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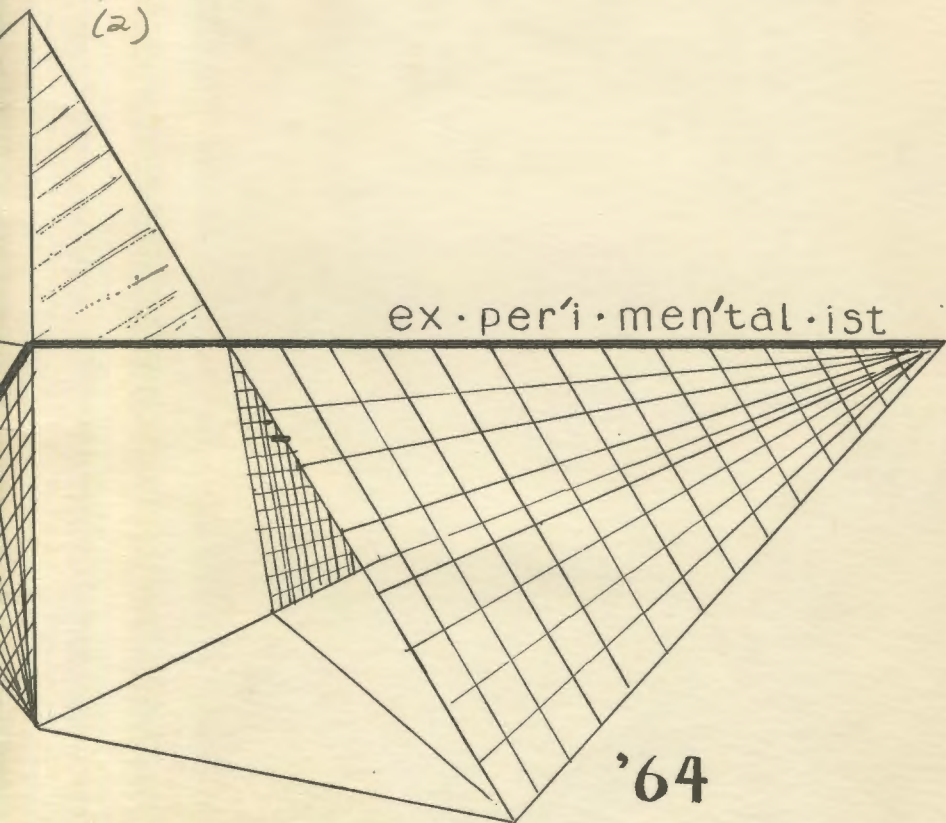
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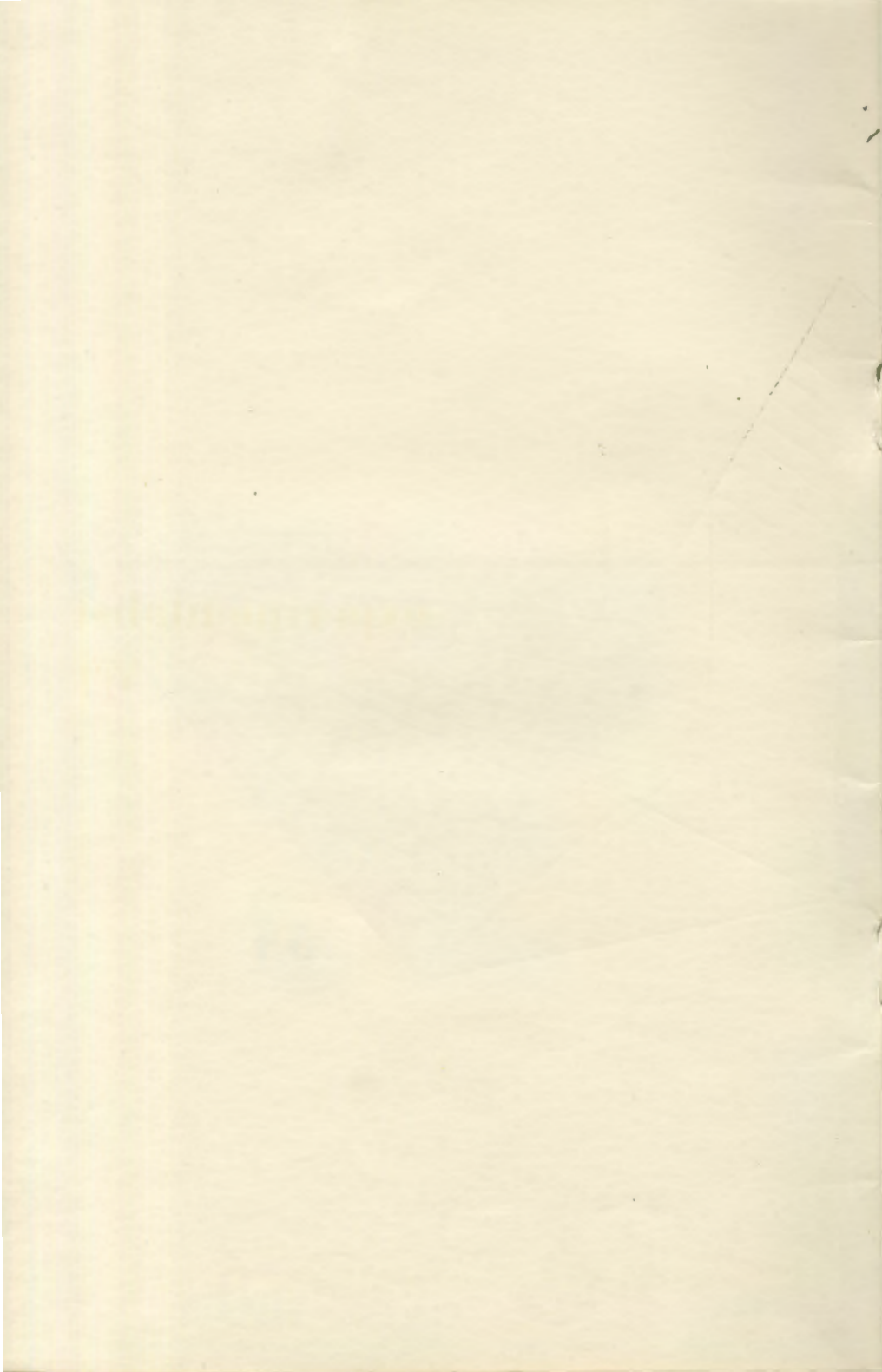
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SPRING 1964

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SPRING 1904

AWARDS

Each year the **EXPERIMENTALIST** submits material handed into the magazine for discussion or consideration for publication to various people in the literary field to judge. Awards are given to those people whose work seems worthy, not merely on the basis of how the work stands in regard to the rest of the material to be published in the magazine.

This year two awards were given, both to George Wilkerson. The first was the Lucy Harmon Award in Fiction for the story, **LETTER ON A BUG**. The second was the Mary A. Thomas Award in Poetry for the poem, **THE WYF**. Both of the works are in this issue.

The editors of the **EXPERIMENTALIST** would like to acknowledge their appreciation of the assistance given by the judges, Dr. Stephen Sherwin of the English Department of the State University at Buffalo, who judged the drama and short story, and Professor Richard Gollin of the English Department at the University of Rochester, who judged the poetry.

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SYMPHONY OF LIFE

Grace and beauty gently flowing,
Smooth of tempo, soft of sound;
Crazy tempos, loud and raucus
Leaping movements up and down.
Listening ears which only hear
Melody skimmed off the top
Humming voices carry sounds
Only heard and listened not.
Clarinets sing high and squeaking
Trumpets call and loudly blare
Typani beat out the rhythm
Rustling beats played by the snare.
Listening ears that only hear
Recognizing sounds like these.
Hearing only brilliant voices
Hearing what their ears will please.
Moving sounds so soft and gentle
Harmonies of cello, bass
Tempo holders, bass drum, double
English horns, bassoons keep pace.
Listening ears which never hear
Sounds so gentle down below
Never hear, don't want to hear
Don't want to understand or know.
French horns cutting, piercing high
pretty piccolo and flute
Oboe reeding solo pieces
Trombones sliding loud or mute
Listening ears which gladly hear
Color bright and flash abound
Hearing only what they want
Hearing only surface sound
Violas' alto strings, that hum
Each section's seconds and their thirds
Humble sounds which lend support
To melody as voice to words
Listening ears which only hear
Pleasing sounds which they all like
Missing those not quite so brilliant
In the symphony of life.

by Bonnie Stadel

I am
noon
.... morning trying to be afternoon
summer
.... beyond spring, fleeing toward autumn
I am
what was
.... what will be
but never what is.

by Robert Root

SANTA CLAUS IN JAZZ

Jazz dripped from their lips
as they lay lifeless in the gutter of 42nd
jazz red hot and cool both
fast and then slow
as Santa flew over Macy's in a chrome plated sled
with mentally retarded reindeer pulling
analytical foam frothing white and light blue
from their gilt encrusted jaws
and red and green lights blinked on and off
from their gilt encrusted jaws
and red and green lights blinked on and off
in Central Park
where teenagers skated away Christmas Eve
before sneaking off in the snow
and men in business dress threw meaningless quarters
into black charity pots
and felt all sugar good inside.
Jazz dripped from their cold white lips
mental and spiritual jazz that none could hear
or cared to
as those who couldn't stand to skate or laugh
or throw quarters
or even watch
lay in the gutter of 42nd
dying from the icy blasts of the snow and people
and cried
like Christ

by Douglas Brode

LETTER ON A BUG

Lemme think. The way I remember it, it was Saturday. I remember that 'cause I seen kids outta school an I knew it hadda be either Saturday or Sunday and since I hadn't gone ta church I knew it hadda be Saturday...what with the kids outta school and all.

Anyways, it was this Saturday, an me an Annie was goin' for a coke. Annie likes goin' for cokes. Anyways, me an Annie was goin' for cokes and it was our lunch break at the plant. I remember it bothered me how I hadda work Saturdays an them kids could stay home an do anythin' they wanted. I sure wished I coulda been back at school.

Well, me an Annie go into the candy store and we sit inna booth in the back: this bein' the same booth me an Annie always sits in seein' how Annie has this kinda feelin' for this booth 'cause its in the back an private like. We sit in this booth an a few minutes later in comes Tony Fellici who works in our plant an he's with Grace Bunch, whose name always makes me laugh like I'm laughin' right now 'cause she looks just like that...a bunch, I mean.

So Gracie an Tony sit acrost from us in our booth. What I mean is, they sit in OUR booth, which immediately ticks me off at them an starts things off bad, but I don' say nothin' 'cause Annie don' like it too much when I start mouthin' off an I hate like hell ta see Annie pissed 'cause then she don' talk ta me an I don' like that. Anyways, Gracie an Annie start yackin' about this an that an mostly stupid stuff which I get tired of after maybe ten seconds an I start talkin' ta Tony, who is tellin' me about this chick that Gracie caught him with an how he told her she was his cousin an she believed him an stupid Gracie is sittin' right there, next ta him, an she don' even hear him 'cause she's so wrapped up talkin' ta Annie. Well, he tells me all this an I'm not payin' too much attention 'cause I really don' care too much about what Tony's sayin' but what he's savin' is more interestin' than what Gracie's sayin' an I'm lookin' aroun' when I looks over at Gracie an Annie an they're laughin' like crazy an lookin' in Annie's water glass. So, naturally, I look over in the glass an here's this bug caught in the glass an swimmin' aroun' in the water an tryin' ta get out an Gracie an Annie just laughin'...like crazy...watchin' this bug.

Well, I didn't know what ta do. I never seen Annie carryin' on like this. I mean, she was really loony! So I just watched. Just sat there an watched. An Tony, he don' even notice. He's just talkin' ta me. He didn' even notice!

Then! While this bug (an I don' know what kinda bug it was 'cause I don' know one bug from another, 'cept for flies an I ain't so sure flies is bugs) is swimmin' aroun' in there, Annie starts emptyin' the ash tray inna the glass an gigglin'. Just gigglin', watchin' that damn bug. Ann the bug, gettin' all this garbage on him, is fightin' like mad ta get out, but he can't.

But then, he finds this butt an kinda climbs upon it, hangin' on an spinnin' aroun' on it like a guy in a log rollin' contest, an you can almost hear the bug screamin' for help Well, as if that ain't enough, Gracie grabs the salt an pepper an starts dumpin' that on the bug an the bug, bein' all wet, gets all this salt an pepper stuck ta his back an its pullin' him down so's he can't stay on the butt an he falls innta the water again an Annie an Gracie laugh like this is Charlie Chaplin an Red Skelton an Bob Hope all rolled into one. I swear, it was awful!

Well, right about this time I'm gettin' pretty upset, havin' ta watch this business an I'm about ta say somethin' ta Annie when her an Gracie, like they both get the idea together, pick up a napkin offa the table an start slidin' it into the glass. This, I suppose, gives the bug the idea that they're gonna let him out an he climbs onto the end of the napkin thats in the water an starts walkin' up it, but when he starts walkin' up, they start pushin' it down further an bend it over so that both ends are in the water an now he's gotta go upside down ta get back ta the other end an when he does get there he finds out he's back in the water an he's upside down an the napkin is sinkin' an the goddamn bug don' know which way is up or if he's comin' or goin' an you can almost hear him screamin' or cryin' or both. I swear, ants oughta be thankful they just get stepped on.

Anyways, this napkin gets all the way into the water an the bug disappears under the napkin for a second or two an Annie an Gracie are real quiet an Gracie, real slow like, picks up the ketchup squirter an holds it over the glass an in a few seconds the bug comes floatin' out from under the napkin, wavin' his legs, 'cause he's upside down, an Gracie looks at Annie an says "Now!" an Annie shakes her head an Gracie, lettin' out a real crazy squeal, squeezes the ketchup squirter an lets the bug have it right in the stomach an SWOOSH, the bug goes shootin' ta the bottom of the glass. An Annie an Gracie sit, real quiet, watchin' the glass. Then, the bug floats back up ta the top an Annie whispers "Again" an Gracie lets fly with the ketchup an down he goes again, still squirmin' an kitchin' an this time he takes a little longer ta come up, but when he does he ain't movin' at all. So, Gracie gives him one last blast an this time he don' come up at all an Annie an Gracie look at each other an give one little giggle an smile a little bit too.

Meanwhile, Tony's just finishin' up this story about that chick he made without Gracie gettin' wise an I turn away from the glass 'cause I can't bear ta watch it no more an he says ta me somethin' about tamarra bein' Sunday an how would we like ta go onna picnic or somethin' out ta the park an Annie says she wants ta leave 'cause the service is lousy. So, I says O.K., lets go, an we take off. Just like that.

by George Wilkerson

VOLTE-FACE

Some day I'm going to take a long, long walk
 (With tribes of pigtailed comrades at my side)
To where red hollyhocks are always out, and phlox,
 And morning-glories after showers.

Soft grassy paths and gentle walks to childhood's lawns
 Have been the joy of lonely souls since love began:
A quick and backward trot from silly passion
 And the shame of unrequited love.

To close one's eyes and in the dark to clamor
 At the open door of memories; and falter—
'Ere the hinges click—to see behind the love that cannot be
 And all that never will again before.

Some day I'm going to take a long, long walk
 (With crowds of hoary sages at my side)
To where the embryos of poets' undrempt dreams
 Lie chaste and undiscovered.

Stark, breathless innovations from the minds of ingenues
 Have been the scholars' beau ideal since thoughts began
The oft-repeated history of eternal spring
 And the truth of new-born fantasy.

To close one's eyes and keep them fast just long enough
 To uproot every borrowed weed and plant a seed—
All mine—to open up the "windows of the soul")
 In time to look upon this Place as none before.

Some day I'm going to take a long, long walk
 (With tribes of pigtailed comrades at my side)
To where red hollyhocks are always out, and phlox,
 And morning-glories after showers.

by Prudence Moody

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CINERAMA

Cinerama
made me barf
 not by the stomach churning
ulcer envigorating dive of the roller coaster
 or by the headaching brilliance of a thousand
million mounted men all in red coats with
gold buttons
or
even by the splicing which put Coney Island
 three and a half minutes from
the Taj Mahal
 where it doesn't belong
but rather the fact that all along
 I knew
that the
 twenty five cent
 low budget
 grade B
 Black and white
 Audie Murphy movies
would never again
 be quite
the same.

by Douglas Brode

THE GLORY OF LOVE

Take a heart
 handle it
 squeeze it
 cut it
 dig it
 drop it
 destroy it
now tell it you love it
 make it believe you
 make it trust you
 make it come back to you
 watch it walk away
and sing of the glory of love.

by Robert Root

THE WYF

We would call her 'the wyf'
 (like Chaucer's old English)
and she would smile at us.
She would sit,
 although squat is a better word,
in the seat across from mine,
 furiously taking notes,
 her round head constantly rocking
to the strange prattling of the professor's voice.
We mocked the way she spoke
 her Autumn-red lips pursed,
 spelling her knowledge freely,
 yet, aloof.
We laughed at the way she walked,
 her thick legs rolling down the hall,
 her waistline shifting, still unconcerned.
We found humor in her ways,
 her silent study,
 the awkwardness of her actions,
 her character.
And above all of these
 she remained the same,
but when she cried today,
 alone,
 in a corner of the library,
 she grew a little less fat
 and a little less funny.

by George Wilkerson

TWENTIETH CENTURY DESTRUCTION

The dull metallic beat
the stamping of the feet
Seems determined in its sound,
to pull the heavens down,
With the fire and the fight,
the devil's own delight,
To quench his burning thirst,
With the blood of war.

by Joan McNerney

THIS HALLOWED LIGHT

This hallowed light, which day by day
unfolds to shower down upon me
holds fast my sight in such a way
I have no recourse but to see
a fancied world of warm and bright
a world of peace and sweet repose
which while curled to meet the night
I pray will never reach its close.
This hallowed light, which brings to me
the world which I would like to be,
must, with her passing, fade, be gone,
while I, in darkest solitude,
left to feed on lonely food,
must calmly wait another dawn.

by Robert Root

SUNDAY IN THE PARK

Who's you - Mister Zoos
 with your nickle nose turned up
 like a spring bird?
I wonder how come
you always gotta spit water,
 like you do
 in the summer
 and stone up
 in the fall,
 when the ladies come with the buggies
 and sit talkin'
 and rockin' the kids'
 and talkin'
How come you don't talk
 or move
 instead of just standin' there
 spittin' water.....?
I wish you would.....talk, I mean.
 I think if you don't,
 someday
I'm gonna come back -
 -and blow you up.
Gee, Mister Zoos, nobody talks to me anymore.....

.....Mister Zoos

??

by George Wilkerson

THE DANCE OF THE GOONEYBIRDS

a one-act play

by George Wilkerson

The scene is a room in a small hotel. There are very few pieces of furniture - a large double bed, a small table, a chair and a throw rug on the floor beside the bed. There is a window which looks into a brick wall and down into an airshaft. One light hangs from the middle of the ceiling and is shielded by a small shade. On the table there is a doily, yellow with age and stiff from washing and starching and on this there is a wash towel and a pitcher with water in it. Next to the pitcher there is a small bar of soap, unopened. The plaster on the walls is flaking off due to painting and repainting. An indication of the age and nature of the place.

As the play opens Tim and Judy enter. Tim is a young man, about twenty-one, with long blonde hair and brown eyes. He is taller than average and wears a rumpled tan sweater over a wrinkled shirt. He has sneakers and black pants and is carrying a small overnight case.

Judy, though older looking is only twenty. She has an aura of sophistication which is rather hard to describe. It is much like someone who has seen Marlene Dietrich movies and has some idea of what sophistication should be, but lacks the background to really have it - if that's description. She wears black heels, a form fitting black skirt and a white blouse. Her hair, which is rather long, is tied up in a bun, more from necessity than for style. Though she is not as disheveled as he, still she appears tired. She is carrying a small make-up case.

TIM: (putting his bag down) The Statler Cochroach, eh?

JUDY: Looks that way. (she hands him her bag and he places it alongside his)

TIM: I suppose its not bad...for what we paid, I mean.

JUDY: No...not for what we paid...I mean.

TIM: Could be worse...

JUDY: (almost mocking him) Yeah...could be worse...

(Tim looks at her. She smiles an overly sweet grin, then crosses to the window, turning her back to him. He takes the bags and stands them next to the table.)

TIM: That desk clerk sure looked you over.

JUDY: Really?

TIM: Top to bottom. He didn't miss an inch.

JUDY: Well...good for him. (pauses a moment, then turns to him) You jealous, maybe?

TIM: Should I be?

JUDY: For a minute I thought it was you he was looking over. (turns away again)

TIM: (bends down and opens his bag, takes out a towel and begins to wash his hands and face in the basin during the ensuing dialogue) I suppose this is our sink.

(Judy turns and sees him preparing to wash. She doesn't say anything, but opens the window and looks down the airshaft.)
TIM: (looks over and sees her looking down) Its only five stories.....disappointed?

JUDY: Not in the least. The odor is lovely.

TIM: Really.

JUDY: This, my boy, is the local garbage dump. (motioning out the window) (offering) Have a heap?

TIM: No thank you...plenty right here.

JUDY: My...my. Did I detect a nasty? Hmmm?

TIM: Don't be foolish.

JUDY: Now you should know me. I'm not a bit foolish. I have come to embrace America. (over-dramatic) Here we are! A bit disheveled, tired and a trifle weak, but still stout of heart and mighty of spirit, ready to face all that awaits us - prepared to climb (spoken gingerly) ever so gently into the very bowels of humanity.

TIM: (no emotion in his voice at all) Bravo.

JUDY: Bless you. (glances down the window again) Seems as though the bowels have burst.

TIM: Whose?

JUDY: Ours, my dear. Don't you ever feel that way? You know, letting loose. Hmmm?

TIM: Not especially.

JUDY: (crosses to the bed) Sometimes I think I could just cut loose. You know? (pause, thinking) How much money did you bring?

TIM: Enough.

JUDY: Enough. For what? So you can go home? Save the ship, maybe?

TIM: Maybe.

JUDY: So, here we sink in the mire of it all and you want to make mud pies.

TIM: I suppose we have to throw them too.

JUDY: Definitely. Its absolutely essential to the game. You can always duck, you know.

TIM: I usually do.

JUDY: I've noticed that. (a long pause) Your sweetheart be all married by now, huh?

TIM: I guess so.

JUDY: Whats wrong with you? For three days you talk like a psychotic parrot and now, all of a sudden, you clam up.

TIM: What would you like? something touching?

JUDY: Perhaps.

TIM: O.K....Gee...I wish we were gone. Gee, Carol got married. Gee, I sure miss her. Gee, I wish we were back at school. Gee, I wish you'd shut your goddamn month.

JUDY: (reveling in the play) Thats it? Now you're talking!

TIM: Really eat this up, don't you? Digging at people. You like that.

JUDY: Like it! I love it. I am mad for it.

TIM: You're mad all right.

JUDY: Ah! Very good! I am very mad. I am...Ophelia!
(takes a deep bow)

TIM: Its all very good, my dear. It all fits the picture, doesn't it? The big romantic picture. BOY REBELS! LEAVES SCHOOL! TAKES WITH HIM ONE VERY WICKED WOMAN! BOY MOURNS ALL PURE WOMEN!

JUDY: Good! Good!

TIM: BOY PUTS PROVERIAL NOSE TO PROVERBIAL GRINDSTONE!! BOY MAKES GOOD!

JUDY: Brilliant! (applauding) Exactly the way it should be. Get it? Thats it, all right! We'll make it...out here ...in the big bad world ...we...will...make...it!

TIM: (turns to her and points) You will make it. I will not make it.

JUDY: Sure. Sure you will.

TIM: Sorry, Judy, I'm not that sick. When I saw you...back at school for the first time...I remember I was really impressed. You really moved. You really used people... wrung them out....

JUDY: Really.

TIM: Just like wet dishcloths. Well, I'm wrung out, Judy. It just took me a little longer than the others. Now what?

JUDY: So, Sidney Psychiatrist has me all figured out, huh? I'm the big wicked lady...the evil witch from the east.

TIM: Pointed hat and all.

JUDY: You seem to forget something.

TIM: Oh?

JUDY: I came with you, Timmy. I came with you.

TIM: Yes...and it was pure business...I never asked you for anything. Strictly a business arrangements.

JUDY: Well, its a bad business, Timmy. It stinks.

TIM: That, as I remember you telling me, is life.

JUDY: How true! (extravagant in her speech) How very, very true! Such is life. Such is the way of the world. Soooo deep.

TIM: Yeah, real deep. You remind me of my mother. She had brown eyes too.

JUDY: Mother! How sweet! (singing) "M" is for the million things she gave me.

TIM: If you like it that way.

JUDY: Oh I do, I do. (corny) I ...neber...had...a mummy.
(phony snifle)

TIM: Maybe you should have.

JUDY: Perhaps. (going to the window)

TIM: Maybe its time we went back.

JUDY: (disregarding what he said, she looks down the air-shaft) Hey! There's somebody dumping garbage out his window. (yelling down) Hey! Hey! (pauses, as

though someone sees her from below) Hi! (she waves)
How about that.

TIM: (facetiously) How about that.

JUDY: Don't appreciate it, do you?

TIM: I guess not.

JUDY: I'll bet that guy was eighty years old.

TIM: That old, huh?

JUDY: I'll bet he died years ago. I bet he just dumps garbage here out of habit. Trying to fill up that shaft. Like a kid trying to put the ocean in a hole on the beach.

TIM: No foolin'.

JUDY: (pauses, turns to him, his back is to her) Why'd you run away?

TIM: I told you I didn't run away.

JUDY: No!

TIM: I left. There's a difference.

JUDY: O.K., so why'd you leave?

TIM: We've been through this before. Why not go back... watch the garbage man.

JUDY: I don't wanna watch the garbage. I wanna know why you quit. Or left. I want the real reason.

TIM: I said I told you already. She was gonna marry him... that pilot...

JUDY: Get off it, will you? I know that isn't why...

TIM: (interrupting) Does it matter? Huh? Does it really matter? We're here, aren't we? We're gone. We can't go back. So just forget about it, its not gonna get us anywhere... always talking about it.

JUDY: Who's always talking about it? One minute you're all set to go back and the next minute you're through. You don't make sense, Timmy. You don't make any sense.

TIM: Sense! What sense is this whole business! We're gonna go to California! O.K., then what? What'll we do? Come back again? Keep goin' back and forth, 'till we kick off some day, end up dumpin' garbage out the window? Does there have to be sense to it?

JUDY: Here we go! (goes to the bed) Mr. Eaton rants again! Life! Love! Pity... pity...pity. So sad is life! (turns to him) The errors of a young man. So...you couldn't watch them get married. You couldn't see any sense in it, eh?

TIM: I said it was done, Judy. Drop it.

JUDY: And I'm your excuse!

TIM: You agreed it was right...you even said we should go!

JUDY: Forget it. You said the right thing, Timmy. Forget it.

TIM: I never had to drag you away.

JUDY: We'll make believe it never happened. (lays on the bed) O.K.?

TIM: (pauses, dries his face, then crosses to the bed, she isn't

looking at him, but staring straight at the ceiling) I'll tell you what it is. Back at school...you take three... maybe four years...you build an understanding with people. They expect certain things...now...its different ...now you gotta start from scratch.

JUDY: (flicking imaginary butterflies into the air with her fingers) Twinkle...twinkle, little bat. .how I wonder where you're at.

TIM: Judy?

JUDY: (looks at him) Hmmm?

TIM: Understand?

JUDY: (condescending) Sure. (looks at the ceiling again) I understand. You learned the game...but...you didn't like it...so...you quit. Now...now you're in a new game...new deck...new dealer...(to him) Now what?

TIM: Its like I said! You start from scratch!

JUDY: Good. (turns on her stomach) Scratch.

(Tim scratches, or rather, rubs, her back for a few minutes, silently, then speaks)

TIM: (lighter tone) I remember...one afternoon...after a beer party. I took her home...we walked down the highway... barefoot...up the hill. And we stopped... by that big oak. She was really something then...long brown hair...eyes...really something. We laid down... in the grass...and I kissed her...and before I knew what...I was on top of her...mumbling...groaning... and it started to rain...warm...quiet...the branches... reaching over us...and I could hear the patter on the leaves...and I looked up.....but when I looked back ...she was crying...holding on to me...she said "I love you"...and I just laid there...there it was...she loved me...the biggest moment of my life...and I just layed there...it was really muddy.

JUDY: Very prolific of you.

TIM: I couldn't say a thing.

JUDY: Whats new?

TIM: She loved me, Judy. (stops rubbing her back)

JUDY: She was stupid.

TIM: But...

JUDY: She was weak and stupid. She went off and married fly boy Harry, didn't she?

TIM: But she couldn't see...she didn't know what he was like...she couldn't see through people...

JUDY: Well, thats her tough luck.

TIM: You don't know.

JUDY: Don't I? (turns over and looks at him)

TIM: No. (pauses) Its like trying to make a building on a lot that still has the old foundation. All you can do is make additions. You'll never tear it down. We're just like little red schoolhouses...with a new wing every year.

JUDY: And you? (he doesn't answer. She looks at him for a moment, then takes his arm and tries, gently, to pull him down alongside of her. He pulls back, gets up and walks away from the bed.)

TIM: She was just like a kid. It isn't what kids are aware of ...its what they don't see...their innocence. Don't you see?

JUDY: I see. She was too stupid to realize her mistake. And you blame it on yourself. I don't think she grew ever up, Tim.

TIM: But she couldn't have anyone else (crossing to the window)

JUDY: Then why worry?

TIM: She's trapped.

JUDY: Is she?

Thats all.

TIM: (looking down the airshaft) Why the hell did he do that?

JUDY: What?

TIM: Dump that garbage.

JUDY: Maybe he likes it.

TIM: He had that stupid grin on his face. (yelling down) That stupid grin! (pauses, then mumbles to himself) Clown. (crosses to the table, takes his towel and puts it back into the bag) Where's the john?

JUDY: Down the hall...but it'll cost you a dime.

TIM: A dime.

JUDY: Its got one of those machines on it. It costs a dime.

TIM: Just to go to the john?

JUDY: You're lucky it isn't a quarter.

TIM: That's stupid.

JUDY: Well, there's a novel approach to things.

TIM: Isn't it though.

JUDY: What would you suggest? Perhaps we could take a collection among the tenants of the hotel. A penny apiece for Timmy to potty. Hey, it almost rhymes!

TIM: Almost.

JUDY: Good, now why not roll along to the pot dear.

TIM: Why not roll over and play dead, hmmm? (spoken lightly)

JUDY: Hey now.....that's not very nice. Who would you have to make nasties with...hmmm? The desk clerk? Or are you going back to school?

TIM: Maybe that'd be better, Judy. Maybe you'd like that just fine.

JUDY: I'll tell you what. We'll chip in a nickle apiece and go potty in shifts. How would that be? Maybe then we could save time, huh?

TIM: You know, I think you're better off right here..... away from everything...out of it.

JUDY: Do you really?

TIM: I think if you ever loved anything you'd kill it...just for spite. Just out of sheer spite.

JUDY: You have such a sweet way of putting things, Timmy. You're such a sweet, sweet thing.

TIM: Well, I'm nice that way. You bring out the best in me.

JUDY: I try to, dear.

TIM: I know. I'm going to the pot. (he walks past her and out the door)

JUDY: (calling after him) DO have fun, won't you? (she pauses a moment, then returns to her game of flicking butterflies) Twinkle...twinkle...little...(holds the last word, speaks it hard)...bat...

- B L A C K O U T on the word "Bat" -

by George Wilkerson

LIFE?

The flaw-filled fingers of humanity
draw pictures of a world
in a narrow dimension,

while the majestic mind

splits the frame

severs the limits

and makes the sketch

a dream.

and we live in the division

fighting both

and accepting neither.

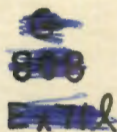
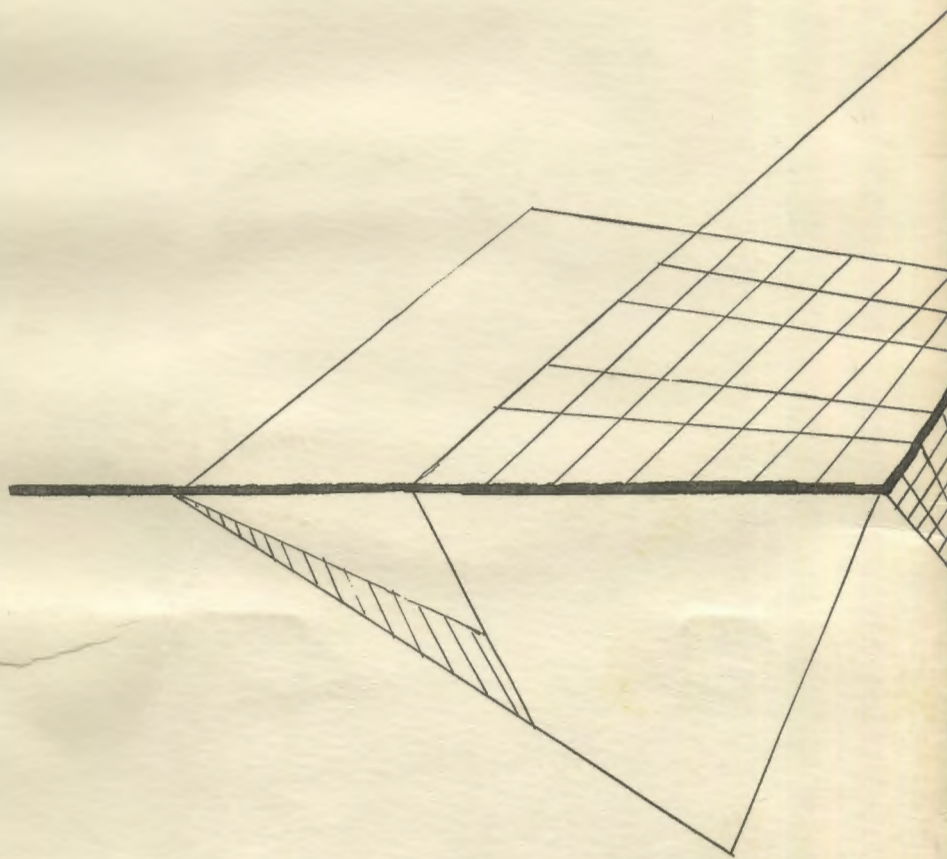
by George Wilkerson

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