77,979
Semi-Urban:	19,265	19,161	18,395	16,726
Rural:	62,712	60,923	56,878	50,223

Deaths and crude death rate by urban/rural residence

	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971
Total:	71,975	73,309	71,825	74,009	73,795
Urban:	33,139	33,881	33,939	34,616	n/a
Semi-Urban:	8,765	8,925	8,606	8,903	n/a
Rural:	30,071	30,503	29,280	30,490	n/a
Total rate/1,000	8.3	8.4	8.2	8.4	8.3

Marriages and crude marriage rate by urban/rural residence

	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971
Total:	81,706	65,371	72,544	67,439	70,088
Urban:	44,997	34,436	40,222	37,666	n/a
Semi-Urban:	8,841	7,095	7,722	7,110	n/a
Rural:	27,818	23,840	24,600	22,663	n/a
Total rate/1,000:	9.4	7.5	8.3	7.7	8.0

Divorces and divorce rates

	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971
Divorces:	3,290	3,221	3,152	3,492	2,838
Rate/1,000:	.38	.37	.36	.40	.32

Perhaps the most striking feature of the Greek population is the difference between the urban setting and the rural setting. In the cities the pace is fast, the people proto -cosmopolitan, the awareness modern. In the countryside life goes on as it has had for generations. Greece is still an agrarian nation. In 1968 roughly sixty percent of the population was engaged in agriculture. As has been the case in many developing nations' experience, the trend is toward urban population increase. It is the disparity between the urban Greeks and the rural Greeks which is one of the major social problems facing the country. Perhaps the greatest homogeneity is reflected in the religions afficiation of the Greek population. By recent estimates, ninety -six percent of the population is Greek Orthodox, two percent are Mohammedan, 1.1 percent are Jewish and the remaining .9 percent is classified as other.[14]

This demographic overview of Greece provides adequate information for current purposes. Where it becomes necessary, further discussion of each of the areas of study will be undertaken in subsequent portions of this study of Greece. The purpose of this section has been to provide a background for the further study of the economy of Greece. Within the parameters of that framework this approach has been much more than adequate. Naturally, each topic has been necessarily dealt with selectively because of time and space limitations. For further readings consult the works recommended in the notes.

To be continued.

FOOTNOTES

1. This story was first related to the author while he was living in Greece in 1969-1971. This account is largely taken from Sanders, Irwin T., *Rainbow in the Rock*, p. 3. His title is derived from this legend. For another version of the legend see Gomme, A. W., *Greece*, p. 11.

2. Woodhouse, *A Short History of Modern Greece*, p. 295.

3. *Ibid.*

4. The dating of the periods in Greek history may be found in many sources. The particular source used here was Woodhouse.

5. The period 324 to 1800 is very superficially discussed here because of the necessity for brevity. For further reading see Woodhouse, *A Short History of Modern Greece*, or Heurtley, *et al*, *A Short History of Greece* or Myres, *Geographical History in Greek Lands.*

6. See Tsoucalas, *The Greek Tragedy*, chapter one, from which the figures given here are taken. See, also, Heurtley, *et al*, *A Short History of Greece* for a more military-oriented historical account.

7. For a more detailed account see Heurtley, *et al, A Short History of Greece*, Chapter III.

8. Tsoucalas, *The Greek Tragedy*, p. 58. Although the circumstances of the Greek collapse at the northern front are not entirely clear, the defeatist tendencies in the administration and the pro-German feelings of a large number of officials and generals had been notorious. It was the Commander of the Northern Army, General Tsolacoglou, who formed the first "Quisling" government; the director of the Athens police had autographed pictures of HItler and Goebbels hung next to Metaxas' and the King's. The Defense Minister, Papadimas, had given Easter leave to the men holding the center front where German pressure was greatest. (Stavrianos, *American Dilemma and Opportunity*, p. 57). It seems that the suicide of Premier Korizis, who had succeeded Metaxas, was related to his incapacity to control the state apparatus in an attempt to oppose the Germans by force.

9. See O'Ballance, *The Greek Civil War*; Matthews, *Memories of a Mountain War*; Kousoulas, *Revolution and Defeat.*

10. See Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece* for a fuller discussion of this hypothesis.

11. One of the best studies (in the tradition of Gabriel Almond, James Coleman and Sidney Verba) of the pre-1967 Greek polity is Keith R. Legg, *Politics in Modern Greece.*

12. One of the most interesting, and perhaps biased, accounts of those events is in Constantine Tsoucales', *The Greek Tragedy*. It is primarily from this source that this following account is taken.

FOOTNOTES (CONT.)

13. *Statistical Yearbook, 1971.*

14. Data primarily from Sanders, *Rainbow in the Rock* and the *1970 Information Please Almanac.*

"IS AGNOSTICISM POSSIBLE"

An Analogy of the Swing and the Swingers

If I had a swing, and I had never swung; and never having swung I had never had the sensation of swinging; and never having had the sensation of swinging I never knew how to use my swing. So I did what any would be swinger would do I went out and talked with two experts in swinging;–a rather peculiar thing about swinging–neither of my experts had ever swung nor had they first hand knowledge that any living man had ever swung or-as pointed out-some one rope swingers tried but there are no recorded swinging experiences just severe bounces at the end. However I used two ropes with a small board to sit on which separated the ropes by about 2½ feet.

The first expert was very keen on swinging, which I took as a good sign, and his information was a rather forced nature, as he believed in swinging to such *a degree that* it was not merely a sensation but a momentous, forceful, living experience which the only exact criterion I had to follow to gain the sensation was *faith*, morals, love, truth, thought, and the action to swing upward and forward. I tried this and I went upward and forward but then I started backward and downward at which time he stood behind me and said it was not correct to go backward and downward and if I continued to do so I would never get swung in my swing but rather I would have my swing burned because all that is backward and downward, is hell.

I tried again, the expert pushed me forward and upward and held me there saying that faith would sustain us. Perhaps we didn't believe enough because in about three minutes he got tired and he let the swing down gently to the starting point, making sure we didn't go backward past the point of beginning. In a way it was too bad I couldn't go backward any farther because that part of the swing would have been in the shade and it would have been easier to hold me up in the shade rather than as we tried in the hot sunshine with me straining upward and forward and he holding me about 6 feet off the ground pushing to the limit of his strength. He sat in the shade and rested and thought about the experience and explained that if we believed hard enough we could do it and that it would be our reward after we were dead. Here I asked him about the one rope swing that went down and bounced and while it didn't seem to last too long it must be one hell of a sensation of swinging; but as he had noted too, no one seemed to live through it. By this he empirically translated that the one thing we didn't have to achieve the sensation of swinging was that neither of us was dead. And besides this he noted while a one rope seat swing was more comfortable it was not the proper method to use to swing as the one rope swingers had all swung and were dead. I thanked him and respected his inverse opinion that if one rope swinging makes you dead then all the dead are one rope swingers. I left him sitting under the tree sleeping from his exertion and returned to my swing.

There was a man sitting in my swing with both feet firm on the ground and he clutched the ropes firmly with his hands until they were white to the knuckles. His face was red from the strain and the sweat poured off his face. His feet were 2 inches into the sod from pressure and his rear end was ½ inch off the seat at all times. –"Here," I said to myself, "is an expert swinger!"

"Quick," he said, "Push me I think I've got the swing of it!" I pushed him as hard as I could hoping to at least see someone swing. His hands however must have been slippery from the sweat; because they slipped and he went forward alright; but he left the swing behind. Fortunately he was uninjured, just bruised and a little dusty, from his experience; which since he didn't use the swing could not have been swinging. I brushed him off as best I could and asked him if we were going to try again. "No," he said, "While being an expert in swinging; he had never been able to find anyone who had ever been able to produce a fact that anyone had ever swung"; and he didn't have the time to spend gathering facts in every area of this large playground. And if I'd excuse him he would return to his special interest; which he allowed no one to touch. Of why it was thought to be so pleasurable to run around the outside of a merry-go-round; he confessed he could get the same satisfaction by running around a tree and trees were cheaper and more abundant than merry-go-rounds.

I thanked this kind expert who used reason and practicality to such just extremes. But I realized that someone must take a practical attitude and verify things so the rest of us could get all the advantages. Even if wrong I was certain that upon dying surely this man would swing even if he didn't have the facts.

Meanwhile another expert named Mr. Yavey stopped and he too professed to be an expert in swinging, but I was dissapointed; as all he wanted to do was go backwards and we met with the same fate as did I and my first expert only we lasted a little longer as we were in the shade.

So, here are four of us sitting around the swing arguing about swinging, and facts, and Heaven, and Hell; when along comes another expert and he calmly points out that we should face the obvious; all our attempts have failed and so logically swinging was impossible and more than that a waste of good rope. Any fool could see that we couldn't stay up, back, bottom; which as he did point out wasn't very comfortable because it wiggled and was hard to keep still.

Another man, who had been standing and watching the whole time, came over to us and asked us what we were doing. Well, we were all a little dubious of him; he was dressed in flashy plaids, had white shoes with little nails in the bottom of them and carried a sack of wicked looking clubs over his shoulder. Obviously he was not an expert in swinging, and upon questioning we were distressed to find he was a golfer–(whatever they are)–and while he had heard of swinging he had only used it on little balls and never with a rope. However being a economist, and it being his job, he felt that if we put all our ideas, except the one that it couldn't be done, together, perhaps we could all swing. We, of course, being of a greater number, not to mention more expert, advised him to go chase his little balls, upon which he left.

I, of course, was sadened that I would not be able to swing today, or any day that I could be alive to enjoy. So being undaunted I at once struck off in new directions and behold, I came across a teeter-totter!!!

William Shoars

DEATH IN ALBERT CAMUS'
"The Wind at Djemila"

In "The Wind at Djemila," Albert Camus reveals his discovery that death is the only true reality. The setting for the essay, the ghost town of Djemila, furnishes an appropriate backdrop before which Camus can express his ideas on man's view of death and death's relationship to reality.

Throughout the essay, Camus seeks to strip death of all the euphemisms assigned it by man in order to deal directly with the idea of death as the sole reality. One of the major obstructions Camus wants to remove is religion. He is, apparently, an infidel not believing in eternal life for man. He writes, "I do not want to believe that death is the gateway to another life. For me, it is a closed door." In this passage, he says that all the promises of a life after death made by religion are, to his way of thinking, nonsense and function only to obscure the stark verity of death.

This denunciation of religion's false promises is illustrated by Djemila's physical setting. Djemila is a dead city in ruins. But the ruins that Camus tells the reader about are not merely remnants of roads of collapsed houses. Instead, he speaks of the "triumphal arch," "shining colonnades," "the temple," "the altar"; all of these things are connected with religion and all are in ruins. Even when Camus quotes from the tour guide's speech, he selects a portion dealing with religion. "Here is the pagan town; this area...is where the Christians..."

I think Camus draws attention to those ruins associated with religion because he wants to show that religion is merely an extension of man. Since man can die, religion can die also. Something that is truth cannot cease to exist; therefore, religion is not a part of the ultimate truth.

Long ago, the "eyes of the Ancients" were focused on many gods whose appeasement would result in immortality for man. Beautiful temples were built by the ancients to honor those gods and the temples were made of stone, the most durable building material known at that time, so the temples would exist as long as the gods lived. But among Djemila's ruins lie those temples which were to be everlasting. They have been reduced to rubble by time and the elements. The gods to whom the temples were built are also gone. The very gods who were once worshiped and were believed to grant man eternal life are now referred to as myths and the ancients laughed at because they put their salvation in the hands of something that did not exist; modern man looks upon his ancestors as being foolish. Yet today, we believe in God, a spirit having the power to grant man eternal life, if He is appeased. If the gods of the ancients could become "fairy tales" and "myths," then, deduces Camus, why not our own God? And, if something can be that mutable, how can it be accepted as truth? Camus reasons that, when something dies, it ceases to be and the state of its being nothing is real. Something will never reoccupy that expanse of nothing that is created by death. Then death, or the nothingness state, is real because it will never change. Using this logic, Camus makes the assumption that religion is not something real in itself, but something created by man to shield him from the truth and reality of death.

Camus uses the symbol of the fallen temples of the ancients to show that, to him, religion is just a way to separate the mind of man from death. If death is to be confronted realistically by man, man must cast aside the obscuring fantasies of religion and stare directly at death's reality.

Debra Atkins

"Alone, he often looks for favor,
For God's mercy; yet melancholy,
Endlessly on the oceanway
He stirs the ice-cold sea with his hands–
Inexorable fate of the exiled man."

(These were the words of the Wanderer, recalling
Hardships, cruel carnage, decline of kinsmen.)

"Often I speak my sorrows aloud
Alone at dawn. I dare these days
Open my mind honestly, candidly
To no-one alive. I know it is true
The worthiest way for a warlike man
Is to hold on hard to the heart's lock,
To treasure his thoughts; think what he will.
Weary courage succumbs to fate
And bold ideas bring no aid.
Because the ambitious will bind up firmly
Secret sadness inside the heart,
So was I forced to fetter my mind–
Often sorrowful, sundered from home,
Far away from wealthy kinsmen–
When long ago my gold-lord was laid
In the darkness of earth; and destitute,
Over the ice-bound waves I wandered, winter-sad.
I searched forlorn far and near to find
The hall of some gracious gift-giving lord,
A meadhall where someone might know my mind,
And in my friendlessness favor me
And treat me kindly."

"Who has tried it knows
How pain becomes a cruel companion
To someone with few friends to defend him.
He owns exile, not intricate gold,
And cold limbs, not the luxuries of earth.
He remembers retainers, receiving of treasures,
Banquets in youth, the bounty of his gold-friend
Who gave him gifts."

"All gladness is dead;
And so he learns, who must live without
The council and love of his comrade and lord,
Whenever sorrow and sleep, between them,
Bind the beggered, banished man,
And he seems in his dream to see his lord;
He clasps and kisses him, inclines to his knee

His head and hands, as he had done
Long ago at the gift-throne.
The friendless wanderer awakens then
And finds before him the fallow waves,
Seabirds swimming, spreading their feathers,
And falling sleet, frost, and snow.
The wounded heart weighs heavier then,
Sad for his friend. Sorrow is renewed.
Then memory of kinsmen moves through his mind;
He greets them with songs, gazing yearningly,
The friends of warriors float away . . .
The souls of sailors seldom bring there
Well-known songs. Woe returns
To him who often has to send out
Over restraining waves his weary spirit."

"I wonder, therefore, why in the world
Shouldn't darkness shadow my mind
When I imagine all earls' lives;
How abruptly they must abandon their halls
And their manly thanes. So this middleworld
Day after day declines and dies."

"So, no-one has wisdom till he wins his share
Of winters in the world. The wise man is patient:
Not too hot-hearted nor too hasty in speech,
Not too fearful in fights nor too foolhardy,
Not too avid, too averse, too avaricious,
Not too anxious to boast in the absence of knowledge.
A proud man should pause when he makes
Threats or promises till he thoroughly knows
How the thoughts of his heart will turn out."

"The sagacious must grasp how ghostly it will be
When the wealth of all the world stands wasted–
Just as already around the earth
Windblown walls stand
Hoary with rime, and houses in ruins.
Palaces crumble, princes lie down,
Freed from joy– their followers are fallen
By walls in their pride. War has taken some
And carried them away. Carrion-birds have carried them
Over high oceans. To others the old wolf
Has given death. And grimfaced, some
The earl has hidden under the earth.
Thus the Maker of men unmade this world
And, silent, without the sound of citizens,
Old cities of giants stood idle."

(He who wondered about that wall-foundation
And deeply pondered that dark life
In his mind, wisely, remembered often
Old slaughteres of war, and spoke these words:)

"Where is the warhorse? Where is the warrior?
Where is the wealth-giving king?
Where is the banquet house? Where is the bliss of the hall?
Alas! the clear cup! Alas, the corsleted warrior!
Alas, the pride of princes! The passing time
Dims under night as if it never had been.
Where esteemed men once stood now stands instead
A wall, wondrously high, worked with worm-shapes.
The strength of spears destroys the earls–
Greedy weapons– A glorious fate!"

"And storms strike these stony slopes,
Tempests falling, the terrors of winter,
Cover the ground. Then comes the dusk;
Night-shadows darken; from the north they send
Harsh hailstorms to the horror of men."

"Everything is hard in the earthly kingdom.
The workings of fate change the world under heaven.
Here, fortunes don't last, here, friends don't last,
Here, man doesn't last, here, maid doesn't last.
All the structure of earth will stand idle."

(So said the wise-minded man and sat apart musing.
A fit man keeps his faith and never too freely reveals
The fury in his heart– unless first he knows how
And has courage to work its cure. For comfort and mercy
Seek the Father in heaven, where safety for all of us stands.)

Richard O. Bell

PSYCHO-THEOLOGICAL EXTRAPOLATIONS ON "THE WANDERER"

The early medieval theme of the saddening and painful transience of human existence–the sensibility of which can find comfort only through faith in "the Father in heaven"–is explicit in "The Wanderer." It is also evoked more subtly by certain motifs and ideas which, if not so apparent in the poem, are nevertheless operant in it.

Summer cannot endure: the zenith of life, imaged by heroic warriors immersed in the heat of mead and battles, of comraderie and loyalty, is so easily, so quickly, passed. For the "work of the fates changes the world under the skies. Here wealth..., here friend..., here man..., here woman is fleeting...." Truly life is dark, and the structures of human existence are as a "wall-place.. whose inevitable end is to crumble under the "hailstones" of death and "vanish beneath night's cover."

The Wanderer provides a personal perspective on this. He is "winter- sad," his life engulfed in a "frost-cold sea"; his frozen thoughts allow him "no joy of earth." And why is he thus? Because he is without friend or lord–"deprived of my homeland," he laments.

Above all, he is alone. But "being alone" is the external descriptive; the subjective experience is perhaps more adequately expressed as "being in exile." The feeling of exile subsists in the awareness of wanting some-one, -thing, or -place, together with the painful knowledge that, metaphorically speaking, the distance between the desirer and the desired must inevitably remain impassable. Thus, the Wanderer is "sore for want of his dear one"; he must "tread the tracks of exile," for friend, lord, and homeland–all have been severed from the experience of the present and cast adrift in the sea of memory like ships that one knows will never reach port again.

The Wanderer's exile may be viewed in more profound contexts. One of the most saddening realities of existence is the general impossibility of adequately communicating one's subjective experience to another. In this respect, part of the Wanderer's deprivation is revealed in the assertion that he who is "eager for fame" must "lock fast his heart's coffer." Is not each of us locked, more or less securely, in the chest circumscribed by his own unique experience, as expressed in the word "I"?

Too, in Christian terms, exile can define man's relation to God. Hence, the Wanderer is, in a larger sense, the "earth-walker," he who by his original–and eternally reasserted–transgression brought upon himself the fate of coursing the "tracks of exile." And, as the wanderer is lordless, so is the "earth-walker" lordless.

Illusion is also significant to the poem, both thematically and theistically. Possibly there is some relationship between it and exile. The Wanderer's dream, in which he is once again united with his lord, is plainly illusory. And perhaps illusion pertains to reality in a more basic respect. When things dear have been claimed by the past, "how has that time gone, vanished beneath night's cover, just as if it had never been!," wisdom perceives "how ghostly it will be when all the wealth of this world stands waste." Dubious at best is the ultimate reality of existence as it is now experienced.

Through all of this the landscape is bleak. Winter and death have an undeniable sway, and life is spent as much in exile as in love. In a world so transitory where is there respite but in some beyond, in some type of transcendence? The heroic ideal of medieval society espoused glory as the means of transcendence. Both Christianity and experience, however, assert that the lords of this world, who or whatever they may be, are fleeting and illusory. But though these lords were discredited, they were not--indeed, have never been--banished. The Christian ideal did not replace the heroic--it but gilded the swell of the dark, pagan undercurrent. Similarly, in "The Wanderer," "that sad consciousness of the transience of all earthly good" is decidedly more present than the bliss of detachment or of Christian faith.

"The Wanderer" is, in terms of theme, subject, and tone, well-versed in the characteristics of the period and people which produced it. Moreover, it embodies implications or possibilities, intended or latent, of psychological and theological perspectives which bespeak not only the medieval English mind, but, in a more catholic sense, the human mind.

James Turner

THE USE OF IMAGERY AND HOW IT REFLECTS THE BELIEFS OF THE ERA IN *THE WANDERER*

Struggling for an answer to his fate, the earth -walker in *The Wanderer* uses bondage as a symbol of his plight. He seems physically as well as emotionally "bound," or so it seems through the author's clever use of imagery. Bondage used as imagery creates a strong sensitivity in the reader and reflects some of the major beliefs of that era.

As the poem opens, the image of a lonely man, stirring the "frost cold sea," with his arms, treading "the tracks of exile," and "fully fixed in his fate" is inscribed in the reader's mind. This then is the beginning of bondage used as imagery in the elegiac lament, *The Wanderer.* The earth-stepper's bondage to dark, cold, loneliness and a locked heart reflects the Heroic Ideal. Because of the death of his lord, or "gold-friend," whom he so sacrifically loved, the earth-stepper is bound to loneliness, because of the custom of brave men he must freeze his sorrowful thoughts in his "heart-case." As his lord is bound to the darkness of earth, likewise the Wanderer is bound to seeking but never finding his homeland, his kinsmen or his mead-hall. There was freedom "in the old days when sometimes he shared in the gift-giving," as opposed to this bondage where "all delight ends."

In many cases the reader senses that the Wanderer is physically bound as well as in his thoughts and ability to express them. He appears to be literally "bound" by the woven waves, coldness and darkness. He is bound to the inescapable winters. It seems that even the sea-birds can "spread their feathers" and be free, while he must see "before him the yellow waves" which prohibit his happiness.

For an instant the "lone-dweller" is comforted by his dreams but at the same time he is bound to his memory which keeps reminding him of his sorrow, "...when together sorrow and sleep often bind the poor lone-dweller, that he is embracing and kissing his liege lord....." However, he awakens and his dream is gone, his memory fades. Here, the image of bondage is a reflection of Coifi's image. The least of time is spent in the mead-hall as the sparrow flies through from winter to winter. Likewise are the good things in life which are only here for the instant of time in which a dream takes place and then fades away again. He is bound to remember, and yet his memories are but for an instant as was his good life when he was a retainer, "...with what terrible swiftness they forgo the hall-floor, bold young retainers."

The earth-stepper has limited insight which he admits, thus he is bound once again, this time by his inability to understand, "Therefore I cannot think why my heart's thought..." The reader can feel this sense of confusion as the Wanderer tries to sort out the answers to his plight and his own philosophy of life. In a sense he feels that bondage is in- escapable in the life of all men, who are bound to the failures of "this middle-earth" and their "shares of winters." The Heroic Ideal is exemplified once again as he states that a man must be in control and learn to *bind* his emotions when bound himself, "The wise must be patient, must never be too hot-hearted...."

The *ubi sunt* motif, and the imagery that expresses it, likewise suggests that all men are in bondage to certain fates. This corresponds to the medieval attitudes toward life on earth in that beauty is here and gone, life is dark, and man is doomed. "Might of the ash-spears has carried away the earls,...-Fate the mighty...thick-falling snow binds the earth."

And the wanderer's answer to life is also tied to the imagery of bondage, for strength and support for man lie in his effort and ability to *bind* himself to God, "'...where for us the only stronghold stands." As Augustine made clear, the Christian doctrine was one which held that man should refuse to commit or bind himself to life's seeming goods but should be totally committed or *bound* to God, otherwise we are wanderers in exile.

The use of imagery helps to unify the poem and in many ways lends a more graphic picture of the earth-stepper's emotions and feelings. Feeling the cold loneliness and captivity of the Wanderer enables the reader to identify with his plight and likewise a feeling of relief envelops the reader as the Wanderer discovers an answer and a new hope to *cling* to. It is almost as if the reader, himself, is freed of the Wanderer's bondage to loneliness.

Luann Edgmon

THE STRUCTURAL PRINCIPLE OF "THE DREAM OF THE ROOD"

A structural principle is any artistic device that controls the ordering, arrangement, or form of a poem. When such a device is discovered, it is likely to be significant to the poem and to bear important testimony to its art. Thus, this paper, by examining critically the structural principle of "The Dream of the Rood," testifies to the poem's artistry. It does not, however, pretend to be a definitive explication of the poem.

In "The Dream of the Rood," the poet separates the dreamer -speaker from the dreamed -speaker, giving four persons; audience, dream -speaker (poet), dreamed -speaker (rood), and Christ. This separation leads inevitably to total integration; when the cross is identified with Christ, the dreamer and the audience —having been brought into identity with each other and in turn with the cross —are also brought to a oneness with Christ. Thus, the structure of the poem supports the apparent religious intention of the poem, the theme of the essential oneness of man and Christ, or of all men in Christ.

The opening of the poem accomplishes the first identification, that of audience to poet in three and a half lines, primarily through the use of two simple verbs of telling and seeing. Yet even these seven verses do more, the verbs themselves initiating a pattern which —with verbs of hearing —persists through much of the poem, assisting in the progressive identifications. The poet's wish to tell is an invitation to the audience as direct as the initial "Hwaet." The audience has already accepted the invitation by the third line; "Me -seemed I saw," the dreamer tell us, and the audience, too, seems to see.

The dreamer says that the vision came to him in the middle of the night after mortal men were in bed, he uses for "men" a word meaning "speech -bearing ones." Here the choice of the figure is not accidental; the poet is deliberately emphasizing this human characteristic as part of his aesthetic plan. It fits in with his pattern of seeing, hearing, and telling and serves as a direct link to the next stage of identifications. The word is used for "men" again in line 86. This time the rood is speaking; and when the cross speaks, it is automatically human, since men are speech -bearing ones.

The imaginative mind's eye of the audience soon becomes as sharply focused as the dreamer's vision. By the thirteenth line dreamer and audience see, without doubt, the "tree of glory" and by line eighteen the perception is so acute that both can see past the dazzling gold to former strife. Meanwhile another verb of seeing, "beheld," has been used, first in line ten to describe the angelic hosts watching the cross, and then expanded to include not only "Holy spirits" (11) but also "Men upon the earth" and "all this great creation" (12). The word is next used with the dreamer as subject looking upon the cross and finally hearing it cry aloud and begin to speak words. In the rood's narration, the process is repeated. The rood is, humanly, speaking and tells what he saw and heard, "All creation wept, bewailed the King's death," (60). Then using the same pattern which included all creation as subject for "beheld" in line eleven, the cross says simply, "I beheld it all" (62). Where first the situation was dreamer describing angels watching rood, now it is rood describing the faithful watching Christ. Several aspects of the structural principle are suggested here in the three -part analogy; the association or identification of dreamer with rood, of rood with Christ, and of all living beings, mortal and immortal, with each other.

In later parts of the rood's narration, the verbs of hearing and speaking appear in lines that reveal the intimate relationship that has been built up between rood and dreamer; "Now may you learn, O man Beloved" (83); "Now I give you bidding, O man beloved, reveal this vision" (97-98).

The last three verbs in the pattern refer to the future; the rood talks about the words Christ will speak on the day of Judgment (112); the rood tells that sinners will not know what to say (114); and the dreamer anticipates the time when the rood, which he had on before will fetch him to heaven (132-135). A further suggestion here should be noted; when Christ comes, sinners will be afraid and unable to speak in answer to Christ's words, but the rood's coming to the dreamer and speaking to him embody a test of whether the man will go on to speak of his vision, as he is instructed and as the faithful Christian should. The three -part comparison here is closely associated with another analogy which supports at least one aspect of the structural principle and accounts in part for the final passage. The rood will come to fetch the dreamer to heaven to join the community of blessed souls; Christ harrows hell to bring damned souls to heaven, that is, in both instances, faith conquers death. Again rood equals Christ, and the dreamer is seen to be representative of all men.

Vickie Houchin

SQUARCI DI TEATRO NAPOLETANO DI FINE SECOLO E DEL PRIMO '900

Per quanto apparentemente incompatibile, il binomio Scarpetta-Di Giacomo rimane indissolubile nella storia del teatro napoletano. E per temperamento e per predilezioni di gusto, i due si trovano sempre agli estremi opposti, passionatamente convinti della bontà delle proprie, irreconciliabili opinioni. Lo Scarpetta, oltre a possedere innati una genuina passione per il teatro, l'estro della parodia ed il genio della comicità, acquisì col tempo anche la perizia indispensabile per i rifacimenti e le riduzioni delle opere altrui.[1] Di Giacomo invece era soprattutto poeta: il suo interesse per il teatro fu dapprima uno *sfizio* letterario e poi un impegno dettato principalmente da spirito polemico (bisognava dimostrare allo Scarpetta ed ai suoi tifosi che il teatro non era fatto soltanto per ridere).

Spetta senza dubbio a quest'ultimo la palma di sfondatore, di riformatore, il cui successo fu conseguito tanto per le sue facoltà di autore-capocomico quanto per la sua abilità psicoanalitica nei confronti d'una massa impreparata ed usa alle improvvisazioni d'un agonizzante Pulcinella ed in quelli di attori restii ad assuefarsi alla stesura del copione. Suo malgrado, lo Scarpetta dovette debuttare ed affermarsi da Pulcinella, per poterlo poi soppiantare con il proprio don Felice Sciosciammocca, creato di sana pianta in conformità con le esigenze del suo teatro fatto apposta per ridere. Accoppiata al boicottaggio di Pulcinella, una tesi simile doveva suscitare l'ostilità quasi compatta della Napoli intellettuale, la quale, romantica e nazionalista, si autoidentificava con l'insegna della cosiddetta arte vera e bollava lo Scarpetta col marchio d'un insulso *pochadismo* infrancesato. Ciò malgrado, già nel 1884, don Eduardo godeva d'un notevole successo, il cui slancio fu stroncato dallo scoppio d'un'epidemia di colera. Quattr'anni appresso, col debutto della famosissima *Miseria e nobiltà*,[2] lo Scarpetta si assicurava un successo duraturo, e diventava il bersaglio permanente della fazione opposta, la quale, fra l'altro, non gli perdonava tutti quei denari che lo Scarpetta guadagnava a palate. L'anno dopo, nel 1889, Scarpetta andò in iscena con *Na santarella* (riduzione dell'operetta francese *Madamoiselle Nitouche*), e ben tosto potè farsi costruire al Vomero una villa che, battezzata "Santarella," sfoggiava sul frontespizio, inciso nella pietra, il motto "QUI RIDO IO!"[3]

Nel 1904 lo Scarpetta si recò in pellegrinaggio a Marina di Pisa, per chiedere al D'Annunzio la dispensabile approvazione per rappresentare *Il figlio di Jorio*. Sebbene non negata, l'approvazione non venne esplicitamente concessa; ed un mese prima dell'apertura, quando già lo Scarpetta aveva affrontato quasi tutte le spese, D'Annunzio cominciò a procurargli delle grane. Ma ormai lo Scarpetta non volle fare marcia indietro: lavorò febbrilmente cercando invano di scacciare le ombre delle inevitabili ripercussioni dell'atteggiamento dannunziano. L'antico rispetto per il Poeta si mutò in ripicchio, ed in casa Scarpetta non fu più permesso di parlare di D'Annunzio, bensì di Rapagnetta. I comici temevano il peggio, ed il peggio accadde: studentelli e popolino armati di biglietti gratuiti fecero un gran baccano e non permisero che si completasse la rappresentazione della parodia. Quattro anni dopo si finì in tribunale, e ci volle il bonsenso di Benedetto Croce per cavar d'impiccio lo Scarpetta. Di Giacomo fu naturalmente di parere discorde, per partito preso.[4] Intanto, mentre il "manipolatore" di *pochades* si arricchiva, il povero Di Giacomo doveva attendere il ventisette per il suo misero stipendio di bibliotecario. Scarpetta, ricco sfondato, morì nel 1925. Colpito da trombosi cerebrale, ebbe un breve periodo di falso ricupero (che gli permise un'ultima battuta diretta al medico curante!) e si lasciò quindi stroncare da complicazioni polmonari. Di Giacomo morì povero nel 1934, commiserandosi, dopo due anni di sofferenze dovute ad atassia locomotrice. Se fosse nato mezzo secolo dopo, anche lui avrebbe fatto i quattrini; non con il teatro, bensì con i "dischi d'oro."[5]

Come di sopra accennato, il teatro fu dapprima un passatempo per il Poeta di Napoli. La sua prima opera teatrale, *La fiera* (1887), consiste, e non per mera coincidenza, d'una commedia lirica, in tre atti, tratta dalla commedia omonima dell'avvocato Alberto Nota. Di Giacomo la escluse dalle edizioni successive del suo teatro, e l'edizione Mondadori delle opere digiacomiane ne fa appena cenno in una nota biografica. Andrebbe conosciuta meglio perché riflette svariati aspetti basilari dell'arte digiacomiana. Che sia raramente menzionata dagli innumerevoli critici del Di Giacomo desta stupore: fra il lavoro del Nota e quello del Di Giacomo v'è abbastanza diversità per concedere ad ambo la qualifica di *originale*. Il Di Giacomo non si limitò ad una pedantica imitazione: il lavoro del Nota è in lingua ed in prosa, mentre quello del Di Giacomo è in un delizioso miscuglio d'italiano e di napoletano ed in versi; i personaggi, ridotti in numero, sono ribattezzati con criterio ed estro eufonici; la trama, benché quasi identica, è tagliata da cinque a tre atti (anche per esigenze di adattamento musicale). Ovviamente non è la trama che interessa, bensì il trattamento che ne fa il Di Giacomo, con l'introduzione d'una varietà di rime e ritmi di squisite ariette di metastasiana memoria e di accorate canzoni di tradizione folcloristica. Non mancano le volgarità dialettali, i doppi sensi, le espressioni triviali, le allusioni dotte e le reminiscenze letterarie. Tutto sommato, trattasi di lettura spassosa, in cui già si rivelano prepotenti il virtuosismo poetico e le facoltà d'assimilazione dell'autore.

La nota dominante de *La fiera* digiacomiana è prettamente popolareggiante:

> Quanno nasciste tu, stella diana,
> te facettero ncielo nu festino,
> te salutaie la luna cu na mana,
> e te menaie nu rammaglietto nzino,
> quanno nasciste tu, stella diana.

Altrove Di Giacomo compete con Metastasio:

> Io son l'arbitra del fato,
> degli eventi l'indovina,
> prenci e regi hanno invacato
> il secreto mio poter![7]

Non sfugge la qualità aulica di *prenci, regi* e *secreto* che, se ben adatti al tono e stile del caso particolare, non mancano di rivelare un'ostentazione che risulterà estranea alla miglior vena della musa digiacomiana.

L'influenza del Metastasio si fa sentire preponderante soprattutto in *L'abbé Pèru*, il quale, almeno per il lungo periodo di limatura dedicato dall'autore a questa opera, fa pensare al capolavoro manzoniano. La prima versione, *L'abate, operetta*, con musica di W. Borg, è del 1898. Riapparse nel 1907 col titolo di *Settecento, intermezzo scherzoso*. Escluso dall'edizione Carabba del 1910, fu ristampato nel 1920 col titolo definitivo di *L'abbé Pèru, intermezzo*.[8] Trattasi d'un'operetta deliziosa che muovesi con grazia di danza e dipinge un delicato ritratto dell'aristocratico Settecento, con le tipiche riunioni di salotto, con i concerti di musica eterea, con le dame, i parrucchieri i cicisbei, in un'atmosfera in cui un motteggio o verso ricorda a volte un pacifico Parini o un Molière senza mordente.

Rosaura rapita, operetta féerie, in tre atti e quattro scene, musicata da Vincenzo Valente, e del 1904, ed appartiene alla categoria dei due lavori summenzionati. Più che lavoro da commediografo, è da ritenersi sforzo d'una vivida immaginazione impegnata a meravigliare.[9] Franco Schlitzer vuole che il Di Giacomo si sia ispirato al *Pentameron* del Basile ("Il corvo," IV, 9), ma quella favola, integralmente rubata da Carlo Gozzi è messa in scena a Milano e Venezia nel 1761, non ha molto in comune con *Rosaura rapita*.[10] Questa è un'interminabile parata di colori in cui l'elemento orientale, usato per mettere in rilievo la coreografia, si mescola malvolentieri con il folclore napoletano. Il complesso è un'ibrida combinazione di reminiscenze mitologiche e medioevali, di danze arabe che si alternano con pavane e gavotte settecentesche, di ariette e battute in napoletano e veneziano, di trucchi e scenette che ricordano la Commedia dell'arte. *Rosaura rapita* è espressione dell'estro e dell'erudizione del poeta, e non roba da palcoscenico.

D'altro canto, tutt'e tre le opere summenzionate costituiscono lavori d'evasione, lavori che rappresentano la tendenza idealistica del poeta, la *reverie* in cui di volta in volta il Di Giacomo doveva abbandonarsi per sfuggire alla dura realtà della vita. Molto probabilmente questi lavori corrisposero ad una necessità spirituale, ad un mezzo per distrarsi dallo squallido mondo delle novelle. La cronologia del teatro digiacomiano sopporta la tesi dell'evasione: le operette sono sempre seguite da creazioni drammatiche poderose. Le une e le altre sembrano riflettere la sensibilità emotiva del poeta, il quale oscilla fra un mondo di favola ed uno di tragedia, fra fantasia e realtà. Quando è di turno la prima, l'autore s'immerge in un mondo fantastico, popolato di memorie: favole, miti, reminiscenze erudite ed intimamente care; Metastasio, Cimarosa, Paisiello e le vecchie glorie della Commedia dell'arte, tutto intessuto in una cornice d'artificio. Quando la seconda è dominante, si ritorna al presente: seduzione e prostituzione, disonore e vendetta ritratti nella loro nudità, come nelle novelle.

Ad eccezione di *A San Francisco*, di cui se ne hanno due riduzioni teatrali, una in versi (1886) ed una in prosa (1887), rifatte in base ad una medesima serie di sette sonetti (1885), tutte le altre opere sono rifacimenti di novelle già pubblicate; e ciò significa che, come spesso accade con le pubblicazioni del Di Giacomo, ci vuole il proverbiale filo d'Arianna per raccapezzarsi.[11]

L'evidenza fa concludere che il Di Giacomo, quando non può inforcare un *diablo cojuelo*, non riesce a mettere insieme un dramma di tre atti. *'O voto* (vedasi nota 11) non costituisce eccezione perché, malgrado le accese polemiche del tempo, la sua paternità va condivisa fra Di Giacomo e Cognetti.[12] D'altro canto, nell'inevitabile processo di amplificazione dalla novella al dramma, appaiono in ovvio rilievo i riempitivi di carattere comico-folcloristico, i quali, specie nel terzo atto, distraggono dall'azione principale e fanno scemare l'alta drammaticità raggiunta anzitempo alla fine del secondo.

In *A San Francisco* invece, l'elemento comico è mantenuto ad un livello di mero contrasto, e l'elemento folcloristico è direttamente connesso con lo sviluppo dell'azione che si precipita con la violente intensità caratteristica dei sette sonetti.

'O mese mariano, oltre a ribadire la pluridimensionalità del teatro napoletano, vanta una struttura compatta ed una gradevole distribuzione di color locale. Ciò nonostante, non ricevette all'estero la pioggia di applausi goduta in Italia. Quando fu rappresentato a Londra, nel 1913, fu giudicato di carattere episodico e scarsamente drammatico.[13]

Quand l'amour meurt,, opera adulta, benché non presenti innovazioni, dimostra che l'autore ha acquisito l'arte della sceneggiatura. Il dialogo vi scorre fluido, con sorprendente economia.

Assunta Spina è il cavallo di battaglia del teatro digiacomiano. Già nella forma originale, "Assunta Spina" rappresenta l'apice dell'arte narrativa del poeta. Nella novella e nel dramma la trama è essenzialmente identica. Ma come nelle altre opere d'ispirazione veristica, l'autore dovette sudare le proverbiali sette camicie per traslocare sulla scena le otto pagine scarse della novella. Infatti, la maggior parte del primo atto rimane quasi estranea alla trama, pur essendo una brillante descrizione d'un'affannosa mattinata in tribunale, ossia, d'un ambiente che l'autore conosceva benissimo.[14] Nel secondo atto, senza un'adeguata transizione, si passa bruscamente in casa di Assunta dove la protagonista istiga il marito ad uccidere l'amante suo che la tradisce e si accusa infine d'un delitto che non ha commesso.

Durante una gestazione di ben sei anni, Di Giacomo non riuscì a procreare un vero secondo atto. Altri impegni letterari, il lavoro di bibliotecario, le continue ristrettezze economiche contribuirono a distoglierlo dal dramma con cui l'autore si proponeva di risolvere definitivamente due questioni: una di natura polemica; l'altra di mera perfezione artistica. La prima poteva considerarsi già risolta con *Malavita, A San Francisco* e *'O mese mariano*. Per soddisfare la seconda, Di Giacomo non voleva forse rischiare un dramma tutto suo che non obbedisse tutti i canoni tradizionali del *genre*, mentre i tifosi non smettevano d'attizzare il fuoco:

> Altri ideali. . . seducono oggi il Di Giacomo. La riforma del teatro dialettale napoletano. . . La lotta è iniziata. Di Giacomo e Scarpetta, – l'arte e la scipitaggine, la Napoli vera e la Napoli infrancesata sono di fronte.[15]

Altri continuava a definire la commedia di Scarpetta "Boicottaggio di Pulcinella ma non arte sana."[16] Ed Alberto Cecchi definiva "pettegolezzo" tutto il teatro dialettale.[17] Quando il dramma fu finalmente rappresentato e pubblicato in due soli atti, i critici non mancarano di sottolineare l'essenza d'un autentico secondo atto. Ciò nonostante, il dramma attrasse folle di spettatori entusiasti in tutti i teatri d'Italia e riscosse commenti favorevoli anche in Francia, dove venne paragonato a *Cavalleria rusticana*.[18] Il paragone è discutibile. In ogni caso, *Assunta Spina* è una delle vette più alte del teatro dialettale. Nel periodo di gloria iniziale, fu perfino filmata.[19] Poi, l'avvento del Fascismo, il cui antagonismo verso tutti i dialetti è ben noto, tarpò le ali alla fortuna del capolavoro del teatro diagiacomiano. Rappresentata a Roma nel 1941, non ebbe successo–si era in piena guerra, ed il pubblico temeva l'ira di Mussolini. Francesco Flora la tradusse poi in italiano, senza riuscire a preservare il sapore ed il colore dell'originale.

In breve, pur apprezzando il valore artistico del teatro di Di Giacomo, bisogna ammettere che la sua importanza come drammaturgo è più legata alla storia del teatro dialettale che non alla potenza dell'opera sua. Di Giacomo rappresenta infatti un gran passo avanti nell'evoluzione del teatro napoletano perché fu il primo a portare pathos e dramma potenti su d'una ribalta dominata dalla commedia. Ma Di Giacomo non è da considerarsi drammaturgo su scala nazionale, e molto meno al livello internazionale. I suoi protagonisti, formati già *in nuce* nelle novelle e nei sonetti, rivelano amplificazione più che profondo sviluppo psicologico. Ovviamente, attraverso la forza generatrice intrinseca del teatro, i suoi personaggi acquistano nuove dimensioni, ma restano confinati nel loro provincialismo. Senza dubbio, c'è più poesia che dramma nel teatro diagiacomiano, perché, come dianzi accennato, Di Giacomo è sempre e soprattutto poeta.

[1]Vale la pena di dare una scorsa a: Eduardo Scarpetta, *Cinquant'anni di palcoscenico: Memorie* (Napoli, 1922).

[2] *Miseria e nobiltà* nacque per caso dalla necessità di trovare una particina adatta per il figlio Vincenzino.

[3]La villa fu venduta nel 1911 perché donna Rosa Scarpetta non sapeva abituarsi alla solitudine del Vomero di quei tempi.

[4]Troppo spesso Di Giacomo prendeva le cose alla leggera! In una lettera indirizzata all'amico Ugo Ojetti, "Il Signor Poeta Salvatore Di Giacomo" scrisse fra l'altro: "D'annunzio dove sta? Gli ho scritto a Settignano. Non mi ha risposto. Io gli perdono, ma se Scarpetta gli fa la 'Nave di don Nunzio,' gli faccio il perito a favore." Vedasi Salvatore Di Giacomo: *Scritti inediti e rari*, a cura di Costantino Del Franco (Napoli, 1961), p. 256.

[5]Prima ancora che il Croce l'introducesse al pubblico letterario in occasione delle novelle (1903), Di Giacomo era già considerato Re di Piedigrotta. In quell'epoca però la canzone non era commerciabile. La commercializzazione della canzone fu tentata per la prima volta dalla *Polyphon* tedesca nel 1914. Di Giacomo non inviò molte canzoni; del resto, la prima guerra mondiale mando in aria il progetto. Vedasi: Anon. (ma Emilio Greco), "Salvatore Di Giacomo," *Il Giardino di Esculapio*, XXIX, 3-4 (1960), 23. Vedasi altresì: Di Giacomo, *Scritti* . . . , p. 243.

[6]Nicola D'Arienzo, *La fiera. Commedia lirica in tre atti. Versi di Salvatore Di Giacomo* (Napoli, 1887), p. 71. In uno studio del folclore partenopeo, Massimiliano Vajro nota che il Di Giacomo trapiantò in *La fiera* un'intera stanza d'una canzone popolare:

> La nammurata de lu marenare
> spanne li panne fora a la marina,
> spanne li panne e tene mente a mare,
> na vela ianca aspetta ogni matina,
> la nammurata de lu marenare.

(Massimiliano Vajro, "La canzone, Napoli e Di Giacomo," in *Aspetti Letterari Lucania d'Oggi* (Napoli, 1954), p. 222.)

Malgrado il Vajro non l'abbia fatto, vale la pena di notare altresì che la stanza susseguente, in completa armonia con quella appena citata, potrebbe attribuirsi ad un medesimo autore, tanta è la fusione del poeta con le sue fonti folcloristiche:

> Aspetta, aspetta e maie niente cumpare
> e, a poco a poco, le s'astregne 'o core,
> li lacreme se mmescano a lu mare
> e pure la speranza se ne more!
> Aspetta, aspetta e maie niente cumpare!

(D'arienzo-Di Giacomo (*La fiera*), p. 100.)

[7]D'Arienzo-Di Giacomo (*La fiera*), p. 102.

[8]Una copia autografa custodita mella sezione Lucchesi – Palli della Nazionale di Napoli è intitolata *Olivetta*.

[9]Solo una volta, a Napoli, si tentò di rappresentarla (1904). Doveva debuttare al Teatro Bellini, ma l'idea fu abbandonata a causa della enormità della spese necessarie. Vedasi Franco Schlitzer, "Rosaura Rapita," in *Risorgimento*, 13 luglio 1948.

[10]Franco Schlitzer, *La "Rosaura Rapita" di Salvatore Di Giacomo* (Firenze, 1961), p. 14.

[11]Dalla novella "Il voto," della collezione *Rosa Bellavita* (1888), se ne derivò *Malavita* (1889), ripubblicato con il titolo *'O voto* nel 1910 e nel 1920.

Dalla novella "Assunta Spina," anch'essa della collezione *Rosa Bellavita*, se ne trasse il dramma omonimo (1910).

Dalla novella "Senza vederlo," della collezione *Mattinate papoletane* (1886), si hanno altresì du riduzioni: *'O mese mariano* in prosa dialettale (1900) ed il libretto omonimo (1910) con musica di Umberto Giordano.

Quand l'amour meurt (1910) si rifà ad una serie di novelle di seduzione sparse un po' dappertutto e prende il titolo da un valzer allora in voga.

Fra le numerose manipolazioni è importantissimo rilevare che soltanto *'O voto* consta di tre atti; il dramma fu redatto in collaborazione con il Cognetti, che di sceneggiatura se ne intendeva! Assunta Spina consta di due atti, di cui il primo è del 1903 ed il secondo di sei anni dopo. *'O mese mariano* e *Quand l'amour meurt* sono di un atto ciascuno.

[12]In riguardo alla polemica, vedansi per esempio: Luigi Russo, *Scrittori-poeti e scrittori-letterati* (Bari, 1945), p. 137, ed Ernesto Grassi, "Introduzione a *Il Voto* (Napoli, 27 marzo 1961), *sine pagina*, pubblicata sotto gli auspici dell'Ente Provinciale per il Turismo.

[13]In un trafiletto anonimo intitolato "The Pioneer Players," in *The Pall Mall Gazette* (Londra, 29 maggio 1913), si afferma: "To judge from the present instance, Salvatore Di Giacomo's method would appear to be episodical and allusively discursive rather than strictly dramatic."

[14]In gioventù Di Giacomo aveva fatto il reporter di cronaca nera. Vedasi pure: Gennaro D'Avino (D'Arno), *L'Annella*. Prefazione di Salvatore di Giacomo (Napoli, *sine data*).

[15]Ugo Falena, "L'ultimo poeta di Pedigrotta: Salvatore Di Giacomo," in *Il Tirso*, Roma, 31 agosto 1904.

[16]Ernesto Murolo, "Il teatro dialettale napoletano," in *Le Cronache*, Firenze, 22 maggio 1910.

[17]Per la questione del teatro dialettale, vedasi Carlo Bernari, *Bibbia napoletana* (Napoli, 1961), p. 101 e seguenti.

[18]Vedasi Stanislao Rzewuski, "Salvatore Di Giacomo," in *Supplément Littéraire de l'Action Française*, pagine 294-296. L'articolo in questione è il ritaglio numero 43 d'una collezione fatta dal Di Giacomo e conservata nella sezione Lucchesi Palli della Nazionale di Napoli. Il ritaglio non contiene altre informazioni bibliografiche.

[19]La data del film è il 1914, ma altre fonti bibliografiche asseriscono che la vera data è il 1915. Vedansi Roberto Paolella, *Storia del cinema muto* (Napoli, 1956), p. 160, e Francesco Pasinetti, *Film-lexicon* (Milano, 1948), p. 238.

A NONFICTION FICTION OF MARK TWAIN

When Young Sam Clemens knew there was a split in the river round the bend yonder, he'd yell mark it. And for a very long time Mark Twain was a man who with his own Huckleberry still had a sense of the dance, square and cosmic. If life was a game and it sometimes hurt, it could be laughed at, started again, maybe won. Hell was deciding on what everyone else thought was heaven.

Of course, Mark's jokes were usually quite clean. Cleaner than he'd have liked them to have been–the wife made sure of that for–whatever else he had been before and whatever fame he did after–she'd married him because at the time he seemed a real gentleman, a real gentleman dressed all in white. He was to her the Missouri Dream.

In the end, though, Mark Twain lost his elasticity--that fine, fine stretching quality of a soul that can openly, freely laugh at itself on most any level–so that perhaps, white suited, bankrupt, still searching for an innocence which in a sense he no longer believed in, he began to tell a slightly different joke and the mysterious stranger became in his vision a dark and fearful thing.

Twain began to tell a story with a punchline that brought laughter which like all laughter wells up from the unexpected, but now it was the unexpected of a disillusioned man.

He would gnaw at his whiskers, chuckle, smile and wink at his audience, and squint down at three filled liquor bottles placed in front of him.

"This here," he'd say, "is The Story of The Three Bottles. Now, in this first bottle here, that's the past."

And he took a long hard drink of the first bottle while the audience was laughing. And then he took another drink and another until they stopped laughing. Then he'd smack his lips together and say: "Good old past."

Then he picked up that second bottle and would say: "Now, folks, I'll bet you can't guess what's in this second bottle here? Well, sir it's the present." He'd take a big long swig then and commence to coughing and set the bottle back down and cock his head and wink and say: "Good old present."

He'd be about ready to wind up for the finish. "And do you know," he'd ask, "what's in this third bottle? I ask you, do you know what's in this third bottle?"

He would cough on his cigar then, take a second long stiff swig of the stuff in the second bottle, and then choke a little more and laugh and cough a little more on his laugh and squint up close to the third bottle and then he'd wink again, call like a carnival barker to a towhead on the front row: "Hey, boy," he'd shout, "you know what's in this third bottle?" And he'd pause and be laughing. "Well, sir, as far as I know, it may be horse piss."

Mark Twain was such a Samuel Longhorne Clemens man that it's too bad that he couldn't have finally laughed and meant it, the way he'd barrel with laughter then. Too bad he couldn't laugh when he got old like we all do, and tuckered, though life, yes, and other men had taken him for a ride--and the carriage, broke, and the horse, it died–yes, yes, yes, the loved ones had died, one by one too.

Too bad his punchlines hurt him so. He should have been more like his own Huck and just chew on a weed, and squint, and snigger that talking about the future might just as well be so much horse piss.

Cal Keet

WE WISH TO DEDICATE
THIS POEM TO LAUNDRAMATS
AND VENDING MACHINES AND
BROWNING

CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC BANK

BY, La' Singe

And TUNA Sa' Lad

STANZA I

Neculus of circle, center
I decided I'd become a renter
A vulture was in my V-dub.
So down by LA I was running
With pickel power inscribed in my collar.
And my toenails painted green
In order that stop light remain unseen
I pointed fingeratively
the mass conjectment of unmovement
That presented itself was unforseen
So I started to Cry and wipe my eye.

STANZA II

I lost my M and M's one day
They just got up and rolled away
But I ate them anyway.

STANZA III

For a ciggerette i ask today
and lit it up the other day
but the wind blew it out oraway that rymes.

STANZA IV

I wish i was down by the sea
laughing and playing cards
With the water boncing my thouggts away
With the and a penquine walking down the beach
with a blister on his foot.
I would runsh to become the hero green
like robinhood or maid marine
But then I'm back in the dessert
looking over the edge of Cal State

STANZA V

Now to the title I will refer
California Republic Bank
Who ran away with my mother
on a bill board entitled Browning
CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC BANK

Stanza VI

Its hot today
Well
Not to hot
I'ts better than being to cold
At least I'm not melting

Stanza VII

Brick wall conpound my asthma
the asphelt burns my feet
My wisdom teeth are coming in, this is a pessimist stanza
Becayse i feel like a dried up lake
I wish i was a fish
HORRAY! HERRAH!

that ironic
not funnie
Boo Hoo
That not Yogy's friend
BOO BOO
So tootle loo, Spit Wad

Stanza VIII
A blue bird perched
On the sill
The sun shown like honey water
and we flew away together
to the land across the blue.
high waves were with us
and the slop light were all green
We crumpled big citied
as god would do
Built pastures in there place
That were greener than green were the green.

Stanza IX

A pingune climed the souh pole
and an aavark sat on it's shoulders
in order that they see la
but they only saw the missel toe
the 4th of july.

Stanza X
Better known as short and serious went gallumping
through snows of trouble
and louis carrol respected it
Not because it was an elogy
or because it was dramatic monologe
But because it was funnie and alice had golden hair

STANZA XI

The waters of time passed over the narrow bridge
But don't worry we can swim

STANZA XII

Korumba
hola! ? Que tal?
e chee wa wa
muz bien gracious!
? y tu?
Taco tortilla y encilada
que lastema
? Como estas
tiene cataro
ten Cuidado

STANZA XIV
Nothing is to be said here
but how could we rest on stanza xiii that would be bad luck

STANZA XV

the organge juice is made at 2 am

Stanza XVI
Do frogs hibernate?

stanza xvii
WELL, WELL, WELL
Stanza xviii

Studying is infestestinal
It regurgitates itself.

PORTRAITS FROM BEDLAM

I.

Oh yes, I like my job.
And everybody here likes me.
It's fun, you know; important, too, being the receptionist;
The first one that they see when they come in, no matter
who they are.
I always wanted Poppa to come up--just once, to see me
sitting here.
He never would.
That's why I was surprised the first time--that day when
I looked up and saw him here.
He never paid me any mind in all the years he was alive;
He's not the least bit different now.
He comes in every day--just walks across the lobby and
then out there through that door.
He never even says hello.

I've stood it for about a month.
Today I picked the clock up from my desk
And threw it at him.

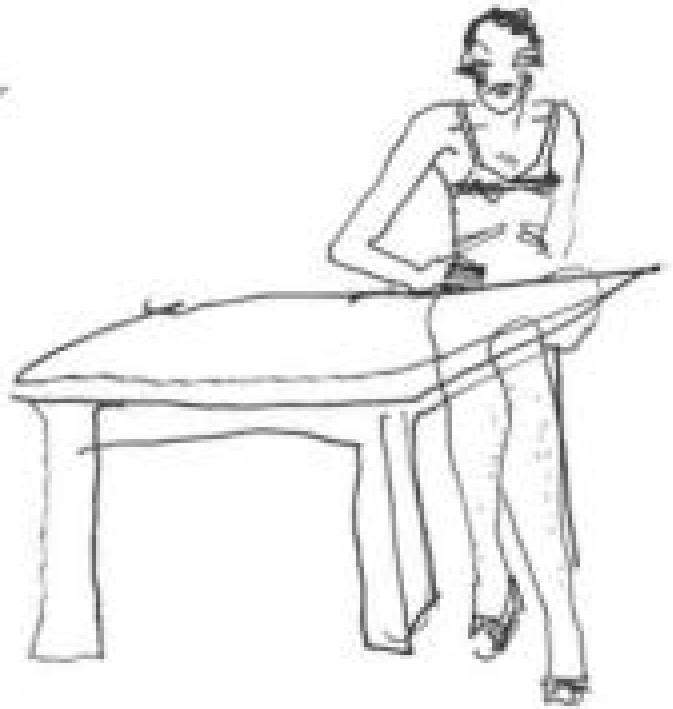
II.

Did you hear them?
Now. Quiet. Listen. Listen.
There. Did you hear?
I did not do it, I did not.
Why do they say things like that?
They do it all the time.
I hear them even on the street.
My pillow does not shut them out.
There are two voices, one is very high.
I think the other one is God.

III.

You know what a mussel is.
When it is very small it must float in the water until it finds
A rock, the one spot that is perfect for it.
It knows, somehow. It sends out tiny threads that bind it to
The stone. First one, and then another, then more and more.
Secure at last, attached, protected by
Its shell, it has a perfect adaptation, will live out
Its life, do that for which it was created.





It has few enemies, an occassional starfish, perhaps.
And me.
I wonder what happens when it feels my knife,
Cutting,
Wrenching it from the stone.
You will say it has no feeling, cannot think and does not know.
And yet it seems to struggle with such agony.

IV.

Let me sit here a little longer.
Do not force me now.
Ask nothing of me.
I cannot go with you.
The light frightens me.
Noise frightens me.
If I could be sure that nothing would
Touch
Me.
My skin is afire.
Let me stay here, let me stay.

V.

It is really very simple and I have told it to you before.
I have told it to you and to the others. They ask me questions.
I have answered truthfully. I have told it so many times.
Sometimes I think I must be mad. Do you think I'm going crazy?
It is really very strange that no one seems to understand.
I must be different somehow, and that is why it happened to me.
Yes, that is why it happened.
That is why no one knows.
I must be different.
I am the only one.

VI.

I told her to turn me in, I want her to turn me in, not you,
go ahead.
She wouldn't do it. I told her. I'll tear her tit off.
Leave me alone. I just want to talk for a minute. I just
want to talk to her.
I'll put my arm around her neck. I just want
to put my arm around her neck.
The bastards. Why can't they leave me alone? I can't
stand it any more.



For Christ's sake, leave me alone. Did you see what I did to her?
Look at her. Do you see what I did?
I found her a place to stay every night.
She had enough to drink.
They better put me away for life, they just better put me away
for life.
She better watch out.
Fuck the cops. Go ahead, break my arm.

Sure, I hit him. He kicked me in the nuts. You saw, the three
of us it took to get him in the wagon. What was I supposed to do,
give him candy?

VII.

Have I done that horrible thing?
And yet I must have done it.
You took my children from me.
Where are my children?
I washed their faces.
They had no part in it.
He did it. I hate him.

Oh, God, I do not hate.
Forgive me for my hate.
God forgive me for my sin.
What have I done?

There is no forgiveness.
There is only damnation.

VIII.

They put me in this crib,
An old man, like a baby.
There was no other place for me to go.

There are other old men here.
From where I lie I can see only one of them.
Long ago we two used to say "Good morning," and "Good night,"
But we no longer talk to one another now.

His body is a skeleton
Yet I have seen that in his shrunken loins
A surge toward new life still persists.

His face is like a skull.
I cannot see my own face.
I can see my hand, curved by pain, an obscene claw.
I could remember, if I dared, this hand caressed a woman.



To this crib, a woman comes to feed me from a spoon.
Or comes to change the sheets.
At times I used to call for help but no one ever came.
Now it does not matter if they come or not.

It should be easy just to starve and so escape.
My body betrays me.
It eats against my will.

Last week I got my courage up
To ask the nurse if she could help me die.
Today when she came she said,
" ARE YOU STILL HERE? I THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE DEAD."

Allan Seltzer



old
man
(as autumn
leaf
stands
quietly
(crackling
down
beckoning
winter
(on whiff of wind
to
soften
the
fall.

Pennie Martin

THE MAGICIAN

Magical encantations of medieval derivations
Infiltrate the air with illusions of grandeur
Leaping rabbits, flying doves, vanishing helpers
Methodically appear and disapper

Alchemistic transmutations glitter and glow
Physical aberrations deceive the senses
The magician conceives the artifice
The people know

Vincent Zaragoza

A POEM

ON THE OCCASION OF A SCHOOL EXERCISE

TO THE METAPHYSICAL POETS JOHN DONNE

AND GEORGE HERBERT

Now withdraw! No more torture! No! Let it be.
The dove flys
No longer with the eagle
On this stage.
The Godhead spear has bled the life spirit long.
Too many of its boot have felt.
And now the eagle soars
Above greying skies;
The dove standing only
As an aging monument to time.

Does the spider not weave his snare
from his own bodies mind?
As the fishermen his lure.
Do not kings and their court thrive
off their countries life blood?
As the leach or woodtick.
Do not the churches and their holy men exciser
To refresh their chambers?
As the countrymaid who picks from field flowers the very best.

Yea, though it be not possible,
My heart weeps for the dawn of night.
It whispers for the lull of sweet foods
From christian pages made.

You! Herbert,
Of England, cry to order.
Give this man the dove;
Give this man order, I say.
But! give him not the elevance to cry shame! ignorance!

Herbert! you are my illness!
A child in search of a father that exists nowhere.
You turn your back and wish for His comfort;
Swing angrily at others and know not why.
You hide in your verse of church and beauty;
Pay your penance to a poor farmer
With a broken horse,
Then, after, return to your heaven on earth.

"CHILD!!"

Your father is dead. Your mother cultured your roots
Shallow as the weed and weak.

John Donne,
To you I must bow my furrowed mind.
Your vision is of one world made cunningly,
Unified in mud, love, fleas and compass. Humility.
John Donne, you have done and outdone the limits
of single minds.
It is for you whom the bells toll,
And for every man, so be it.
Your vision is truly a compass;
Fixed be it in the centre
Yet soars to the boarders of its world.

Yet! there be more Beyond.

In your mind lives the three personed God.
And yet do you long to live in the World of Eve.
Strong, so strong does nature call the pleasures of the flesh;
Yet you string your soul between
One
And the other,
As dusk to day and night.
Short lives do these minutes make,
But many of their wishes give.
You must know you have done your own dying.

Your creed
men
Is written in the blood of other men,
Red as our leadened skies,
Selfrighteous as your laws on fornication.
Mark this!
Yet has the deliverance come.
Of the three pronged death fear not
For your souls
In mud
Shall cast more beauty.

Jack

AUTUMN SONG I

"Nasturtiums and 'The Dance' " 1912 Henri Matisse

The Autumn Dancers,
Dervishes above the dust,
Tease the fallen leaves
With their brown-berry toes.

The three spring from baked ground
To fly in the warmth of mellowing pumpkins,
Their costumes crackling in the brittle air
Release the sundried scent of nasturtium petals.

Their harvest is their dance.
They raise their arms to the failing sun
Hazy in its afternoon hibernation.
They stretch their dusty fingers to the last song of summer.

Their airy autumn costumes cling to brown ankles
Sharpened by sudden chill in the lost summer.
Cold creeps toward the shrinking edge of warmth
Daring the dancers who
Explode
In the scarlet glory of sunset.

Claire Leddy

LOVE DEVILS

Three ladies huddle in a calculated circle of love.
You thrive on the cold energies of the moon.
I live here.
And that one-devil liaison- dances between us.

Worthless go-between girl-
Bring me no letters from your smiling moon-woman.
And beware if you trust that smile.
It taunts and teases on the air of twenty thursdays,
Bringing ugly happiness from the shadowed moon.

The devil dances in our center.
Her skirts are tangled in moon glow.
She waves the sonnet letters, gleeful with perverted poetry.
She somersaults her moon-lady's sonnets on the edge of our circle.

Under the waxen yellow January sun,
I live here-
Dried by summer indecision,
Coaxed to stiffness by slow september affection, and
Encrusted with winter frost.

Dancing devil, send away your moon
Who comes to tempt me with a warm March spring.
Dance your dervish in another circle.

Moon goddess, promise me no pink edged flower flakes
Or whispered giggles rolling in the yellow clover of spring.
Don't melt my careful ice curtain.
Give your moon-ful energies to the dance-devil, that clever love liaison.

You can't touch me.
I have come full circle now
And found it empty-except for the shadows
Of Three Ladies ensnared by battered butterfly wings of
Webbed poetry whispering pretty love-lies.

Claire Leddy

In celebration
But I don't suppose you've noticed,
Of spring and kite days
I thought we could forget our hearts
Sleevepinned and exposed.
Afterall the blood has dried and the hurt is gone
And the heart though withered still remembers
Vaguely its shape.
I thought we could ignore its nakedness
And chance a brief hello.
But the afternoon congeals
Sealing in and out.

It's the pin that was most painful
The pricking distrust stabbing thoughtfully.
And when people rushed
If they brushed
They would bump the exposed thing.

And when you touched my arm
Without really meaning harm
Or did you?
Did we?
But I thought we could when
With winter forget
What the afternoon conceals
Stealing of the heart.

And it wasn't really me
But I don't suppose you noticed,
Trying to forget how vulnerable spring can be
When hearts are pinned on sleeves
And afternoons devoted to tea
Suddenly are interrupted
When spring erupted.

I'll celebrate
Do you care?
Kite flying weather and forget
Without by chance hellos.
It doesn't matter
My heart is now unstuck
The pin grown rusty in its pocket
The petals blown dusty in the garden
But I don't suppose you've noticed
All this afternoon reveals.

Claire Stockton Leddy

HOMMAGE A LA VIE

C'est beau d'avoir élu
Domicile vivant
Et de loger le temps
Dans un coeur continu,
Et d'avoir vu ses mains
Se poser sur le monde
Comme sur une pomme
Dans un petit jardin,
D'avoir aimé la terre,
La lune et le soleil,
Comme des familiers
Qui n'ont pas leurs pareils,
Et d'avoir confié
Le monde à sa mémoire
Comme un clair cavalier
A sa monture noire,
D'avoir donné visage
A ces mots: Femme, enfants,
Et servi de rivage
A d'errants continents,
Et d'avoir atteint l'âme
A petis coups de rame
Pour ne l'effaroucher
D'une brusque approchée.
C'est beau d'avoir connu
L'ombre sous le feuillage
Et d'avoir senti l'âge
Ramper sur le corps nu,
Accompagné la peine
Du sang noir dans nos veines
Et doré son silence
De l'étoile Patience,
Et d'avoir tous ces mots
Qui bougent dans la tête,
De choisir les moins beaux
Pour leur faire un peu fête,
D'avoir senti la vie
Hâtive et mal aimée,
De l'avoir enfermée
Dans cette poésie.

Jules Supervielle *Poèmes*
(Gallimard)

ODE TO LIFE

It's beautiful having chosen
A warm and living home,
Being able to mark time
In an everbeating heart.

And having seen one's hands
Close in around the world
As if an apple
In a garden

And having loved the earth
The moon and the sun
As brethren
Having no equals

And having trusted
The world to memory
Like a horseman
To his midnight steed

Having given meaning
To the words: wife, children
And having served as a beach
To straying continents

And having reached the soul
By stroking gently the oars
So as not to frighten her off
By too sudden an approach

It's beautiful having known
The shadow 'neath the leaves
And having felt age
Pulsing in one's naked body
Accompanying the pain
Of the black blood in the veins
And having gilded the silence
Of the Star-Patience.

And having all these words
Swirling in my head
And choosing the less comely ones
And giving them a holiday

Having experienced life
Hasty and poorly loved
And having captured life
In this poetry.

Diane Kaska

YEARNING

How I long for what never was!
April's tender greening
Burned by canicular heat
To the ashes of rake heaped fallen splendor
Leaving December branches
To reach for the solace
Of spring that never comes.

J.H.Bilas

PAINT BOX

Tubes of illusion;
Passive, inert agents of imagination
Capped tight against fantasy's escape,
Metallic cocoons of dreams unattained;
Clash and blend in chance confusion
Constantly changing, splendid disarray.

J.H.Bilas

CRISIS

Ebon ooze
Sleeps beneath soil denuded by the seering heat,
Seeps between particles of dust
Roiling them to viscous muck
Which, pressured, boils toward the sun
Turns poisonous at the touch of greed
Sullies those that toil for its release
Becomes the coiling serpent in man's Eden
Dooms him to fall forever in the void
Sucked out by the avaricious pulse
Whose throb and hum may echo
Unattended
Until the millennium.

J.H.Bilas

DRIFTGLASS

Patina of distance
Pounded into sleek smoothness
By the crash of uncounted waves
Flinging you deep
Thrusting you skyward . . .

Caught up by a bronze lover
You paused in your journey,
To wander on tomorrow or never;
Close held in a warm clasp,
You see only a starry night.

You sparkled in his hand
Scattered sun-shards to the breeze,
Sparkled as he pressed you
Warm and glowing into my palm,
Handclasp around you.

There are no warm hands
To cherish your fire now.
Alone in my cool fingers,
You who knew the sun can find
Little fire in a dim lamp.

Back, then, to sea and sky.
The surf calls you; turning,
Flung high against the sun,
I watch your bright star-point
Set free to drift once more.

Cynthia Combs

INSTRUCTIONS TO A GUARD

Take it and listen. This is how to go crazy.
Find yourself a sun, but take your time choosing.
The only kind that works will be a pinwheel sun,
an unrelenting scrounge-down hot ball of all colors.
A gas-ring sun
that cooks the day like an egg in a dust-dry pan.
Watch where that sun, hotpenny smasher of a sun, moves.
and when it sets up high as it'll get, look for a gate
under it someplace. Chainlinks or wire or wood,
it don't matter.
Then by that gate under that sun put a chair,
any old chair,
and put it where you can watch the gate and where the sun watches you,
And sit on that chair.

Listen, now. You should know.

Maybe you can read,
but the wind that moves in the air like sludge
in a watertank,
the mean grabby summer wind off the oil-pools,
the wind with dead stuff in its mouth --
that wind will suck up dust from the roadways, churn it over big truck wheels,
and spin it on the grumble, sigh of truck gears coughing through the gate.
And yellow truck dust will fill in the words the letters make,
and the spaces between the words.
Maybe you can write, a piece of wood on your lap
with knees and shins for a desk,
knees and thighs a desk frame --
but that wind who sweats and cools only to sweat you again,
that wind of stinky clothes, old locker-room wind, will
pull the paper from your hands
and then with windy claws
peel the words off the paper.

Just so you know, kid, just to know.

The sun, the dust, the seeking wind:
these will drive off your mind
like a farmer scares away crows.
There's three dozen men going in and out, and they only
have one think to say to you: "Must get kinda long,
I mean the time, out here," and you only have one
thing to say back: "Get used to it like most things."

This is the last of jobs, take it and listen.
This is how to go crazy.

Andrew Grzeskowiak

IT IS NO JOURNEY

> "East – out of the mouth of the river...then west, then south, and then east again...God knows how far."
>
> *The Light That Failed,*
> Kipling

Brown bird, blue bird,
Steel tied near;
I know a cable
Strong as fear.

Hill tops hide us
Though tires touch -
Our ways so close I
Don't care much.

Old friends age
Quick as thunder.
(let's keep growling
till one goes under).

Andrew Grzeskowiak

MY SHADOW PRECEDES

Age makes us diplomats.
Should God and the mad cars provide
The many hours I do not ache for,
And, eyelids thinned to wafers bringing dark's slow taste, slide
Like blueveined scabs on windows of my stored
Old photographs, shriveled cabbage (peeling pink, not the customary black)
Shapes the pillow,
Nerves or blood-lines tie themselves in colored strings,
Bones brittle as dried withes of willow –
Then wild youth will cautiously be furled
In a dark roll I carry...memorably a pointed prow in the ash-scented air
Winter freezes weeping, should I turn to where the green past sings
So nervous as though the ground still holds its thick kiss of ice, and smiling
For the press I compromise my steps (its hard to tell – its hard to tell, so soon)
In an elbow company of strangers
To negotiate with the stair.

Andrew Grzeskowiak

SCOREKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

" 'ssbar is too expensive..." – say it
like my friend: *xsspaansiv*, and the first time
It's strange as hot beer milkshakes (he
says he used to drink those too), the second
Time, is you see loin strip skirts, blacknylon
legs, or Cokes juicy with ice jiggers
as fat Manhattans it must be true.
And the tinted glass slopes

out over the runway lights that path planes
down my only signs till this last morning
is a cool orange mist over the rubber scarred
strips. Crystal takes no color, but its
casings suck the whiskey into light
light oil – or put the needy green snap
Grasshoppers hump to, the shine without which
Martinis ceespool, sloe gin slime.

The turning of light is the thing,
so the voice of my friend winks,
laserloosed, off the plush cold cushions,
an unsmooth fuzz for his hum:
"oh *who's* busy sscoring..." -- its a
lusty buzz! "Buwillya look a'
that!" The gamin's backthigh ties
and marvelously unties itself inside one step.

"Hey donsha think God's great? Huh?
I mean...those muscles make
knots no sailor ever tried..." the
falling plane's rush, dark prey in
Jewel colors, lets wing lights mark
the screams: *slowdown! slowdoowwnnnn!*
that cut his words. They rose and were lost.
Lost in my lungs

were the screams in a cornfield.
A lady whose sun gold skin made my veils
screamed in my mouth (and the summer
earth kept clean of them
when my skull held the noise and my
brain was a bell). *god are we drunk!*
she screamed, God we were rich.
And she sang me

my first fears for talking -- a line
herself, the next (why, I still blushed
at old Rock of Ages: "...naked
come...to Thee for dress," naked,
Naked!) mine, and the joke was
what we shared: "Oooohhhh...
Who's busy scoring..."
"uh, w-with the sc-corekeeper's daughter..."

"While the Scorekeeper's busy...keeping....score!"
Oh, *who's* busy scoring -- another
and another, till it tickled even faster
and louder till our shout said it was right!
She had just left petticoats, and
longed for smooth silk stockings. She
showed me where they'd come to
on her soft blond thighs. We

were rich in the cornfields, I was crazy
with her dancing on the hood
of her father's Ford, blinded in delight.
She flowed warm on the tennis courts,
White at her wrist centers cupping
the white wide lines and ball fuzz fatness
I was drunker than hurricane fences,
the chords of the racket strings made sense,

and my veins sang *Oh!* when she swung
out...swung...to the rasp and tinkle
of my sad friend's song: "Yeah who's
busy scoring with the scorekeeper's daughter..."
Swung to her stalled car on railroad tracks,
with her rich scream met the train's crush,
over her the deep steel tires while the song
burns at its landing the crying is gone.

Andrew Grzeskowiak

FROM THE BEGINNING

Rejoice
Rejoice
We have no choice
But to carry on.
—Stephen Stills

I've seen sores. The jellyfish
are dying, and each one I buried carried stingcells up my fingers
for my face; I have no luck with flakes.
Its been eight years, so far, for verse
and, psoriatic scales, the bed grahamcrackers —
its getting worse.
Whatever I protect, wounds fester me.
Sand graves or grass, changing jobs the way tides change,
the crabs know waiting's food Such pickers
get the best of me. Death's more than a wound,
its saltwater enough to rot us all — but I can't help
creeping on the rocks to where the water is, and,
bug-wise, call in healing from the sea.
The waves that cut, creating, must craft as well — smooth out the
shores,
crust sores and cool the hell hot swift black pain
at Source. *There will be rest* Its rise marked as the
firstmade separation, suns from space, land from the sea:
gone further in and higher up we shall be free.

Andrew Grzeskowiak

ROADLOVE

One kiss lasts us two
hundred miles come up for air and quarrel
Just outside Des Moines then slow cementing back
to almost Chicago. The parting curved you out, right
and north, ramp away from me
as if there was no sky could hold us ever.

Deeper threads running, you are in me.
Steel, pure as pistons, it will move.
O the miles it took to win me;
Longer than lines our love.

We fight about what was:
"The water is too deep!" –
But warmer than your dare.
Not much for words, you weep; sea rocks' fire
salts the sweet. Who hates a hater, I don't care –
I kiss a crier.

You begged not to journey with me,
but when our circles touch, those circles move.
O the miles it took to win me,
Longer than lines our love.

It isn't lack of letters that I feel –
the sun's last at your shore, and
warmth is good as any message –
But when was our last wine, a meal
like living summers close, since seasons make the bond:
Waiting is the hardest to unravel
So let us help the time; let us travel.

Andrew Grzeskowiak

SIX CONTEMPORARY ALLUSIONS

I

If to accuse in art of a lack
Of attendance to the cause of rustic

Simplicity is like being goaded
By offspring, gauche and worldly persuaded

Who inherit the gift of rejecting
Painful deliberations, inflicting

Right and wrong, accepting either with ease,
This is emulation of the last phase.

II

The son sows what he reaps since he exhales
In line the bad breath of Eden reptiles.

If sin is depicted as the start, what
Chance to rise above a secular tart?

III

The heart's ventricles are bulbous with hot
Blood pumping because of a first train set

That riles the boy by jumping the sharp curves.
In that small scale world the magnified shoves

Are presages of how greed will evolve.
Oaths sustain and sex is a safety valve.

IV

He must also learn to distinguish all
Prevention measures, including the pill.

(This is very important because birth,
Death and religion acknowledge one truth

In common – multiplication. There is
More of each than ever before. Appraise

Semantics, bombs and communications
Respectively, the three primed relations).

Homage to the male is the woman's task,
She swallows the pill with a cancer risk.

V

In summer when heat steams up my glasses,
Spare me the benefit of your tresses.

We lie in the sun on the slope failing
To see that love is the most beguiling,

Most missed because most obvious fragrance.
I spend my life with you in ignorance.

Let me draw the poison from that old hurt,
Then stretch and wear your limbs like a new suit.

VI

Calmer now I see the corn is not green.
It is ripe and it is time that the grain

Was gathered. But not by me, I have passed
The stage where anything so useful pressed

Me into activity. There is no
Need – always the wind can get up and go.

Forrest Jones

CON OJOS ENTORNADOS

Vino como ayer.
Y anoche,
apuradísima hada,
ya se iba volando,
toda ilusión llevándose
mientras sembraba
nevadas de pétalos podridos.

Bolsa ligera de aceitunas,
alma pesada de pesares,
anda el viajero, anda.

Del azul luminoso,
supremo el Inca
rayos saeta.
Verde en oros convierte
por alquimia antigua.
Martillea.
Y campo y campesino piden agua. Agua.

Bolsa ligera de aceitunas,
alma pesada de pesares,
anda el viajero, anda.

Serpea el camino polvoriento
hasta quemarse
en abrazo feroz de sol y arena.
Despavorida
se retira la sombra
del eterno eucalipto soñoliento.
Solo.

Bolsa ligera de aceitunas,
alma pesada de pesares,
anda el viajero, anda.

En su joroba,
rojizo cuaja
el último chorreo.
Y la pupila inmensa,
gemela de esa tierra,
otra sonrisa encierra
todavía, de falso hermano.

Bolsa ligera de aceitunas,
alma colmada de cantares.
¡Anda, viajero, anda!

Frank E. Albi

NOISE AND NONSENSE

Above the open funnel of mind
The noise furors without death
Upon useless skrieks of wrath
Collapse the futile powers of mankind

Collapse his last desperate chance
Extinct, blind fool, is reason
For fall is not the season
To combat this meaningless trance

Even the brilliant thoughts upstairs
Become empty bubbles in my brain
Burdening me with endless strain
Torturing me with endless nightmares

An ardous task I had ahead
The time, however flew by fast
Now I have little to last
And the human race is almost dead

Almost dead with vital progress
Neurotic with healthfull technology
Psychotic with the echo of ecology
Speeding forward as we regress

Before the darkness grips my hand
I must of this world make sense
And be free of this ghastly nonsense
So I can sanely take a stand.

Rufugio Martinez

THE LOSS OF IGNORANCE

To know and not to know enough
of what there is to know
And to learn and never learn
all there is of knowledge
That is the loss of innocence

To seek and not to ever reach
the end of what you study
And to search and never find
a moment of security
That is the loss of confidence

To quit and not to ever try
to realize your limits
And to complain and never understand
that life lasts only years
That is the loss of patience

To be and to finally see
you must be good in something
And be the best of what you are
Yet not be stupid to the world
That is the loss of ignorance.

Refugio F. Martinez

EL JARDIN DE LAS INOCENTES

Jardines de flores virginales
de prados verdes y árboles frutales
en campos salvajales benditos por sus aguas delectables.
Pajarillos de miel y azucar mil veces sus cantos musicales
diluvian por el vientecillo como angelitos celestiales
Paraíso sembrado de inocentes goza tu dulzura pura
porque ya el hada oscuro anuncia tu amarga dura
Tus hijos inocentes muy pronto llegaran a sepultura cruda
porque para los españoles es oro su locura segura.

Ciudades majestuosas obras de brutal y maizal sudor,
templos, puentes, losa, hechos con inocente amor
brillan como el oro con encandilado resplandor
con sus ídolos dan espanto, mas son arte en su flor
¿Qué dioses fueron éstos, que en diablos se mudaron?
¿Qué inocentes fueron aquéllos que tanto se engañaron?
Ambos fueron hombres, pues cuando lo comprendieron ambos despertaron.
¿Qué podredura apestosa emponzoña todo el nublado cielo?
¿qué sangre mestiza baña al herido, avergonzado suelo?
¿qué almas de seres desalmados vagan por limbo sin consuelo?
¡qué bruto el hombre que mata a otro por recelo!

¿Dónde están las ciudades majestuosas e ídolos que causaban alegría
al indio y que a los españoles les volví a la sangre fría?
¿dónde están los templos, los puentes--la gente que existía
y dónde están las flores, árboles, pajarillos-esa armonía?
Están allí, allí detras asomándose. Es que la muerte los enmudecía.

Rufugio Mártinez

A POETIC DIALOGUE

– unpolished, crude words
atoms of my sensitivity
you seldom express my thoughts

– Dull, senseless you complain
I'm the product of your brain
if I don't express your inability
you're the only one to blame

– Intricate, perplexed poetry
all is not false you express
the falseness lies in your origins
for symbols are meaningless
without man to give them sense

– you are even more blind than senseless
why, before the earliest man,
king was I of nature's land
and of me was your first breath

– please forgive my ignorance
and if I gave you offense
It was the sensitivity
which you instilled in my soul

– Nothing have I to forgive
symbols don't forgive men
forgive yourself my good man

Refugio Martinez

AL DESPERTAR

Cantando, rugiendo, llorando y sonando
despierta la alarma....
de mi relojito que tiene un fantasma.
Sonando y gritando anuncia el fantasma,
¡ya es hora, alarma!,-
despierta tu alma y hazle mucho ruido a este dormilón.

El ruido sin alma viene de la alarma,
taladra mis sueños-
cual perro sin dueños que corre buscando por los callejones
una poquita de consideración.

Y sigue la alarma cantando y bailando
gimiendo y luciendo su loca canción,
diciendo y mintiendo, ¡son las siete y media!,
cuando apenas las cinco marcaba el reloj.

Siguiendo sonando, corriendo y jugando,
en el vivo tema del sueño anterior,
al fin me convenzo que suena la alarma
y a mi nuevo día levanto el telón.

José G. Ortega

Pure, you were
Yesterday, air's feature like crystal
Chests full with sweet breaths
Winter's halt of time
Showed only your prints
Summer's renewal of scents
Teased out your exhilerated howls

The meadow your neighborhood, gentle animal
But now you share
Stumble over man's careless toss
Or smoldering ashes
You know so primitively
How the earth is trembling with you

Mountains once shook with creation
Vesuvius delivered
New hills made with cities as their base
Human presence taunted
Such mighty conception

Those towns now whisper their tale
With papyrus words piercing history
Man's voice there
Echoeing the labor pains of earth

Gentle animal, where is your Herculaneum?
What will voice your tale?
Could you but speak
There is no more even wood-pulp to be etched with your story
You'll feel it rain
Without even the means
To cry of the inundating steeping mass
Of ash-poisoned water

The mountain's eruption
Small loss on the Bay of Naples
One corner of this world

Man's fires pour their tongues
Into all your burrows
It shall rain ubiquitously
And the creeping mass
Cover no scrolls
And leave no ancestors
To dig out the reasons
Of death

Barbara Kelley

THE COMET: KAPUUT!

(formerly entitled The Comet Kohoutek (without the semicolon)

we were told last november
and deep into frozen december
to view the skies with wonder
for they would soon be split asunder
by a ball of streaking ice
that would illuminate all our nights
and in its view Love-Making would commence
(a rumor that made the preachers tense)
for to them the comet was to fear
signifying the end was near
TO BRING IN A NEW AGE
AND THE RULE OF *THE SAGE*

(oh happy day! - i think)

to others it was a christmas star
but that it wasn't - by far
for this enigma came forth in january
right after booze, football and resolutions most salutary
it came forth out of the night
and as i said, it was expected to be quite a sight
even for those with hangovers - eyes still closed tight
but it fizzled, yeah it fizzled
what a disappointment
like a fly's frustration in ointment
like a cosmic sperm in the night
missing the aim in its sight

moral

but it's for these sideshows that we live
for there's nothing quite like humanity;
and that truly is show b'z

Clark Long

Tangled in a cottony shroud of fog
I dangle.
Invisible machines rolling it out
It floats along. (I float with it.)

mindfog
blindfog

Stifled in a deluge of white darkness
(i can't dam it up)
I'm flowing along unseen.
Bumping into old verities,
Hoary Truth, kalsomined Logic, venerable Order.
All here, somewhere.
But in my grasp only a handful of silveriness.

Safefog
Softfog

Cushion my reveries in the elusive frosty foam.
Conceal my lameness,
Immerse my sorrows in your soothing balm.
ahhhh. . .fog.

(Enter fog people)
The tide rolls in and out, higher
Until
Only a blurry, ashen specter of a similarity remains.

YesFog!
(MyFog!)

—rocox

Request

Where is the wanderland to tame
wilderness of rain -stained wind turned
estranged/stranged/unknowns?

When he the hero stirs to the call
lady -tokened, byrned, visored
and when he steps to venture errant
where to turn?

Black vein, gray lanes have scarred the plain
intersecting webs ensnare the earth
to artery the pat the flattened sectored
multifolded map
print to invalidate the estranged/strange/unknown
legend the inch to mile

and if he be tolled
speedlimited
isosce -yield
octo -stopped
why the call, the stir, the errant yearning
what potence in the sash beneath the casque?

Lower the visor
and within the instant black
begin the solemn journey into self.

Anne Passel 2/12/72

RUMORS

Like blackbirds in the reeds
grackles in dry grasses
caw and protest
mimicking bawky hinges
squawking objections

double flutter
air-bird and pond-image
burst like pinata
over lead water
liquid mist of sky

demanding notice
flexed start, fixed stare
suddenly there
clamor and black flakes in air
settling, quick arc resettling
flash and clack
persisting.

Later
gone. Quite gone
lone pond.
Quiet
no memory fleck
no check of dark on gray
only
stiff dry rushes
doubled in water-image
and no sound.

Anne Passel

REALITY

The tender world
is the piece of space
seen through a slice of window
a half-closed door

the sentence unfinished
the look interrupted

The real time
is the shifting moment
closed between coming and going

the calendar scrawl
the brush in passing
the wave from the corner

Time and space and mask
slip off and slide by in transit
but the fragments and slivers and clippings
that clutter the corners of remembering
this is the tender world
indelible
undegradable
real.

Anne Passel

TICK TOCK

Tick, tock, tick, tock
Echoing in my mind
Waiting, watching, wishing.

Tick, tock, tick, tock
Thoughts coming in timed releases
Unaware of sitting
Still waiting and watching
No more wishing.

Tick, tock, tick, tock
Only two sounds now repeating themselves
In my mind
No more wishing
No more watching
Just waiting.

Tick, tock, tick, tock
Waiting.
Tick, tock
Wait.

Rebecca Perry

WHEELS

Without wheels
Means entrapment
Prisoner of home
No place to go but out
No place to turn but in
Running away is useless
You whirl around and you're
Still home

With wheels
Means expression
Freedom from the engulfing rooms
Faster, faster
Exhilarating pleasure ride
Turn back and see
Your past
Towards the future turns
The wheels

Rebecca Perry

RAINDROPS

Rain upon a windowpane
Obscuring vision
Hidden by a veil of water
Here and there the glass is clear
Be quick
See reality, now is the chance
For soon the chosen tear of rain
Will fall
And the world will be concealed once more.

Raindrops falling long and hard
Out of the black
Into the lamplight
Onto the glass
Hear the strength of many
Pounding with all their force
You see, you hear
An infinity of drops
Tapping, rapping
Hear them
Heed them and the barrier is no more.

Rebecca Perry

COME CLOSER

Come closer!
My sight is lessen
Come closer!
I feel your vibing hips
Your're Black
You're one of a kind
Come closer!
You've been rejected
You'll be happier here
We'll move together
Come closer!
that wasn't so bad
Come closer!
We'll see together.
At last!

Jerry Scott

LA BUSQUEDA

Detrás de la gente la busco,
detrás de las cosas,
detrás de los cielos,
detrás de la mar,
más allá en la lejanía,
y más cerca, allí,
y más cerca, aquí.
La busco, la busco.
La seguiré buscando
aún sabiendo que no la encontraré.
Porque eso es la vida:
una búsqueda de paz.

José G. Ortega

SER COMO ESTOY

Un día en la escuela
empecé a pensar.

Pensé en mi ser
por un rato.
Después, pensé en mi estar.

En la escuela se dice,
que tu ser no puede igualar
tu estar.

Pero yo estoy
lo que soy

Y yo seré
lo que he estado.

Pa' cumplir mi deber
a los ser humanos,

Tengo que estar
en condición fructuosa
¿qué no?

O para estar en mi clase
cada vez que clase haya

Tengo que ser
buen estudiante, ¿sí?

Siendo pobre,
estando en la línea
para agarrar la feria

Entonces este que ser
por estar

Y eso es nada
ESTAR

Y aunque no puedo
ser nada

Estoy dispuesto a
negárselos.

by Carnal

THE LAST GOOD-BY

The sky is grey, filled with heavily laden clouds. The air is still and hushed, waiting for the silent descent of snowflakes. A bird twitters in the distance as the soles of my shoes search for support in the slushy ground. I stop. The bird sings once more, but breaks his song as the silence, eternal silence, echoes across the winter-dead meadow. Trees lift bared arms to the sky, begging for the echoes to cease. They do. A church bell is heard in the distance, but the sound is pursued, overtaken by silence. A voice, strong and full, forces its way through the crisp air,

> "Friends and relatives. We are gathered
> here this day to pay homage to a man
> known and loved by all....."

"ALL." What a bitter word, "ALL." Yes, I look around and see this "ALL." The clergyman dressed in black as he holds the Bible and speaks, wishing he were home by the fire, or at least that he had worn warmer clothing. A wife with a small boy holding her hand as the tears roll down her face, unchecked. A company dispatcher that watches with the proper respect, warmed by the thought of a time card sitting by the office clock as the minutes tick away. A grave digger sitting in his battered pick-up, beside a shovel, complete with paper cased wine bottle that takes frequent trips to his mouth. And myself, a person who left that man's world five years ago, but one who could not remember to forget him. A paltry "ALL," in the forest of graves, for forty-two years of life; for twenty-five years of criss-crossing this nation's highways; for a billion miles of sweat, toil and lonliness. A paltry "ALL" gathered to pay homage to a man who helped build the country and keep it running. Only we, his wife and I, really knew and loved him.

> "This man was a neighbor and a member
> of our community, Lord, when you called
> him from our homes to yours....."

I only wish You had called him from our home, Lord, called him even as he slept in our bed with the children in the next room. But You didn't, Lord, You didn't. You called him from sunshine while I shivered in snow. You called him from his world of steel, grease, oil and diesel in a world called California, a nation away from my home, Lord, and You called slowly. When the phone rang, I put on my coat and knew the message as I answered. Then came the race to get the boy to mother's house and catch the plane with tickets purchased on borrowed money. I hurried, but time hurried also. It took fourteen hours from the crash, until I reached his side and I was ten minutes too late. TEN MINUTES, LORD! Ten short eternities and You couldn't wait. I had told him good-by a million times in our lives and You wouldn't let me say it one more time. THE LAST TIME, and you wouldn't let me. The tears on my face are not sorrow, Lord, as You know, You who have watched them uncounted times, but they are tears of lonliness. I am saving the sorrow for Wednesday, because that is the day he said that he would come home, the day when I will miss his laughter booming through the excited cries of our child. That is the night my bed will ache with loss, when his body does not sink into the mattress next to mine, his face will not smile with closed eyes and his breathing will not sing me to sleep. Wednesday is when I will know he is gone, today is for the lonliness as I stand by the grave and watch the coffin close on this man who is supposed to be my husband. Where are his friends now? Each sealed in their own steel coffins

and strewn amongst the rivers of asphalt that flow by truck stops and the doors of our civilization? Will they be by my side when I bury my love on Wednesday? Will they Lord? And why do these tears hurt so much when I am used to tears of lonliness? Why now Lord, WHY NOW?

"He was honest and loyal, Lord, and
worked hard in this world....."

Yes, he did work hard all right, and his loads were as accurate as his "books." He never cheated the boss or his wife and didn't drink as much as the others. He was the best driver we had, especially when it came to training new men. He knew as much about trucks and roads as the men who built them. He always had a smile on his face, even when I told him there was a rush order for California and he was the only driver available to go. He had just returned from Oregon and was tired. He just had time to call his wife and tell her not to expect him back until next Wednesday. Then his co-driver quit and he had to make the trip alone. Good thing though, or the boss would have had to pay for two funerals and that sure wouldn't sit well with him. The boss was going to come to this funeral, but he had a golf tournament up north that he said he couldn't miss. He considered missing it when I insisted that I get paid for my time here. I almost wish he had come, or sent someone else. Getting awfully cold now, but Christmas is coming soon and the extra money will sure help on the bills. How long is this funeral going to take? I've got to get back to the office and fill out more accident reports for the insurance company. I wish I was home more. This is the second week-end in a row that I've had to work Saturdays and I'm beginning to feel like a stranger at home.

"He loved his children, Lord....."

Why do I have to be here? I would rather be over at Jimmy's house. Jimmy's daddy builds neat airplanes and said he would take me for a ride in a real one someday. He already took Jimmy once. This man looked like Daddy, but I never saw Daddy in a suit before. I remember when Daddy came to school once to meet my teacher. His truck was broke down and he was home for a whole week. That sure was fun. The teacher told him I wasn't doing my work, but that I could draw pictures of trucks and write stories real good. He laughed so hard that tears came in his eyes and he said that it was okay, I had plenty of time for learning. Then he played baseball with us and hit the ball clear over the fence. Nobody else's daddy ever hit it that hard before. And he promised to teach me how to do it someday, too. He said that someday he would come home to stay and not have to leave again. He promised. Just as soon as the bills are paid and he could find a steady job. That was two years ago, when I was in the third grade, and I never forgot. I cried when he left again, but he laughed and said someday I would be a man and understand that a man has to do what he has to do. I guess I'm not a man yet, because if he had kept his promise, we wouldn't be here today, and maybe Jimmy would be over at my house asking Daddy to teach him how to hit a baseball so hard. Maybe that isn't my Daddy and maybe when Daddy gets home Wednesday he will say this was all a bad dream and that he is going to keep his promise, starting right then. Maybe Wednesday, when my daddy gets home, I sure hope so.

"..... he never met a man he
didn't like, or turned his
back on one who needed a
helping hand ....."

Regardless of race, creed, color or religion. Even me, a black man wearing an Army uniform without a penny in its pockets, standing soaked by tears and rain in a white man's world, alone on the Ohio Turnpike with my heart still burning in Mississippi, in a shanty beside my wife and baby with the ghostly white sheets running across my lawn. "Nigger don't build restaurants in Mississippi," the burning across told me. He bought the coffee and heard my tale. Then he taught me to drive a truck. We drove that rig nigh onto five years before I had saved enough money to build a restaurant in Arizona. On that day, he shook my hand and told me I was fired, making me promise never to drive truck again. I tried to talk him into quitting the road and joining me in business, but he laughed and said he could never learn to like niggers or sleeping in the same place two nights in a row. He always laughed. When he was sick or well, when he talked about his wife or child, when he fought or enjoyed good company, when he cried or laughed, it always came out as a big booming laugh. He could bring a smile to a waitress' face even if she was working her second straight shift. He could talk a highway patrolman out of giving him a ticket for doing seventy miles an hour in a fifty-five mile zone. He could walk into a roomful of strangers and become the center of the crowd in ten minutes. It was a powerful lonely life he had. Five years is long enough to see the sadness in the laughter as he talked about hitting a baseball over a fence and the look on a boy's face. Five years is long enough to tell the fatigue in a man's step when he says that he ready and raring to go. Five years is a long time, enough to learn to know the real man behind the smile and the laughter. But the five years between the time I left his world and now is not long enough to forget the man God made before breaking the mold.

> "He never complained about his life, Lord, and deserves the best you can give him. Take this man we lay to rest Lord, take him to that everlasting eternal rest....."

Yes Lord, let him rest. He has been so tired lately. We were young and handsome once. So gay and full of life. The first time I saw him, I smelled the dust of far off places in his words and vowed to follow him as his wife. We loved so strong, and couldn't be parted. I went with him always and everywhere. I knew the people he knew, the coarse and rugged drivers, the tired waitresses and the lonely weighmasters on the state borders. I sat beside him in all the weather and our love kept us happy and rested. We always managed to smile and the other truckers said those smiles lit the entire truck up like a Christmas tree. But then Bill Jr. came along and I had to have a home. Only once can I remember him saying that he wished I were still in his truck, only one time I heard regret in his voice. I wish that I could have been so kind. I ridiculed him, I begged him, I nagged him and I cried for him; always trying to get him to stop driving. But he couldn't. In the year 1800, he would have driven a stage coach, riden pony express, been an Indian scout; in 1492, he would have sailed with Columbus; in 2094, he would have piloted a rocket to the stars and explored unknown galaxies. He had to move, to travel, to see what was over the next hill, or if it had changed. To tie him down to one place would have been to kill him slowly, by inches, a second at a time. Without room for his spirit to soar, his heart would have burst and his death would have been tragic. So I chose the house and waited for him to come to me. I was his second love, but I could not compete with the first. She had eighteen wheels and roared with a mighty voice, spewing smoke across the land, always ready to take him where he had to go.

But she carried my name painted in flourescent paint and surrounded by a flourescent heart to remind him that I was waiting for him whenever he chose to come home. Waiting, waiting and waiting. She could never claim him all and neither could I, but we never had to share him with anyone else. Her final claim was thwarted by a passing motorist who pulled him from her just before she exploded and burned. She killed him, but I got to send his body to the Lord by myself while she rests in California, a charred broken hulk. She died with him, but I will live beside him forever.

"....from the house of the Lord we come,
and to the house of the Lord we return
at his call. Earth to Earth, Ashes to
Ashes, Dust to Dust."

Tiny snowflakes fall first, then larger and larger ones until the trees in the distance blur and the cold cement markers put on their caps of white. Church bells ring as the dispatcher hurries away and the clergyman places his arms around Bill's wife and guides her and the boy to his waiting car with stumbling steps. The car's engine sputters and starts. They pass and I see a glimpse of a boy's serious face pressed against the window glass of the car to hide his tender tears as the grave digger hurriedly flings dirt into the hole. When the hole is filled and rounded off, he drives away. Only the sleepy twitter of the birds echo around the black man who stands with white snow on my uncovered head and shoulders, as tears drop on my coat and form a tiny spot of ice. Just one black man, alone, is all that's left of the "ALL," as my mind echoes those mournful words, "Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust."

by Richard G. Scott

"THE STORY OF JACK RABBIT"
OR
"HOW HE BECAME A BUNNY RABBIT"

Once upon a time, or something like that, there was this rabbit. He just happened to be named Jack. You guessed it, Jack Rabbit. It fits the story, I think you'll agree. The rabbit's name, that is. Jack Rabbit was not your ordinary jackrabbit, hence the capital letters in his name. He did not hang around with the lowly jackrabbits. He was too smart for that. He knew where the action was at. That's why he wanted to be a bunny, a bunny rabbit–more specifically, a white bunny rabbit. They got in all the stories.

So Jack, determined to be a bunny rabbit, would hang around with–who do you think? That's right, you guessed it again–bunny rabbits. Jack would sit day after day, unnoticed in some bushes, observing bunny rabbits. This Jack was what we would call a cool dude, just sitting around all day observing bunny rabbits. One day, after about five or six years of observing bunny rabbits, Jack was awakened. Awakened by some little squirt bunny rabbit who just happened to be hopping along around where Jack was hiding. The little squirt bunny saw Jack.

"Hey, what you doin' around here?" says the squirt bunny. "You're not a bunny rabbit."

Then the squirt bunny hops off, but this makes Jack think. It makes him think so much that he starts talking to himself. "Man, like here I've been the last five or six years thinkin' I'm a cool dude, but I'm still not a bunny rabbit."

But this gives Jack an idea. He prints up this card that says "Jack Rabbit, official member of the Bunny Rabbits' Union of America."

So the next day, little squirt bunny rabbit comes back again and finds Jack in the same place.

"Hey, what you doin' still here. You're not a bunny." But then Jack whips out his official-looking bunny card.

"Wow! This means you're a brother. Come on and live with all of us other bunny rabbits."

Jack's feeling real good now as he's walkin' with squirt bunny into the main camp. He's thinkin' to himself that these bunny rabbits aren't too bright.

There's about thirty bunnies in the camp and they're all white as snow (I could have said "snow white," but that's a different story.) The head bunny comes out and asks Jack how come he's not white if he's supposed to be a bunny–Jack was always a little bit on the gray side, you know. Jack said it was because an evil spell was cast upon him by the Wicked Witch of the North. The head bunny tried to pull a fast one on Jack. He asked what the witch's Christian name was, which was funny 'cause I didn't think witches had Christian names. But Jack thinks real fast and says Zelda, Zelda Witch. And then the head bunny said he just wanted to make sure Jack knew.

Anyway, to make a long story short, the bunnies fell for Jack's story hook, line, and sinker, after him answering those questions and seein' his card and all. They even dyed him white so he looked like a bunny rabbit and they all hopped off to Hollywood, because they liked Jack so much they thought he should be in the movies. But when they got there it rained, and the paint started coming off, and the movie producer said Jack was nothing but a low down jackrabbit. The bunnies started talkin' about how they knew it all the time.

"I think you children better be getting to bed now."

"Oh, Grampa. Tell us what happened to Jack Rabbit after they found out he was a jackrabbit."

"Well, kids, Jack was feelin' real low for a while. But now he's opened up a printing shop in Washington, D.C. He specializes in those little cards that businessmen and salesmen use. Like the one Jack made for himself and showed to all the bunnies. He got his biggest order the other day when some guy ordered two hundred million cards saying "I'm not a crook."

John Ford

PAUSE

Behind the large picture window she sat drinking tea from a white cup and watching the pink rim of the ocean fade. The music drowsed like a rusty carousel as evening grey moved in. It was four o'clock. There were primroses on the windowsill. And the old people walked by below in their park. The music lifted and sighed. It was an empty day.

She sat and watched behind the big picture window, her arms wrapped in a pale blue sweater and tightly crossed on her chest. She waited. And as the evening came, the music was announced at disturbing intervals, loud reminders of time. Except for the music it was very quiet. When you are waiting it is quiet. And the little hurt just under the skin grows. It had been four frightening days since Christmas.

Christmas erupted with the shrill glee of childhood, anxious smiles, and sticky hands pulling at the ribbons. The day belongs to the little girls with Raggedy Anns and the boys making noise. It is deafening, hurting. Until the numbness stops the noise and the emptiness begins.

She studied her fingernails, the careful half-moons. And she picked at a piece of dead cuticle.

The five days after Christmas and before New Year's Day are more like death than any other time. They are old and empty. The mind, too, is empty. It is just a white space, a flat blank. There's not even room for a dream. Because the year is old it can't endure the strength of dreams. When the new year comes, there will be dreams and room for ideas.

Grasping at her sweater, she stood up and looked at the cold cloud over the ocean. She pulled the green curtains across the picture window and sat down quickly to stare at the fat shifting folds. There was no sound except fuzzy music, far away.

She sat still and closed her eyes. Perhaps a dream would come. Or an idea. The empty thoughts churned automatically.

The twenty-sixth is always the day after Christmas. It's always easy to remember on the twenty-sixth that it is the twenty-sixth because the day before was Christmas and Christmas is the twenty-fifth. But all the other days are empty. That makes the twenty-sixth memorable; because it has a number. But not after the twenty-sixth.

She heard the old people walk by below in their park. They were white heads and slow bodies hurrying from the cold. Beyond, the grey surf sounded like cars going by in the dark.

What is the great dark chasm between this year and the next? Suddenly, yesterday's headlines are a year old. She opened her eyes quickly and swiveled the chair around to look at the Los Angeles Times thrown on the floor. She pushed the travel section aside with her foot and leaned forward to see the headlines. The date above was the same it had been that morning. December thirty-first, 1973. She leaned back, exhausted by her sudden fear and caught her breath. But where is the line that marks the end and promises a beginning? The promise is an old one. Old and lying. The radio clicked off.

She stood up and walked steadily to her desk. She put her hands on the back of the chair and leaned all her weight into it, balancing herself on the balls of her feet. All the scattered books had been systematically rearranged in their places before Christmas. And the papers put back in files alphabetically. Where she had started a wall- papering of rejection slips hung a conservation calendar. The pages were turned to January. The tight numbered boxes were empty. Here was clean, unused time, waiting for plans and ideas. She still pushed on the chair and stared hard at her desk. She was afraid again. Her eyeballs stretched with dryness. Cheerful Hallmark flowers surrounded the gilded announcement on a sheaf of papers, "Stuff from Stephanie." Beneath it she had written, "Resolutions for 1974." It was crossed out and replaced by bold block letters, "Things to do." The page was still empty. She shivered and turned to walk to the kitchen. The pilot light was still burning.

She reached into the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of Andre champagne. She closed the door. The refrigerator whirred on. She stood before the blank white door and steadily rubbed off the grease-penciled price with her thumb. Then she walked back to the curtained picture window, frightened. She sat down quickly and looked around the room looking for something, an idea. But she saw only the sterile shelves of books; the desk, arranged and dustless; the blank television screen. She picked up a thirty-five cent horoscope book and turned to January first. She tried to read the words but they blurred out of sight.

Neil had sent a letter about the new publisher. Nineteen-seventy-four was going to be a good year for the book. And the children's story was going to sell in time for next year's Christmas sale. They could go to New York. An authoress and her agent at publishers' parties, watching at Grand Central Station, waiting at Time Square. She leaped up and pulled at the nob on the television set. A tiny white blob became Guy Lombardo wearing a green hat. He waved his baton.

The picture switched to crowds at Time Square. It was raining and all the people were waving and shouting. They screamed in united frenzy. She turned off the sound and leaned forward to watch them wait. There was a big white moon on top of a building. It was waiting to fall and burst above the marquee that announced the time. The seconds clicked silently and flashed by. She couldn't push the seconds back. They ran by. She closed her eyes again. Still the numbers in white formation grew larger, disappeared, and started again. The seconds pushed the minutes off the white screen behind her squeezed eyelids.

She opened her eyes and picked up the champagne bottle. It had made a ring on the empty notebook page beside her. She slowly pushed at the cork, her head held tightly as far away as possible. The cork popped and she gasped. A thin white mist rose with the hollow sound from the bottle neck. She poured a little into an orange juice glass. Then she walked into the kitchen. The pilot light was still burning.

She returned to the picture window and sat down to watch the silent screen. She clutched the orange juice glass and pushed herself into a hard corner of the chair. The big blank white moon was beginning to slide down its invisible string. Why does it always fall down? It's a new year, isn't it? Why doesn't it shoot up and split into a thousand glorious pieces in the sky? Maybe there isn't any sky in New York. That's why the moon always falls and breaks at the bottom. She reached for a cord and yanked open the green curtains. She watched the black. She peered out, squinting her eyes to focus on the swirling emptiness. But she couldn't see beyond it. Her face on the picture window was white and blank. In New York the moon burst above the suddenly flashing marquee. She closed her eyes and waited.

Claire Leddy

