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1962

EXPERIMENTALIST

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Lay-Out, June Miller

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Gordon McKane

Co-Advisors, Dr. Hans Gottschalk
Miss Edween Ham

**THE LITERARY PUBLICATION
OF THE
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GENESEO, NEW YORK**

SPRING 1962

AWARDS

In 1957, EXPERIMENTALIST awards were offered in the fields of poetry and prose; prose awards were given to Karla Von Keltner for "The Volunteer" and to Soewati Soemarsidik for "Country Life in Indonesia." Poetry awards were given to EMS for a collection of lyrics, to Karla Von Keltner for "I Make a Truce With Thee, Education," and to Kalista E. Small for "Impressions of a Trip," a poem in French and English.

In 1958, the EXPERIMENTALIST instituted four annual awards to encourage good creative writing on campus and to honor the particular contributions of faculty members. The John H. Parry Award in Criticism honored the Reverend Mr. Parry, chairman of our English Department for thirty-four years. The Mary A. Thomas Award in Poetry acknowledged Miss Thomas's thirty-seven years devoted to teaching here at Geneseo. Forty years of teaching and promoting speech and drama studies at Geneseo given by Miss C. Agnes Rigney were recognized by the C. Agnes Rigney Award in Playwriting. The Lucy Harmon Award in Fiction was established to honor the contributions being made by Doctor Harmon in the field of the short story and the novel.

In 1959, the William T. Beauchamp Literary Award was established to recognize those areas of writing for which no previous awards had been offered and to acknowledge those people, who encourage good creative and critical writing. This special award honored Dr. Beauchamp who, for the ten years prior to his death on November 12, 1958, encouraged scholarship, particularly in the study of Shakespeare.

In 1960, to recognize her contribution of guidance and encouragement in the field of Freshman writing, the J. Irene Smith Freshman Essay Award was established. It honors Miss Smith, former associate professor of English.

Each year, qualified, off-campus judges are selected by the EXPERIMENTALIST to consider the manuscripts going to be published and to determine if there are any award-winning compositions.

This year the works submitted for The Mary A. Thomas Award in Poetry were judged by Sanford Sternlicht, Professor of English at State University College at Oswego, New York; he is also author of Gull's Way and Uriah Phillip Levy - The Blue Star Commodore and winner of The Writer New Poets Award in 1960.

The C. Agnes Rigney Award in Playwriting was awarded to one out of four manuscripts submitted to Norbert F. O'Donnell, Professor of English at Bowling Green State University at Bowling Green, Ohio.

Martin Fried, Professor of English at State University College at Buffalo judged the short stories submitted for The Lucy Harmon Award in Fiction.

Due to lack of manuscripts neither The John H. Parry Award in Criticism nor The J. Irene Smith Freshman Essay Award were given. The William T. Beauchamp Literary Award was not awarded this year.

CHRONOLOGY OF AWARDS

The John H. Parry Award in Criticism

- 1958 Barbara Parry Druschel for "William Faulkner's Women"
- 1962 No Award

The Mary A. Thomas Award in Poetry

- 1958 Karen Kahkonen for "Grandfather Speaks"
- 1959 Bruce A. Sweet for "Vincent In The Mines"
- 1960 Bruce A. Sweet for "Insurance"
- 1961 Ed Wever for "A Thought in One Time"
- 1962 George Wilkerson for "Four Poems"

The C. Agnes Rigney Award in Playwriting

- 1958 Ann Wydman for "Time Unknown"
- 1962 R. B. Fanton for "The Processor"

The Lucy Harmon Award in Fiction

- 1958 John J. Carney, Jr. for "Across the Quad and Into The River"
- 1961 Joy Bristor for "The Brother"
- 1962 Mrs. Pearl Keller for "The Red Rose"

The William T. Beauchamp Literary Award

- 1959 Dr. John T. McKiernan
Elizabeth Scott Parsons
- 1961 Robert Jurkowski
- 1962 No Award

The J. Irene Smith Freshman Essay Award

- 1960 Marcia Czyzewski for "Death"
- 1961 Cynthia Cunningham for "The Lord Giveth"
- 1962 No Award

During the college year a group of students has met weekly to discuss and consider manuscripts submitted to the EXPERIMENTALIST; an Editorial Board consisting of Doug Brode, Sally Chapman, Helen Goldstein, Richard Hildreth, Barbara Hill, Carolyn Osborne, Robert Schultz, Caroline Sixsmith, Barbara Smith, Donald J. Weber, George Wilkerson, and Bonnie Woodworth rated the manuscripts for publication in the EXPERIMENTALIST; and the manuscripts selected were then sent to be judged for the annual EXPERIMENTALIST awards assembly.

Officers within the organization have been: Secretary, Robert Schultz, First Semester and Bonnie Woodworth, Second Semester; Treasurer, Angela Salamone, First Semester and Carolyn Osborne, Second Semester; Student Senate Representative, Robert Schultz. Dr. Hans Gottschalk and Miss Edween Ham have served the group as co-advisers.

High is our calling, friend! Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned.

-William Wordsworth, Miscellaneous Sonnets

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REPORT ON A GRAVE SITUATION; OR AFFAIRS ARE IN AN AWFUL STATE

by Bonni Woodworth

The following extract is reprinted (in an expurgated form) from an unfinished communique carelessly left in an unlocked desk drawer of one of my honored colleagues. Unfortunately, I was unable to secure the finished report; the folder marked Confidential was sealed shut.

Dear Emmanuel,

I was most astonished to hear of your impending investigation of our noble institution of learning. As per your request, I am working on a series of reports which, I trust, should help clarify the situation. The following should, I expect, be most useful to you.

The accusation that the State University College at Geneseo has no tradition is unjustified, untrue, and un-American. Actually, a careful consideration of the matter shows we do, indeed, claim a tradition, and a strongly established one at that: we have always been quick to discard any unworkable and/or useless objects or customs.

We can cite many examples. Old Main, our former administration building was torn down because it was old. True, it was the only good looking edifice on the campus, but because of advanced age, it simply had to go. Formerly, the quad was littered each fall with tons of untidy leaves; obviously, the messy deciduous had to be replaced by the neater coniferous. Rumors still persist of a statue of some Grecian goddess, forcibly exiled forever (Forcibly because she weighed better than a ton) by some cavailing mortal. The reason for discarding this venerable resident was clear; after all, we are a modern forward-looking college (or we like to think we are) and certainly we don't want any ancient dieties cluttering up our campus!

Yes, Doctor, as you well realize, we at Geneseo have been vigilant, dedicated to our task for, lo these many years. But! we hesitate to state your accusations are entirely erroneous, for the grim truth is, we have failed in our careful observance of our sacred tradition in the area of student guidance.

The first two years in a Geneseo student's life pass quietly within the cloistered halls. The student, firmly guided by his motherly, kindly old advisor (possibly there's a touch of the Oedipus complex here (how would Siggie interpret it?), steadfast pursues his chosen career. His mind is calm and tranquil, not unlike the state of mind presumably enjoyed by the contented bovine printed on the evaporated milk can. And everything possible is done to further this Utopian existence.

At the end of the second year, the student participates in a quaint old Anglo-Saxon custom observed twice a year, known as pre-registration. Freshly sharpened pencil in hand, our student happily ambles into his advisor's office (this is, if and when he catches up with her--that's another report in itself). Serenely, our model male beams at the old girl. Mercilessly, ruthlessly, without a bit of psychological preparation, she informs him: "Next semester, you have six credit hours of electives." Our hero reels. Incredulously he stares. Bewilderedly he gapes. The hour of destiny is at hand. The bell tolls: for him. The remainder of the day is spent in his heroic efforts to choose two courses. Verily, this poor lad deserves our pity: for two years he has been sheltered, protected. Now, without a warning, this frightful doom has been forced upon him. Small wonder that, in their definitive tome, Causes of Mental Breakdowns in College Students, Blake, Black and Blade trace the precipitating factor of the breakdown, in a full 47.069% of all cases, to this traumatic day.

The vexities of the selection of these two fateful elective courses are manifold. Our man peruses the sheets, and immediately announces there are no elective courses he wishes to take. His hardened advisor scoffs heartily at him. Humiliated, heartsick, he turns back in despair to the sheet. After much soul searching, hastened by his advisor's remark's of "Haven't you made up your mind yet?" and "Just WHAT is taking you so long?" he hesitatingly announces his two choices. Fervently clutching the top of her sparsely covered scalp, audibly muttering something under her breath that sounds like "Why in the name of all that's holy do you want to take these courses?" the aged harpy initials an indecipherable ms. known as the work-sheet, then phones to the infirmary for two strong men and a stretcher to convey our cainting protagonist away.

The ironic part of this sad tale is that in reality, no one ever gets what he signed up for. The fervid Francophile who optimistically registered for 604: Advanced Guillotining, is certain to end up in 204: Graduate Pass-kicking III. All the student's Herculean endeavors are sure to come to naught.

Therefore, Doctor, I feel that in the face of this shocking evidence, we at Geneseo must take action at once, if not immediately. As you so succinctly pointed out, reform is obviously needed. As an outstanding model, we have the dual library curriculum program, which offers only two elective hours. But before we underestimate the task ahead, we should not forget that one program (which must be nameless here) has a horrifying total of twenty-one hours. Yes, we must move at once, and move fast, to achieve that shining goal that spurs us on; the total abolition of electives.

ENTER STAGE LEFT, GENERAL

a beat generation poem
By Doug Brode

First came the lost tribe of Israeli,
over a land bridge that time or God has long since
destroyed.

They saw the Black Hills and said
"Hell, man, that's even more beautiful than Sinai!"
The hot sun tanned their face
And the crude life stole the Jew from their insides
And they became almost as crude as the Neolithics.
They asked for it, and boy, they got it.

Next came the gold diggers
Who spanned an ocean and fought two wars with a red
coated nation
So that a century later they too might advance into this
Acropolis of the Americas.
They dug the gold and fed upon the red man
And deserved the arrows that buried into their spleens.
They asked for it, and brother, they got it!

And then came you, General
With your long blond hair that makes you look like a
fugitive
From Little Red Riding Hood,
With your blue coat and long knife
And your longing for glory and fame.
You wanted your hair on Sitting Bull's totem
If it would get you a page in the history books.
You asked for it, General, and by God you got it.



THE LUCY HARMON AWARD IN FICTION

THE RED ROSE

by Mrs. Pearl Keller

The spacious waiting room was nearly empty now. It did not look like a doctor's waiting room, at least not the type Mrs. Koblinski remembered being in before; but then, she had only been in one other in all her sixty-two years. Her three daughters and four sons had always been healthy, she reflected thankfully. Only once, when Jim broke his arm playing ball, they had needed a doctor. They had waited fearfully that afternoon in old Doctor Muldoon's office. It was, she recalled, dark and shabby, and yet so reassuring, for it was clean, and she had been filled with assurance that Doctor Muldoon was a good man, who could make Jim's arm straight again. After all, wasn't cleanliness next to godliness?

Why then was she not equally confident in this sparkling room that this great specialist would be able to help her? She mentally contrasted the scrubbed, naked office of Doctor Muldoon with this elaborate room, resplendent with its rich tapestries and modernistic paintings. The beautiful upholstered furniture matched the luxurious cocoa brown and gold floor-to-ceiling draperies which, drawn back, exposed a window wall. The sun of the late afternoon made fascinating patterns on the rich carpet, so thick it reminded her of the sand on the beach of Coney Island.

She was suddenly conscious of her rough, red hands, and her shabby black dress which had been Sunday best for many years. Her thin gray hair, drawn back and fastened in a rather untidy bun was only partially covered with a hat, on which rested a large red velvet rose which bobbed up and down as she turned her head. She had been so proud of that hat, but she suddenly hated it. A sigh escaped her and she tried unsuccessfully to hide behind the "Readers Digest", which she had been holding. She didn't know why she held it, since she had never learned to read English. But trying to hide Mrs. Koblinski was like trying to hide a potato plant in a rose garden. She wanted to run and hide, to take the pain and go home. Maybe it would go away if she

ignored it a little longer. She clasped and unclasped her purse nervously.

The elegant lady who sat on the other side of the room appeared to come as part of the décor. Her mink stole, which was draped casually over her shoulders, complemented the rich color scheme of the room. She was not a slim woman, but her ample figure was richly covered. Her mouth had a petulant expression which seemed to indicate that from a sheltered childhood, through finishing school and the right marriage she had never expected or received second best. She did not like to be crossed, even on little things. Right now that little nobody across the room was making her nervous with her fidgeting. She pulled in her top chin which made a double ruff of flesh, and frowned.

Mrs. Koblinski's long years of servitude forced her to shrink into the depth of the oversized chair. She remembered her hat, and desperately tried to hold her head still so that the jaunty red rose would not waggle.

The woman, she decided, looked like one of the ladies who came, sparkling with jewels, to drink tea at Van Wyke's, where Mrs. Koblinski scrubbed and waxed the floors to a high luster every Friday. She must have scrubbed miles of floors and polished endless furniture, she reflected, as her mind traveled back over the years. Education was so important in this great country and her children, all seven of them, must have the opportunity to learn. How proud she was of them, when one after the other they had graduated from college. She had never seen their graduations, for although they had begged her to come, she had known she would embarrass them. A smile lighted her plain face as she remembered each of them in their caps and gowns filled with youthful hopes and dreams.

"They were good," she thought now, "they really meant to come and see me more often, but they were all so busy. I'm glad they couldn't come this year for Thanksgiving. I am thin and they might have guessed. I must face this alone."

"Mrs. Koblinski," the nurse smiled down at her, "Doctor Lerner will see you how." She rose slowly and moved hesitantly across the soft carpet. She tried to smile at the nurse who might have been her own daughter, Margaret. Margaret, who was a nurse in the operating room at Saint Vincent's had that same sweet smile.

Dr. Lerner was thorough and gentle as he probed and examined. He sat, forty minutes later, wondering, as he had so often pondered, how to break the news, to strip the last shred of hope which always burns in the eyes of even those, like Mrs. Koblinski, who knew the verdict, but pray

for a reprieve. He knew the pain had been there for much longer than the six months she had estimated. The mass was large and probably inoperable, but they would operate anyway. Maybe, blessedly, she would die on the table.

"Mrs. Koblinski," he spoke kindly, "I think we had better take you to Saint Vincent's Hospital and remove that bad gall bladder. You will go to sleep and never feel it. What do you say?"

Hope flooded her face. She turned her head and her voice was filled with raw emotion as, making an obvious attempt for self-control, she said quietly, "My daughter Margaret, she a nurse in the operating room there. Could I not go to other hospital? I hate her to worry."

Doctor Lerner rolled a pen back and forth on his desk, lost in thought for a minute. Finally he shook his head. "The Margaret Koblinski I know, would want to be with her mother, and I'm sure you would want her there. You know, Mrs. Koblinski, my parents wouldn't even come to graduation because they thought they wouldn't be an asset to me. Think how that made me feel! I could never be as great as my parents, but it hurt me to have them doubt my loyalty. Don't shut your children out by being too independent. We all need to feel needed by someone. Now let me call Margaret to take you home."

Tears came to Mrs. Koblinski's eyes as she thought of how she wanted to see her children. She wanted them gathered around her again. She was not afraid to die ---- God had been good to her in life, she was confident of his mercy whatever the future. But in the few remaining weeks allotted her she wanted to lean on her children to let them know she cherished and believed in them. When she spoke her voice was calm, her eyes were full of hope. "Yes, call her please. I am tired, and I need my children tonight." She knew Doctor Lerner was deceiving her; she had washed and polished her last floor, but her family would be near her when she needed them, even as she had always been, and would always be near them. The red rose bobbed triumphantly as Doctor Lerner picked up the receiver.

THE HEARTS OF ADOLESCENCE

By George Wilkerson

It was not the violins
Nor was it the cold Autumn wind
Or the dream-sighs of a love lost to the world.
It was something more,
Which carried my thoughts.

It was not the threaded tears
Nor was it the biting August breeze
Or the aimless breaths of a dream destroyed.
It was something more,
Which carried my thoughts.

The person I am has two hearts
And only one cries
while one whistles in the warm night air.
The first is a tearful soul at rest;
The second, a tearful wanderer, still searching.

The first stands at the base of the hill and cries
because the hills are empty and are only
in his mind.
The second walks from the hills, farther to the valleys,
to the valleys and the hills of his mind
still searching;
for his heart is the life,
the heart of hope.

The first falls in sobs for a dying world
and there, upon his journey
the second finds him
and kneels at his side
consoling.

And soon, the two rise
and walk again
slowly at first,
but with each step
momentum is gained.

And soon they are running
the chains of despondency fighting in vain
until at last, they are broken
and the hearts run on
and on to the valleys of the mind
the hills of the mind
faster and faster
to the depths
to the hills
to the eternities of the mind
to the final break
to the fields
to the heather of the mind
to the farthest ends of the air
and farther.

Love is just for once

Or is it twice?

Statistics say --

But that doesn't matter.

What matters is here and now

and you and me

Or does it?

By Andrea King

KALEIDOSCOPE

By Jerry Weinberg

Through the fine-veined arms of the mammoth oak
They could see the velvet cotton sky. And they stood
Enraptured by the autumn air; breathing seldom, neither
spoke
Mere words -- words that could only break the mood
Of fall.

The green surrendering to yellow, red, maroon,
Fought valiantly the inclement cold. The frost
Seeped through green sapped arteries, so soon
That the season hardly seemed to accost
At all.

Sighing for the loss, they turned away,
Arm-in-arm across the green-brown lawn. A dying
Daisy saw them; her petals began to drop away,
The yellow lines at their feet held a message lying
Bold

At the spot where they looked, but they passed on
Moving too quickly through the trees. Overhead flew
A bird, presumably on his way to the distant town....
Expectantly, everything fell silent; then it grew
Cold.

THE MARY A. THOMAS AWARD IN POETRY

FOUR POEMS

By George Wilkerson

ONE

I am going slowly insane
Today

I am more insane
than I was

Yesterday

And

Tomorrow

I shall be a little bit more insane
Than I am

Today

In a week and four days
I will be totally insane

And they will come
And they will take me
and they will put me in a glass of hot wa-
ter

and pour

Instant Insanity.

TWO

Generally, I would like to vomit
in the middle of Grand Central Station
at three o'clock

in the afternoon
and have a Red Cap clean it up
so I could tip him....

Thank you

THREE

Trudy giggles
and the world stands still
while Trudy goes stark, raving mad
and lights blink
and radiators boil over.
Trudy's got a tongue
like molten lava
(Don't ask me how I know)
and I have this picture
(In my mind)
of Trudy under some guy
going at it like there's no tomorrow
and giggling
And like most of the guys say
If Trudy would giggle less
and bang more
She'd be o.k.
unhappy maybe
but socially acceptable.

FOUR

My ass is sore
from sitting too long
in one spot
trying to think prolific things
and not doing so well
and wondering
If Tennyson's ass ever got sore
from sitting too long
in one spot
trying to think prolific things
and not doing too well
and wondering
If Milton's ass ever got sore
from sitting too long
in one spot
trying to think prolific things
and not doing too well
and wondering
If Aristotle's ass ever got sore
from sitting too long
in one spot
trying to think prolific things
and not doing so well
and wondering
Or, am I the first.

The sound of
rain falling

Like rounded
crystal with
blunted ends

Hitting on soft
green like
velvet carpet

The sight of
silvery sheet
of beaded wet

Against midnight
black of
deep thickness

Falls steady
and unreturning
to bottom ground.

Reminds me
of another night
when shadows
fell along with rain

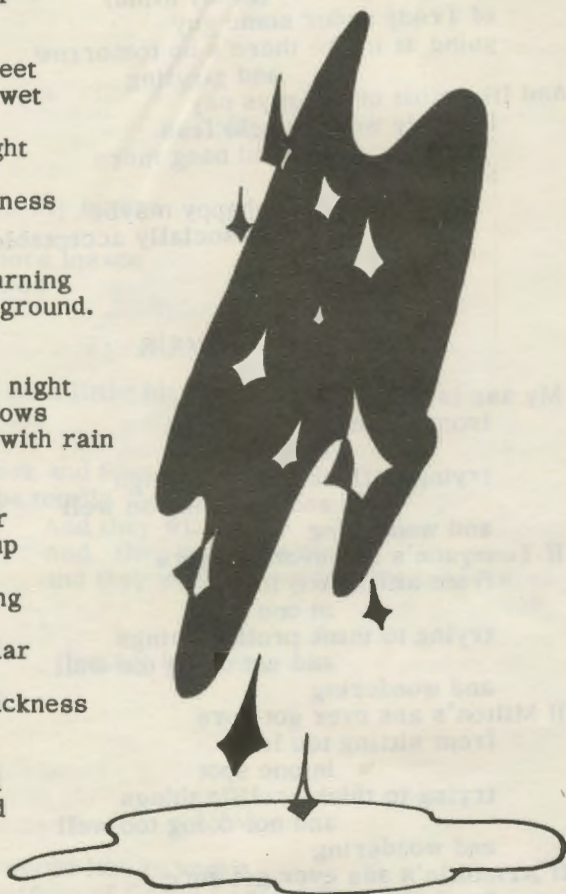
And clouded
trees over
to cover up

Reality of living

So like a similar
setting in
darker thickness

Of searching
minds and
hearts and
feelings

Perhaps
no more
than incident.



By Sharon Flynn

SONNET: HAWTHORNE, THE TREE

by Hazel Barber Conwicke

He was a sapling in a grove of trees
In sparse New England soil where boulders thrust
Their heads up through the earth and tree roots must
Fight downward tenuously through rock crevices.
So he grew slowly, leaning to the sea,
O'er shadowed by the heads of elm and pine.
And yet each spring his sap rose like new wine
Bringing him to a slow maturity.
Roses for flowers and apples for wild fruit,
Thorny, the ideal citadel for birds,
Tough-wooded, pesky, picturesque to boot,
Common as weeds earthy as Saxon words.
If men be trees, then let his be the same
As in so many hedge rows bear his name.

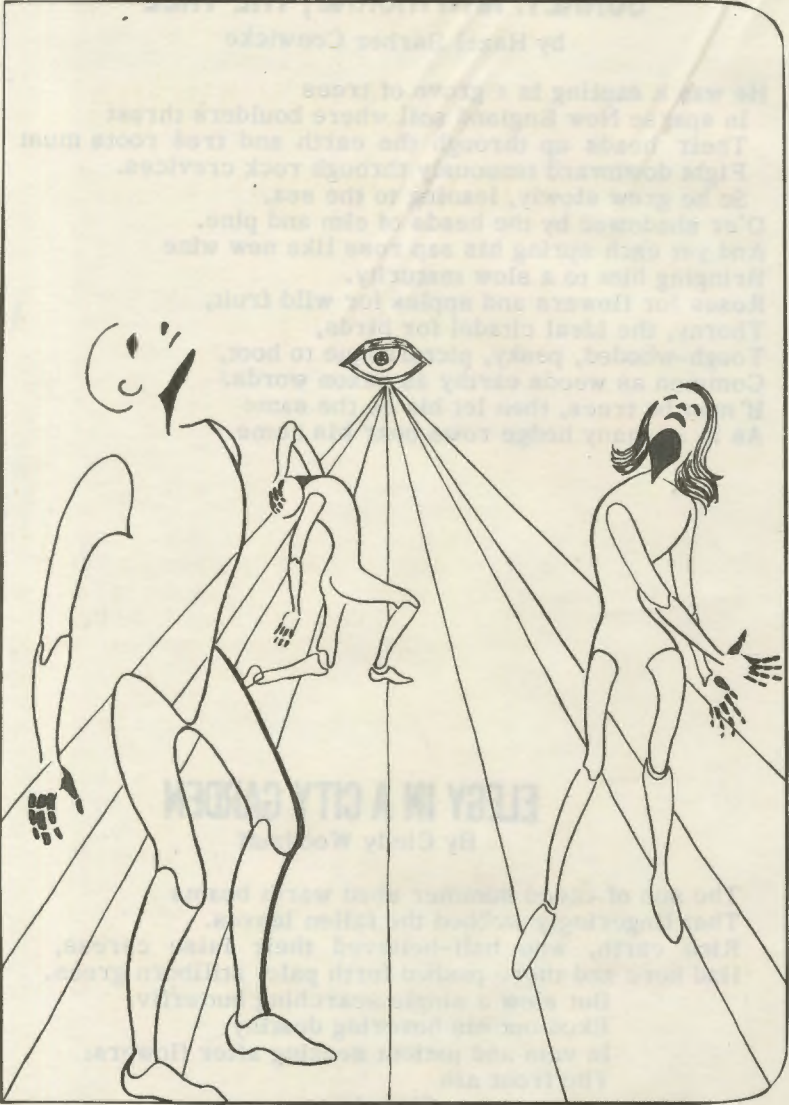
ELEGY IN A CITY GARDEN

By Cindy Woodruff

The sun of ended summer shed warm beams
That lingeringly webbed the fallen leaves.
Rich earth, who half-believed their false caress,
Had here and there pushed forth pale, stillborn green.
But slow a single searching butterfly
Eked out his hovering destiny,
In vain and patient seeking after flowers:
The frost ash

Sipped

at every naked stem,
Then, witless, tasted every fruitless limb.



THE C. AGNES RIGNEY AWARD IN PLAYWRITING

THE PROCESSOR

By R. B. Fanton

Cast in order of their appearance:

Man, Death, Girl, Priest, Disinterested Man, H.K.

Scene I - In front of the curtain. (Man enters and looks around. He holds his head.) My head's spinning. (sits on block) Oh God, I feel dizzy! What's happening? (Walks to left and then to right) (looks off stage) My car, it's down over the bank, against that stone culvert. (looks closer) It's smashed, all smashed, and I - I must be... (Death enters and saunters up beside the man)

I - I don't understand it, I can't be in two places at once... (sees Death) Pardon me sir, I...

Death - Yes, yes, I know; your car is down over the bank, just lying there, a piece of twisted metal, and you're sitting in it with a broken neck, both your legs broken at the knees and a two and one-fourth inch laceration on your right hand.

By the way, your last statement, "I can't be in two places at once," was one of the funniest I've heard in days. Oh well, people who have just died don't very often say funny things. Usually they get sentimental and cry out for their mommy or something.

Man - Who are you?

Death - Ask me not who I am, for I am known by many names, and am as old as time, but you, you are the dead. (aside) Use that line on all of 'em. Too much trouble to make up anything else, and besides they're dead.

Man - But...

Death - Oh honestly, did you think you could live forever? What did you think death was, a word in a dictionary? Now let's go.

Man - Go where, and who are you?

Death - To a place of waiting, and since you insist on asking me who I am, I'll answer it for you. I'm Death, or if you harbor any religious beliefs, you can call me the Angel of Death. I rather like being called an angel, it has rather a nice connotation, don't you think?

Man - But I have a wife and children!

Death - So what?

Man - But I love-

Death - What is love but very much taking and very little giving? Now let's go. You're just one little insignificant speck of nothing.

Man - To me I'm not one little insignificant speck of nothing. I'm everything!

Death - Well to me and all others with an inch of exception, you're nothing, now we really must be going.

Man - But-

(Death takes him by the arm and they go. Their exit is faintly suggestive of a weird dance)

Scene II The scene is "the place of waiting." The stage is bare with a black background. The people sit on straight backed chairs.

Girl - Wait, wait, wait! Wait for what? Has even God forsaken us here?!

Priest - There, there my child, God never forsakes us.

Disinterested Man - Oh come off it will you? I'm trying to think.

(Enter Death, followed by Man)

Death - Right this way, find yourself a seat.

Man - (to Death) Where am I?

(Death walks out as if he didn't hear.)

Priest - (walking over to man) Welcome my son, this is purgatory.

Dis. Man - Oh God, here we go with the belated sales campaign again! (to Priest) This is Purgatory my son.

You sound like you work here. Father O'Bannion's Purgatory.

Last stop before the golden streets and the pearly gates.

Priest - (to Dis. Man) You, you've been mocking me since I got here!

Dis. Man - You just don't move me, now will you knock it off?

Priest - (to girl) I'm sorry that I lost my temper. One must remember that the mills of God grind slowly...

Man - Pardon me, but how long have you people been here?

Girl - There's no time here. There's no night or day. No sleeping or eating. Just waiting.

Man - Waiting for who, for what?

Girl - Nobody knows, but Father O'Bannion says that this is Purgatory.

Man - Yes, I heard. Has anything happened since you've been here?

Dis. Man - No buddy, not a thing has happened, and I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed it. Why if it weren't for

Father Know-it-all here, this would be just about the ideal existence.

Girl - Ideal existence! It's terrible, and I don't know how long I can stand it.

Priest - (to Man) When enough masses have been said, I feel that we'll enter into the Kingdom of God. You know, all my life I've been preparing myself for the day I would enter into paradise. Oh, I'm sure it will be just as I've always imagined.

Dis. Man - Oh you're sure, you're sure. Suppose you tell me why you're so sure.

Priest - Because I have faith.

Dis. Man - Just what do you have faith in?

Priest - I have faith in the fact that I was put on earth for a reason. Why, what would be the sense of living if there were no after life, nothing to look forward to?

Dis. Man - What makes you so sure that there is any sense to life? Why isn't life just a mad insane purposeless dance?

Priest - Anything as complex and endowed with as much intelligence as man cannot just exist in a physical sense for so many years and then die and exist no more.

Dis. Man - Man! I hate that word. A man is an animal. A clawing biting animal that makes a lot of noise. All he wants is what he sees. He enriches himself at the expense of the other animals in the jungle. That's man!

Priest - I don't agree, but you're forgetting God entirely.

Dis. Man - Isn't man made in the image of this God of yours?

Priest - I can't talk to you, you, you're narrow minded.

Man - (Laughs)

Girl - Oh you could go on talking for all eternity, and not say anything. I wonder what my husband Don and the kids are doing now.

Priest - Such thoughts will only make you unhappy. Think of the joy that awaits us.

Dis. Man - Hmph!

Man - What about that man who brought us here?

Girl - He never says anything. As a matter of fact he-

Dis. Man - Death. He's an interesting one. An effeminate creature that robs you of everything.

Girl - Effeminate! Why are you bitter against women too?

Dis. Man - Probably because I was heterosexual.

(Death enters) - My friends, I have good news for you. We have an appointment for you.

Man - With who?

Death - Oh you are an inquisitive one, aren't you? Well, the appointment is with H.K., one of our processors. Just as soon as we make this his office, we'll...

Man - Make this his office...?!

Death - Oh you just can't realize that everything you know is relevant to the little ball of dirt and stone that you inhabited, can you?

H.K. (off) - Hey Death, help move this office in!

Death - You'd think that he'd realize that I'm a pretty important character around her.

Dis. Man - You just can't realize that your importance is relevant to the individual, can you?

Death - (to Dis. Man) Oh my, if I could be destroyed, I'm sure that remark would have destroyed me. (Death goes out and pushes in a desk and chair)

H.K. (Comes in, sits. He looks over some papers on his desk and looks up) - Yes?

Death - These are the four you have an appointment with.

H.K. - Oh yes, I'd forgotten. (He and Death laugh)

Death - Well, back to the old grind. (He leaves)

H.K. - Well now, let me see (studies paper) May Ingles?

(to girl) I presume that's you. Born Mary Anson, 1936 in Racine Wisconsin - married to Donald Ingles in 1956 - two small children, resided at 100 Alliance Avenue, Madison - died in a fall. Well Mary, how do you like your present situation?

Girl - I don't. If I knew what was going to happen, I'd feel better.

H.K. - What do you think will happen, Mary?

Girl - I don't know, I expected you to tell me.

H.K. - Let me put it this way; what would you like to happen?

Girl - I'd like to be alive again.

H.K. - Why?

Mary - Don and I were just starting to raise a family, and we had our whole life ahead of us. I - I loved Don, I -

H.K. - I see, and what did you plan to accomplish during that whole life that you had ahead of you?

Girl - What do you mean?

H.K. - (looks at her for a minute) Never mind, thank you Mary. (looks at paper) George MacManus, born 1926, married Juanita Martin in 1948, 3 small children, resided at - yes, yes. Well George, what's on your mind?

Man - Plenty brother, plenty. I'm driving home one night from work, and bang! Just like that, I'm dead.

H.K. - Well, did you expect ten days notice?

George - No, but it's not fair. I was - I was - a -

H.K. - What were you George?

Man - I was - I was - (slams desk) Damn it, it's just not fair!

H.K. - Thank you, George, that's all.

Man - What do you mean that's all?

H.K. - I'll let you know after I talk to the others; now if you'll kindly sit down. (he sits, Dis. Man starts cleaning his nails)

H.K. - Father Sean O'Bannion, born in New York City in 1910. Entered the priesthood in 1937, wrote numerous articles and tracts on the afterlife as you envisioned it. Tell me, Father O'Bannion, what is your idea of the after life?

Priest - My ideas coincide with those of my religion.

Dis. Man - He means the streets paved with gold and so forth.

Priest - (to Dis. Man) I've been putting up with you for a long time, and now we'll just see who's right!

Dis. Man - Yeah, I suppose so.

H.K. - I believe you were going to tell me about your beliefs.

Priest - Yes, Well, ah - Jesus Christ promised us that we would live throughout eternity in paradise if we followed the laws he set down.

H.K. - I see, and you believe this?

Priest - I most certainly do, Sir.

H.K. - Have you ever doubted it for a minute?

Priest - I have not.

H.K. - Why not?

Priest - Because it's all so logical.

Dis. Man - Oh sure, it's very logical, raising the dead, walking on water.

Priest - It is logical if one has faith, and one must have faith. In this modern era of science, one must depend almost entirely on the truth of the teachings of our saviour.

Dis. Man - Lots of luck.

H.K. - Have you anything more to say, Father?

Priest - Only that I put my trust in God. (crosses himself)

H.K. - Very well. James Bogardus, born 1940 - student at Marshfield College of liberal arts, death due to a self-inflicted gunshot wound - involved in pro-communist activities, arrested for throwing a stone through the window of a Methodist Church, and twice on a morals charge.

Dis. Man - Yeah, loads of fun.

H.K. - Tell me young man, why did you decide to end your life?

Dis. Man - Because the only question in life is whether or not to commit suicide. I made my decision, because I thought that self-destruction is the best end for an inhabitant of the idiocy known as earth.

H.K. - Do you see any reason to exist any more?

Dis. Man - No, no reason.

H.K. - Very well, thank you. Well, you've all had a chance to give me reasons why you should go on existing. Mr. MacManus, you think that death is unfair. Mrs. Ingles, you wanted to raise a family and were in love. Father O'Bannion, you wish to enter heaven. Mr. Bogardus, you see no reason to exist anymore. Mr. MacManus, Mrs. Ingles, and Father O'Bannion, I really see no reason why you should exist here anymore; therefore, you no longer do. (NOTE: the manner of how the three disappear is left to the discretion of the director. Puff of smoke, etc.) As for you Mr. Bogardus, we have a position here for such a man as you. (puts his arm around his shoulders, and they start off stage) Yes sir, we'll put you in an assistant processor spot, and in no time at all, you can advance to a processor's position. Yes sir, you're really going places. (they exit)

THE TAPE

By George Wilkerson

The tape
is forever winding
slowly.

Three,
two,
one
it descends

ascends
and descends again.
And if I stare at it long enough
long enough
I begin to think
the spool which empties
is the spool which fills
It is an endless succession, I think.

Start -
Stop -

Each so insignificant
that the beginning soon blends
into the end
and it is hard to distinguish
which is which is which is who
Am I

to improve upon it.
I mean
why bother trying
A futile effort this
There is somebody working the dials
somewhere

but as long as the
spool keeps turning
I shall not worry
why it turns.

Rather,
shall I be concerned
over those who seek to halt the turning
of the tape.

For it is they in their assinine folly
who will facilitate the removal
of the tape from the reel
and like before
shall they know
only when
it is
too
too
late.

Ours is a deserted land
Filled with emptiness
We cry out from pain
With no relief
Yet, though our cries are meaningless,
We make meanings for them
They are our chief
Release. We condemn
Ourselves to loneliness
Revelling in grief.

By Kathy Barkley

THE RAINS

By Angela Salamone

The bareness of early spring is gone
To usher in the lamb of April
A dazzling world unfolds
Dormancy is passed
There awaits a boat to carry me across
Into out-stretched arms, and enchanted lands
Slowly dreams disclose
Wonder and beauty sense by anxious finger-tips
A forgotten beginning - no end in sight
Darkness begins to envelop a small world
With no warning, no reason
As unexpected death it came
The cold awakening rains.

THE ESSENCE OF UNREAL

By Pat Sacco

Introduction: "For now we see through a glass darkly; but
then face to face: now I know in part; but then
shall I know even as also I am known."
Corinthians Ch. 13 Verse 12

A thought that rushed through my mind
As all past experience taking place,
Out of the midst of uncertainty I find
The Essence of Unreal - the Staring Face.

Every time I see this vision
It seems my heart beats very fast.
It is a strange, yet familiar admission
Of my strange and unbearable past.

When this image appears in dreams
A tingling sensation creeps up my neck.
Though it's just an image, it seems
That essence follows wherever I trek.

What is this image? Who does he serve?
Why that look of debate?
Is harm or good coming of me?
Can he be a prophet of Fate?

One night in the winter, all cold and still
I heard a voice beckon eagerly,
In the night, a pledge fulfill,
In the calm sounded, "Come here to me."

I ran to the window and peered intensively-
Drenched with sweat, gazed at the moon
And cried, "What is the purpose of calling me?
It is not time - You beckon too soon!"

"If I am to die, let it be for a cause.
Why torment me with worry and strife?
Don't let my life end at a loss,
Let me find myself - my mission in life."

It was before me suddenly in an instant.
Slowly it came, then suddenly fast.
Closer it came; in my mind reminiscent:
Then this mirror-image found me at last!

"Oh God" I shrieked "let the heavens ring.
Here is my life; let the death bell toll.
For what I mistook for an evil thing
Was really the finding of my own soul!"

Since that day I have had no lust
For the things I craved, and now I know why.
Repentance is at hand, and I know I must:
God in Heaven - I am ready to die.

ON TENDING GRAPES

(or Oh, Those Suckers)

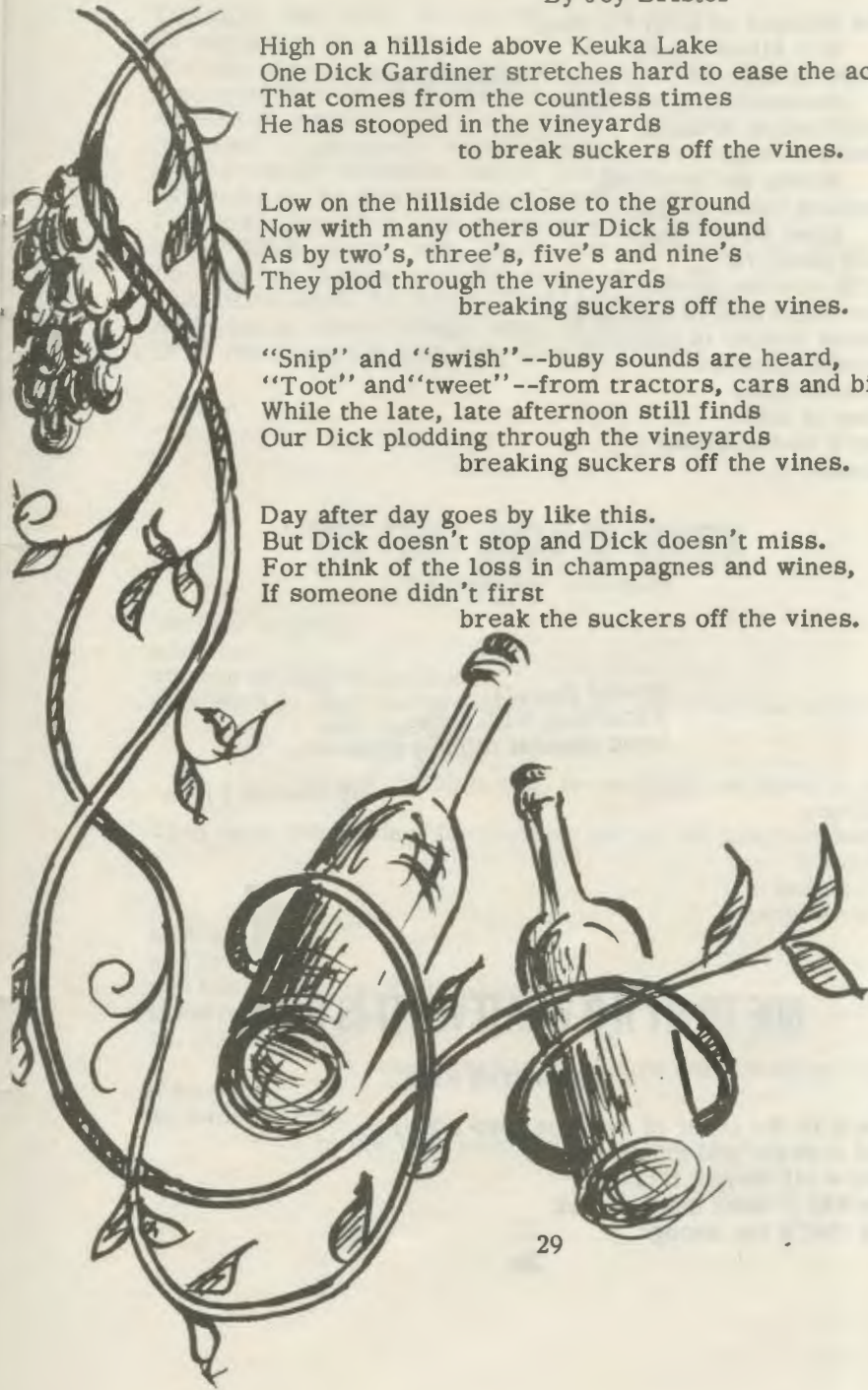
By Joy Bristol

High on a hillside above Keuka Lake
One Dick Gardiner stretches hard to ease the ache
That comes from the countless times
He has stooped in the vineyards
to break suckers off the vines.

Low on the hillside close to the ground
Now with many others our Dick is found
As by two's, three's, five's and nine's
They plod through the vineyards
breaking suckers off the vines.

"Snip" and "swish"--busy sounds are heard,
"Toot" and "tweet"--from tractors, cars and bird.
While the late, late afternoon still finds
Our Dick plodding through the vineyards
breaking suckers off the vines.

Day after day goes by like this.
But Dick doesn't stop and Dick doesn't miss.
For think of the loss in champagnes and wines,
If someone didn't first
break the suckers off the vines.



TRANSITION

By Angela Salamone

The whisper of a bird's wing
soft silvery song
Water splash-dancing over rounded stones
serenade in gray-blue
Vocification of birth
Blasts of hope
strong and swelling
Soothing tones of faith
gone all too soon
Love shatters
Shrill cry for power
Slow-strangled breath of life
Hollow mutter of injustice
Metallic discord
Echo of truth
Moan of time
Man's muted groan
Silence

Insane thought--
Reckoning with Deity
Mind against mind's creation.

By Sharon Flynn

ODE TO MY H₂O WHATEVER-IT-IS BABY

By Andrea King

Black is the color of my true love's hair
And orange, and bright blonde
Above all, bright blonde
She has it done once a week
But that's not enough

OF DESTINY OR PLAN

By Joy Bristol

The night was calm, serene, the ocean slept.
No movement then beneath the coral wall.
No eyes to view the shooting star-fire's fall.
It plunged into the sea. Frothed white foam leapt
Above and outward. Startled creatures crept,
In answer to awakened seagull's call,
Away from the unsettled waves and all
Exposure to the storm. Prime Neptune wept
To see the wreck of Fate on those now driven
From land, from sea, from sky --the ageless trine--
To seek new homes amid the shells now torn
And tossed upon the shore. Could I have given
An island or some refuge, near, of mine?
Or is this nature's plan that must be borne?

THE FIRST SNOW OF WINTER

By Benjamin Codispoti

The air is crisp
and cool
and the falling white flakes;
they burn -- with the hate that one man holds for his brother,
with the lust
and greed
and passion that is so much enjoyed by the
world.
They burn the hands of the innocent and not so innocent babes
bundled
in bright
happy colors
as they play
and laugh
and handle that horrible white Death.
It hurts;
oh, how it hurts
to see the beauty of nature corrupted by man.
It hurts;
so much worse
to see everyone enjoying those burning
falling
white flakes.

WITHIN

By Angela Salamone

A perception of the familiar
An unseen malignancy
My friend
The soul's companion
Thief of the heart
A haze-ridden dream-image
The half-formed ideal of humanity
Destroyer of man's reverie
Creator of hope
Of a similar strain
Two deep-set eyes
A stranger
Everyman

WIND BLOWING THE LEAVES IN CIRCLES

By Ed Wever

Old wind

Blowing your miniature circus--
Baffled, old, concentric before me--
Your gentle hysteria
Pleases.

Billionyears

(And before then, what caprice)
Of debauching in your way
And your pattern is yet Chaos
To be delicately violent
Appeals:
Hurling your miniature circus
When the sundown's
Lusty calm redness
Congeals.

WITHIN

By Angela Saltmore

A description of the familiar
An unspoken eloquence
My friend
The god's companion
Time to the heart
A late-riffed dream-land
The half-formed ideal of burning
Courtier or man's reverse
Exercise of love
Of a similar strain
Two deep-set eyes
A stranger
Everyone

WIND BLOWING THE LEAVES IN CIRCLES

By Ed Welter

Ed Welter

Blowing your miniature circles—
Dotted, odd, moment's before me—
Your gentle breeze
Blows

Ed Welter's

Used before this, or the next day,
Of dancing in your way
And your pattern is the same
To be delicately elegant
Appears
Blowing your miniature circles
With the autumn's
Lusty like redneck
Circles

