towers...towers...tow
for 20 years a dream of fleas
biting a dog-like mind
then awake and find no fleas, no dog
as the snow moves past, step by step

Dale Ludewig
IGLOO OASIS
Robert Petit

Whirling speck
Humming around a spark
Spinning like a corkscrew
Squirting through the dark

Bending through blackfelt void
Soaking in the spray
Drowning shadow
With wetness of day

Searching space
Looking far
Keeping dates
With a star

Bubbling whizzer
Screaming blind
Piercing the vacuum
Whirlpool of time

Roaming infinity
Submarine earth
Swimming the realm
Of galatial birth

Celestial hornet
Dodging atomic fires
Rolling deeper
On light year tires

Making tracks
Rubbing the road
Going somewhere
Lil abode?
LOVE POEM
Andy Niekrasz

She hawks me still
picking open
wounds

Last night
a hunter’s dream —
watching her feathery form fall, oh, so slowly

OWL
Karl Elder

You are not wise.
You and your yellow eyes
Peering from the black leaved maples
Hidden with still darker shadows;
Your cry everywhere yet nowhere.

Wrenching the storm-cellar door
From winter’s grip.
Your eyes like cats’ in headlights
The Sealbeam shows you jeering,
Fruit jars busted,
Preserves matted like blood.
Crazed, for days you tear at bologna
And will not leave.
Then back from St. Louis
Strange that prey should scurry
There on the pavement
And you deposit your guts on the hood
Like some pheonix revealed fraud.
Out of the cab
I stretch you in the moon like a scroll.
Your head rolls limp
As if through death you could better
Conceal those eyes.

Maybe it’s the way they’re set in front,
Seeing you a silly ass now—Ginsberg glasses,
Diploma in wing. Some congratulations
When, too, as always in June
I search the place and wonder
How the devil you got in there.
THE PARK
Paul Seifert

The warm wind rose and set the dark trees to rustling and the fallen leaves to skimming over the undulating lawns and skittering out onto the asphalt avenue. One side of the avenue was lined with stately, old brick homes, nestled securely amidst luxuriant well-groomed lawns and massive ancient oaks. Most of the houses were silent and dark, but still a few shaded windows suffused a yellow glow into the summer night. On the other side of the avenue, past the bushes thrilling softly in the rising wind, beyond the feeble illumination of the globe-topped streetlamps and the stir of avenue traffic, lay the park. It lay seething under a blanket of darkness, the forms of tossing trees just barely discernible against the black sky.

Jed moved slowly over the shadowed sidewalk. His wheel chair crackled through the wind-strewn leaves and advanced over sidewalk bumps and holes, sending slight shudders up through his thin body. He paused often to gaze about and inhaled deeply of the summer fragrance. It was his custom to make a tour past the park every night that the weather permitted, and in fact even the most prohibitive conditions seldom dissuaded him. Last winter he had gone out and become bogged down in a two inch snow, which he cursed energetically, but was forced to endure for an hour, until finally a passing stranger had helped him. He had just sat there in the cold and even the two thin ruts stretching out behind the chair had become filled with the heavy wet flakes.

But nights such as this were his particular delight. He had great regard for a fine summer breeze which pushed against the trees like so many sails, bending and swaying in the night. He loved to stop across from the park, under the pale lamplight, and peer into the tempestuous expanse, listening to the immense rush and rustle and the periodic cry of a swooping bird or the distant croak of frogs moving in the slime of the lagoon. No people were in the park at this time. They were not allowed. It was required that the area be vacated at eleven and it was then that the autos began pouring from both ends. Jed thought about this. He envisioned the driver giving his girl a last kiss, sliding back across the seat to switch on the headlights and exit down the long narrow lane. He wondered did they exit in the same formation as they parked.

The bridge too, had to be cleared and the police penetrated the park every night to expel the underage drinkers that lolled drunkenly about on the wide cement railings with their bottles of beer. They threw the emptied bottles into the lagoon and these floated around for days before the park patrol picked them from the water. His friend, Tom Buckler, was often amongst those chased from the bridge. Tom himself told him of many harrowing escapes that he and the other boys had made. But it was no big thing anymore, for now, in fact, Tom no longer even threw his bottle away. They just ran from the police.
when they had to and assembled later in an old garage to down the rest of their beer.

Tom had once smuggled a quart of his father's beer from the refrigerator and brought it along with him over to Jed's — to drink while they were playing chess. It had hit the spot, cold and frothy, and in fact Jed was going to go upstairs and sneak some of his own father's whiskey, but Tom couldn't stay any longer. He and the rest of the guys had to make it to a softball game. It was that day that Jed had started the big argument with his tutor, Mr. Lipschulz, over industry in Newfoundland. Mr. Lipschulz had threatened to walk out, but Tom said that the flare-up was due to the beer, that alcohol could do such things to Jed.

This night Jed had left the house later than usual. It was good of his sister Hattie to stay up. She helped him with his wheel chair, to and from the house, but by this time they were usually both in bed. Tonight, when she had helped him outside and saw what an exciting night it was, she paused before going back into the house. She stood beneath the porchlight with her hand on the doorknob, the warm wind playing through her long dark hair and she looked about, breathing deeply. He could see that she wanted to walk along next to him tonight, but she didn't ask, and he was glad. He never wanted any one to come along.

Jed rolled slowly over the walk, his sweatered shoulder brushing now and again the bud-laden tendril of an overhanging bush. Fallen leaves, picked up and whipped about by the wind, buffeted the metal spokes of the wheel chair and sent a series of delicate little tinkles into the warm night air. Almost inaudible above the summer rustle, but vaguely in the distance, he perceived the invading horn of some late night reveler. Jed reached into his pocket and extracted a stick of chewing gum. By the time he had turned onto the sidewalk that bordered the park, his mouth moved in great juicy chews.

He hadn't rolled for more than a few feet before there was a rising swish and he turned around in time to see a large white car come careening around the corner with a clutching screech of tires and a volley of insane blasts on the horn. The lights fell directly on the wheel chair for an instant of the reckless turn and after its negotiation the engine of the great white car roared to full throttle as the tires spun smoking, in a frenzied effort to hurtle the machine onward over the asphalt and into the night. But suddenly the brakes were applied. With a rending screech the car shuddered to a halt. It was thrown into reverse and driven backward with a throbbing whine until it stopped abreast of Jed.

The driver leaned from the window and cried, "Jed! Why it's Jed!" Immediately from the dark interior filled with a mass of bobbing heads came a chorus of assorted grunts and salutation. Jed wheeled himself a little nearer the great white car and peered at the driver.

"Jim! Well I'll be." His eyes moved over the length of the gleaming machine. "Where did you ever get a car like this?" Jim laughed. His speech was slurred.
'I just bought it new today. Me and the rest of the gang are out celebrating—christening actually. How about it gang?'

They let loose with a flurry of vociferous assent. Jed looked inside. He recognized a few fellows from the neighborhood and saw also a few girls that he didn’t know. It looked as if everyone held a can of beer. Jim leaned further out the window.

"Jed, why don’t you come with us? We’re going into the park." They were asking him, but he hesitated.

"But what about the police?"

"Don’t worry. It’s safe. They’ve already made their rounds." Jed looked in at the laughing faces, then looked back to Jim. Jim was grinning. He threw a glance at the park and turned back, biting his lip in deliberation. He paused for a moment and then raised his eyes resolutely.

"Okay. I’ll go."

A wave of boisterous congratulation streamed from the car. Jim looked down for a moment and shook his head.

"It’s going to take you kind of long to get there. I don’t think you know where it is. We got this favorite little place way in the back."

"He don’t got to roll over there himself." A harsh drunken voice from the back seat interposed. Everyone listened. "You could just tow him on the back."

Jim knitted his eyebrows in cogitation and murmured, "You know—I could." His voice rose excitedly. "Sure! I got some rope in the back. What do you say, Jed? I’ll take it easy, and there’s no cars at all."

Jed hesitated and then threw up his arms in careless abandon.

"Yes. What the hell."

Jim stepped from the car and staggered back to the trunk while Jed rolled himself carefully over the curb and down onto the avenue. Jim pulled a length of rope from the trunk and hitched one end securely to the rear bumper. He came back with the other end to the wheelchair.

"We got about fifteen feet here, Jed. That ought to do it fine. Can’t make it too short or you’d be climbing up onto the back end every time I slowed down." Jed nodded and asked him to take it easy.

"Don’t worry, Jed. We’ll be careful." He walked back to the car, got in, slammed the door, and dropped the transmission into gear.

The car moved forward and as the slack of rope lifted taut off the asphalt, Jed rolled himself a few feet under his own power to cushion the jerk. He felt a gentle tug and then a slow but forceful acceleration. As the chair went smoothly down the avenue his anxiety subsided. There was nothing to worry about. He found that he could easily compensate for any horizontal drift by leaning slightly to either side and that the tautness of the rope stretching out before him could be maintained by applying light pressure to his wheels. He looked ahead into the car’s rear window and waved reassuringly...
at the heads turned intently toward him. They waved in acknowledgement and soon the car was moving forward with the same clamorous hilarity.

The wind was at his back, streaming through his hair, past his ears rushing, and sweeping leaves alongside in great swelling gusts. So far they had traversed half the breadth of the park and he leaned a little to the side and saw that the avenue ahead was clear. Onward he rode, breathing deeply of the pungent summer green, and bursting with a sense of inebriating liberation as he passed the dark somber houses and gazed across at the shimmering bushes, catching brief glimpses of the park’s dark interior. He’d tell Hattie of this, of being pulled behind the great white car right into the park, at night, to drink. She wouldn’t be mad at his being late.

They were almost to the park entrance and Jim stuck his arm out to indicate he was slowing down. The brakelights went a bright red while Jed gently applied pressure to his wheels and leaned to the left as the big car swung slowly into the turn. The headlights beamed across the bushes and then returned to the pavement as the car straightened out, and Jed rolled into formation behind.

Darkness engulfed the lane. There was only the red glow from the taillights up ahead and as Jed turned to look back he could see the faint wash of light rising over the bushes from the avenue. To his ears was borne a riot of sonorous murmur. He looked up and saw spreading tops of trees that bordered the lane and swayed and shook with the wind. He peered to the sides and could faintly discern grassy slopes rising, and lone bushes rustling. The little walk beside the lane stretched out, a ribbon of grayness, and the cones of the headlights vaguely illumined the squat benches huddled along the edge. They neared the bridge but went right on past it. He could see the slopes falling gently down to the edge of the lagoon and tall rushes slanting in the wind.

Farther they went and Jed’s heart beat faster. He looked around but could not remember ever having been in this section before. Suddenly the sound of celebration from the car was interrupted by a shriek of bestial laughter followed by a hail of beer cans thrown from the windows down clanging onto the pavement. Gails of convulsed amusement burst from the interior. At that instant he felt a gust of powerful acceleration and the chair was pulled down the lane with a rising rumble. He grabbed for the armrests and threw himself back against the seat, gasping for air and staring with bulging eyes at the taut rope and the white car speeding into the night. “Jim!”, he cried in an agonized scream. “Jim!” But faster and faster he was pulled. The trees flew by him in a dark smear and he lay petrified in the chair, beads of perspiration standing out on the pallid skin. He opened his mouth and a shriek of surrender was torn from his throat. He bent over in a desperate lunge to separate the rope from the chair but the motion upset the balance and the chair skidded precariously on one wheel for a few feet before it overturned and propelled Jed’s frail body toward the side, the nape of his neck cracking into the curb and his head snapping back onto the concrete with a bloody explosion.
IN THE SPRINGTIME

Steve Mitchell

Charon thrusts
and rafts those wide-awake but filled with sleep
beneath a translucent beehive that serves as sun;
ravenous waves snap at the oar.

Proserpine leaving hell behind
does not mind the blisters and skinned knees: what are these
compared to the golden cudgel raincores she adores in dreams?
she wants so much to come down with a long rain
she quite forgets being bathed in sweat.
like a Widow whitened by her own gossamer,
she scrapes her way thru her husband’s ice-world,
inching up a wall of smoky opal ships and iridescent anacondas,
not caring whose faces her calloused feet use.

Cerberus yawns
and lays his fifty heads on fiery loam;
prudent lice crawl when he snores.
She really can dance. White tail fancying in a lick of wind, she shakes herself brazenly above the father and his son. Their watch struck holy, the way it might have been that first time woman marvelled man. He never thought of pulling except to make her rise.
How could you (who, with one touch of your hand to mine, heals me like the cripple who, at the sight of Him, untwists his paltry limbs and stands; or who, with the touch of your warm milk breath at my ear, brings the speeding universe to a screeching Now; or who, I swear, one late afternoon as we walked, shamed the grey flannel January sky into changing into something in a spangled black satin) have flunked your math final?

February days are best.
The streets are ridged with reckless lines of black slush
Where mud-pocked cars groove with a steady hiss,
As the snow falls in wetfat globs
As silent as a dream;
While the sun is forgotten, blurred
Behind a putty sky.

Such days make no demands
As those of Spring
That taunts me with its deep blue ocean skies,
And puffball clouds;
Its dew spangled lawns and butter breezes
Through open kitchen windows;
Proclaiming hopes I cannot share.
John Drops In On June (He Loves Her) Who Is Having Her Period, And Later(5,5),(995,992)Reflects:
Seeing you today
Was like stepping on soggy leaves
I thought would snap and crunch

You’re so with me in my thoughts
I feel ashamed while I’m going
to the toilet.
Charlotte Brontë wrote *Jane Eyre* in the midst of personal turmoil, surrounded by illness, debt, and the despondency of her loved ones. Never physically hearty, Charlotte's emotions were also subject to instability. A profound attachment to her family and a joy in her beloved moors were offset by periods of deep depression during which she saw strange things in the darkness, heard voices, and felt herself the plaything of some wicked power. Yet superimposed upon the mercurial nature of a sensitive, often unstable woman were the discipline of the craftsman and the rationality of the provider.

These biographical factors seem more than incidental to the study of Charlotte Brontë's most famous novel. For all of these facets of the author’s personality, combined with an understandable need to escape the dark region of personal despair, seem to manifest themselves in *Jane Eyre*. I would suggest that a troubled Charlotte Brontë, alone in the midst of the moors, sought escape from the grim reality of her existence through the creation of a dream-self adored by a dream-lover; and that her own desire for temporal release is expressed by the strong presence of the daemonic in the relationship of Jane and Rochester. But I further submit that a sense of reality, a strain of practicality and of Victorian morality are brought to bear on the sexual fervor expressed in the first half of the novel, and that the potency of the daemonic is ultimately repressed within the world of the fiction.

Before progressing with a discussion of the novel, a short definition of daemonic for those unfamiliar with the concept might be helpful. In *Love and Will*, Dr. Rollo May points out that the daemonic is a method by which one might objectify behavior “that has the power to take over the whole person.” Discussing the presence of the daemonic in Keats’s work, Dr. Charles Patterson notes that human beings sometimes “long to project themselves figuratively into something like a daemonic realm, where the limitations ... to utmost joy seem to fall away . . . .” The daemonic realm, then, may be seen as any state of being outside of the mundane. The daemonic force, comitantly, is whatever desire drives a man to seek otherworldly experiences, whether it be love, creativity, or the need for adventure.

In the case of Jane Eyre — who becomes confused with the author herself in their many extraordinary likenesses — the daemonic drive perhaps consists of all three. Rooted in reality, Jane becomes the vehicle by which Charlotte might transcend the agony of the actual. Both Charlotte and Jane are artists and are driven by the desire to perpetuate that art. And both the writer and her character share a tremendous capacity for love. Still another aspect of the daemonic deserves mention. If the individual who seeks the daemonic realm gives himself over completely to his desire, he may be destroyed by it. For mortals, sadly, cannot transcend the bounds of the actual in every sense of the word. And total loss of touch with reality may result in insanity or death. Thus the individual with a propensity for the daemonic walks a precarious line between the real and the dream worlds. Such a dangerous path is followed by Jane Eyre in this novel, a curious and romantic path that is well worth our tracing.

Jane Eyre fulfills the demands of the dream-self of Charlotte Brontë by virtue of her youth, freshness, and uncanny knack for the artistic. But Jane is bound realistically to her creator by the common factors of reserve, plainness, intelligence, and the role of governess. And it is this strange mixture of truth and fantasy combined in the fictional body of Jane, that encounters the daemon lover Rochester at night on the windy moors.

It is this first meeting that introduces the daemonic into the scope of the novel, and Rochester’s language of love provides the incantation. At his first sight of her he characterizes Jane as an otherworldly creature: “You have rather the look of another world. . . . When you came on me . . . last night, I thought unaccountably of fairy tales, and had half a mind to demand whether you had bewitched my horse.” Rochester repeats his early assertion when Jane returns from Gateshead, saying, “She comes from the other world . . . . from the abode of people who are dead . . . . If I dared I’d touch you to see if you are substance or shadow, you elf!” (277) Later, in the depth of his passion for Jane, he exclaims, “You—strange—you almost unearthly thing!” (288)

Though Jane suffers by initial comparison to Blanche Ingram, it is soon evident that this lady’s beauty, talent, and breeding fall short of the governess’s ethereal mystique. Charlotte Brontë summarizes Blanche’s losing Rochester in the telling line, “*she could not charm him*.” Brontë’s use of italics calls special attention to this epiphany of Jane’s; but also remarkable is the choice of a verb having magical overtones. Implicit in this statement is that Jane fascinated Rochester, indeed becoming his enthralling anima: “I never met your likeness, Jane: . . . you master me—. . . the conquest I undergo has a witchery beyond any triumph I can win.” (295)

Like Jane, Rochester is presented as a strange blend of the ugly and the beautiful. And, similarly, his unhandsomeness becomes the source of his fascination. Rochester fulfills the dimensions of the dream-lover in his heroic stature, his capacity for fierce passion, the intensity of his devotion. It is significant that Jane first encounters him in the magical aura of moonlight. Like a fantasy rising from the dark regions of sleep, so does Rochester emerge from the blackness of night; and from this moment on, Jane senses that a change has occurred in her life.

Interesting and pertinent to this study is the characterization of Rochester as Dionysian, for it indicates not only the frenzied nature of his passion, but links him to the daemonic as well. R. E. Hughes likens Rochester to the dark god in his article, “The Unbaptized
Hughes discusses Rochester’s relation to the natural world, the vegetative source of his being; he points out that Edward equates his union with Jane with the gathering in of hay sheaves, “a classic instance of the synthesis of agriculture, eroticism, and ritual characteristic of the Dionysiac worship.”

It is clear that Jane regards this lover of “Paynim features” as a god. As she says, Rochester “was becoming to me my whole world; and more than the world: almost my hope of heaven.” As Jane puts it, Rochester, his pagan fervor, and the erotic desire which she had come to share, “stood between me and every thought of religion. ... I could not ... see God for this creature of whom I had made an idol.” (310)

Dionysian likeness and god-like characterization lead to Rochester’s portrayal as a daemonic agent. The once-practical Jane begins to see him as otherworldly: “You sir, are the most phantom-like of all: you are a mere dream” (315) Chiding his pride, she tells him, “that did not scare me, because I am used to the sight of the demon.” (318) The pronoun’s antecedent is vague, and it is difficult to tell whether Jane names the trait or the man as “demon”; still, the ambiguity is in itself telling. Certainly Jane is separated from a firm grip on reality by the fierce Rochester, who supplants her former, paler joys. The overwhelming nature of his fascination clearly constitutes her acquiescence to the daemonic proclivity within her that demands she adore him.

Also significant to the portrayal of Rochester-as-daemon is his amoral regard of his proposed union with Jane. Often mischievous in his treatment of her, Rochester never seeks to bring harm to the object of his devotion. It is as if he has risen above the law of his fellows in his private determination of justice, of the rightness of his desire.

The first stage in the couple’s seeking their daemonic realm comes with Rochester’s impassioned query of Jane, asking whether she could willingly separate herself from society’s censure to comfort and be with him. The daemonic propensity in both of them is strengthened after they have declared their mutual love. Both indicate the desire to transcend the actual, to move into a realm that is characterized in the novel as “the paradise of union.” Though Rochester indeed wishes freedom from the secret horrors of Thornfield, his daemonic desire indicates less an escape from the curse of his past than it represents an intense longing for heightened joy. Fancifully identifying his beloved with the daemonic realm, Rochester says,

It was a fairy, and come from Elf-land, it said: and its errand was to make me happy. I must go with it out of the common world to a lonely place ... It told me of the alabaster cave and silver vale where we might live. (302)

That Rochester recognizes the rite of passage involved in such a journey is made clear by his delineation of the necessity of a magic charm to enable the couple to transcend the actual; that the talisman he chooses is a gold wedding ring underscores the suggestion that the daemonic realm is, for them, coequal with wedded bliss. Pertinently, Rochester characterizes their Nirvana as distinct from the Christian notion of heaven: “I am yours, and you are mine; and we shall leave earth, and make our heaven yonder.” (302, italics mine)

Though Jane does not match the imagistic fancies of Rochester, her more serious assertions nonetheless supplement her lover’s daemonic proclivity. She expresses the telling conviction that “human beings can never enjoy complete happiness in this world.” (292) This statement combined with Jane’s revelation that Rochester had become her “whole world; and more than the world” seem to indicate that the daemonic realm was clearly charted in her consciousness as the region of Rochester’s love.

Had the couple married at the apex of their sexual fervor, their daemonic realm — a paradise of union on earth — would have been attained. But they do not, and consequently, their eventual union is destined to fall short of their early dreams. One might well wonder what hindered this quest from being happily completed. I would suggest that it is the intercession of the Apollonian sense of reason that prevents their supramortal joy-on-earth from coming to fruition.

Fictionally, reason takes the form of John Mason (who stops the marriage ceremony), finds manifestation in Jane’s strong religious-moral sense, and is represented by St. John Rivers, who is continually likened to Apollo. But each of these agents of reason, curiously is disvalued by Brontë: Mason is a quivering coward bred of a family of lunatics. Religion depicted in Eliza Reed and St. John excludes warmth and human love. Jane repents of her early righteousness, sets aside logic, and heeds Rochester’s famous call to her carried on the wind. Why such ambivalence?

Also tragically central to the novel and this paper is the change in Rochester indirectly wrought by these Apollonian elements. Critics are fond of pointing out the redemption theme present in Jane Eyre as portrayed in Rochester’s loss of Jane and his personal injury. But symbolic castration in loss of hand and eye is a costly penance for keeping a madwoman locked in a secret room and for desiring sexual union outside society’s limitations: there is more to this than sin and punishment. One might indeed explore Charlotte Brontë’s relationship to the daemonic and to the Apollonian forces at work within her.

In “Charlotte Brontë, Reason, and the Moon” (Nineteenth Century Fiction, XIV. 283-302), Robert B. Heilman claims that one of
the author's great fears "was fear of the imagination: entry into the imaginative could actually seem to her to be a guilty self-indulgence."

Nonetheless, Heilman stresses that the non-rational held "profound attraction" for Charlotte Brontë; and that, in spite of herself, she became "the anguished devotee of feeling and intuition."

If one considers Rochester as a product of this profane, yet seductive imagination, a link can be formed between guilt and the daemonic, here manifested by intense sexual desire. Rochester is carefully molded as a creature of great passion and mystery. If he indeed represents the daemonic proclivity, then his partial destruction, accordingly, must stand for the repression of that propensity. Consequently, I suggest that Charlotte Brontë’s emasculation of Rochester is not the punishment of an errant character. Rather, it represents her own rational withdrawal from the force of the daemonic. Only after Rochester’s heroic stature is brought back to life-size, only after his intense sexuality has been diminished, only when the source of the sin has by the purifying element of fire been destroyed, can rational, marital union take place. Diminishing Rochester’s sexuality seems to become for Charlotte Brontë tantamount to sublimating the potency of the daemon imagination and the daemon desire within the realm of her own consciousness.

Yet, such sublimation is difficult. The tension surrounding the author’s attempt at psychological balance is evidenced by the constant juxtaposition of the rational with the dream-like throughout the text. Perhaps this is best explained as the author’s psychological struggle objectified, wherein the rational and the non-rational fight for dominance. Such a viewpoint also sheds light on the disturbing circumstance of the ending, which, simultaneously happy and sad, proves to be a fictional Janus.

Though Jane declares she likes the submissive Rochester better, no one who was fascinated with the fierce, passionate nature he earlier displayed can feel less than regret at his physical and spiritual humbling. The Jane of the conclusion becomes the voice of Apollonian logic. Indeed, her situation is a veritable triumph of rationality: no longer need she flirt with the immoral; no longer need she be separated from her religion, for Rochester has lost the proportions of a god. In the manner of an efficient nurse, Jane takes Rochester in hand; her role as the object of sexual desire seems too easily traded for the new identity of mother-nurse. Their marital union produces a son; but conspicuously absent is the earlier celebration of the ecstasy of intimacy, the daemonic "paradise of union." Jane’s description of their life smacks of the mundane; they have become typical.

However safe an earth-bound existence may be, it does not satisfy the longing for the otherworldly deeply ingrained within the temperament of the daemonic individual. As if unsatisfied with the tableau of the rational Rochesters of the ending, Charlotte Brontë provides us with a final glimpse of the daemonic. Consider the penultimate lines, wafted, like Rochester’s call, from a distant land inhabited by St. John Rivers. He writes:

"My master... has forewarned me. Daily he announces more distinctly — ‘Surely I come quickly!’ and hourly I more eagerly respond, — ‘Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus.’" (511)

Read in the light of the daemonic, this statement becomes significant for the balance of tension between the rational and irrational present in the author’s consciousness, and, concomitantly, in the fiction. What appears to be the missionary’s death-wish can also be read as a daemonic incantation on the part of the author. For religious devotion and sexual desire became confused and commingled in Charlotte Brontë, who “met” in her garden a dream-lover she sometimes called “Pain” and sometimes “God.” Opposing the religious-rational sense in Brontë was a fervent, consuming desire to meet a man whom she could “die for.” Here, the rational, Apollonian St. John so “eagerly” anticipates paradise (a key word for Jane and Rochester) that reason seems nearly eclipsed by a longing for the otherworldly.

Within the tenacious attempt to balance reason and rationality must be recognized the vicious cycle of desire and denial. Though daemonic proclivity stirred the creation of a Rochester, logic and restraint demanded that he be vanquished. What is fascinating is that Charlotte Brontë repeats this create-destroy tactic in many of her male characters. Throughout most of her life and fiction, it appears that Miss Brontë has sought the elusive daemonic with persistence—and frustration.

NOTES

4. Professor Patterson first brought the theory of the daemonic to my attention. In his book he explores historical and psychological dimensions of the daemonic much too complex to be mentioned here.
8. Professor Archibald Coolidge, class lecture on *Jane Eyre*, the University of Iowa, March 25, 1965.
Shotgun barrel eyes peering
   Through wires,
Search the playground where the deflated basketball sleeps.
And the Board lies about the locked gate to the fence.
   Then,
Eyes, sunny-side-up, ask about the same old stuff;
And, do you want to?

U-Turn, then the door squeaks on corroded hinges as
   You cook supper in your mind,
Before the rats, enjoying the babies flesh
While he tries to blossom in the orange crate.

Stench sneaks from the bowel
As you see yourself in the metal mirror
That has corners as dull as your mind.
Home at last. . . .

_Jeff Swanberg_
The Keeper walks the streets of oblivion singing his pennyante songs of "John Brown's Body" and "God Bless America" both at the same time in a harmonious dissonance that sounds like the lonely Blessed Savior crying real tears for the shame of it all.

*Michael J. Black*
Corporal O’Neal loosened the top button of his jacket. After six years of army life, he had become accustomed to waiting, but this time it was different. His palm beaded with perspiration; a nervous tension seized his fingers. He reached for the brown envelope which contained his orders and records. His moist hand left an imprint on the envelope. O’Neal wiped his hands on his trousers and withdrew the 201 file. O’NEAL, PATRICK A. To the army this file represented the soldier, RA16795462. Pat rifled through the file and stopped at Special Order 32, dated March 25, 1965, reassignment to the 2d Battalion, 25th Infantry Division, Viet Nam. He could picture Vihn Long. Native huts, mosquitoes, rain, snipers, mines, and blood. He fought there once and was decorated. He asked himself why he was not returning. No answer came. Pat glanced at the guy in the next seat, who was looking at his own 201 file. The leaf was labeled FONTINO, ALVIN G. To Pat, Fontino’s hand looked dry, his sleeve was bare of any army insignia. A recruit! Wonder where he’s going? Pat’s eyes flashed back to the recruit’s 201 file. Special Order 37, dated March 25, 1965, reassignment to the 3d Battalion, 25th Infantry Division, Viet Nam. Vihn Long! Me and the recruit are going to the same place. Wonder how he feels about going to Nam, Pat thought. Wonder if he’ll be in my squad? He’s probably one of those “fucked-up” draftees, who couldn’t care less about the army. God, that’s all I need, some punk kid with an M-16. A green recruit. Not like the old squad; they were all veterans. Bill. The Ox. Whale. And Gopher, our ammo runner. But they’re all gone.

“Men, the smoking lamp is lit now; we have finished refueling. Estimated touch down at Tan Son Nhut will be in five hours.”

Only five hours more, Al thought as he shifted in his seat. He was becoming anxious now; for he couldn’t quite imagine what it would be like over there. He wasn’t afraid; he just wanted to know what it would be like. Were there any cities? What were the people like, and how could you tell the Viet Cong from the South Vietnamese? He shifted in his seat again. He knew there
was a war in Viet Nam, and that he was going to be a part of it. But the concept of war puzzled him. On one hand it seemed cruel, terrible, but on the other hand it seemed glamorous, exciting. That’s why he had enlisted. Not to be a hero, but to find adventure. Dull school books, romantic movies, a different girl every weekend, biased newspapers, then three jobs in seven months, all reflecting dissatisfaction with himself. “Fun, Travel, and Adventure” is what it said on the sign in front of the army recruiting office. Well, he was traveling alright. And in three hours he would be in Viet Nam.

A cigarette helped to steady the corporal’s hand. He exhaled rings of smoke that faded into hazy clouds, much the same as his thoughts of the old squad had faded into the reality of the present. He now realized the old squad would be replaced by a new one, made up of recruits, like this Fontino in the next seat. After all, Pat thought, I had been a mere recruit myself when I first joined the squad. Now it’s my turn to play the role of the veteran leading the recruit. He would impress on them the importance of staying alert. He’d show them how to check the trails for mines. He’d tell them about the old squad, his friends. But this time he wouldn’t let the new squad be his friends. He didn’t want to get on a personal basis again. He’d tell them about the enemy. He’d tell them that they shouldn’t be surprised to see a woman carrying a machine gun, and if they did, not to hesitate to kill her. Ya, this time it would be different. He wasn’t going to make the same mistakes again.

“We are making our approach to Tan Son Nhut Air Base,” the pilot’s voice came over the loud speaker. “From there you will be taken by truck to your respective units. Ten minutes till touch down.”

Al watched O’Neal stuff his cigarette into the butt-packed ash-tray. He wondered if he would see the corporal again. Al knew a lot about the corporal without having even spoken to him. He knew the corporal had been in Nam before, had been wounded, and decorated. He also knew, from the butt-packed-ash-tray, that the corporal was nervous about something. It seemed odd to Al that a seasoned veteran should be nervous about anything. Who could be more prepared for combat duty than this corporal?

The men emptied from the belly of the plane and were separated according to units. One by one they climbed into the trucks as the broad shouldered sergeant called out their names. Boyle. Stein. Fontino. Vander Heyden. O’Neal. 3rd Battalion. 25th Infantry Division. This would be the new squad.

It took Tom Guthrie a month before his stomach stopped turning som-
ersaults, but his mind never did quite level itself. He was torn between the stark contrasts of the country. Maybe it was the situation he was in, half in and half out of the war. Tom Guthrie was one of "Remington's Raiders," that's a legs term for a clerk-typist. Tan Son Nhut Air Base, besides being the main receiving point for incoming troops, was headquarters for USARV, U.S. Army Viet Nam. Tom was a typist in the office of Colonel Benjamin McCullen.

On this particular March morning Tom sat at his desk typing one of those top secret papers that rotated from headquarters to headquarters, and end up in some filing cabinet marked HOLD FOR FUTURE ACTION. Looking out through the window behind his desk, Tom could see the air strip. Beyond that lay a green wall of jungle. It seemed hard to believe that somewhere beyond that green, red blood was flowing from men's bodies. From the window directly in front of Tom, he could see the ARVN compound, the shacks that housed the families of the South Vietnamese soldiers. Beyond that lay the gates of Tan Son Nhut Air Base and then just across the street the buildings that formed Hundred-P-Alley sprung up. A Hundred P (piasta)-that's what it cost to get a lay. Tom smiled at the irony of it. In front of him soldiers were getting a lay; in back of him soldiers lay dying.

A drop of sweat dripped from Tom's chin, falling carelessly to the half-finished top secret paper in the typewriter; the ink dissolved into a little pool of mud. You couldn't even sit without sweating. The usual mid-afternoon rain had begun. Tom watched out the window in front of him for the security guard walking his post around the building. The rain didn't seem to bother the guard; his pace didn't alter one step. What difference did it make anyway? If you didn't drip from rain, you reeked with sweat.

Tom glanced at the watch on his wrist. 6:00 P.M. Another hour till the end of his twelve hour work day. Where would he go tonight? Hundred-P-Alley? No, he thought, too much clap running around there. Be better off in Saigon. He picked up the papers and carbons on his desk and took them to the security vault. One last check of the desk so the Colonel doesn't have a kitten if I left any T. S. around. The old man could really be tuff shit over security violations.

The evening air felt cool in contrast to the muggy afternoon heat. After a cold shower, Tom's skin felt almost clean. He hated to put his clothes back on. In a minute the contrast of the evening air would wear off, and the sweat bath would start over again. He doused himself with deodorant and cologne to hide the body odor, not that it made any difference to the Saigon-
Tea girls, but it made him feel better.

The guard at the gate gave a sly little grin as Tom passed through. The expression on the guard’s face said, “Have a nice lay, fella.” Tom cut through Hundred-P-Alley and was met by a swarm of Vietnamese kids, some bare bottomed, some bare topped, all of them dirty, but that was normal for kids anyway. Tom didn’t speak Vietnamese, but he knew what the outstretched hands wanted. He reached into his pocket and threw them a handful of loose candy and a few Dong (Vietnamese coins, less than a penny in value). Tom watched another G.I. mobbed by the kids as he came out of the gate. “Get the hell out of here Slope,” he replied as he threw a handful of stones. Tom wondered if he too would change as the other G.I.’s did. Why did they look down on these people, while their buddies were out in the jungle dying for the Vietnamese?

A little further down the Alley, Tom watched an old Mamma-Sahn pull up her skirt and squat to piss. Along either side of the Alley were little wagons that sold sandwiches, soup, and rice. He had missed supper, but despite his growling stomach, he couldn’t bring himself to eat in Hundred-P-Alley. A pretty, dark-haired girl stood in a doorway. “Hey G.I., you want short time? Two hundred P.” Tom wondered if they’d change the name of Hundred-P-Alley to match the rising cost of inflation.

At the corner of Cong Lee Street the cycle and cab drivers waited for their prey. There was only one way to get to Saigon, that was by Vietnamese transportation. He could either pay 150 Piastas for a cycle ride, or he could argue for a cheaper price with a cab driver. The cabs have meters, he thought. Why the hell don’t they use ‘em? Tom couldn’t understand the Vietnamese mind, nor could any of the other G.I.’s. Back in the “World” everything had a set price. Cabs had meters, and stores had price tags, but not Nam. A G.I. always had to argue the price out, and it usually ended up with a Vietnamese getting the crap beat out of him and not getting a Dong for his merchandise. Tom decided to pay the 150 Piastas for the cycle and avoid an argument.

“‘To Do Street,’” Tom ordered.

“‘To Do. Saigon. O.K. G.I.,”’ the driver replied.

Tom watched the familiar landscaping and buildings flash by. He made the trip down Cong Lee many times before. The two story French styled homes with high stone fences never ceased to amaze him. The five miles between Saigon and Hundred-P-Alley seemed like another world. There were houses even he, the rich American, couldn’t afford. These houses belonged to
the politicians and bar owners. The cycle stopped for the traffic light at Duong Long. Tom forgot about the bare asses of Hundred-P-Alley and the woman squatting for a piss. Cong Lee almost seemed like part of the "World." The wind flapped through Tom's shirt, drying his clammy skin. He felt cool, relaxed. As they rounded the circle at John F. Kennedy Cathedral, they entered the heart of Saigon, To Do Street.

Tom handed the driver 200 Piastas. "Cam Ang Ung, G.I. Cam Ang Ung," the driver exclaimed as he prepared to get on his way. Tom held out his open palm, and after a long minute, the driver produced a 50 Piasta note. "Cam Ang Ung." Tom thanked him, relieved at how well the transaction took place.

To Do stretched from the Plaza Square to the Saigon River and was packed with bars and restaurants. Tom crossed over to the "Street of Flowers." One side of the street was lined with bars and sidewalk black market dealers. Down the middle of the street ran the flower shops, separating the Vietnamese black market on the one side from the American officers' quarters and the U.S.O. on the other side.

"G.I., you want shoe polish? one sidewalk dealer asked Tom. Another offered him "Number one girl. 300 P." A little further down the street he watched a G.I.'s fist slam into a cab driver's teeth. Finally he arrived at the "Chicago Bar." The only thing there that reminded him of home was the sign outside, "Chicago Bar," but it was a link with the "World" and also his favorite bar.

"You want G.I. beer? 75 P," the bartender grinned.

Tom couldn't understand how the black market goods could stay out in the open. It bothered him not to be able to buy shoe polish in the Post Exchange, while it was being peddled on the black market at three times the PX price. As much as he hated the formaldehyde tasting Vietnamese beer, he refused to buy the black market American beer.

"Give me a Bom-d-Bom."

Across the bar from Tom sat a khaki-dressed soldier, sipping black market whiskey. Tom knew he had to be in from the field. Probably waiting for shipment back to the States. No "Remington Raider" would be caught dead in a uniform after duty hours.

"Where you stationed, Pal?" Tom watched the beads of sweat roll off the soldier's forehead. One drop fell into the glass of whiskey, causing ripples like a stone tossed into a pond.
“Vihn Long,” the soldier replied as he contemplated the ripples in the glass. His thoughts seemed to dissipate with the ripples in the glass. The skin on his forehead squeezed into furrows. He lifted the glass, downing the salty alcohol.

“Can I buy you another drink,” Tom offered. He admired the guys from the field. Colonel McCullen had twice turned down Tom’s request for transfer to the field. No matter how useless Tom felt his work was, the Colonel kept saying, “You’re doing a good job, son; keep it up.”

The bartender brought a whiskey and a beer. Tom handed him 125 Piastas. Nothing was said. The purchase of booze was one of the few transactions that were free from argument. That was because the G.I. was always thirsty, and the bartender knew the booze was watered down. The conflict was silent.

“My name’s Tom Guthrie. From Chicago.”

The soldier offered his hand, “Al Fontino.”

“Sure wish I could get stationed down at Vihn Long. That’s the 25th, isn’t it?” Tom continued.

Fontino only heard the words Vihn Long. He raised his glass again and downed it. Vihn Long! Vihn Long! The words seemed to echo in his mind.

“What’s it like down there,” Tom asked.

“Huh? Oh, it’s hell, buddy. It’s hell!”

“Well, I guess it’s hell all over this country.” The image of the woman squatting in the Alley came back to Tom. “Piss,” he exclaimed. “I wish I was out there in the field. At least I’d be doing something.”

“You sure would, buddy. You’d be killing.”

“Ain’t that what soldiers are supposed to do?” Tom asked.

The question lingered in Fontino’s head. “Ain’t that what soldiers are supposed to do?” He could picture the village. A still, starless night. The flashes of light from the brush and the thunder of a machine gun. A blood soaked body lay on the trail. A once-face now a torn, riddled hunk of flesh and blood. A sleeve with two stripes. A name tag for an epitaph—O’NEAL! O’NEAL! O’NEAL!

“Ya buddy, that’s what soldiers are supposed to do.”
FARM THE EYES OF A CITY DWELLER
Larry Berg

well it looks like a big parking lot before the lights and yellow lines are in a few trees here and there but they'll come down soon to make room for the shopping center and soon the parking lot will be a city with no place to park.

if you ask me it looks like 300 acres freshly ploughed before the seed is in but then i once thought there was a lake but it turned out to be a mirage from the hot surface of a gigantic airstrip so i might not really know anymore.

a tale of two
a king, a beggar
living alone
like birds on peaks,
they drink
one another
with longing looks,
and swear
to cross the vacant sands
on hot, gravel roads
that tire their feet
and reach
to forests of rushing leaves
and greener hills
to climb and sink in silty pools
cooling their feet,
with faint smiles
for each other.

Jim Norgaard
SUNDAY SOUTH
Flora Foss

Summer.
Scorched clay and sweat
Would send us scampering,
Wild, bareback.
Hooves clattering up roads
Stretched like drawls
Into the piecemeal fields.

And further, hearts a-gallop
At our daring, past forbidden
Cotton sultans in reds, purples,
Sunday denims, flashing teeth!
The rum and garbage royalty
Of it all making us giddy,
Watermelon heads sweet, heavy.

(This when, for all we knew,
The heady season's wine was
Free to drink.) Then sweep,
Dangerous as Wild Bill,
Faces blending with the mane
To see johnny run, see johnny run,
Till, green stilts flashing in the dust,
The cotton fields ran out.

FARMHOUSE: MAY '70
John Cebula

1. Buried between November trees
   restless under their shroud
   clubbed by winds groaning
   its presence haunts the hill
   and deserted fields

2. The son returns
   with prisoner steps
   as day drops beaten
   upon the horizon
   
   Climbing the stairs
   he stands on the landing
   like a villain
   on a scaffold

3. Time tightens its noose
   around the land
   From the window
   May hangs a somber
   quiet thought
   left condemned
   among pages
   of a family Bible
Acclerating across Wyoming,
He was threatened by emptiness,
The sweep of the plains wheat,
The peaks, the devil’s backbone, breaking sky,
The rainbow painted bluffs, all out of sight.

Need he explain? How bleak, how parched.
Not even the taprooting knotted pine dare
Twist itself against these winded slopes;
Broom, sage, a thirsty tapestry, gusted;
The wind raising dustdevils gray-brown miles.

And he was not alone. Look, far-flung villages,
Frail ships before a storm,
Settled alone where the Wind River snaked,
Slashed green . . . reprieve he hoped for, dry eyes holding
Where the road split the next swell.

No scenic photo parkways; there’s no focusing
What blends, hot diastasis and unbroken sky;
Where color’s in the eye. Barren he saw it,
Without hope, and shuddered as the honest
Empty broadland stretched for him. What dwarfed him

In the mirror, vast, unmatched, kept him
From dustdevils’ dance, the wind’s true shaping hand.
Stripped as one sandwhelpe yips
His coyote mother, sun keenhollowing horizon
In this unyielding and unpardoned land.
In the world yet not of it, cloistered
in midst of secular dissonance
Bent toward the loosely-shuttered icon:
strumming 'cross its sentences
like decades on a rosary,
grateful eyelids genuflect, genuflect.
Fingers (stirring with each page)
on a spastic pilgrimage.
Incidental senses long subdued
to his eyes intent,
sacrificed idol'trously,
to that hinged sacrament.
All life circumscribed
by the binding in his hand,
his prejudices buttressed
by its fragile, palm-worn span.
No worldly cares prevail
against such crabbed monastic walls,
for they withstand both
misereres and mincing madrigals.
So, enfolded in his habit,
honing his belief,
sits the blissful supplicant,
fondling ancient sheaf.
Senses stilled, mortified:
no emotion bared.
Days of joy/ grief attended,
but all too seldom shared,
for he crucifies all emotion
to Ressurect a homily.
He cannot talk, he must expound;
he reads but does not see.
So they stand forgotten,
muted children, neglected wife:
That tiny congregation
on the wide margins
of his
life.
It is not easy
In my short time,
To ease myself down
Into what my brothers have for me.
I think I sing too much the blues.

21 times Polly put on the kettle,
Tea for me is just to clear the head,
Funky backroads crossed around
Until Luke comes to me.
In night and naked love
Sometimes it makes sense.
Professor Nightingale floated into class on a wave of history,
His hair wildly flying through the nights,
And the guitar fetched a melody,
The old tree-wood barking vibrant, then coughing,
And the sidewalk was glazed and I feared falling.

Violins pied the piper through ivory walls,
And the lion licking his lioness underneath
felt through a dream of helpless sheep a shepherd
with no staff save only one chord that echoed
in a white hollow chamber.
Earth melodrama:
in the churn of a second
all history happens,
mountains throw themselves
out of the plains
and flop like fish
that have hopped from the water
until pulverized they return to the ground.
The ocean is not still
with seething tides whipping distant coasts
and crests steaming over red volcanoes.

Men's faces crease like the earth
eyelids turn to ash.

A gnat exhales an ocean
and birds marvelously fall
to salt upon the earth.
All things lose their outline
and blur with one another,
you cannot step into the same river
even once
Things are losing their reality
Soon there will be
no words
hog market’s down 3¢ again today
blight got half the corn
& Jim Martin’s dead

he couldn’t hang
a harvest in the barn
so he hung himself

dad pushes back from the table
& returns to the field on crutches
cracked under tractor tires
& pieced together with scrap iron
Hard things have happened
since the smoother days
when shaking your head was enough
to clear it—

a stronger jolt is needed now—

nothing like lust or hate,
they muddle things—

at this so quick late date
charms of the senses are the only things pure—

and they, only occasionally
and at high degree;

and with each new hurt
the degree rises, tolerance gives shells to the heart
and the heart’s eye needs a heavier blow
to focus once again.

So for a short time you see distinctly
at such speed that the rapid pounding
of the concrete forces recognition from your
legs and backbone,

"at 120 a beer can’ll wipe you out"

with cycle growling adding passion
to the rushing wind.

Robert T. Donnell
I was nine then or perhaps ten. The summer had resolved itself into a marvelous pattern. Every day I would walk over to Grandpa’s house. It always seemed oppressively hot and very bright. The sunglasses I had somehow didn’t do much good. But Grandpa’s house was cool and dark. I don’t know whether he ever had an air conditioner but I remember his big fan that was in the living room. Almost magically it kept the whole house cool; didn’t make much noise either.

When I opened the drapes the two shafts of sunlight, which burst through and quickly filled up the room, were swarming with tiny dust particles that swirled about like minuscule snow flakes. It was just after noon and my grandparents were still out back working in the garden. My grandfather grew the very best strawberries. Strawberries which, when swimming in a bowl of cream and topped with just the right amount of sugar, were altogether the perfect breakfast, deliciously sweet.

While he tended them my grandmother would gently manicure the roses that adhered to the trellis I took down last spring. And each was distinct among all the flowers in the world, those roses Grandma and I planted. We had picked the sight and I did the digging so she wouldn’t have to bend over. And our roses grew. They literally climbed up that trellis, entwined around each step like a baby clinging to its mother. They were red, a nuance that was deep and rich yet not quite blood red. And they were soft as smoke.

Summoning them they would bustle about in that grandparent fashion that moves with short stiff legged strides but doesn’t really speed things up. When they got inside they scrubbed their hands with the same hasty dawdling.

After what seemed an eternity I would follow Grandpa down into the basement where I’d seat myself on an old crate while he lit his small gas stove. He always placed some sort of metal plate over the burner; probably so the corn wouldn’t be scorched. Then when he could stall no longer he would begin. There simply isn’t anything like that any more. watching my grandfather do his dance while he popped corn. His eyes were afire and his face came alive with a glistening smile. He moved his feet in a studder step and seemed more to convey a feeling of dancing than to supply its actual presence. I’d laugh and clap and shuffle my feet in time and all the while there was the staccato popping of the corn.

Finally, after the last kernel had popped, the two of us would bring our prize upstairs to the kitchen where my Grandmother had melted the butter and set out the bowls. When we went into the living room I spread papers about the floor so the butter mightn’t accidentally stain the carpet. And then we’d all watch the game.

Every time Grandpa would say, “You know you see it much better on television.” And every time I’d reply, “You certainly can’t get popcorn like this in Wrigley Field.” And Grandpa would laugh and say, “I guess it’s all in the dance.”
On the morning of April 20, 1957, Clara Connelley, passenger in an automobile driven by __________, was fatally injured in a one-car accident on Highway 13 fifteen miles south of Waukon.

Sugar Beets are white! Artichokes as common as cabbages.

There lay Clara very white and still.

The ancient Egyptians painted prisoners Yellow. Birds were blue and green. Water was blue. Men and women were painted red. Men redder than women.

Munkacsy was, as a boy, dissatisfied With the representations of Christ That he saw. They seemed: "Effeminate personifications of too much humility." He wished to paint: "Such a man as could be severe to the wrong-doer even while he was forgiving and tender to the repentant."

Verdad no pintura.

So why does his Christ before Pilate stand Like a Sugar Beet on an oriental carpet common as an artichoke?

The Pharaoh’s artist would have made Christ Yellow, surrounded by red women and redder men.

So Clara does not lie white and still like a cauliflower.

She lies like Clara white and still.

Verdad no pintura.

Face-down in a ditch by the side of the road She should have floated face-up in a sea Of dusty grass and gravel. Borne by the mists That sweep the morning to the island shelves High above the Mississippi—there, white as A beet, to stand among the red pine and the redder sumach.

Grotesque, ghostly. Like Christ before Pilate.

She should have.

But when I think about the whiteness of Sugar Beets.

I couldn’t allow that.
Awards

TOWERS AWARD FOR POETRY
Flora Foss • Sunday South, page 30
• Highway 26 West, page 33
Judge, Alexander Kuo • NIU

J. HAL CONNOR AWARD FOR CREATIVE PROSE
Paul Seifert • The Park, page 6
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Timothy McShane • It’s All In The Dance, page 42
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E. RUTH TAYLOR AWARD FOR CRITICAL WRITING
Glynn Steele • The Daemonic in Jane Eyre, page 14
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MAUDE UHLAND AWARD FOR FRESHMAN WRITING
Robert Petit • Igloo Oasis, page 3
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TOWERS ART AWARDS
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David Kasper • Four States (serigraphy), page 17
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too late
maternal Eurydice. Breasts
heavy from the dried
milk of no relief.
too late
for the saving
of this small place.

hunch shouldered, heavy
soled, Michael wept
for this litotes sowed
garden, piece of dawn.
Tears washing over window
dummy foliage, fettering
green seeds spaced just so
just so. He stood

rough-shod against a steel
sky reflecting on same
style climbing vine, sucking
disease eating through naked
May roots. Such

sorrow, such sorrow. Delicate
toy, Michael, mind finger
fed, dynamited over
a malignant field. Leveled
to a formless sketch. For what
creative son?

Who's
to cry for your colt
skeletal remains?

Editor