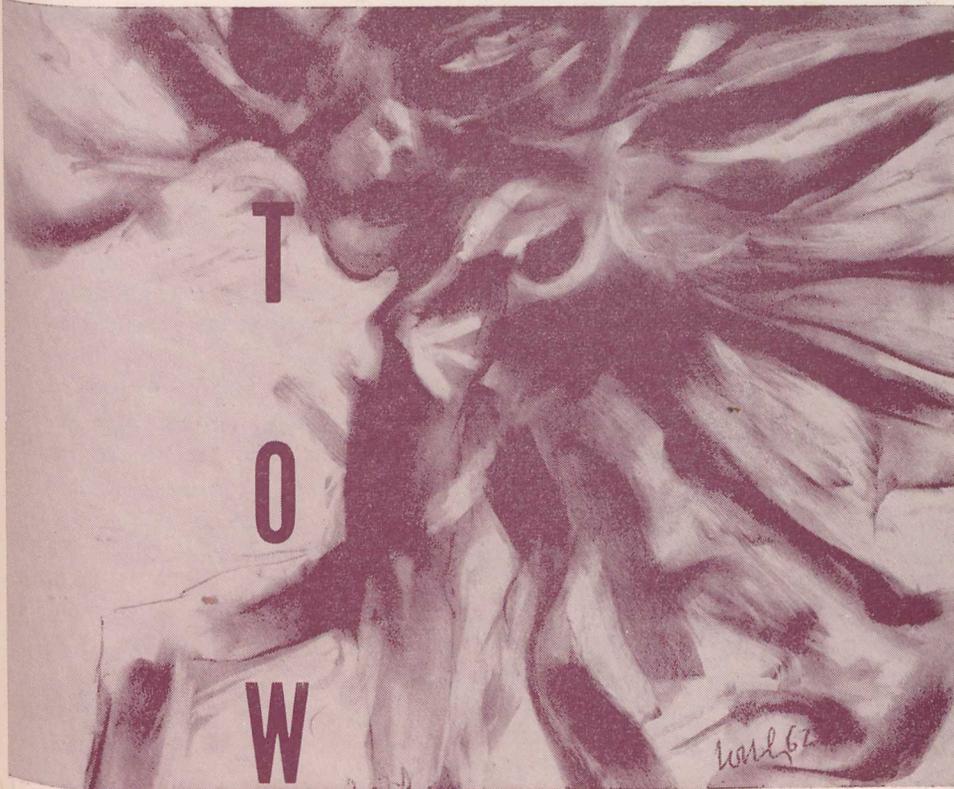


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## ART WORK



## FOREWORD

Shakespeare coined it the "mind's eye" and "thick-coming fancies" and "such stuff as dreams are made of." Wordsworth called it "the mind's internal heaven." In less poetic language we call it the Imagination. Nothing of value in literature is without this essence of imaginative perception and keen interpretation of the Is, Was and Will Be around us — absorbed, digested, scanned, and projected to us through the "mind's eye."

There is such an eye at work in these pages. If it doesn't yet see too clearly, give it time, let it grow, help it to see — and by all means, never let it close its lids in un-seeing sleep.

## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS AND OTHER THINGS

Life is deception and nought but a dream  
Or rather detention from truth's real scheme.

Evolution, Religion and Psychology:

From snail to lizard to man to god,  
From god to wizard and psyche to sod.

I am but I cannot know I am — this makes existence terrible.

I love the man who sweats and toils:  
Love not for the man, his sweat and his toil  
But for the idleness I enjoy to love him.

The world is a big laugh and I can't help being caught in the joke.

A pen in my hand is a frightful tool: it etches my image now as god  
and then as fool.

The only worthy cause for suicide:

How can I hate any man when I realize  
that he too is a receptor of this universe that I love?

But how can I love any man when I realize  
that he does not love this universe?

Oh, but tell me, how can I even love  
the universe when I know it is composed of these men?

The Philosopher's Drink:

I drank the drink of sages  
Of past, present and future ages.

I saw the starry currents flowing  
With stormy swirl — no ripples showing.

I hold this crystal goblet to the sun

And see that the hues are really one.

I know that I am stuff of stars  
And the stars are stuff of me.

We are nought but dust? Then let us taste the earth with pleasure.

by KENNETH C. SCHELLHASE

## CRAZY MATTIE

The tent was set up on the northern edge of town. Every evening the townfolk would gather together to sing, pray, and repent. For a week Crazy Mattie had been aware of the excitement that accompanies a revival. For seven nights she had watched her neighbors walk down the dusty road and enter the tent of salvation. For seven nights she had hung back shy, but curious about the phenomena taking place behind the canvas walls. Tonight she was going to the meeting.

She walked down the road toward the tent. Looking neither left nor right, she steadily plodded along. Her heavy bulk moved slowly and awkwardly. Her flowered dress swayed to and fro with each step. The sun sank in the west as she reached the opening in the tent.

Crazy Mattie entered the tent and walked slowly down the center aisle. She sat down on one of the benches and looked around. To the left of the center aisle stood a rostrum. To the left of the rostrum was the 'mourners' bench and the choir seats. She stared at the altar at the front of the church. A picture of the white-robed Christ, surrounded by little children, was the focal point of her view. She smiled to herself. It was a pretty picture.

"Hit's Crazy Mattie."

"Where?" the turned head.

"There," the pointed finger.

"Shore as I live 'n' breathe. Crazy as a loon she is. Hit's a shame no one locks her up."

"Been batty fer years. She never growed up. Still acts like a child. Did you know, she still plays with dolls?"

Crazy Mattie smoothed her rumpled dress. She clutched the worn patent leather purse close to her bosom. She smiled at the gentle Christ in the picture.

"Evenin', Sister Edna. Glad to see you out."

"Evenin', Preacher."

"Evenin', Brother Martin."

"Hit's a right crowd here tonight, Preacher."

Crazy Mattie smiled at the people filing into their seats. She nodded her head and smiled. Her neighbors poked one another and looked away, avoiding her glance. She clutched the purse tighter to her bosom. She sniffed. The tent smelled faintly of sawdust. She looked down at her feet. Flecks of the sawdust had gathered and clung to her shoes. She smiled. Once a long, long time ago she had been in a tent. Papa had been alive then.

"Oh, Papa! Look! Look at the balloons."

"Now, Mattie, stay close to me." And Papa had clutched her hand tighter in his. "Don't you go runnin' off nowhere."

"Please, Papa, please could I have a balloon? A *red* one. Red is the happiest color." Mattie held the balloon at the very end of the string so that the wind could catch it and pull it toward the sky.

"Ooooh, look!" cried Mattie, breaking away from Papa. She ran to the rim of a buzzing crowd. "I can't seeee! Lift me up, Papa."

The two gorillas were swinging idly on a trapeze. Mattie clapped her hands in delight as the gorillas began to perform for the curious crowd. Mattie screamed, "They're just like people, Papa. Just like us." And she laughed and laughed.

"Come along, Mattie. The show will start soon."

"No! I want to see, Papa. I want to see." With a sudden movement, one of the gorillas leaped off the trapeze and bounded to the front of the cage. He swung his arm through the bars and swiped at the crowd. The crowd shrank back and hummed in surprise. The gorilla jumped up and down and began to scream. Relieved, the crowd laughed at the antics of the gorilla. But the beast suddenly stopped his cavorting. He looked at the crowd quietly and then slowly bared his teeth. He grinned at them, an evil, mean grin. And then turning around, he rubbed his backside against the bars of the cage.

"Papa, let's go. I don't like them anymore. They're ugly."

Crazy Mattie looked up from her shoes. The young woman sitting in front of her was bobbing her head in response to another woman's conversation. As she nodded, the woman reached up and scratched her neck. Her lips stretched over her teeth as she grinned at her friend.

"We will start the service with a hymn." Preacher Fairweather addressed the congregation and nodded to the choir to begin the hymn. Everyone stood and opened his mouth and waited for the pianist to sound the key.

You've got to walk that lonesome valley,

You've got to walk it by yerself

Ain't no one to go hit with you,

You've got to walk it all alone.

Preacher Fairweather led the congregation in song. His arms pumped up and down as he directed his flock toward the right notes. His short, squat figure made him appear smaller than he really was and Crazy Mattie had to rise in her seat so that she could see him. The Preacher's bald head glistened with sweat as he energetically rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet, keeping time with the music.

"Papa, who *is* that funny little man?" Mattie gazed down at the man in the red silk jacket and tall, black top hat.

"That's the ringmaster, honey."

"What's a ringmaster, Papa?"

"He's the leader for the people in the circus. He tells them when they can do their acts."

"Do they *have* to listen to him, Papa?"

"I don't know if they have to, Mattie, but they do."

"How come, Papa?"

"Amen, Lord, Amen. Take our hands and lead us to you. We come to you with sorrow in our hearts. We know you will lead us from darkness and into light. Who is heavy with trouble tonight? Who will take a place on the mourners' bench? There is room for one more sinner." Preacher Fairweather raised his hands in supplication and closed his eyes in prayer. "Who will offer himself to merciful Jesus?" The Preacher walked down the center aisle of the tent and pleaded with his congregation.

"I'm a sinner, Preacher. I'm a sinner in the eyes of the Lord." The silence was broken by Old Man Abel. He pushed himself out into the aisle and walked with bowed head to the mourners' bench. Two of his neighbors welcomed him to the bench. The congregation breathed a sigh of relief because another sinner was about to be saved.

"And, I've sinned. I ask fer mercy, O Gawd!" Another man jumped from the congregation and pushed his way to the front of the church. He sagged to the mourners' bench and placed his head in his hands.

The Preacher returned to the front of the tent and took his place behind the rostrum. "We will sing another hymn to help our brothers and sisters give themselves to salvation." The congregation launched into "We Will Gather at the River." Crazy Mattie hummed along with the rest of the group, even though she didn't know the words. She swayed to and fro — the beautiful, beeeeeeautiful riverrrrr —.

"Papa! Papa!" Mattie tugged at Papa's coat sleeve. "Look! All those silly clowns." Mattie clapped her hands and bounced up and down in her seat.

The clowns scrambled around the center ring. They chased one

another with rubber bats. They pulled off one another's wigs and exposed bald heads to the audience. They squirted water at one another. The screaming whistles, the frightening gun shots, the hysterical yells of the clowns were music to Mattie's ears. Her cheeks were flushed, and she gasped at each trick the clowns performed.

"How silly, Papa! Look at them. They're chasing each other and they don't know it." Mattie tugged at Papa's arm and pointed down at the clowns. They had formed a large circle, the largest clown leading the group. Each clown was chasing the clown in front of him. They ran around and around in a circle. Faster and faster they ran. Their brightly colored suits merged into a blur of red, green, and yellow.

"Why are they doing that, Papa? *Why?*"

"Let us pray, O Gawd. We come to you with hearts full of sorrow. But we know we can turn to you with this weary load. Lead us from the darkness and into the light of your grace."

"O sweet Jesus, show us yer grace."

"Praise be to Gawd in his divine mercy."

"Amen!"

Preacher Fairweather walked from behind the rostrum toward the mourners' bench. "We ask for mercy for those sinners on the mourners' bench. Help them to repent in the sight of the Lord."

"Amen!"

"Help them to repent, Gawd!"

Crazy Mattie looked around her. People were clasping their hands to their brows and leaning over to pray for the souls of the sinners. The tiny, wrinkled, old woman sitting next to her kept moaning over and over, "Sweet Jesus, save them from sin — Sweet Jesus, save them from sin." Crazy Mattie opened her mouth to speak, but no words were uttered. Suddenly a scream broke from the mourners' bench.

"I sinned! I sinned an' ask fer mercy!" A thin, haggard woman stood up from the mourners' bench and began to sob. Preacher Fairweather strode to her side and took her hand. Leading her to the front of the church he shouted:

"Confess your shame, Sister. Confess in the sight of the Lord."

"In the barn, I was in the barn, milkin' the cow — and — and —"

"Hit's my shame too! Hit's my shame too!" Old Man Abel fell to his knees and covered his eyes with his hands. "We pleased ourselves. Till past milkin' time we pleased ourselves."

"Have mercy, Oh Gawd! Have mercy." Members of the congregation stood up and pleaded for the souls of their brother and sister.

"But we're sorry now. We're sorry!" The thin woman looked up at Preacher Fairweather with a tearful face.

"Do you repent, Sister?"

"I repent! I repent!"

"She repents! Have pity, Oh Lord."

"Do you repent, Brother?"

"I repent, Preacher. Save me from the fire o' hell."

Preacher Fairweather closed his eyes and held out his hands. "The spirit has moved these two sinners to confess their shame in your eyes, Oh Gawd. Save them by your heavenly grace, by the grace of the heavenly Lamb." He looked down at the shamed man and the sobbing woman. "You are saved. Go and sin no more."

Old Man Abel got up off his knees and returned to the mourners' bench. "I'm saved. Saved!!" His neighbors shook his hand and thumped him heartily on the back.

One of the women in the front row came to the aid of the thin woman and helped her to a seat. She muttered comfort to the hysterical woman. "There, there, Sister. You have been saved."

Crazy Mattie was aware that people were standing up and crying out to the Preacher. The old woman sitting next to her kept moaning. Crazy Mattie was confused. She closed her eyes and ears to shut out the sound of their cries and the sight of tears.

"Papa, why is that lady crying?" Mattie pointed to the fat lady sitting on an enormous, red stuffed pillow.

"Because she's unhappy, baby."

"She must weigh a million pounds!" Mattie shifted her attention from the fat lady to the midget without any arms. "Look, Papa. Isn't that funny???" Mattie covered her mouth to smother a giggle. Papa shook her roughly and dragged her away from the freaks.

"You musn't laugh or say unkind things about them, Mattie. You should feel sorry for them."

"But Papa," pouted Mattie, "if we should feel sorry for them, why do they have them in the circus? Why don't they hide them?"

"Well — they need to be with people. Even if other people laugh at them — they still need to be with them."

"Do they like to show themselves to the people who visit the circus?" Mattie was confused about the fat lady and the midget without any arms.

"You're too young to understand, Mattie. Just remember that the circus is the only life these poor people have ever known."

"If I was like these people, Papa, I wouldn't let everyone see me. I wouldn't!"

Crazy Mattie looked up. The revival was over. Everyone had left the tent. She smiled at the Christ in the picture. She thought that he smiled back. It was such a nice picture. Papa had had a beard just like Jesus.

"Ma'm? Is someone here to fetch you?" The little boy touched Mat-

tie's arm gently. She looked up and smiled. It was time to go home. She stood up and brushed off her dress. She turned and walked behind the boy who was leading the way out of the tent. As she passed through the door she nodded to the Preacher and two women.

"Hit's terrible the way they let that crazy woman run around. Someone should of locked her up a long time ago." One of the women pointed at Crazy Mattie's back.

"Ain't she funny though! I laugh everytime I see her. Crazy as a loon!" And the second woman giggled.

Preacher Fairweather turned to the two women. "Now Sisters, you have been saved in the eyes of God. Do not ridicule that poor, unfortunate woman. Pity her, pity her. Be Christian and then thank the Lord that he has blessed you with all your senses."

"We will gather at the river — the beautiful, beeeeeeautiful riverrrrr —." Crazy Mattie hummed the tune of the pretty song she had heard tonight. She looked back at the tent.

She loved the circus. It had been a nice evening.

by DIANE LELITO

A butterfly  
Drifting in on the evening breeze  
Rests for a moment  
On a blade of grass.

Wings  
Sunlight edged  
Death Centered.

## NIGHT

Fragility  
Children pierce  
Lovers protect.

A butterfly  
Drifting in on the evening breeze  
Rests for a moment  
Then drowns in the morning dew.

by MARLENE HALL

## MR. KOSSNER

How does the world look, Mr. Kossner?

You stand on the steps of the red brick building  
And squint in pain and confusion at the  
bright outside, an unfamiliar world.

It's time for your fifteen minutes.

It's time to leave your room and move  
your stiff tired body down the sidewalk  
to the corner and back again.

You will stand for a while at the corner.

Those that pass will think that you are  
strong and well, that you walk the streets with  
purpose, that somewhere someone waits  
for Mr. Kossner to come.

But the cold comes through the long coat.

You turn, and move with slow, shuffling steps  
back to the building. Mrs. Lotano passes.  
"Poor Mr. Kossner," she says with her eyes.

Now the close warmth of the hallway feels good.

Soon your daughter will come to make your  
soup and toast and you will talk of the grandchildren  
until she has to go back to her home.

You stop at the mailbox marked F. KOSSNER.

You squint through the holes for a sign of  
white paper within. It would be good, when  
your daughter comes, to say, as if it meant nothing,  
"I got the mail today."

But there is no mail, Mr. Kossner.

You climb stiffly, slowly, the stairs to your room,  
to sit again in the soft, sagging arm chair and  
watch the television until your daughter comes.  
You will walk more when the weather is better,  
you tell yourself.

by JERRY DI PEGO



## THE HANDMAID

Sapphires blue and white, through the sweaty screaming  
Streets to Golgotha, in a stumbling sorrow  
Struggled she that day, and the sapphires blue and white  
Shed roses on the clay blood red.

by BOB FEELEY

## SOLUTION 3

Citizens of the United States, today we rejoice in the conquest of another problem, another imperfection with which man has been struggling since he first created civilization.

When the principle of capital punishment was discarded, back in the nineteen seventies, we began searching for a new approach, a new solution to crime control.

The short-lived Criminal Rehabilitation Program was an ineffective weapon against an appalling crime rate. This idea had stemmed from a weak-willed attitude toward the enigma of crime. Later the legislative changeover which strengthened the penal system and increased the severity of sentences was a solution which struck a telling blow at our society's deviates. Though it stopped short of conquest, this second solution cleared a path, a new road for national crime control to follow.

On this day, the United States Government is revealing to the people what we believe will be the final cure for one of Mankind's remaining diseases.

You have noted the establishment of new secret committees; you have wondered at the mounting activity centered in the National Security Building; and you have witnessed the new structures appearing in your communities. Today I chose to personally relate to you the information concerning this new system, and the philosophy from which it was born.

The greatest importance of this system lies in its simplicity, its straight-driving force which shatters the shield of complexity and reaches in to clutch the heart of the problem. The results produced previously by a more rigorous penal system were a key to an entirely new approach. It was simply the mode of punishment used by that system which caused it to fail.

We have seen that a man's desire for easy money, or his violent temper, or his physical hungers may override the fear of personal confinement and hard labor that he might have to reckon with. But what man does not suddenly and instinctively recoil from the possibility of great physical pain?

Pain is a force which can deter the strongest emotions or desires. Pain is a sensation that no man grows used to and disregards. Pain is the built-in instrument of punishment that is the basis of our new crime control program.

Convicted criminals will now stand before a judge and receive sentences more unique than those of any other society's law codes. A petty thief may be sentenced to one hour, a rapist to six months, a murderer to a year or more. Each sentence will be served to the minute in a state of extreme physical suffering.

As I speak, Pain Stations are being constructed in central locations throughout each state. The criminal will be housed in the station while he serves his sentence. He will be physically and mentally examined to determine the degree and duration of pain he can endure in one application. He will then be brought periodically to a special room and fastened to a table. An attendant need only press a button, and the nerve probing machine located above the criminal begins its operation. Nerves are exposed and pressure is applied — cleanly, with no danger of infection or unhealed wounds. The criminal endures a specified amount of pain at each application. When the duration of pain time equals the duration of the sentence, the prisoner is released.

The system is inexpensive and uncomplicated. The first who deviate from our standards of law will experience a new method of punishment-rehabilitation that will leave them as living examples, living discouragements to any of our citizens who have within them the potential for crime.

Our nation's science and technology have produced a final solution to the problem of criminal behavior. Together we applaud Man's ultimate victory over an enigma of society and over the evil within himself.

I thank you. —

Presidential Address  
April 4, 2042

by JERRY DIPEGO

## AFTERNOON

Penelope Pennyport poured her tea  
with a frown, at three.

Mortimer Moniman saw the tape  
with a gape, at four.

Somebody Sortaguy beat his wife  
with a laugh, at five.

Loretta Longalush poured some gin  
with a grin, at six.

Betty Ann and Janet made mud men,  
some with frowns, ditto gapes,  
ditto laughs, ditto grins —  
with a wink, at seven.

by CHARLES HARMON

## THE PROFESSIONAL STUDENT

Realizing  
That his future  
Was as liquid  
That takes the shape  
Of its container,  
He poured it back and forth  
From container to container  
Continuously,  
Lest it take on  
An unpleasant form.  
It froze in mid-air.

by RONALD GILLETTE

## WORLD WAR III

- on the tenth day before world war iii, the Dalai Lama paraded through Newark in a hail of beer cans, proclaiming yellow supremacy . . .
- on the ninth day, a herd of Volkswagens was seen plunging madly through the streets of Detroit . . .
- on the eighth day, ten thousand American Legionnaires committed mass hari-kari at a convention in Cleveland . . .
- on the seventh day, the United States Air Force flew over the Kremlin and dropped trading stamps . . .
- on the sixth day, a French liner struck Long Island and sunk it . . .
- on the fifth day, the Daughters of the American Revolution organized an invasion of Cuba . . .
- on the fourth day, an unidentified flying object swooped down and disintegrated southern California . . .
- on the third day, Mitch Miller appeared on "Meet the Press" and announced his candidacy for President . . .
- on the second day, Chiang Kai-shek was seen in San Francisco, carrying a bag of dirty laundry . . .
- on the day before world war iii, the heads of fifty nations met at Disneyland to promote international good will . . .
- on the day after world war iii . . . . .

by LEO MAJESKY

## THE ART OF TESTING

On dark, dreary days, just after a big test, college students are given to complaining; it is one of the privileges and prerequisites of being a college student. There are complaints about the test (too hard), the course (rotten), and the final (too soon). But last of all — saved for the place of honor — comes the favorite complaint: the instructor who gave the test. There is no more maligned man in the annals of college history than the instructor — hard-working, earnest, devoted, honest, objective — the instructor who tries and gives his all and who is then cursed when the tests are handed in.

There are undoubtedly countless reasons for what appear to be the instructor's shortcomings. The most important reason, however, is that even in this "How-To-Do-It" craze, no one has bothered to sit down and write a book on how to give a test. Oh, there are books all right, but they are all written with idealistic, educational values as a goal. Where is the *practical* How-To-Give-A-Test Book, especially designed for the instructor? The one which will tell him what to do and how to do it?

A neglected, forgotten man, the instructor — except on the dull, bleak days when a test is given. On that day he becomes very much the Bad-Man-Of-The-Hour. It is with the instructor in mind, then, that the following rules are given. They are not all-inclusive, but they are a beginning. And if one puts his mind to it, they can be mastered with relative ease. (Let us keep in mind that standardization is a cherished value in education).

### I. PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS:

Giving a test is a relatively simple affair. It is only the individual instructor who makes giving a test *seem* to be complicated. It should be noted that scarcely a test goes by without the occurrence of some error in the printed instructions. This calls for a short speech by the instructor (who has been itching for a chance to say something anyway). This device,

used seconds before handing out the test, accomplishes several things: 1) it will cause a delay of four or five minutes, 2) it will make clear to all that the instructor is fastidious and fair, 3) it will cause students to become impatient and anxious. It is *not* wise to allow a test to begin too smoothly; smoothness leads to complacency, complacency to confidence, and confidence to enjoyment. *Tenseness* must be the watchword in giving a test. Everyone knows that the best student is a tense student so everything possible must be done to preserve an air of tension.

## II. THE PHYSICAL SETTING AND THE AMENITIES:

We come now to the matter of the room in which the test is being conducted. Classrooms are invariably too hot, too cold, too small, too large, too dark or too brilliantly lighted. The wise instructor should make a comment about the setting. (Wry remarks, pithy epithets, and subtle maxims are usually the most effective).

At this time, a few words should be said concerning the honor system employed during the test situation. The instructor should comment briefly on the fact that college students are adults and that he has great confidence in their code of ethics. Immediately after doing this, he should instruct the students to take alternate forms of the test and to sit in every other seat.

After the test has been passed out, a simple grunt gives the signal to begin.

## III. WHAT TO DO DURING A TEST:

There are certain Instructor-Reactions which should be employed only in the test situation. (Instructors with less than five years of teaching experience should use these reactions with caution). Let us consider each of these reactions and how to properly employ them.

The first category is that of timed reactions. Several minutes after the students begin the test (use your own judgment as to how many questions they should have answered) it is suggested that you remark in a casual, non-chalant fashion that the test is one-half of their grade. When half of the testing period has gone by, it is advisable to frown, quizzically shake your head, open your mouth, close it (this will get everyone's attention) and then earnestly ask the students whether or not you reminded them of the outside reading. Several minutes before the testing period is over, a comment should be made, in an off-hand manner, concerning the fact that you wanted the test to be filled out in ink.

During the test, there will be those students who will invariably come up to the desk to ask for clarification of a test question. Usually clarification of the question will make it quite clear to the student what kind of an answer you are looking for. Therefore, an irrelevant clarification of two or three minutes is in order. Make it appear as if you are saying a great

deal, while you are actually saying nothing. In other words, follow the same procedure you use in preparing and giving a lecture.

It is always appropriate to continually remind the students of how much time they have left to work on the test. (This device will increase the air of tension and will lead the students to anticipate an important remark concerning the content of the test). It is very effective if you remind the students of the time in both minutes and seconds. This principle works very well during an essay test.

There remain two devices to employ during the test situation, which should be attempted by only the most seasoned instructor. The first of these is the Instructor-Laugh. A snicker, chuckle, or chortle becomes a baffling diversion which indicates to the student that you have found something to be humorous. Timing is of the essence when using this device. It should *never* be used if a student makes a particularly funny remark, but rather while you are handing out the tests and collecting the tests. This device is very effective when a student who is failing the course hands in his test. (A chuckle does nicely in this situation).

The Calculated Yawn is the second device which the experienced instructor may use. The CY proves to be the most soul-shattering when a student looks up at you in horror after he has completed reading the test questions. It is also suggested that you use this device at the end of the testing period. This indicates great fatigue at the thought of grading the tests.

#### IV. WHAT TO ASK ON A TEST:

Students usually work under the assumption that after graduating from college they will have a well-rounded education, an education which will prepare them to converse intelligently with their peers and their elders. Keeping this assumption in mind, the instructor should realize his opportunity to see how many important facts the student has absorbed. His opportunity is, of course, the test situation. The rule for asking questions on a test is: BE SELECTIVE.

There are certain questions all students should know the answer to. Some concrete, universal questions are: "How many greenbacks were circulating in the U.S. during 1890?" "What noise did the gun make in the folk poem *Frankie and Johnnie*?" "What does Cicero mean?" Essay questions give the student an opportunity to tell you all he knows about a subject. When asking an essay question, be flexible. For example, "Write a well-organized essay discussing the Civil War."

Footnotes are an excellent place to find material for a test question — especially those footnotes which indicate that moire is a silk fabric with a watered appearance. It is wise to also check the bibliography at the end of each chapter in the textbook for possible questions. Every college student should know that B. Bykhovsky wrote an article for *Pravda* in 1903.

## V. AFTER THE TEST ... OR ... NEVER REVEAL THE RESULTS:

Never hand back a test too soon. This may cause the student to suspect that you are grading the tests too quickly and carelessly. (Most students are unaware that graduate assistants do the grading of all tests). If the instructor waits several weeks to hand back the graded tests this will imply to the anxious student that a great deal of time and effort is being given to *his* test. The best time to hand back a test is the class meeting before another test is to be given. (It's only fair to let the student know how he is doing in the course before he makes another attempt at passing).

Never hand back the test at the beginning of the class hour. It is always best to wait until several minutes before the hour is over. (Remember, students always function best when they are keyed up). Upon arriving in class, however, indicate to the students that you have their tests. During the course of the lecture, pick the tests up and put them down, pick them up and put them down, etc. . . . (An instructor in one of our better known universities uses this device with such skill that he usually hypnotizes several students in the process). On the day you return tests to the students you needn't prepare a lecture. No one will pay attention anyway.

The occasion of returning tests calls for another short speech by the instructor. It is advised that you be as non-committal as possible when generalizing about the grades. The more abysmal they are given to feel that their performances were, the more sober the students will be when taking the next test. Never say: "These were the highest grades I ever gave on this particular test," or "This class shows a lot of ability." Extravagant words such as these are apt to inflate the egos of your students and this could easily warp a personality in its formative years. A good instructor should avoid having it said that he was one of the causes which led to the development of a neurosis. It is sufficient for the instructor to say: "Next time you'll know what kind of a test to expect from me and so I'm sure that you'll all do a better job."

There is no need for comments to individual students about their performance on the test. Perhaps you might call off the names of those students who got D's and F's on the test and ask them to see you after class. This will divert the class' attention away from the test and toward the people you have named.

A word needs to be said about writing comments on the test. Some students feel that an instructor is obligated to make a few comments — such comments are supposed to be pedagogically useful. The naiveté of this theory leaves much to be discussed. Suffice it to say that the over-zealous instructor is usually regarded as a dullard. Written comments should be as illegible as possible. The logic behind this should be quite obvious. An illegible comment will indicate to the student that you have made an earth-shaking remark. This reflects your sagacity.

After distributing the test papers one ought to leave the room as quickly as possible. Every departure should be marked by an identifying feature. On the day he returns a test, the instructor should not remove his coat if at all possible. This creates a feeling of haste and urgency and the student will hesitate before asking you a question about his grade. You only need a split second in which to make your get-away.

The art of giving a test is not an easy one to master. It is not for the novice, but for the weathered instructor. It is hoped, however, that as an instructor you will practice and perfect these rules in order to become an asset to your profession.

by DIANE LELITO

The past reaches out  
With a claw  
The future recoils  
In darkness

A moment passes  
An hour waits  
And centuries  
Lie behind

He stalks the jungle  
Hears the screeching cries  
The massive entwinements  
Strangle him

He enters the forest  
Inhales the cool mustiness  
The intricate finery  
Bewilders him

The out-stretched desert  
Entombs him  
He goes on  
Towards the sun

by SANDRA FLEMMING

## HOW DOES ONE . . . ?

On an ash grey wooden bench beneath the black plum tree he sat in the graceful garden and studied with tired eyes the green, intensely green, climbing ivy on the red brick wall. "How does one say 'Good-by'?"

In the autumn breeze the shade of the plum tree flickered and ruffled the tidy lawn; two maroon leaves flickered, fluttered — darkly transparent in the sun — and settled on the white flagstone path.

The glowing afternoon sun scaled the garden wall, soaked his body with its warmth, and drew the warm wool smell from his suit. He pulled at the knee of his trousers: there were three creased wrinkles just above the knee where he had crossed his legs. The high sheen from the tip of his shoe shimmered in nervous rhythm.

He raised a well-manicured hand to straighten his tie and ran his hand along the side of his head and down his neck and sat with bent head.

His shadow started.

The clacking of her beads and rustling of her habit brought him to his feet.

The afternoon sun sloped behind the steeple and he fumbled with his hat while they seated themselves on the ash grey wooden bench beneath the black plum tree to do what had to be done.

by BOB FEELEY

## LIFE MONOTONOUS

A chorus of innumerable little hands ever  
Shaking, softly shouting your complaints, complaints . . .  
Glorifying the life, Monotonous  
Ironic, tragic inevitable of the storm of  
Thousands  
    and Thousands of running  
Horses stamping over  
The withered, the abandoned, the frozen  
Bones of horses over  
    horses over repeating horses  
    Repeating  
Forever.

by EVA WEI



The city is summer and  
everywhere the scathing breath of the sultry Siren pervades;  
languid and lethargic, liquid man moves up and down  
the pavements wherefrom in every crack and crevice is exuded  
the steams of Plutonic ovens below.

Everywhere above  
the sky mustard and cloudless  
hangs draped as caped fur, dust-burdened;  
and naked brown-trunked poles with wires yawning  
obligingly surrender under sunfire.

To the music  
undulant as a thousand desert hawks beating their wings  
in rhythm with the city  
there are buildings, parched and blanched-bricked  
belly dancing in their hot and humid veilings.

The suck of truck tires on soft tar roads  
punctuates the torpor of this desert song,  
while trees, white, gray and yellow stand like  
grotesque papier-maché props for some surrealist  
stage-setting that hell really is, and  
where man somnambulates through life  
selling ice packs in the aisles.

by MARGO GARIEPY

## ALAS . . . BABYLON

Communication  
Conversation garbled in confusion  
Answering questions before they are asked,  
Shouting because we are deaf,  
Noisily  
We babble on.

Communication  
Exasperation fostered by delusion  
Speaking but not being heard,  
Straining to hear in silence,  
Hopelessly  
Alas . . . Babylon!

by BARBARA GRASKE

## LIBBY

Libby picked up the last perfect round pebble and polished it against her side, then painstakingly placed it in line, completing the circle. She stood up, brushing dust from her hard little buttocks, and surveyed her work. A secret dwelling-place fashioned of twigs and jealously-hoarded fragments of colored glass, it lay glimmering in the heat, encircled by the magic ring of white pebbles. Libby looked up from it, blinking in the glare off the side of the house, and came slowly out of her absorption.

Through the kitchen door around the corner came the smell of oven heat and gingerbread and her mother's voice singing a sad song. Libby smiled, liking the sun on top of her head, and stretched languorously. Then she turned back to completing her little world: she needed moss. She walked through the shadow of the house around the far corner, and carefully, almost on tiptoe, approached her mother's garden.

Libby loved the garden, cool and damp and secret. She crouched under the bushy little evergreen shrub to gather the moss that grew up against the house. It came away easily, breaking into neat little pieces that left matching patches of crumbly, damp-smelling earth. The moss under the rose bush was thick and lush, but she respectfully avoided it. A single new rose, just half open, was on the bush. It was a deep, soft, rich pink, and in the shadow it looked dusky. The center was still a tight moist-looking roll of darker pink, closed on something.

Libby moved closer to stare into the secret pink depths. Slowly, a little fearfully, she moved one hand, forefinger extended, up next to the rose. Very very slowly, hesitantly, she touched the center. She almost jumped. It *was* moist, and soft — very smoothly soft with yet a rounded firmness underneath.

She touched it again, lightly, then a little more surely, exploringly. She took the edge of the outermost folded petal between thumb and fingernail and pulled just slightly. She pulled a little harder and it peeled back and away from the center, first becoming another of the unfolded petals

and then coming off entirely between her fingers." Afraid, she looked at it lying in her palm, pink and slightly curling at the edges and beautiful even alone.

It had peeled off so easily, intriguingly. Still holding the first petal, she unfolded another one. It came off the same way, clinging moistly to the center, then coming easily free. With another one she realized that the whole firm center of the rose, seemingly so solid, was simply more and more of the petals folded around one another. But what was the first one folded around?

She unwrapped another petal. Absorbed, she took one in between each thumb and peeled back from both directions. The separation met in back and one petal peeled off the other.

The stem didn't go all the way up. In the center instead was a single petal rolled into a tiny cylinder, wrapped around itself, and all the others had been wrapped around it.

Libby stood up and backed off a step to look. For the first time she saw the petals against the ground. They littered the moss, lying on the tip ends of the individual little stems of the moss so that they seemed almost to float above it. They were as beautiful as the rose had been, but no longer deliberately ordered. Free, they had a different kind of beauty. Libby watched. A breath of breeze caught the edge of one so that it moved gently, seemed for a moment as if it might lift and float off, then settled again to stillness.

"Libby!"

She started violently. Her head jerked, eyes terrorized-looking, to her mother. Her mother stood watching, frowning a little, her mouth slightly twisted. But her question came gently.

"Honey — how come you did that?"

From Libby only a stricken silence. After a moment her mother shrugged and smiled.

"Oh well, it doesn't matter, I guess." And seeing the still stricken look on Libby's face she added, "Come on in, hon, I'll cut you a piece of gingerbread."

Libby sat completely still with her eyes fixed on the ground. The hurt tightened in a band through her chest and ached up into her throat. Her lower lip quivered and she tightened her mouth and swallowed, her teeth biting to keep the ache silent within herself. Very quietly she rolled over to bury her face in the moss, to muffle in the moss a small quiet sob. Her hand, clenching into a fist, closed on a rose petal and crushed it.

by KATHI DAVIS

## FOUR POEMS

|           |                     |           |
|-----------|---------------------|-----------|
| ENJOY     | POSITIVE PEOPLES'   | EMOTIONS  |
| ANSWERING | DISGUSTFUL DEFENSES | AND       |
| INQUIRIES | TO THEIR            | INSIGHTS  |
| WHY       | FACE FRIGHTEN       | WERE      |
| THESE     | MEN MADE            | TAME      |
| OF        | SOFT SPOKEN         | ORACLES   |
| ANY       | FOR FUN             | ALWAYS    |
| SUCCEED   | BUT BROKEN          | SUBMIT    |
| YET       | ENGAGE ECSTASY      | YELPING   |
| PASS      | UNAWARE UNDER       | PAINFULLY |
| HARSH     | NEW NOISES          | HAVING    |
| JUDGMENT  | OF ORDERS           | JEALOUSLY |
| COLD      | COME CHILDREN       | CLIMAXED  |

by EARL TETEAk

## CHILD: AS THE INNOCENT

My child seeks the core of life  
As in the sun she stands.  
In Innocence she thrives upon  
The warmth which only Day can bring.

Naked, stripped of age-sorrow,  
Knowing only the topaz Sun  
Her heart is not clouded by Night,  
For Light must blind the young.

My corpulent-dream watches still  
As her able child fingers  
Snatch the slender sun slits . . .  
Thus quelling the breath of life.

Ah, yes! So now she sees  
The nearby virgin bud  
Shall never once unfurl  
For she has snatched the sun.

And thus she knows at once  
That even something below'd  
Can cause great harm to That  
Conceived in blushing Innocence.

The child has lost her youth . . .  
Heart-death has brought forth  
Sorrow disguised as ancient Night —  
Experience shall be her way of flight.

And now I see her weep . . .  
She's found the secret key —  
Love hoards a multi-chambered heart  
The beat of which is swift  
Between sweet Life and reckless Death.

As her, my bosom breathes  
Within a heavy sigh.  
I ask the labored question  
Of such a burdened heart:  
Should the child be blamed  
For the petal death,  
When in her simple youth  
Upon the gilded step she stumbled?  
For it was honored Age  
Who left the shadowed Door  
To Life and Love and Death  
Unguarded . . . and slightly ajar.

by MARYANN TRAFICANTE

## DESCENT

Spiraling down in tight circles, imminently,

A great hard bird reaches for the earth.

The gray of its body had blurred into the gray of the sky,  
as the body of an osprey.

The scream of its engines had filled all the air at once,  
like the scream of an eagle.

The bird whose god is man shudders once;

Icarus shrieks again, unheard.

by LAURENCE GREENBERG

## CARL

T-rumm! T-rumm! Trum-trum-trumm! Can you hear them? Can you hear them down the road boy? They're marching again . . . it's those same nameless, faceless men again. Listen . . . T-rum! T-rumm! Trum-trum-trumm! . . . the same faceless men are on the march again pal. You heard it didn't you? You saw when the smoke cleared . . . how bodies lay littered . . . burning along the side of the road, how children stood huddled alone along the sides of half-standing walls, walls that were proud monuments to civilization once . . . now burned-out shells where rats feast on the bodies of dead children. Where were we boy? Where were our faces then boy? Oh . . . wait a minute . . . that was a long time ago wasn't it pal . . . I seem to be losing my touch. That happened years ago didn't . . . or was it yesterday . . . or maybe it'll happen tomorrow . . . or maybe it will happen again today sometime. Those burning buildings, those awful screams, those battered, burned-out war machines lying on the side of the road . . . you remember that don't you?

Come off it will ya Carl? Snap out of it fella! C'mon play your hand will ya? Sure I remember the way it was . . . we all remember don't we? Listen, you have to try to forget it now . . . no use sittin' in the past. We're on our way up again Carl. You'll see, We'll soon be right where we started again. We won Carl. It's all over . . . you remember . . . we came out of it alive and we won. That was all that mattered wasn't it? C'mon Carl forget it will ya . . . play your hand.

You see that clock on the wall? Do you see what time it is? It stopped when my wife and son died. The bomb came over . . . they told us over the radio to hide . . . they said we only had a few seconds, remember? Yeh, we hid all right. We hid real good . . . but what happened to my wife and boy? They didn't hide too well did they buddy? They were on the floor when it came. They didn't have a chance. It was every man for himself then wasn't it? Wasn't it? Good God wasn't it?

Yeh sure Carl, sure. Why don't you have another drink or would you rather have water? We got the water working again. What's the matter Carl? Hey! Carl! Where are you going? Don't go! Hey, Carl! Carl!

God-damned fool, running out like that. I guess he was too soft in the beginning. I need a drink; you boys go on without me. You fellas have to understand Carl. Every once in a while he slips a little . . . can't remember anything except . . . well . . . you know. You gotta try and understand him. He'll be all right. He . . . he is wrong isn't he? — I mean we did what was right didn't we? We did it for God too . . . He was on our side wasn't He? I mean . . . we won didn't we? (silence) I think I'll look for Carl.

(running) I gotta hide. I gotta hide. It's going to come any minute now. Wha . . . what's that? . . . a kid playing . . . playing by the barbed wire in the rubbish heap. Hey kid! Kid! Get away from there! Do you want to be killed? Get away! I can't hide now. I gotta save that kid. Wait a minute kid, don't go. I want to talk to you. That's right, stay there. I'll be right there. You know what kid? I had a son that looked just like you. His name was Carl — Carl junior. My name's Carl. There! Made it! Say kid, what's your name?

What's it to you bud? What's your angle? Say, if you're looking for some food from me you can forget it. I ain't got none!

No, no kid . . . I'm not trying to steal food from you. I . . . I just want to talk. Christ but you look like my boy! What's your name?

Carl. Say, what's your angle anyway? Who cares about a kid nowadays? The whole world hates us. They couldn't care less about us! Do you hear me? They *hate* us! An' I hate the world. G'wan — leave me alone.

No boy. You remind me of my son, that's all. He's dead now. I'd kind of like to give you something. It's his rosary. He got it for his first communion. It's all I have left of him now. I'd like you to have it. Your name being Carl — it's only fair that you have this now.

A rosary! Ha-ha-ha! A rosary! That's a blast! What do I want with that junk? What are you, a holy roller or something? Where was Christ when they tore up everything? Here let me have it. There, now you have two rosaries. Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! See you around dad, I've got plans. I've got things to do. I ain't got time for a crazy old fool like you. (laughing down the road) Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!

He broke it . . . he broke it and left me. Hey kid! Don't go! Carl! Wait! He's gone . . . gone . . . crazy old fool . . . Oh God — God where are you? Where were you when all of this took place? Are you real God? Or am I just a crazy old fool . . . a crazy old fool . . . (begins to cry)

(calling) Hey Carl, don't you think you ought to come back home now? What are you crying for? Carl. Carl. C'mon and finish the game. You were winnin'. C'mon ol' buddy, let's go home.

by WALTER J. WESTRUM



## IMPRESSIONS

### I THE CITY

Like glittering giants the steel and glass skyscrapers loom above. A bus sputters and rumbles at your side, then surges away, leaving ugly smells of hot exhaust. You can't see the sky, only feel the sun's heat. Thousands mill around you in confused murmurs. Like insects in deep grass. Out of a grate in the sidewalk comes the echoing scream of the subway. And with it, the curling heat of late afternoon, rising in waves from baked asphalt.

A lady in mink passes you, walking her poodle. Back there in the shadow of that alley lies a man, next to an empty bottle.

Above you, on rotten black supports, an El train groans. You leave the teeming street, wipe your forehead and climb the worn stairs. From a third-floor window a white-haired cleaning woman looks down, thinking of the long, lonely night.

A flock of pigeons flaps by as the El vibrates to a stop. Doors snap open. A hundred people squeeze in, find a spot, and stand. You look into their faces. One like the other. Tired. Hot.

The train winds its snake-like way from glass and steel through brick and dirt to home and comfort. A groan, a lurch, and the doors spring open. There's a sort of mechanism to it as people change places. A gust of hot air pushes the smells of body and breath toward you.

Below you a street is clogged with cars. They're all going where you are. All day those gleaming buildings have pulsed, throbbled, palpitated, like some monstrous heart. Now they've stopped, pushing their life's blood outward along arteries toward home.

From the window you see the backs of houses flashing by. No curtains, crooked shades, wood that thirsts for paint, wood that must feel the way your tongue does right now. You watch as a dark-skinned man flashes white teeth at another, while a bleached-blond aims her mascaraed eyes at them both. The train's rumble drowns out their pointed remarks. Like some vast checkerboard, the back yards extend in neat squares.

Again the doors slap open. You wipe your forehead. Along the tracks, pigeons flap away . . .

## II

### A CLOWN ON A CIRCUS LOT

He enjoyed the somber confusion of it all: the makeshift tent that never stayed in one place more than a week; the huge trucks parked everywhere; the churned-up earth; the ropes, wires, and loose boards; the crooked telephone poles; the burly men always busy. Amongst it all he was hidden. His thick make-up concealed him, too, and the small hat, the over-sized clothes, the false straggly hair and the fake bouquet that squirted water.

He liked to grab a smoke during a performance, like now outside in the rain. The mud was dark gray and the soft raindrops covered everything with a drab blemish. He liked rain. It hid things.

He inhaled slowly. Soon he would have to go back in front of those ridiculously funny faces animated by the senseless antics of men in make-up. Children, sticky with pink cotton candy, giggled and screamed. Older people, munching popcorn and hot dogs, chuckled and gazed in awe and sometimes screamed louder than the children they had brought. Before their actions he was veiled. They could not see into *him*. Not even the spotlight could penetrate his grease paint.

It was almost time to go back. Smoke shot

away from his cigarette. It was slowly getting wet. He sucked the smoke in deeply, blew it back out and watched it stream away into the gloom. Then he flicked the butt, touched his make-up to see if any had washed off and walked back into the tent.

His melancholy pause was over.

### III

#### A DESERTED PARK BENCH

In its shady spot against the red stone wall it had once been a pleasant hub of all that comes and goes. During warm summers it was a place for lovers' caresses and old men's afternoon walks. Kindly matrons fed pigeons here and nurses quietly rocked baby carriages in the refreshing shade. In the early evening moonlight chattering squirrels scampered past, sniffing carefully for what the pigeons may have missed — a peanut or a kernel that may have fallen from a small boy's popcorn box.

But one day while the proud and sturdy bench was empty, a careless boy scaled the wall from the other side, jumped down hard on the bench and broke two of its slats. From then on the grass around the bench was ignored and weeds grew higher and higher. Rains fell often and the bench's gleaming legs gave way to rust. Its clean white paint turned yellow and finally peeled.

Lately only one person had come here — a shabby man who coughed and spit and searched the grass for cigarette butts. He slept a little while and left, forgetting his newspaper.

Not even the squirrels and pigeons came now. Only winter with its icy wind and sighing loneliness, would come, turning the newspaper brown, blowing it away and flicking more paint from the gray boards as it covers the one-time rendezvous with a colorless blanket of emptiness.

by ULRICH WICKS

## RETRATOS

- Have you ever bare-foot  
wandered over dew drops  
on the lawn? . . .
- Or seen the fading  
shadows as the earth  
receives the dawn?
- Or perhaps you've touched  
the flowers, before the  
morning's heat  
has dissipated droplets  
that linger on the leaf.
- Or felt the chill of rain drops  
as they cried their  
cares away.
- And danced upon your shoulders  
as you tread along  
the way.
- Or perhaps you've savored  
sweetness in the early  
morning breeze,
- That refreshes every garland  
and captures nature  
at her ease.
- But then again, maybe  
you haven't . . .

by ELEGIE

## AS WE ARE

A drop of rain, a flowing river, a wave, a sea.

I am one and all of these.

I strike the soft, moist clouds and hear the lion's roar.

A thunderclap, a floating laugh, a female sigh.

These, too, am I.

In my eyes, you, your eyes, and I, a singleness.

Beholder and beheld as one.

Will you walk with me through the forest of hours?

Listen to cool flowers.

And in our silence, feel the warm sound of flutes fall

on our shoulders.

Falling louder.

For we are simply men, all else, and nothing.

If you doubt it, come with me.

Come forever.

by CHARLES HARMON

## DEPENDENCE

A volcano

Must rumble from time to time

If it is to remain a god

To the people who are dependent

On its continued serenity.

If it does not,

Religion will remain paralyzed

Until lava covers every island.

by RONALD GILLETTE

## STORM

Something happened to spring today,  
For angry clouds barred the pagan sun,  
And gray was the color of morning and noon  
And gray the color when day was done.

The half-green world lay bare and silent,  
Its gaiety saddened, with righteousness met;  
And only the weeping of weary trees  
Could be heard as the wind blew wet.

In an opaque anger the elements held it,  
The punishment shared by all that was green,  
Stung wet by the whip of a tearful sky  
Turned traitor, no hidden blue to be seen.

Torn from its false god of glistening gold,  
The earth shivered in the dapple gray doom;  
And the violet drooped its guilty head  
Under the wrath of heaven, toward its heathen womb.

by BARBARA JANIA

## CLOUDS

Ominous storm clouds gather  
in the cool, dark night  
And descend through the chaos  
of a shifting, circling wind.  
Thunder sounds  
And echoes,  
Announcing the rain.

Blue-grey smoke clouds swirl  
across a warm, dim room  
And ascend through the hum  
of laughing, singing voices.  
A cork pops  
And it rains  
A shower of champagne.

by BARBARA GRASKE

## PLAISIR

I.

I bring the warmth to the autumn eve,  
Or to the summer tide-capturing sands  
Where foaming rock represses, reprieves  
The sea's advance on flowered land.

II.

On the hillside of a summer's noon,  
By the shalin' in a blue-ridged sky  
Over fields wild; under pine. Soon  
To breathe life new, born free: then die

My home is the wind, my address is the night.

by KEN OLSON

## THE MOUNTAIN

A year ago I spent the summer traveling, poverty style, around Europe. In Switzerland I took a cog rail to the top of Mt. Rothorn, where I spent three days shivering in an unseasonal July snowstorm. However, immediately after my arrival I had climbed to the summit. I was the only one to see the view, for that night the snow began.

The path was steep and dusted with myriads of pebbles which rolled under my feet. The air was thin, and I found myself breathing quickly with shallow gasps. I kept my eyes on the ground just in front of me, for I wanted to make perfect and unexpected the view from the top of the mountain.

At last, high above the timberline, I stood looking far down the slopes into the valleys. My sweater was buttoned close around me, for the wind whipped shrilly here. I sat down with my arms resting on a boulder, feeling with my fingers its rough inflexibility. At the bottom of the farthest valley was an oval lake, aqua in the center, but gray-green at its edges. A Swiss village tethered to its shores appeared from the peak to be motionless. It was impossible to see even the cars moving. I tried to find the tracks of the cog rail, but they, too, were obscured by the distance.

Across from me rose another mountain, its brow crowned with white. It had taken the lives of three men the summer before, but it somehow seemed protective as well as violent; for in its shadow was a tiny lake, a black pearl, round and silent and perfectly still.

My eyes followed the sloping grass down into the highest of the valleys. Processions of minute bovine figures moved lazily toward evening. A perfect blend of music murmured up the slopes — music I thought more haunting, more enticing than that of the Lorelei. The varied music of the cow bells merged and swelled, until I was aware that it was all about me. On the other side of the peak the ground fell off in a sheer rocky drop. From here, too, the music encircled me — swirling silkenly upward. In the valley on this side were cows and other bells which seemed to be united by my pinnacle with all other valleys, all other bells and all the rest of the world.

I rasped my fingers against the heavy wool of the sweater and felt through my feet the indomitable cragginess of the mountain; the strength was contrasted with the gentleness of the music and the softly muted shades of the valleys. Glancing down toward the lodge I thought perhaps I should go back. Yet the sense of tranquility was so complete upon this small bit of ground that I could not leave it. Instead, I picked up a pebble, separating it from the others, and rolled its sharp edges against the palms of my hands. Like it, I was separated from my fellows.

Thick gray fog appeared to roll upward from the valley floor. It swept confidently between the two mountains and gradually, with its enveloping grayness, obscured the valley. More faintly now, the music drifted up to me. At length, the peak of my mountain was severed completely by the grayness from the rest of the world. The single visible object was the mountain, frosted and austere, which loomed across from me.

I stood near the brink with the stone in my hand. Then I flung it down toward my world. For long moments I watched the swirling mass of fog eddying forward and around and then doubling back on itself.

With just my sweater for a coat I soon became cold, and I turned to pick my way down the path. From the lodge came the sounds of talking and an accordion. A feeling of great serenity still lingered about me, but soon I could sense it mixing with this music, heavier than that of the bells, and with the people and with the smells of cooking.

by JUDY ROBBINS



## INSIGHT

Odd

To discover little pockets of wistfulness  
In her  
Like that;  
Bubble-colored thoughts that deliquesce  
To tears.

Leaf-green joys  
that have withered to as sere and brittle  
A sadness  
As autumn,  
Then mellowed  
With the same autumn mists  
To a quiet,  
As sharp summer grapes have mellowed  
Crushed with autumn smoke  
To quiet wine.

Strange

To, laughing, uncover such a hollow of sorrow  
In her  
Like that;  
To, inadvertent, touch upon her soul.  
Odd.

by KATHI DAVIS

Well I know the loneliness of loneliness  
Which creeps through the slumbers of night  
To stand at my bedside  
Revealed in the pain of sanity,  
The grim soul of genius,  
Skeptic to hope,  
Deflowering weeds.

Oh my soul —

Glinting and grinning like a cancerous snake  
Playing in thistles,  
Looping the way to feculence  
And futile foolishness.

by THOMAS E. LOWDERBAUGH

## THE AGE DEMANDED?

Braggart themes in lazy tomes  
Recall a dozen pre-empted apostrophes  
Included without number in the  
Ever increasing horde turned out by gnomes  
Involved in sacred and imaginary nonsense.

Population cannot measure the already  
Gorged ranks of semantic bunglers  
Enthused without  
Resemble a rout  
Glorious multiplicity of mediocre  
pastiche.

by PETER LEANDER HIRSCH

## TONIC CHORD

Musical chairs, a game of musical chairs.  
Around the world they go, endlessly,  
The hard smiles, the uneasy laughter  
Moulding a water-thin shell of gaiety  
To shield their doubts from piercing eyes  
They walk.  
Slowly at first, then more quickly,  
Breathlessly,  
As the penetrating music pounds  
Louder,  
Faster  
Faster  
And stops.  
A frenzied, laughing rush.  
A sudden stillness. A titter.  
And the music begins again  
With one less chair.

by J. DAVIDSON

## HERITAGE

The pavement sparkled anvil-flashes from diamond-like flecks, rigid in iron-grey concrete. Heat waves slithered like salamanders along the surface. Funnels of dust swirled about in the dry south wind, gyrating tiptoe.

On the curbstone a figure crouched against a lamppost, eyes fixed on the ground, hands clutching bony knees pressed against a pointed chin. The sun beat upon the bare head. Swirls of dust danced up to the young girl's shoes, broke limp, and powdered the scuffed surfaces, filling tiny cracks in the worn leather. She watched the capering of the dust with weary eyes, seeking, for a delicious moment, to lose all awareness in something nerveless, insensitive.

Rested, she stirred and pushed back a strand of hair. On the back of her hand was a patch of blood, caked now, grime-filled, and pinching the flesh underneath in tight ridges. The contents of her stomach swam as she tried to move. To keep from retching, she leaned forward and held her body tight against her knees. She felt savage pulsations as she pressed her hands against her temples.

Across the street the windows of a dismal shop were heaped with petticoats, underwear, cards of buttons and garters. A corpulent old man swung open the door of the shop with a jangling of a bell and a grinding of tired hinges. A flash of reflected sunlight struck the girl's face, and she raised her eyes. Henry's Dry Goods. 'Enry's — 'Enry's —

"Margaret, you seem to have a great deal of trouble with your H's. Are you by any chance a little English girl?"

"Yes, Miss 'Ope."

"Try to say Hope, Margaret."

"'Ope."

Salvos of derision cracked against black and green schoolroom walls. Paddy O'Brien's startled eyes on her face. Shiela Greene's finely molded head tossed high. Molly Murphy's eyes suddenly angry, averted. "Boys and girls, stop it this minute! Really! You, Peter do be quiet. Now try it again, Margaret. Try to say 'house'."

"'Ouse." Tongue leaden — lips numb. "'Ouse." Screams — stamping feet — bodies jack-knifed — faces hot with laughter. Shrinking — shrinking to an infinitesimal speck, the walls towering, towering to huge proportions, and crashing down, bearing with them the swimming faces of children, the crescendo of laughter which thunders against her ear drums and fades away in strangled gurgles. "'Ouse."

Miss Hope sighing. "Sit down, Margaret." Wretched, humiliated, palms of her hands dripping with agonized sweat. Molly cold, aloof. Molly, please look at me. Molly Molly — remember? You and I — Sunday — laughing — starched skirts, white gloves, missal, rosaries. Father Garrity saying you're so pretty. You holding my hand, warm, chattering. "Cool,

dark, peaceful St. Michael's — swelling music, kneeling at the rail — pure white wafers, candlelight flickering; Molly, remember? Molly, please look at me —

"Margaret, please do try to pay attention. I was speaking of Valley Forge. At that time the force of Redcoats —" Miss Hope dwelling with fervor on the sufferings of the Revolutionary Army, innocent of her growing discomfort. Quick, hostile glances darting her way. Now Willie Schwartz' smirk levelled at her. Willie big now — big with American pride, American tradition. His lips forming threats, obscenities. Closing her eyes, shutting them tight — tight. Don't look. Sudden smart of pain. Paper wads. Whispers — "Read —" Through swimming eyes — "Pig of a Britisher. Careful on your way home. Kick your guts out."

The lamppost supported the girl's wilting back. The sun seared its way to the west, and the swirls of dust rose higher in their dizzy gyrations.

Dust had swirled on the sun-baked playground. Dust in choking clouds kicked up by beating feet. Shouts. Movement. The clink of metal ringers against iron supports. Bodies flying. Swings in pendulum motion. The crack of a bat. Cold, unfriendly faces, Molly with the O'Neil girls, talking fast. Paddy with the Dillons, the Finnegans, the Calhouns, gesticulating earnestly. Willie Schwartz with Gus Wagner and Kurt Meyer, leaning against the gray board fence, measuring time and opportunity. Stay close to Miss Hope. Stay close for safety. Run, run into the shelter of the room at the sound of the bell, breathless, heart thudding hollowly. Willie Schwartz' grinning face and sadistic arms waiting. She bends wild-eyed as as his huge bony hands on her arm twist, twist. Strike out. Strike out against the pain. Slash at Willie in red anger. Return humility for humility, pain for pain. Wash away isolation, fear, shame. Exulting, she feels the crunch of her fist against his teeth, the rush of blood from his mouth.

Suddenly strong, calm hands leading her away. A soothing voice speaks. "Margaret. Margaret, what has come over you? Now, come. Sit quietly at your desk for the rest of the afternoon. Willie, go wash the blood off your face." Falling limp into her seat, she waits. Waiting for the clock to tick away the minutes, fear increasing under threatening glances. Don't go home. Stay with Miss Hope. Stay in her sheltering presence. "Margaret, won't your mother be concerned about you?"

Lying now. "She's not 'ome this afternoon."

"Well, come along now. I'm afraid I must leave. It's after four already."

Walk with Miss Hope to the bus line. Soon, soon she'll be left alone. Each footstep ringing hollow. Her face draining white. "Margaret, are you all right?"

Swallowing the spittle drenching her mouth. "Yes."

"How long have you been in America, Margaret?"

"Since last March, Miss 'Ope."

"Well, no wonder you feel strange. Five months is hardly enough

time to get acquainted." Acquainted with what, Miss Hope? Fear? Hatred? Panic? The rush of the bus to the curb. Please, don't leave me. You don't know — you don't know — Miss Hope stepping in and turning to wave good-bye. Don't stop to think now. Quick — run. Run in any direction, like a whimpering dog, tail between legs. Run down the alley. Hide among the refuse and maggot-breeding garbage. Hide panting behind Charley Wong's soap-smelling laundry. Listen to the pounding of feet thudding nearer. Listen to the whispering.

"She won't hide here. She's scared of Chinks." Scared of the Chinks, scared of the Jews, scared of the Irish, of the Niggers, of the Germans, the Japs, the Russians, the Poles, scared, scared, scared. Chinky, chinky, Chinaman — The Japs'll cut your eyes out. The Niggers'll rape you, Jews'll stuff their sausage casings with your flesh and drain your blood into their bread. A sudden rush beneath her feet. Look! Look into the glinting eyes of the rat worried out of its lurking place behind the garbage pile, baring its teeth and squealing. This is you, you, you — run, run from everyone, run from everything. Run. Run panting, eyes blinded. Heart drumming its blood up to her ears. Knowing, knowing all the time it's no use. She hears their thudding feet behind her. She hears their heavy breathing, their exultant shrieks as they fall upon her. She fights to stay on her feet, scratching, biting, clawing at their faces, wincing as they press their knees into her belly and rub alley dirt into her eyes and mouth. She feels the rip of her clothes. She feels the warm thick redness ooze out of her nose and mouth. She falls, but holds her sobbing deep inside. She hears Willie's voice as he pushes her face in the dirt. "Eat dirt, damn English pig."

Paddy among the gleeful shrieks. "This for my old man's old man."

Mike. "Say 'Hell.' Hey, Paddy, teach the bastard to say 'hell'."

"Jesus, that's enough, Mike. Don't kill her."

"Aw, what the hell, my old man'd give me a million smackers for every damn Englishman I murdered."

The memory overwhelmed the girl against the lamppost. Sobs convulsed her body.

She must go home — She must go home. It's so easy to get up and go where strong hands would wipe away the dirt to make her clean. But she feels so dirty on the inside. She needs hands to clean her on the inside, she knows — she's heard it before — as the hands are wiping away the dirt, a mouth will be twisted with despair and filled with rage. "God curse their dirty souls. They'll never forget. They'll keep their 'arts black against us forever, the good-for-nothing whiskey-swilling shanty Hirish. And that bloody barbarian Schwartz daring to touch you —"

The girl closed her eyes and sighed. The sun was streaming out its last hot rays, the wind was dying down, and the swirls of dust lay in crazy patterns on the gray street. The figure rose slowly and turned homeward.

by ELIZABETH M. DRIGGETT

The clearest wines of morning  
Are thoughts of you  
And the rising sun  
In quiet rooms, with child conceived —  
And thick, snow carpets.

The sweetest wines of afternoon  
Are thoughts of you  
In brisk, clean air  
In quiet rooms, with child to be —  
And thick, snow carpets.

The warmest wines of evening  
Are thoughts of you  
By fire-light  
In quiet rooms, with a sleeping child —  
And thick, snow carpets.

by KEN OLSON

## DEATH ENCOUNTERED

We moved quiet on the front.  
Through the dreary, dank destruction of the night,  
Canceling the calls of our brave ones to light,

On coming out of the pass we were  
greeted by a hymn.

Grown old, we slept noisily in the green  
domain of the sacred cavern.

The hoary altarpiece of grave import breathed  
the musty sigh of old regret.

Quiet, quiet were the ages of patriarchal  
catastrophe.

So, all motion now ceases to the dark  
lord of praise singing

We see him now in the light of the  
grim, sad, sweet light of life.

Tall, slim, tan, we marched to the  
knife slice of the cadenced rhythms.

Oh great is the power of the almighty,  
nada.

by PETER LEANDER HIRSCH

# AWARDS

## POETRY

- First Prize . . . . . Dependence . . . . . by Ronald Gillette  
Second Prize . . . . . Afternoon . . . . . by Charles Harmon  
Third Prize . . . . . World War III . . . . . by Leo Majesky

## PROSE

- First Prize . . . . . Libby . . . . . by Kathi Davis  
Second Prize . . . . . Heritage . . . . . by Elizabeth Driggett  
Third Prize . . . . . Solution 3 . . . . . by Jerry DiPego

## JUDGES

C. Griffith  
Harry Stessel

Virginia Moseley  
Robert Wilson

The selections which appear in this magazine were selected from more than two-hundred submissions. They were read, discussed, and voted upon by all the members of the TOWERS staff, and the selections reflect the choice of the staff only. Awards were selected independently by the four judges from among the thirty-five selections made by the TOWERS staff.

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