



experimentalist

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## Editors' Note

the first issue of the experimentalist  
1968-69 is presented ... may it calm your  
spirit or disturb it.

in future issues we hope to represent a  
larger cross section of the literary talent  
latent on this campus: poetry, short stories,  
plays, essays, critiques, art and photography.  
there is a definite need for a greater volume  
of contributions. Suggestions and comments  
would be appreciated — CC Box 675.

this publication is part of you  
may you find it worthwhile.

Josef Tornick  
William Licurse  
Krisanne Tortora

sing to the sky  
choose lover or poet  
the poet is love  
but the lover is life  
and whichever you choose  
it's all the same  
the sun in the sky  
the sky in the sun

- krisanne tortora

I quested, without knowing how,  
To find a substance of my own,  
And found one, as brittle as glass.

I heated it to red glowing  
And formed it,  
Trying for perfection.

But when it cooled it was changed,  
Sagged under its own weight  
Its mass was too much to bear.  
It fell to the ground  
And broke.

I picked it up,  
And with it the dust of the  
  earth.  
And I blew into it again,  
Making it light and fine,  
Impure and imperfect.  
It fit.  
I am pleased with my life,  
And will carry it safely in my  
  mind  
For my short eternity.

- mark goodwin

June 28, 1968

septembers picnic

past the fence  
we walked  
returning home  
to our yellow frame  
septembers picnic  
ended  
home to groaning metal  
stretched and shaped

but I will remember you  
among the lilies  
and green scented rain  
falling on your belly  
shining  
quiet skin

past the fence we walked  
among the lilies  
my nose feeling your face  
turn to me  
your arms  
bent at the elbow  
draped around my neck  
as we lay together  
with your left knee  
pointing toward the sun

perhaps it was the way  
your cotton dress  
flung itself  
onto your legs  
that made me hold you  
so quietly  
as we listened to the earth together  
with its flutter  
with its breath

perhaps it was  
your crystal shoulders

I let you love me  
knowing I had nothing to return

for eight months we strolled together  
'til I left  
and I have not laughed since september

- robert malbin





On a day;  
on a cool autumn day  
with the wind  
defiantly not being a breeze anymore  
and you.

On a day with you  
and me  
climbing the hills  
and loving  
and being children in a dying world  
laughing at the funeral  
really, and  
You asked me to grow up  
and I tried  
God, I tried...

I think.  
Anyway,  
this cold winter afternoon  
with whiteness on the pines  
I am still a little girl.  
You left with autumn's promise;  
And I am still the same,  
except harder.

- mary susan imo

Green bottle glass  
is stealing the morning sunlight  
from the uncurtained window  
and

the brass bed creaks with the weight of two.  
I sit up,  
wondering what the clock will say

"Six a.m."

And my cigarettes on the dresser  
seem three miles away.

My knees draw themselves up close  
and my hair falls across my face, sleep fresh  
I watch you wake, slowly

and what did I dream?  
the daisy fields, they were real?

the colors  
the silence

the dizziness of climbing a hill on roller skates

and you,  
peaceful now,  
waking;

I bend and kiss your hair  
just because I feel like it.

- mary susan imo

Napalm .

it is the quiet time of morning  
before the birds and crickets  
the time of morning for black hands  
to shadow swiftly across the earth

to smile  
showing flesh white teeth  
the time of morning  
to grab a child for breakfast

- robert malbin

Of Toe Jam and Generals

I have found the memory of an arm behind me  
reaching out the way it does  
towards my frightened running spine

out from the corner near the bathtub  
and the coal bin downstairs  
out and always after me

I never had the courage to turn and look  
to see if there was a face smiling from the palm  
or if the fingers were twitching crooked

I was always afraid to eat prunes  
jelly always on the corners of my mouth  
even as the scream rose to just before my lips

I have the feeling that if it gets me  
I'll never let it  
let me go.

- stephen tomasella

## Lullaby

I've come to comfort you, sweet dear,  
and hold you near, no need to cry.  
Small comfort do I bear.

Filled with pabulum and warm milk,  
Surrounded by a host of toys,  
Gowned in lace and swathed in silk,  
Yet still this unrelenting noise?  
To answer questions yet unasked  
Is surely not a mother's task.

You fill me with a fundamental fear  
This noise of yours goes round and round  
and strikes some deep unbalanced chord,  
Out of tune with butterflies  
Which dance in perfect equipoise  
and flutter in accord.

When the mouse runs up the clock,  
a shrieking tic, a hissing toc,  
Dark innuendos do I hear,  
a splitting in my inner ear.  
Sweet baby, close your infant eyes on  
Plastic dancing butterflies.  
I hold you near.

When the hand turns round to one,  
The mouse, in dread, turns round to run.  
The cracking universe divides, the moon is halved,  
the swelling tides from ocean wrung,  
And nursery rhyme undone.

When the clock begins to chime,  
Our rocking chair, in double time,  
Ascends through space,  
A screaming infant, clenching fist,  
Spews up his milk; with bawling face conceives a  
monumental cry which rises to a lunatic pitch, then ends.  
Below, a shattered butterfly.  
But bye and bye, for now, dear child,  
sweet lullaby, oh, lullaby,  
The song is sweet but mothers lie.

Winter Woman

Winter Woman  
times for you have changed  
seems like the last summer  
is your battleground

Not long ago  
Desired ages though  
for time to wipe it out  
run to grab it  
Don't dare to catch it

If the ring was never there  
you couldn't take it off

O engineer of cruel arrangements  
bid on me  
the indenture of time is due

Auctions and auctioneers to come  
may never be  
Winter Woman

-bert lowry

harriet tubman you are so  
black  
you make my mother  
cry

go from door to northern  
door black is black your  
skin is deeper  
than the dust  
in your throat  
your skin  
is a dark place  
you live in

- sam cornish

do you  
dig ray  
charles

when the blues  
are silent  
in his throat

and he rolls  
up his sleeves

- sam cornish; a black poet

from Washington D.C., is the editor of Mimeo, a magazine, and Beanbag Press, a venture recently endorsed by the National Council in the Arts to publish the works of young poets in this country. He has written several books of poetry.



In memorium...

Star Poems

Just in            winter            when the  
          Mandate            of God  
Is harsh and bitter like Jehovah's wrath,  
          Do I            look at  
The snow            that blocks    my path.            (Winter, 1965)

Kiss the            foot that            kicks you,  
          Begins            you on  
Your way to something better than you are.  
          Just so,            make sure  
It does            not leave            a scar.            (Spring, 1966)

- larry j. cox

Variation 1

crystal  
light - splintered  
sun held and  
tinkling  
dropped  
into planes  
shifting  
clear  
spaces

- josef tornick

( author's note -  
The words in this poem can be  
(re)arranged by the reader in  
any manner. My version is only  
a starting point.)

Na Fir Chlis\*

Tonight, gliding  
    into the cool air,  
        silverly riding,  
            it will be clear,  
the skiff, sliding  
    over the black sleep,  
        slowly dividing  
            ripples of deep:  
wait for them to come again,  
    merry dancers,  
        nimble men.

Above, wary  
    flickering ghostflights  
        fluidly vary,  
            mystery lights  
begin; query  
    quivering: leaps lit  
        silently very  
            fluently flit,  
ghostlit leaping silence answers,  
    nimble men,  
        merry dancers.

\*means, in Gaelic, " the nimble men," or " the merry  
dancers, " and, according to Scottish tradition, is a name  
for Northern Lights.

-martha mcfall

yes I too would call back the summer if I could  
tonight the fire is burning  
and all the faces are laughing crying sleeping  
my couch is soft, my blanket warm  
it's patterns and threads woven blue with flowers  
and white like fragile skin  
the glass is framed with diamonds of wood  
and the moon turns round and round  
wondering where in all the world  
it belongs  
and I wonder too, if it fell out of the skybed  
would it leave a hole  
black and leading to forever  
and if it fell  
could I hold it in my hands  
and whose face would I see -  
the light embraces my window  
and carousels upon a portrait  
a small watercolor picture  
a waterblue New England harbor  
a port-anchored ship (captains and pirates)  
a slivered pier  
throwing and catching the  
ageless tide  
and still not clean from its bath, not yet  
though the tears of a hundred years  
wave on its deck  
and will for a hundred more -  
There is a house  
Newport manor frosty white  
and shuttered I think  
it's so dark, and only one mellow lantern  
opens its eye  
A girl is hiding in the trees  
alone and faraway  
but still she hasn't left the boundries  
of her own backyard  
and probably she never will;  
A little girl  
Her mother calls her Alice  
her father gives her  
boats and toys and boys and dolls and pretty  
dancing dresses  
She holds a poem on ivory parchment  
She holds a flower  
and she is sleeping on the garden bench  
and doesn't know the coldness of the night  
She is dreaming of a room  
where green velvet curtains hang  
from the ceiling to the floor

( continued next page )

the wallpaper is delicate and fading  
a warm room with a  
Florentine marble fireplace  
the orange faces are laughing crying sleeping  
and her tapestrie blanket is blooming  
with summer sleep  
her book is closed  
and she is dreaming to the moon  
the rose speaks of beauty  
the memory speaks of love  
and she knows not  
the boundries of her dreaming

I wish I had a glass of sherry  
For my dream song will never be complete.

- krisanne tortora

poems

sea  
gull

free arc curving

higher

sun - wheeling

rare blinding  
light

seagull

- wheeling -

kisses the sun;

falls

lazily

to the pounding  
shore

- josef tornick

october 14, 1968

little faye  
on her way home from school  
found an elephant

a baby  
lonely  
hungry elephant

and so they stood  
in the streets of schenectady  
the elephant eating hay  
with heavy heart swollen gulps

alone

"what an angel elephant"  
said faye  
"but sad and lonely"

"come home with me  
and live in the garage  
and i will hose you  
and dig a pool  
for you to swim"

and so they did,

and the elephants name was bobble

and time passed,

and love was between them,

and time passed.

and it happened  
that faye  
and bobble  
both bigger  
one morning hugged  
and said good-by

- robert malbin

Beyond a Window

In the hour that the monkey cries  
at the moment of his life  
there will be cadence.

A pulse of membranes and vaseline  
will pound upon foreheads  
and fear will push hands  
to make haywagons roll again.

I have seen troughs  
empty of their cement  
and vigils kept beside them  
through sounds of warning sirens.

There have been nightmares after loving  
when wounded throats for days later  
find laughing hard  
while windows turn to velvet.

This hour there is crying  
that a moment would breathe  
that a throb inside me would suffer.

- stephen tomasella





## Birthday Cake

One day on a beach  
a woman stood  
dressed in bride's lace  
with her maiden waiting.

A cake with frosting  
built on a sand hill  
hid a stranger from the ladies  
as he watched them wait.

...a wedding never happened  
while the gulls  
huddled close to their nests,

and black candles made a gleam  
from the sun on the water  
an Advent Mass.

The stranger touched himself  
to a tune the maiden laughed  
while a bride was made to stride  
sand dunes eating cherries.

- stephen tomasella

on the subway  
the puerto ricans  
have legs  
that are thinner  
than mine

four tiny men  
sitting shoulder to shoulder  
checking out the beaver  
being charmingly flashed  
by two young ladies  
and one fat grandmother  
whose stockings  
rolled at the edges  
hug her thighs

perhaps because she has more experience  
at this game  
or perhaps because she is more desperate.  
i swear  
i could drive a truck  
in between her knees

the other fellows  
are still enjoying  
the young bitches  
on the plastic benches

and me  
because i'm a screwed up humanist  
and not wanting the old lady to develop anxieties  
about her fat knees  
and sagging thighs  
keep looking  
at her dirty underwear

- robert malbin

Outside  
in the eleven o' clock coolness  
of June the 23rd  
the black veil of night time  
has enveloped my backyard  
and most of the neighbors  
are watching the news  
on television  
or reading the evening paper  
or some may be asleep already.

And people walk by  
kids mostly  
and dragging their loafer heels  
growing up loudly  
as they must.  
The flowers  
are closed for the night  
like the Corner Store  
and Minnies

Cindy loves John  
is fading  
from the sidewalk  
finally  
after three weeks with no rain  
and the help of one John  
who now has a hole in the bottom of his right sneaker.

Donna is growing,  
wherever she is,  
and being entirely herself  
which is great.

The breeze sounds like a whisper  
as it filters through the screens  
on my windows  
and tells a secret  
the promise of another hot tomorrow.

Eddie sleeps  
his alarm clock set for six  
so he might deliver the world its papers  
in the morning.

The coolness urges me to write poetry  
and the darkness begs me to sleep  
one overcomes the other, eventually  
and I find myself turning off the light  
knowing that tomorrow  
is an again.

-mary susan imo

If the wind touched me  
What should I say?  
And if I picked a daisy  
what would you think  
of me then?

- josef tornick

silvery ripples  
swiftly to shadow of moon:  
a loon crying (where

seafog summersoft  
over the white sand, once past  
a kitteneyed cat

untime of hover  
(three white butterflies over...)  
seemed as long as summer

- martha mcfall

If I could be an animal  
I wouldn't know what to be  
And if I could be someone  
I'd settle for me

But if I could be an idea  
Before my time begins to cease  
I could stop my searching  
For I would be peace

- jeff hall

the exhibit

the gallery floor  
is jammed  
with all sorts of art  
and art forms;  
gaping  
at the people  
in frames  
on the walls.

the appraisal is silent  
and the sales are slow.

- jeff olma

Dave Kelly's Dog

eats garbage  
always has a hard-on  
slinks alot

and its close  
affection  
is a nosefull

of bad news  
Except that Dave  
being unclassical

won't kill the messenger  
But Dave the damn  
thing stinks

say some  
Both dog and Dave  
raise hair

Bad News  
Bad News  
they bark

- William mathews; who holds degrees

from Yale and North Carolina Universities,  
is the poet - in - residence at Wells  
College and an editor of Lillabulero  
Magazine and Lillabulero books. His  
poetry will be published in volume late  
in 1969 by Random House.



"But Tobias, fleeing naked away with his son and his wife..."  
(Tobias 1:23)

And one night  
a night with no moon  
we fled.  
Through my child eyes I viewed it  
with excitement  
and no fear  
that night.

The air outside was sharp and cool  
and the dogs whined around the tent.  
My mother's hands had a quickness  
that was unknown to me  
and her eyes were round and moist  
as she bent over me

"Wake up. Son, wake up."  
And the drowsiness swiftly left my eyes  
because I sensed the urgency.

My father cracked not a smile  
but the lines around his eyes deepened  
and he seemed to understand my confusion.

And after  
the rocky road became our home  
the trees would rise on the horizon,  
grow large with nearness  
then fade into the blackness behind.  
My father softly recited his poetry to the wind  
and as always we listened,  
mother and I,  
hand in hand.

And mother sang for awhile  
her dark eyes without fear  
for she loved song  
and the outside world  
that no man's hatred could ruin for her.

At dawn  
when the blackness faded  
into grey light  
she sang my favorite song  
and the sound of its words  
brought unwanted tears  
to my eyes.

And I fought them  
but again and again they sprang to my eyes  
and soon they overflowed.

I prayed that my father would not notice,  
then,  
how little did I know.  
I failed to understand  
in my youngness  
that my father too was blinded by the same saltiness  
as the woman trolled his love song  
to the morning breeze.



Light cast, looking  
for ( definite space )

Random sets

galaxy - drifting  
time to join

again

(only time  
time..

- josef tornick

perhaps you don't understand when I say  
the quiet wind at night.  
muggy apartment  
green sheets wet with sweat

perhaps you don't remember perspiration  
dripping on your kneck  
a glass of midnight milk  
warm from standing our since dinner

and now standing in the subway  
pulling at my pants  
there is something I can't say to you  
something from behind my eyes  
in my heart  
yes, in my heart

it is my brother  
now grown  
in a picture labled december, 1952  
on a windy brooklyn corner  
his arm  
around my shoulder  
my fat cheeks swelling in a smile

it is that from my heart  
i can't tell you about  
it is here that words fall apart

- robert malbin

when ages turn to  
seasons

and seasons turn to  
seconds

and seconds turn to wishes

then there will be

no time for turning

and we will

come

true

- krisanne tortora

