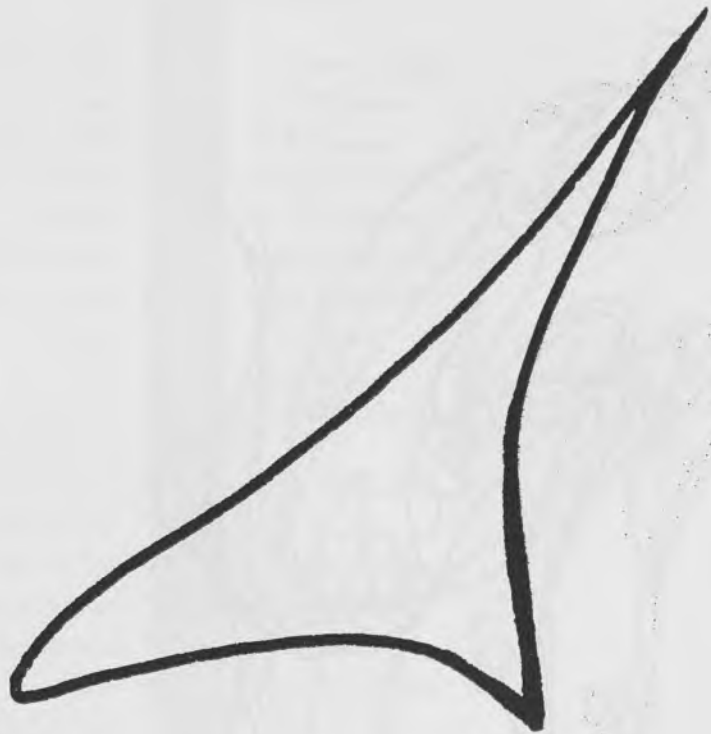


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MARGARET HUNTER from Turkey, North Carolina, is worthy of recognition for contributing the cover for the 1966 *Apogée*.

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ENTRANCE

—FRANCES GARRIS

## Anathema

Where are the yesterdays . . .  
Or was it tomorrow  
We felt  
Night's soft caress  
And the grass beckoned  
Our warm young bodies  
To share its moist promise—  
In the velvet down  
That was Spring.  
I was a young man then—  
And your breasts  
Held the secret  
Of broken dreams.  
And your lips  
A scarlet whisper . . .  
Mocked the moment  
I thought was  
Life.  
Yes — I was a young man then—  
Grasping at straws  
That were your thighs.

—P. M. LEMONS

## Struggle Eternal

His first conscious memory was of the pain; fierce, fiery pain. Then there was the darkness, the moist, rotting darkness. It was so thick it could almost be felt. He wondered where he was; most of all, how he got there.

He tried to think, but his mind could not keep his thoughts coherent. Each time he started a train of thought the pain would hit him, and all thoughts would be erased in the bare process of endurance.

"Where was he?" He tried to think back, back to the beginnings of the pain, and before that . . . nothing.

In the process of trying to explore his surroundings he made a horrible discovery — he had no body! — at least none that he could feel.

This only served to increase his anxiety. If he had no body, where was the pain originating and how could he feel it?

"Go away, pain, so that I can think!"

Another discovery: his heart began to beat—slowly at first, but soon it gained the regular thud, thud, thud, that was recognizable as a heartbeat.

"But I have no body to hold the blood, not even any blood to pump . . . I've got to get out of here!" But out of what and where?

An indeterminable period of excruciating pain and then the realization that he is breathing!

He is a corpse — but a corpse being resurrected, a corpse whose heart had begun to stir feebly, a corpse being mercilessly drawn from the long, painful corridors of death, while succeeding waves of agonizing pain washed over his mind.

Something was washing across the twilight of his consciousness; he felt it was terribly important, but he was unable to grasp it. He reached with mental fingers, groping, grasping, straining to catch the vague shadows flitting across his mind.

"I've got to get out." Push, twist, turn, pain—excruciating pain!

The darkness is closing in; it is getting thick—"I've got to get out!" Push, twist, turn, pain twist, turn, push! He had to do something, anything to keep from being crushed by the darkness.

He kicked, and kicked again; he felt something give. He twisted; the pain hurt, but he kicked again. Something stupendous was happening and the excitement overcame all pain and fear that was in his mind. Push, Kick, PUSH, Kick, PUSH, PUSH, PUSH!

Suddenly the pain and darkness ceased. In their place was a great burning light. The light hurt so badly that he screamed . . . then the white giant picked him up and turned to the other white mammoth and said, "Well, it's a boy."

—CATHY POINDEXTER



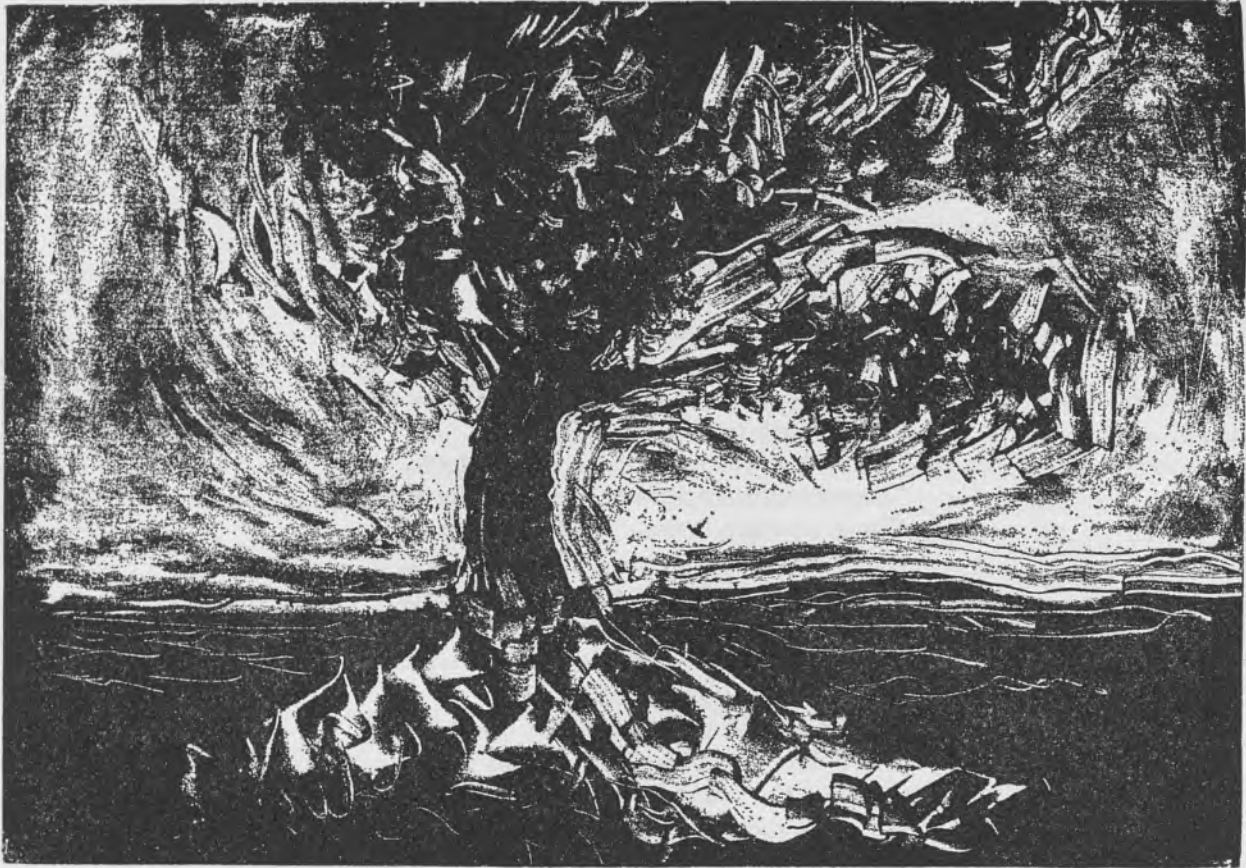
## Lemur the Dreamer

(to Rotrim with all my love)

Lemur the Dreamer sat in a tree  
And looked for all at what he could see,  
At a world so vast and very wide  
With not one place that he could hide.  
“Now this is the premise,” he said to himself,  
“That the whole damn thing is run by an elf.”  
But he shook his head sadhappily;  
For on that conclusion none would agree.  
“Then here is the answer,” he gleefully stated,  
“Since no one’s desires can ever be stated.  
We’ve looked to heaven and even to hell,  
And one I am told sought peace at a well,  
But even she on that fateful day  
Got only forgiveness and sent on her way.  
Forgiveness is such a little thing  
That all totaled up, what peace can it bring?  
That’s why I’m sitting here in this tree  
Scanning the world for a place to hide me.  
But place there is not, I know all too well,  
Not even in heaven, nor earth, nor even in hell.  
I’m a creature alone in the cell of myself  
With naught but my mind to meet that old elf,  
And my finite mind is just not sufficient  
To make repartee with a mind that’s omniscient.

—D. JERRY PROFFITT





MONOPRINT # 2

—RICHARD NOBLE

## La'Chaim

In the Gray-tomorrow when Lethe's spring  
divests me of my Days-Gone-By and fills  
me with the Thought-of-Nothingness that  
is eternity,

I shall not remember this night  
nor shall I recall the Fire of  
loin-remembered-eden that cast  
our shadows on the wall.

In that swirling spring, no resurrected  
memories shall rise, no thought of lips  
shall kiss the void nor shall the speech of  
fingertips find voice.

For death is Unremembrance,  
the Cognizance-of-Nothingness,  
and life is

Making-Memories.

—JAN SAMET

## THE WEAVERS

The Weavers, the Weavers,  
On their misty loom,  
Have woven a web of fire and night,  
Which covers time like a flowing cloak  
And holds in its patterns yesterday,  
Shining tomorrow and this moment.

The Weavers, the Weavers,  
With their golden hands  
Have laced the stars of the heavens together  
In an ebony velvet cloth.  
All of the silent power of the universe  
Is sewn into the mantle of eternity.

The Weavers, the Weavers,  
Have put us in their handiwork;  
A tiny drop of glowing silver  
In some flower of the pattern,  
One small thread of selfish movement  
In the rippling of the cloth.

The Weavers, the Weavers,  
From their radiant throne  
Have made a blanket of forevermore;  
Flung over sky and sea and planet,  
Sun and moon and empty space.  
All woven together with luminous lace.

—BARBARA PETERSON

## For Life's a Sometimes See-Saw

I cannot pledge fidelity  
Nor promise that the sun  
Shall ever find our paths  
Converged this special way  
For life's a sometimes see-saw  
Up and down the riders ride  
Sometimes alone  
Sometimes beside.

—JAN SAMET

## To B. D. With Love

The *Journal* arrived today (third class)  
Along with a copy of  
The Bible in *Reader's Digest* form.  
According to the headlines  
Dow Jones broke even—after so many years—  
But only after the Dreyfus lion  
Had stalked across the exchange floor,  
And unable to find a sand box  
Settled for a pile of discarded tapes.

—RALPH HOAR

# Maintenance

But we've all grown older  
And it leaves  
A strange feeling this time  
To think of friends,  
How they bring the war closer.

On two sides,  
Large clouds of industrial waste  
Billow and are heard.  
The ominous rumble of  
Freedom and economic expediency  
Clashes like air masses  
With seething centuries of barbarous hordes—  
Starving and discontent.

Chuck carried a pocket knife  
In dirty jeans, went where he wished,  
And I was envious.  
He was older and showed me:  
Fighting, hunting, and unconcern.  
He was bigger, faster, a leader, a friend.

Time, noncommittal but constant,  
Sweeps a rendezvous closer.  
And into the gulf they go.  
How strange to wonder  
Why and how the complexion  
Of life angles off to such  
Private death.

What reaction is there  
To learn  
That Chuck had both legs shot off  
While in battle  
To follow the inward current  
That makes man kill  
And need war to answer himself.

But we've all grown older,  
Remember,  
And we must take  
The handle of reality,  
Grip it tightly,  
And reconcile  
The reason for a boyhood friend's  
Private death made public,  
To answer the cost  
Of humanity  
To maintain  
An absolute truth,  
Nonexistent.

—JIM SLOAN



## YESTERDAY'S GARDENIA

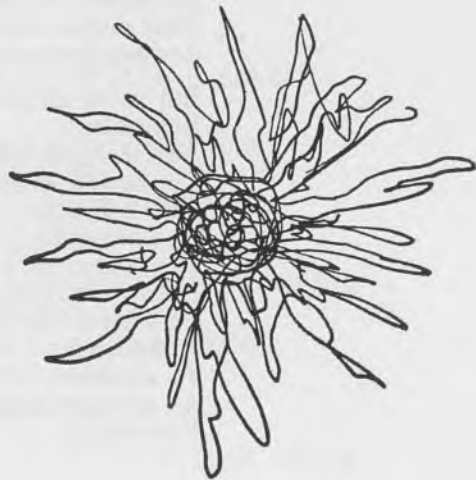
Yesterday

Someone gave me  
A white gardenia  
Bloomed to fullness  
With fragrance  
Beyond reproach . . .  
But this morning  
Another breathed  
An ochre mist  
Upon its unmarred purity.

Tomorrow

I'll hang yesterday's  
Withering white leaves  
On paling walls  
To mock  
The wine-odored  
Moment  
That feigned  
To be life . . .

—PHYLLIS FOY



# Portrait of a Sweet Young Thing

The boy entered first, leading his date through the dark, smoke-filled room.

"Where you wanna sit?" he asked her.

"Doesn't make any difference."

After moments of groping around, he found a table beside the wall and said, "Here's one."

"No. I don't want to sit here. I want to be near the band."

Again they moved through the maze of jumbled tables and entangled couples to a single table near the dance floor. He asked, "How's this?"

"I guess it'll be O. K."

The boy helped the girl struggle out of her coat and then pulled out the chair for her. As soon as the noisy combo briefly halted between numbers, the girl blurted out, "Get me a beer!"

Her date got up to go to the bar and said over his shoulder, "I'll be back in a second."

Several minutes later he returned from the crowded bar and set up two chilled mugs and a pitcher of the amber liquid before his female companion. He looked at her neat face and asked, "How's this for a start?"

"O. K. — for a start."

The two sat sipping the beer, soaking every taste bud in the liquid, and then letting it slide slowly down their throats. As the band began to play the number one hit tune, the young thing took one quick gulp and said, "Let's dance!" pulling her date up from the table and away from a half-full mug.

The dance floor was crowded with couples, some dancing and others just standing there embraced and hardly moving at all. The girl began to sing the words to the song along with the band into her date's ear—"You've lost that lovin' feelin', Oh, oh, that lovin' feelin'. You've lost that lovin' feelin', and now it's gone, gone, gone."

"You wanna bet?" the boy whispered into her curl-covered ear, as he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her closer.

She kept right on singing—and mostly off-key. Finally the band stopped and the couple returned to the table.

The girl poured the rest of the pitcher into her own mug, saying, "This stuff tastes watered down. Bring me a tall Bud."

The boy obeyed and returned later with two cans. The girl poured the beer, allowing a deep, white foam to gather at the top of the mug. She lifted the mug to her face, paused and asked, "How long are you going to be here?"

"If you wanna leave, we can go now," he answered somewhat reluctantly, since he had just paid a three-dollars cover charge.

"No, silly. How long are you going to be here in college?"

"Oh—I guess all four years, or until I flunk out." He said it all in a rather matter-of-fact manner.

He then asked her, "I understand you're studying to be a dancer?"

"Who told you?" she asked curtly, giving a quick flip of her head.

"My cousin told me. Remember, she introduced us at that cocktail party last fall."

She lifted her mug, and took a long swallow, recalling the early meeting. Lowering her mug, she said, "Little bitch," and hiccuped.

The boy dropped his hands from the table, settled back in his chair, and glared ahead.

"Oh, excuse me! I always hiccup when I drink beer."

The band began to play one of her obviously favorite songs, for she put her mug down long enough to shimmy and shake the upper part of her torso.

Her date asked, "I guess you wanna dance?"

"Yes!" and she jumped up from her chair, turning her body to her date's best vantage point, and began sending the movements which had begun in her shoulders all the way down to her feet. Several times on the dance floor, he lost her among the other dancing couples. Only after stopping to look among the jumbled dancers, who moved also seemingly without partners, he'd spy her, she'd wave and then decide to gyrate back in his direction. When the band brought the number to a quick, loud halt, the couples re-gathered — the boys pulling their dates back into their arms.

The young thing stood beside her date, waiting for the music to begin, when she saw a big, six-foot-six guy coming in their direction. As he passed by, she reached out and grabbed him by the thickest part of his forearm and pulled him towards her. She looked up at the giant towering above her and asked, "Do you play basketball at State?"

The tall guy looked surprised, answered "No," shook himself free and kept on walking toward the bar.

Her date turned to her after the other guy had gone and asked, "Do you know him?"

"No."

"Well, what are you doing talking to him?"

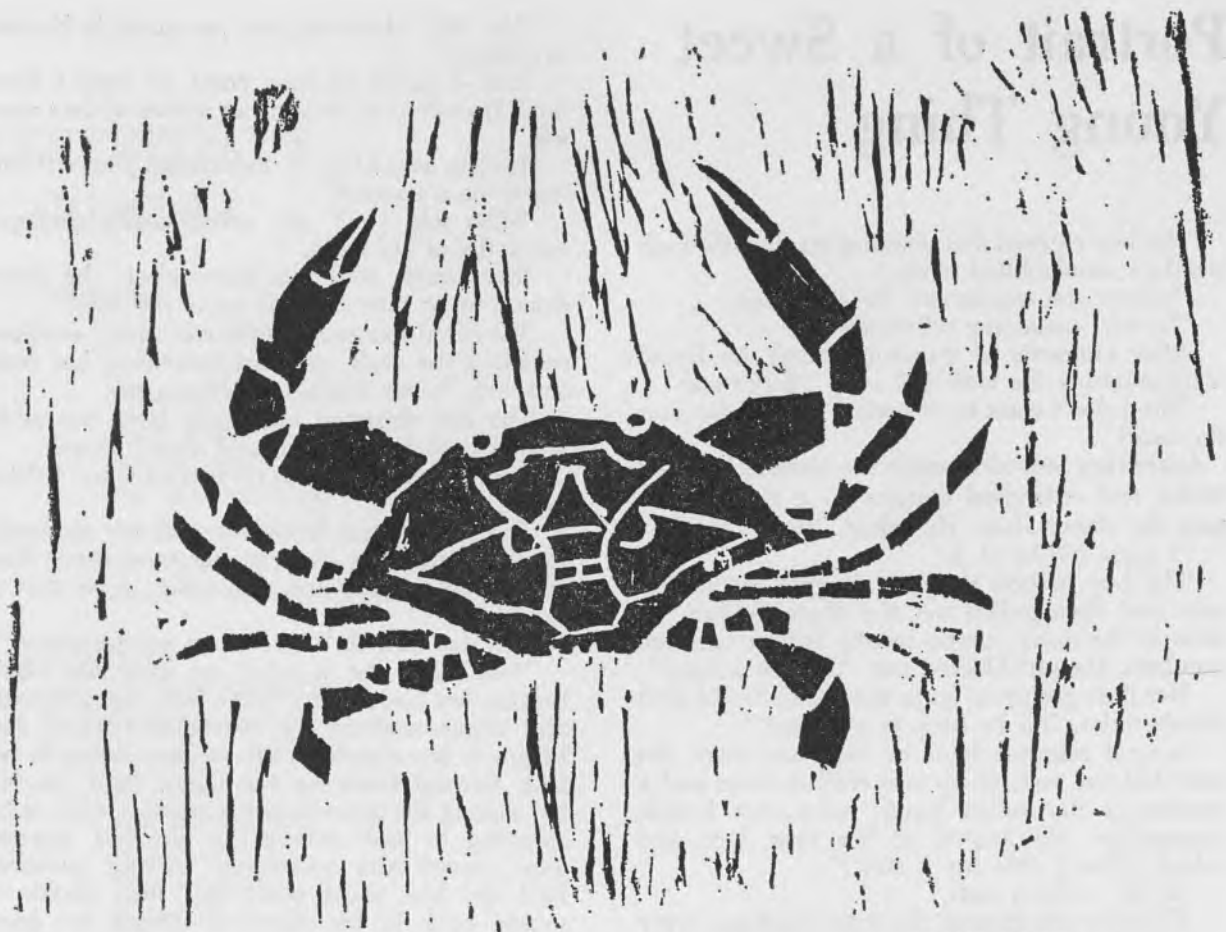
"He just looked like a basketball player."

"Come on. Let's sit down and have another beer." He led her back to their table and said, "Stay here while I get a couple more Buds."

At the bar he saw a fellow he knew from college who yelled from the other end of the bar, "How's your date?"

The boy turned after getting two opened beers, and answered, "Great, just great." He then made his way back through the smoke-filled room.

—GEORGE ROYCROFT



—DIANE FIGOTT

## Never Again

Once the roamer among  
The catnip longside the rocky  
Hill — looking to the valley  
And hearing the cars far away  
Seeing them and laughing, happy  
That life was white quartz,  
Pines, chipmunks and wild apples.

Playing house all day with  
Rocks and glass from  
Antique jars and flat stone  
Tables between the pines  
Until one day there was  
A dead groundhog hung by the neck  
On the post between their land and mine.

—NANCY FALLON

“i”

When I was six?  
    five?  
        four?  
little—my grandpa's hat  
was better than a butterfly  
and i  
    had never heard of death.

It hung so high  
i could not reach it—  
even standing on a chair!

It was big and torn and funny—  
funnier than G O D' S white hair.  
i liked to lay and look at it  
and stare  
    and stare  
        and stare.

i was happy then.

The world was a lemon?  
    lime?  
        cherry?—Lollipop,  
and i was free as a river running  
full of soda pop.  
    BURP!

i had the world  
the world did not have me  
but then i was not I  
i was just me.

—BILL NABORS



# Rex Erit qui Recte Faciet; Qui Non Faciet Non Erit

—D. JERRY PROFFITT

Guileless Gonads  
I was born with  
Trip me up from day to day,

And the women  
That I long for  
Never want to come and play.

Yet in sex I  
Often wonder  
Can there ever be the joy

That I found with  
God in heaven  
Long before I was a boy.

Pre-existence  
Is a question  
Unitarians debate,

But they never  
Find the answer  
Due in part, perhaps, to fate.

Let us sing then  
*Gaudeamus*<sup>1</sup>  
Mingled with a Christian hymn,

And recite the  
*Pater Noster*<sup>2</sup>  
In the tongue of Seraphim.

For the world is  
Too much with us  
And we never can escape;

So we'll worship  
Dionysius  
With the Bacchanalian grape.

Housman!<sup>3</sup> Housman!  
Come and save us  
From the age of twenty-two

Ere we're caught  
By Delmore baby<sup>4</sup>  
Or the pomes of Randy-pooh.<sup>5</sup>

If you ever  
Talk with Roses<sup>6</sup>  
In the top-most plane above,

Have them send us  
Daddy Moses  
Riding on a Giant Dove.

Then, perhaps, I'll  
Be struck sterile  
By Jove's everlasting love.

1 A Latin "student song"

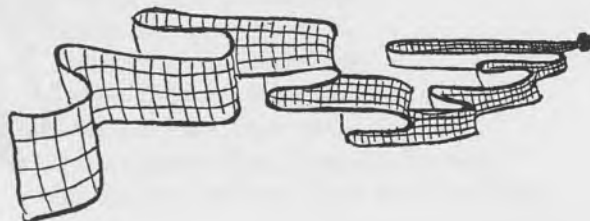
2 The Lord's Prayer

3 A. E. Housman

4 Delmore Schwartz

5 Randall Jarrell

6 Cf. Dante's "Paradiso"





## herby the junk man

black, with a can and a scarred face, withered,  
herby the junk man

searches garbage cans  
for valuables, valuables,

no one wants.  
finding a broken eggbeater he asks  
the lady

of the house  
if she meant to throw it out—  
“no”

she snaps  
and slaps him with her eyes.  
grabbing the treasure from him,  
she slams the door in his  
beaten face.

herby scratches his battered head  
and says

“Christ”  
and pulling his wagon down the street  
wonders what exactly—

hell is like.

—BILL NABORS

## Lament of a Psychologist's Wife

I never get mad — I get hostile;  
I never feel bad — I'm depressed;  
If I sew or I knit and enjoy it a bit,  
I'm not handy — I'm merely obsessed.

I never regret — I feel guilty;  
And if I should vacuum the hall,  
Wash the woodwork and such and not mind it too much,  
Am I tidy? Compulsive is all!

If I can't chose a hat I have conflicts  
With ambivalent feelings toward net.  
I never get worried or nervous or hurried.  
Anxiety — that's what I get.

If I'm happy I must be euphoric.  
If I go to the Stork Club or Ritz  
And have a good time making puns or a rhyme  
I'm a maniac or maybe a schiz.

If I tell you you're right — I'm submissive,  
Repressing aggressiveness too  
And when I disagree, I'm defensive, you see,  
And projecting my symptoms on you.

I love you, but that's just transference  
With Oedipus rearing his head;  
My breathing asthmatic is psychosomatic  
A fear of exclaiming "Drop Dead!"

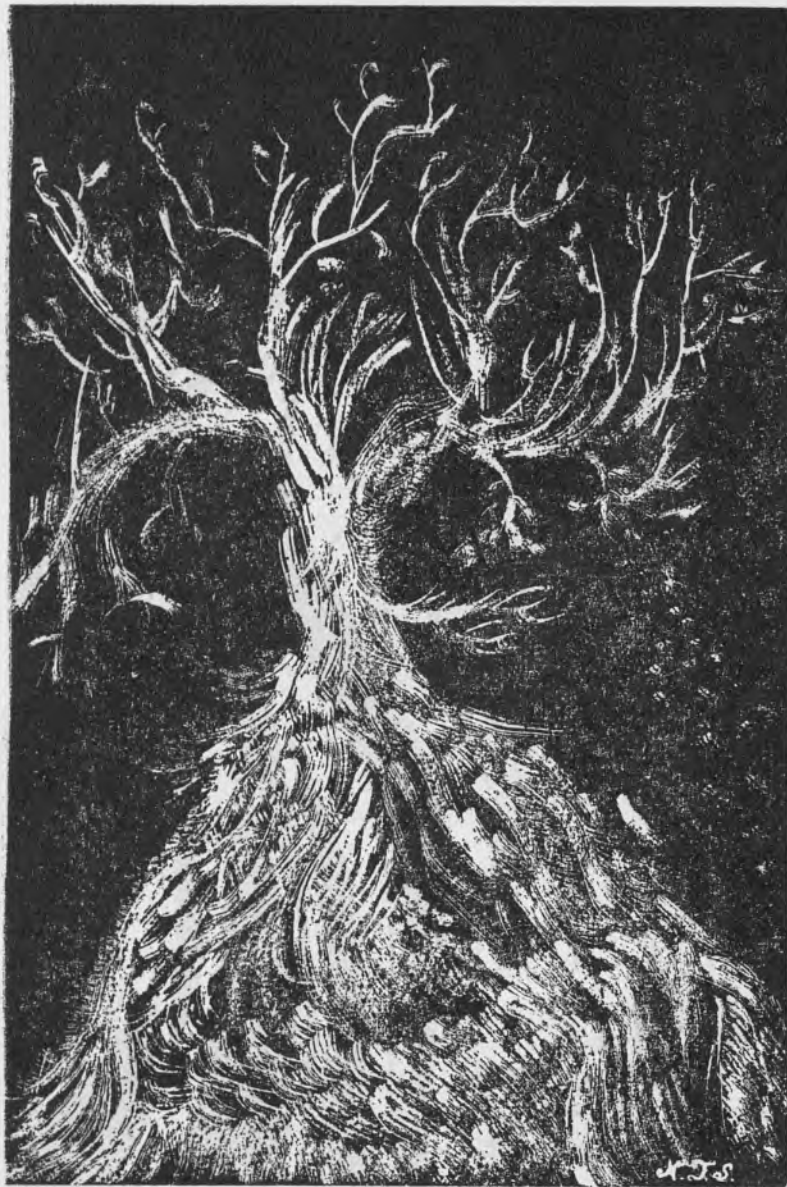
I'm not lonely, I'm simply dependent.  
My dog has no fleas, just a tick;  
So if I seem a cad, never mind, just be glad  
That I'm not a stinker — I'm sick!

—BILL RIMMER



CULLER'S PROBLEM

—RICHARD NOBLE



## Atropos

Kathy died today,  
And her laughter's buried  
In the cold dark leaves  
Where once she played.  
She wasn't happy—  
And she died.  
The sparrows had drunk  
of her tears,  
And robins  
Picked furtively  
At the old, gray dress  
She always wore.  
Consider . . .  
The lilies—  
And imagine  
The sound  
Of a dying rose.  
Shadows sing softly  
Of an opaque dream  
And meaning withers  
In a shallow grave.  
Truth is a rose  
In an old, gray dress—  
Kathy died today  
And her laughter's buried  
In the cold dark leaves  
Where once she played.  
She wasn't happy—  
And she died.

—P. M. LEMONS

## SOLITARY SYMPHONY, BEFORE

Woman's on the books  
Four nights straight  
Don't much like 'em pilin' work  
On my fine true mama.  
Got some German to do myself  
But feelin' bursts of happy inspiration  
Flickerin' off and on like a light bulb  
Not quite screwed in good  
And German just don't demand  
Joyful, sparklin', bubblin' inspiration  
No themes to build, sermons to catch,  
Letters to write, arguments to win,  
Songs to sing, tunes to plunk,  
Weights to lift — nothin'  
So I use that inspiration  
To compose a symphony  
A solitary symphony  
To serenade true fine mama  
The woman on the books  
Four nights straight.

—MICHAEL DAVID HOKE



# The Siamese Gorilla

—BOB PETREMONT

SETTING: An oasis in the middle of a desert

TIME: Unknown

CHARACTERS: A pair of Siamese Gorillas named Arthur and Humphry (both English)

## ACT I

*Arthur:* You know what I'd like to do, Humphry?

*Humphry:* No, what would you like to do, Arthur?

*Arthur:* I'd like to build a house right there next to the pond. See, where that group of date trees is? Humphry, are you paying attention?

*Humphry:* Hmm?

*Arthur:* I said are you paying attention at all to what I'm saying?

*Humphry:* No, no I don't suppose I am.

*Arthur:* Well, for the love of God, you should pay attention. I mean I am thinking of your welfare as well as mine. Don't you give a damn? What if it rains?

*Humphry:* It isn't going to rain in the desert, Arthur. Can you remember the last time it rained here?

*Arthur:* That's beside the point. You never know when it's going to rain.

*Humphry:* To tell you the truth, Arthur, I don't give a damn if it rains. It isn't going to hurt us if a little rain falls on us. Now will you just put the entire thing out of your mind and go to sleep? I mean, it is time for our nap.

*Arthur:* I'm not sleepy, and besides, what if we have visitors? Where will you put them?

*Humphry:* We're not going to get any visitors. You know that as well as I do. Now will you be quiet? I'm very tired from picking all those bananas.

*Arthur:* That's all you ever think about. Eating bananas and going to sleep.

*Humphry:* Oh, shush! Go to sleep, damnit!

Curtain.

## ACT II

(several hours later)

*Humphry:* Oh, dear God, that little nap felt refreshing. They do me so much good. Let's go find some bananas for supper. I'm hungry as a gorilla.

*Arthur:* Well, I should hope so. I mean, you *are* a gorilla. You and your damn bananas! Why don't we build a fire tonight? It might get cold later on, and besides, I'm sick of raw bananas. Why don't we boil them for a change?

*Humphry:* Why do you always have to complicate things so? If we have boiled bananas, then that means we'll have to build your stupid fire, collect your stupid fuel, dirty your stupid pots, and just make a complete mess of the whole damned oasis. Why can't you be satisfied with plain and simple, easy-to-fix, old-fashioned, RAW BANANAS?

*Arthur:* Oh, you are simple, Humphry. You are so simple. It's not going to kill us to do a little work. Just think how much better those bananas will taste if we boil them.

*Humphry:* Look, Arthur, let's not start an argument. You know I've just awakened, and I'm in no mood for it now. I don't want another word said about it. We'll just have to have them RAW, and that's that!

*Arthur:* But . . .

*Humphry:* Ah! Not another word, Arthur. Now let's get those bananas. I'm starved.

Curtain.

## ACT III

(that night)

*Arthur:* Good-night, Humphry.

*Humphry:* Good-night, Arthur.

(silence)

*Arthur:* Excuse me, Humphry, but are you awake?

*Humphry:* Yes, I'm awake, Arthur. Why do you ask?

*Arthur:* Well, I was just wondering if you felt a little chill in the air.

*Humphry:* As a matter of fact, I do. I'm sure it won't last long, though. Good-night.

(silence)

*Arthur:* Excuse me, but are you still awake, Humphry?

*Humphry:* Yes, I'm still awake, Arthur. Why do you ask?

*Arthur:* Well, it's nothing really. I just thought I felt a drop of rain hit me.

*Humphry:* Well, I did, too, but did I disturb you to tell you about it? Now, just roll over and forget about it. I'm sure the rain will stop shortly, and for God's sake don't mention anything more about the cold. It certainly can't and won't last long. Now for the last time, GOOD-NIGHT, and KEEP STILL!

VOICE: This is your international radia station, WGOR, with the latest news. Last night, the Wassoon Desert Region was blanketed with intense freezing rain and temperatures dropped to an amazing 7 degrees below zero. Hundreds of people had to be evacuated by the Red Cross because of lack of fuel for fires. The cold front is expected to stay with us until tomorrow and along with it will remain the freezing rain.

Other news for the . . . . .

*Narrator:* Out in the desert, at a lonely oasis, there lies a lonely pair of Siamese Gorillas. Frozen stiff and, according to several passersby, very dead.

Curtain

THE END

## MADID

Madid is an old city  
And full of charm.  
It is along the coast  
Of that old country  
And is a commanding sight  
For one who approaches it  
From the sea at sunset.

I was there in December  
When the sun was brightest.  
I met Philip then  
For the first time  
And we were close.

He loved me but  
The Scandinavian sailor  
Was the one that took my eye,  
Burned as he was  
By the wind and sun,

Yet when that ended  
After a whirlwind week in Morocco,  
I wished for good Philip  
And his constant ways.  
For he possessed me  
And yet did not.

It is long  
Since I have seen him . . .  
Years . . .  
He is in Frandovine now  
Studying medicine.  
I still remember Madid  
In December.

—JIM SLOAN

# Tom

With a rhythm so marked it could be felt, the alley-cat loped along the splintery edges of backyard fences. Nothing distracted him from his steady pace. Reeking garbage cans leaned invitingly with rusty lids ajar. Seductive fish-bone odors crept around back-door corners. Without missing a step, the black-striped denizen of the alley took note of every tempting possibility.

One goal, one destination guided the alley-cat's intricate path. With a graceful arch, he conquered the distance of an opened gate and continued his fence-top journey. His clear green eyes darted upward at a swoop of starlings above the soot-blackened chimneys. The rustle of a fat pigeon lazily settling on a roof was noted with a twitch of his pointed gray ears.

The alley-cat's day was beginning. In the cluttered apartment kitchens, women were rattling supper dishes. Television sets glowed and muttered the latest dreadful news. From every window came some intriguing scent of foods cooked with spices and oils. The children had gone indoors. There were no scraggly-haired boys to throw rocks and tin cans at him or fat-armed screaming girls to grab and kiss him.

The alley-cat quickened his pace and dropped for a moment to the dangerous level of the cinder-covered alley at a place where the fence had been replaced with curlicues of wrought iron. With a bound, the snarling guardian of the iron-railed yard challenged the alley-cat. His saliva-covered jaws remembered when they had bent the proud curve of the cat's striped tail. The cat scarcely glanced at the bulldog but expertly leaped to the crumbling top of a stone wall across the alley. The bulldog's panting and barking only urged him on his way.

A white-painted picket fence incongruously gleaming in the darkening alley beckoned the

cat. At last his steady pace became deliberate and cautious. He rubbed his furry gray back against the white boards of the gate and meowed. A slender girl stepped quietly into the yard and ran to the gate.

"There you are, Tom!" she said, smiling, "I was afraid you'd forget."

Slowly and gently she picked up the big gray cat. He was battle-scarred and heavy but he nestled gratefully in her arms.

"Where do you live, Tom?" she murmured, stroking his chin where the gray fur almost lightened into white. "I only see you at supper-time. I wish you'd stay here all day."

The girl carried him to the back-door steps where she had placed a bowl of dinner scraps and a blue saucer of cream. Just as the alley-cat had settled on his haunches to nibble daintily at the food, the screen door was flung open by a woman wearing a fresh white apron.

"Teresa! What are you doing—touching that filthy cat?"

"Mama, he's mine. I mean—I meant to tell you. He's been coming every evening for days and days. Can't he be mine? I love him!"

"Ah! No! He's dirty and old. Put him out the gate this minute!"

"But, Mama—let him eat!"

"No! I'll put him out now!"

The cinders scrunched beneath his tough-padded paws as the woman dropped the cat into the alley. He sped away from the clean white gate and hunched behind a neighboring garbage can until the woman was gone. The sky was dark now and his eyes glittered as the alley-cat padded into the familiar gloom of his alley.

—JOEL RICH

## No Sense No. 1

I once had an elephant  
Twice as tall as me  
As well he should be.

He danced on his toes  
And chased rubber balls  
And imitated bird calls

Came when I rang a bell.  
Once came too early,  
Made my hair curly.

He had big blue eyes  
And would plant a kiss  
On my little miss.

She didn't like him much.  
She shot him one day  
As he was about to say.

• • •

I love you.

—DAVID GILBERT

## Merry Christmas, Damn Ya'

A cedar beside the fireplace stands  
Deprived of life by vicious hands.  
Dying and sighing, a star in its crown  
Waiting for midnight and the jolly clown.

Down below are toys of war  
For little boys the age of four.  
Guns that shoot and knives that stab  
And plastic wounds that form a scab.

Among the arsenal, there does lie  
Jesus Christ with one glass eye.  
A plastic bullet destroyed the one  
Of God, the Father, and the Son.



## . . . As the Sea . . .

The cool breeze played with the fine strands of hair at the back of my neck, and the birds cried clearly some indefinable distance from my window. The sea swept an obliterating line over the footprints in the sand; it foamed and splashed among the rocks and flung its salt mist. A couple's laughter exploded from the dunes and died abruptly—absorbed by the harmonizing wind and waves.

All sensation was lost upon me. A thick, tangible blackness stifled: a depression, a profound despair pulsed within and enveloped me. As relentless as the sea, it murdered beauty by leaving me insensible to it; it drove God into non-existence and alienated me from all goodness. Plague like it ate away friendships, leaving me with the emptiness of violent distrust and a shattering, infinite loneliness.

As the sea beneath my window was intensely thrown by the strength of its controller, wind—so I was tossed: my own weak control wrested from me by the inner demon that had damned my life and made existing a nightmare only hell might equal . . . Just as the sea grasped the rocks in desperation, I grasped the blade. Tears coursed down my face but were completely inadequate against pain so excruciating and unending.

The wind died and the sea calmed: halting me with its suddenness for an instant and bid-

ding me look. I threw the shutters open and faced the cool dusk aggressively. The darkening stillness echoed my heartbeats and intensified my sight and hearing, and I noticed things, it seemed, for the first time.

The sound of the sea burst like a symphony upon my senses. The lights of the village in the distance, so small, and yet equalled in brightness only by the coming stars that stretched endlessly above and around me. The shining gulls and the sound of those boats I couldn't as yet see heightened my awareness and I breathed deeply and quickly in anticipation of—I knew not what. Frightening in its instantaneousness, the sky burst into colors unequalled by any artist: the wet sand became silver, then golden, and finally a deep, rich rose—an earthly reflection of those awesome seaside sunsets.

Such wonder filled me that I trembled and found difficulty in breathing. I wanted to scream my aching awareness of beauty but nothing in my power could express what was before me. Long moments I stood alone, not heeding the sobs that shook me: they were incidental. One always cries when one is  
born.

—AVIS SWALLOW



# “jus gentium”

## I

looking down the long barrel of civilization—  
Wham! boom! bam!  
yesterday the world went up  
in “just” smoke . . . . . damn,  
and after  
in the what was left over—  
there were tears and moaning and wondering  
what was not god  
and what god should have been—  
and no one in the what was left over—  
thought  
it could have been avoided—  
BUT?

## II

Murder is such a fine thing in war—  
Civilization psyched up—half mad—damn!  
the enemy is always on the way  
and always  
sick  
barbarous  
perverse  
Kill him first!  
f-i-r-s-t — the certain virtue  
of the foolish—bastardly—death—  
boom!  
man, a little child—  
murdering and wandering  
“when was home”—  
the eagle flaps its wings  
fight on!  
fight on—  
Walter Cronkite  
wipes his brow—  
“a war is on.”

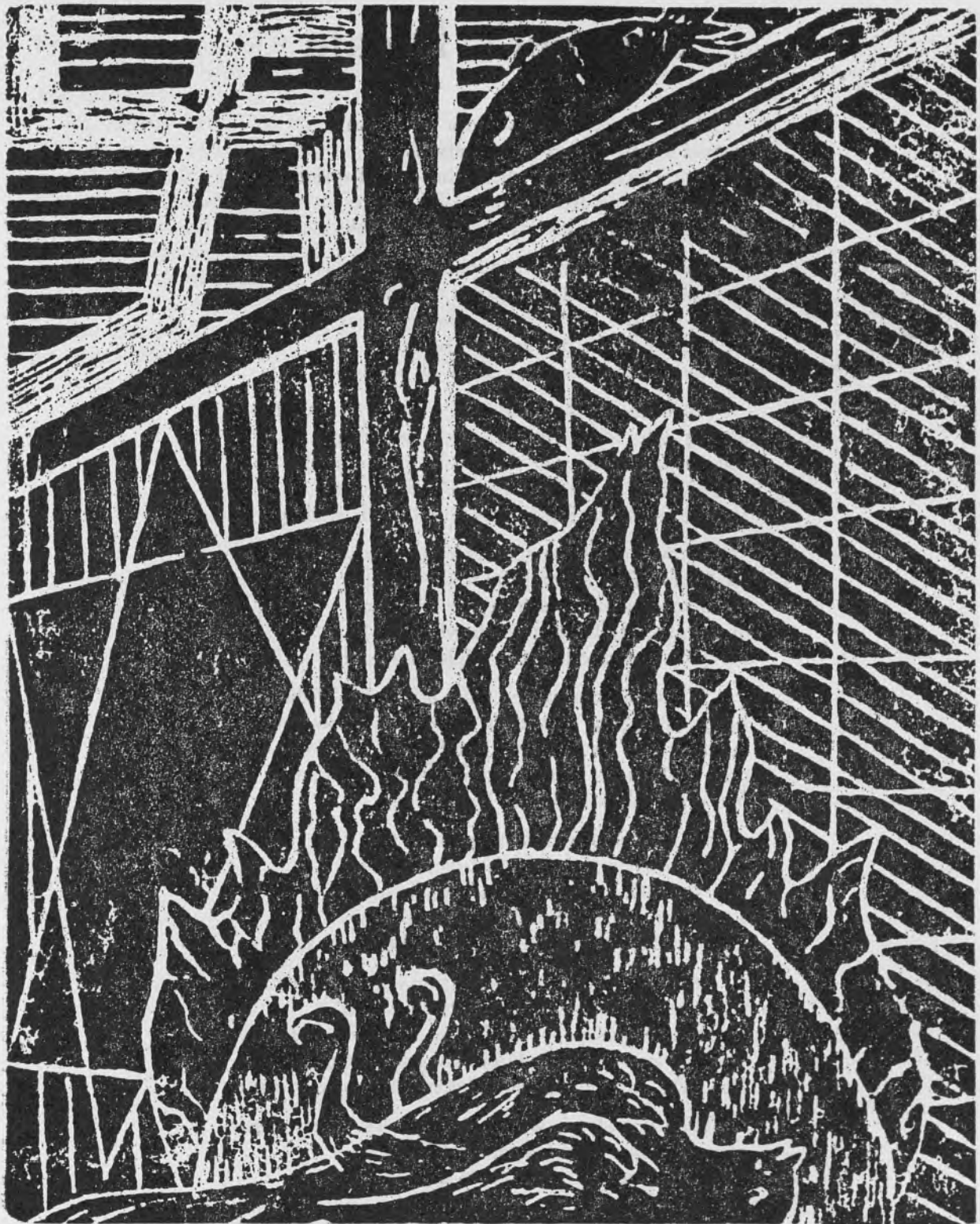
## III

Death comes running—  
smiling—laughing  
boom!  
tears are always quietly arrayed  
with gold—silver—purple—hearts hooray!  
AND bloody lifeless children’s faces  
remind us of the social graces  
of those quiet, quaint little places—  
Where the shining  
little faces  
Used to learn that god was love.  
Wham!  
black booming hell  
stops the ringing of the bell  
and man washes his blood-drenched hands  
and well,  
that’s the way it is  
with war.

## IV

Wham!  
bam!  
boom!  
destruction — death — hell,  
the toll swells—  
till the dove settles  
in the eagle’s nest—  
Walter Cronkite  
straightens his vest—  
“pacem in terras”  
there is no tyranny like war.

—BILL NABORS



TO THE VICTOR

—MARGARET HUNTER

## Summer's Dream

I have buried my Cassandra in that vale  
beyond our town 'neath the leafy lilac,  
fragrant castle spires, where the crystal-sprinkled  
brook cantering freely toward its source  
bears the spirit of my love-lost on its back.

I was ten and she was eight when we saw  
each other first — the banker's daughter fair  
espied me, the smithy's son. She, escorted  
by her dad, had a bay mare to be shod  
for the yearly horseman's show of our town.

We were shy then, she and I, but with imp-like  
teasing ease, for I tried to watch her when  
she wasn't looking; yet my cheeks turned apple-  
red when by chance our glances held; even  
her grave ashen cheeks grew rosed with smiling.

She was twelve and I fourteen when we met  
each other first, beyond the town within  
the lilaced vale. She astride her bay-roan  
mare came ariding to my lair where I  
sat quite unaware that she might know me.

"Whatcha doin' in the vale, big brave Willie,  
blacksmith's son?" Ah, she'd somewhat bolder grown  
in four years' time. "Aw, just fishin'! Won'tcha join  
me? We'll catch bass as big as swine." I could  
feel my freckles fading as I asked her.

She accepted with a smile and I felt  
strong arms go limp as I fast-secured my  
pole beneath a log; to her side with haste  
I scampered to dismount her from the bay  
she, that long-envisioned queen, dubbed me slave.

Winsome days of springish summer wooed us to  
that tree-hid field with but butterflies and  
birds to chaperone — kindled in our childish hearts  
vows of love we thought eternal and though  
lips ne'er met, our fingers clinging clasped our cause.

Then one cloud-swept autumn week, fairest lassie  
came no more, and I wept my boyish tears  
for the sudden bitter death of summer's dream.

—PHYLLIS FOY



# The Search

Everybody's looking for God.

At least everybody that's nobody  
And seeking to prove it.

It's curious that a God created in  
The image of man is not sufficient for this generation.

It has been for all the others.  
Perhaps it's because man is now a collective entity,  
And communal worship cannot deal  
Effectively with numbers greater than three.

It's a shame, though.  
God would look quite omniscient in a button-down collar.  
But then He'd probably die of ulcers;  
So I guess His vicarious sacrifice to automation  
Is for the best.

—JAN SAMET



—FRANCES GARRIS



# THUS I REFUTE CASPER

—CATHY POINDEXTER

The screeching of the bed springs pierced the silence of the room as Carrie tossed and turned, trying desperately to find a comfortable spot in her mattress. She had rumbled her pillow so that her pillow case was barely on, and the nape of her neck and the back of her knees were becoming sticky with perspiration.

"Oh, damn it," she said, suddenly swinging her shapely legs over the side of the bed, her feet touching the hard, rough floor boards almost grimacingly. "How the hell does Pa expect me to sleep on this old lumpy bed on a hot night like this?"

She put on a robe and slipped noiselessly out into the sultry July darkness. She walked briskly down the back path and didn't stop until she'd reached the pond behind the barn. Here she sank forlornly onto the grass and gazed absently into the muddy water. She didn't hear the bullfrog suddenly cease his croaking nor the crickets stop chirping close by.

"Hello, Carrie."

She jumped to her feet fearfully.

"Casper Haywood, what the hell you doin' snoopin' round here this time of night?"

"I was just happenin' by when I saw you comin' down here, so's I just thought I'd come down and talk with you for a spell," he said. "As a matter of fact, I think you got some explainin' to do. Why didn't you go to the square dance with me when I asked you? I know sure as hell you didn't go with nobody else, 'cause you warn't even there."

"I don't have to give you no reason, Casper Haywood," Carrie replied. "But since you're here, I'll just tell you downright. I hate your guts. I hate *all* men. So there, chew on that a spell!"

"Huh, that's a laugh. You're just sore 'cause your Pa bellers at you if'n you git two feet from the door. Guess he's scared you'll run off like your Ma did," Casper said.

"Aw, go to hell. That's the only place men are fit to go," Carrie replied.

"That's the last straw, Carrie Bradford!" he

exclaimed, shaking her shoulders viciously. "You know damn well your Pa's tryin' to keep you from windin' up like your Ma. He'd do anything for you."

"Get your paws off'n me, or I'll gouge your beady eyes out," she said.

He let her go.

"Casper," she said, "he cares 'bout me as much as he cares 'bout that mule up there in that barn. He just as well of killed Ma as to treat her like he did, and he just as well kill me, too."

"You don't understand him, Carrie. He didn't mean to drive your Ma off and he don't want you to go . . . Carrie, what's wrong with you?"

But Carrie hadn't heard a word he'd said. She just walked away from him, back toward the house.

Casper scratched his head, shrugged his shoulders, and then mumbled something under his breath. He then started to go toward the main road. Suddenly he stopped dead still.

"What the hell was that?" he queried to himself.

He ran up the path to the house. He opened the screen door that opened into the kitchen. On the floor he saw it, a mutilated body. A shotgun was propped by the wood stove. Carrie was lying peacefully in her bed.



"GYPSY GYPSY"

—PAT JENKINS

## Pools

Do you remember  
That dark pool under the hill  
Hidden in the shadows of tall trees  
In a lower, darker region of the gorge? . . .  
Do you remember  
On that day when, poised as a white shaft,  
You dove straight in and  
Pierced the dark water cleanly? . . .  
Do you remember  
The shock of the icy fingers clutching at your body - - -  
The silence as you went deeper?  
The detachment you felt - - -  
The split second of ultimate suspension  
Then the struggle to reach the surface - - -  
Enclosed feeling - - - screaming for release - - -  
Breaking to the top and gulping, gasping, filling  
Aching lungs? . . .  
Recall  
Crawling out on the rocks - - - spent,  
Laughing wildly within - - - then  
Watching the ripples subside - - -  
Covering all trace of your presence?

—JIM SLOAN

# Shluf, Mine Kind, Shluf Kesayder

Grandfather, Grandfather, if Mother had wheels, would she be a wagon?

Would she, Grandfather?

Gosh, I wish she was. Mother would be so much more fun if she were a wagon. Then we could haul all those pretty flowers around and show them to everybody and I could ride on the back . . . . . You know, Grandfather, the other day I had a boil under my arm and it hurt something awful. Doctor Brooks said I was a cry-baby 'cause I hollered when he looked at it. Anyway, how could he know? Is Daddy sick, Grandfather?

Daddy's been acting awful different lately. Last night he came into my room to say good-night and his eyes were all red and he smelled awful.

He told me a funny story, though. I didn't really understand it but I laughed anyway. You want to hear it? It's sort of like a riddle.

Once upon a time there was this beautiful Princess. And she lived in this big old castle and was very happy even though the handsome Prince she married was really a slimy toad who just looked like a handsome Prince. Then one day she died. Do you know why she died, Grandfather?

Because she lived. Isn't that funny, Grandfather?

—JAN SAMET







STILL LIFE

—DIANE PICOTT



## Under the Influence of . . .

Under the influence of inebriation - - -

Passing through that illusion of

Whatever it was

With precious opaque purity

And gardenia-petaled hands

Grasping at shafts of

Prismed light

I found her

The epitome of Peter Pan

And Caesar's bitch - - -

Carved:

A statue of silken soft flesh

Which shattered under the impact

Of contact.

—WEST LEIGH GLENN

## Silent Brahms

Silent Brahms  
And tasteless wine - - -  
Soft whispers  
Clinging  
To pastel dreams  
While children  
(Rusty cheeks and laughing)  
Dance  
In empty rooms.  
What's this Jesus stuff . . .  
When even the drummer  
In his misty wall  
Can sleep  
And the cold velvet  
Holds outstretched  
Her hand  
And  
Is  
Still.

—P. M. LEMONS

## Reflections

Once . . .  
Many lifetimes ago  
When dingy little lambs  
Scampered softly  
Through rose-petal clouds  
And broken glass  
I sat on tattered rug.  
Shadowless . . .  
I stumbled through  
Those empty halls  
Never seeing  
That naked man.

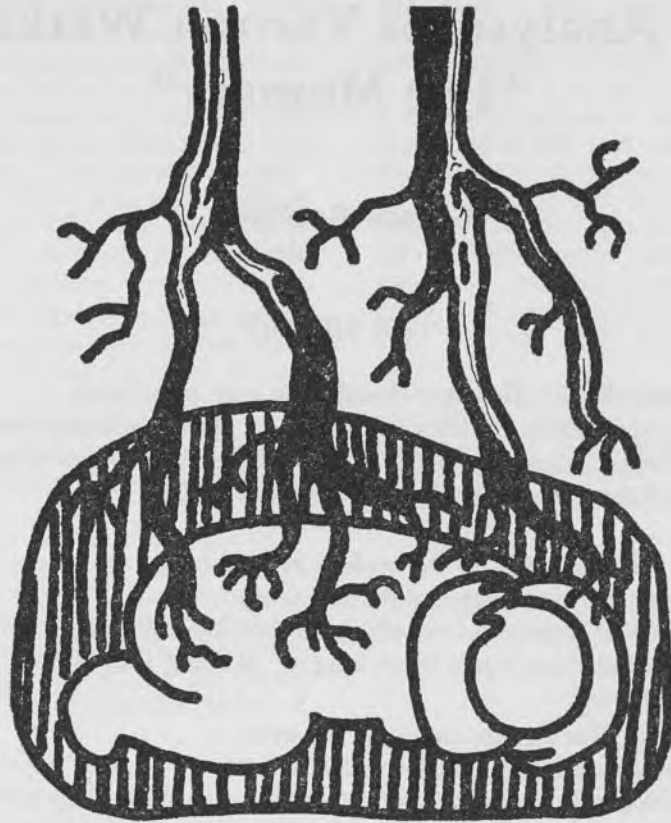


TREE

—DIANE PICOTT

ODE  
TO  
A  
BROWN  
BALL

In the morning  
A nude angel perched on a fish  
With one eye  
As it lay in the meadow  
And gasped for beer  
Sometime later  
David lay down with Bathsheba  
While she had an illegit  
And then went into the temple  
Yehwah asked him, "Who the hell do you think you are — God?"  
He was mad  
The fish had walked to some pines  
By this time  
And two smokers walked by it  
And asked, "Gotta match?"  
Then,  
    All of a sudden  
A silver bird flew out of the sky and cried  
"Who the hell am I to be a silver bird?"  
Then he ate some poppies  
And he was OK  
In the background was this  
Horny red guy  
Who kept saying  
go to hell, go to hell, go to hell.  
I think he was a communist Indian who was in God's Country  
Eve plucked the apple  
And took a bite  
Chomp, Chomp, Chomp  
It wasn't bad  
But all of a sudden she realized  
She was stark nude  
So she bought one of Geinrich's originals  
And asked Adam if he wanted some apple pie  
He said OK  
And ate it  
While a snake drove by in a GTO  
Laughing  
    Ha  
        Ha  
            Ha  
                Ha  
Somewhere in New York  
An old lady was  
    I. Raped  
    II. Stabbed 37 times  
    III. Finally killed  
While 18 people  
Looked the other way  
At a lady walking down 52nd Street in a bikini  
And then cried in unison:  
    "We thought it was just a lovers' quarrel."



The Birdman of Alcatraz  
Stared at a little red button  
Marked X  
In an Air Force Base  
Somewhere in Turkey  
And he thought to himself:  
    "I wonder what would happen if I pushed this lit . . . . ."  
Then some Birds,

    Turtles,  
        Stones,  
            and Beetles  
Started singing "He's got the whole world  
    In his hands."

While the Romans had an orgy  
And some slaves were killed  
And a few Jews were cremated  
And Ethiopia was crushed  
And a guy in polkadot underwear ran around carrying a sign  
Which declared

    The World will end tomorrow.

God had put six days into it, and he was damned tired.  
He fell asleep.

—BOB PETREMONT



# An Analysis of Vernon Watkins' "The Mummy"

GEORGE ROYCROFT

## THE MUMMY

His eyes are closed. They are closed. His eyes are closed.  
His hands are clenched. They are clenched. His hands are clenched.  
The messenger comes. The letters are disciplined; they are disposed.  
The black light quivers. Earth on Earth is avenged.

What has left music fast in the sockets of bone?  
Had all been pattern, images sight had seen,  
Blood would lie quiet, but something strokes the light, and a groan  
Of great-rooted calm repels those images: nothing they mean.

Nothing here lives but the music in the eyes.  
Hunting-scene, warriors, chariot, palm and wing  
Bid the blood rest, thought perch where the time-bird sings or flies,  
Your chasing year, following and following.

But tears wash these bones where parchments whisper to sand.  
Here a laid vase offers the flying stream.  
Sand darkening wakes a harp-string hidden, plucked by a blind hand,  
Crying this theme to the world, this world-surrounding theme:

Valiant, alive, his voice pursued the lands,  
Ruled the white sea, held mountains in his keep.  
Leave him with delicate instruments formed for delicate hands;  
In this locked room of treasures let him who chose them sleep.

I lean down, crying: "Touch me, lay hold on my spring,  
Reach up, for I have loosened, tearing your skies,  
Fountains of light, ages of listening!"  
But the bound hands are folded, the fold its word denies.

What shudder of music unfulfilled vibrates?  
What draws to a dust-grain's fall most distant stars?  
In the last taper's light what shadow meditates?  
What single, athletic shape never cast on wall or verse?

What shudder of birth and death? What shakes me most?  
Job his Maker answering, the Stricken exclaiming "Rejoice!"  
Gripping late in the shifting moment giant Earth, making Earth a ghost,  
Who heard a great friend's death without a change of voice.

—VERNON WATKINS

Among contemporary British poets, there stands a little-known figure, Vernon Watkins. His poetic genius is not great, nor is his fame widespread. His collections of verse are few, and explications of his poems are virtually nonexistent. Some attention from American critics was directed to Watkins' *Selected Poems*, published in this country in 1948. From this volume comes his poem entitled "The Mummy."<sup>1</sup> This one poem will be studied in depth to reveal the character and nature of Watkins' work.

In his verse Watkins draws to some extent upon Welsh legend, and he writes somewhat with the bardic spirit of that tradition. Nevertheless, as some of his reviewers have pointed out, "he is essentially an English poet in the great tradition."<sup>2</sup> It is with this in mind that we can proceed to analyze Watkins' poem, "The Mummy."

The very title of the poem, "The Mummy," leads us to believe that a death has occurred. However, it seems as if it might have been only a partial "death" since the body form remains in a preserved state. This remnant of life, the mummy, is the central image throughout the poem, though it is only in the title that the deceased form is so mentioned.

The poem begins with terse, staccato-like statements of "the mummy's" condition: "His eyes are closed . . . His hands are clenched." The news of the death is delivered to the poet by a factual, impersonal letter. Obvious from the statements made, the news of this death deeply affects the author, for it seems to him that "the black light quivers." A paradox is evident here since a "black light" could not produce light. The author closes the stanza with "Earth on Earth is avenged." This line is one of the best lines in the poem and offers cause for further thought. What is the meaning of this line, and why does Watkins capitalize *earth*? Critic Robert G. Davis states in a review of Watkins' work that

Earth (usually capitalized) is the realm of sensitive, blind, natural growth and feeling from which the spirit struggles to free itself. The sky is the realm of light and wisdom.<sup>3</sup>

Thus, we are led to believe that the dead one, whose identity still has not been revealed, has avenged Earth by his own death. Earth can no longer hold him captive; he has at last gained freedom by dying.

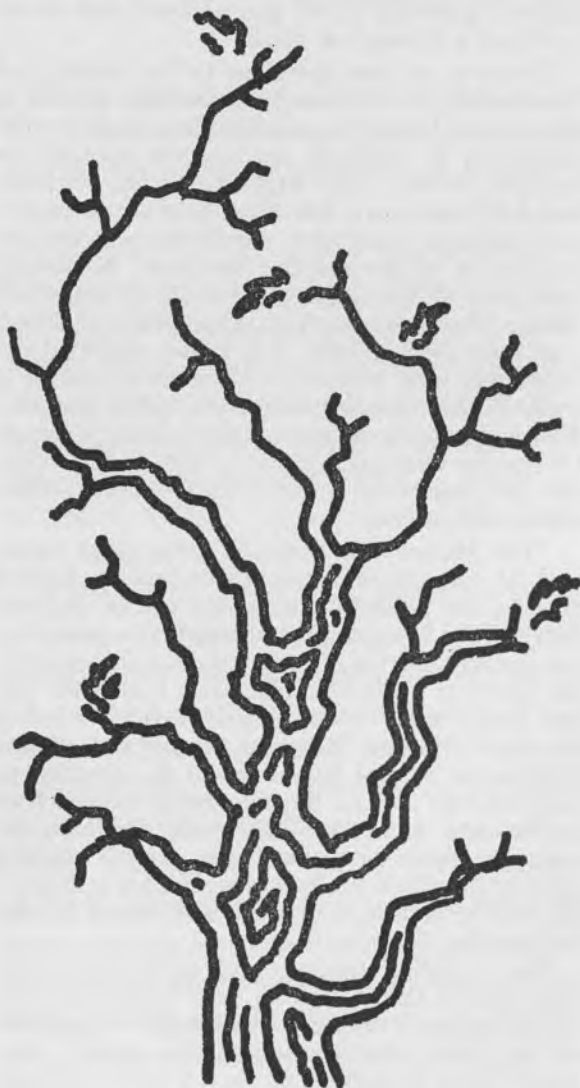
With the mourner's situation laid before us, the following lines express an intensification of grief. Watkins takes the image of music and develops it through the two succeeding stanzas. He questions the music left "fast in the sockets of bone." Presumably, this has reference to peace and harmony which dwell now in the very core of "the mummy." In the second stanza the author says that if he had been allowed to prepare himself mentally for the shocking news of this death, he could better cope with his emotion.

But, as it is, only recollections of the deceased are called to mind. These memories seem to mean nothing now that the individual is dead.

In the third stanza, the author seems to have a bit more rationale. His soul is calmed by the memories of the past with the person who had since met the grimness of death. The memory is all that is left, and he is the richer for having experienced this acquaintance. Called to mind are pictures, almost classical in subject: "Hunting-scene, warriors, chariot, palm and wing . . ." Here is the suggestion of a close friendship that only two men could have experienced over the years.

The sorrow of the author is heightened further in the next stanza as he readies us for the theme of the poem. Watkins wants us to know that what is to follow is to be of great significance. His "world-surrounding theme" is:

Valiant, alive, his voice pursued the  
lands,  
Ruled the white sea, held mountains in  
his keep.



Leave him with delicate instruments  
formed for delicate hands;  
In this locked room of treasures let him  
who chose them sleep.<sup>4</sup>

This theme states that the dead person had once lived a vibrant life; now it is time to allow him the peace that comes in this final "sleep."

After delivering what the author considers to be an earth-shattering theme, he goes ahead almost oblivious to his prior statement and weeps over the corpse. His wails have a woeful note, and of course, elate no response from the deceased. Watkins then poses four questions which can be answered with the name of "the mummy." This again suggests the eternal, everlasting quality of friendship.

The poem's final stanza informs us that Watkins is most shaken by the thoughts of the Old Testament drama of Job who received undeserved punishment, but is aware that his friend who has met death did so with open arms. The dead one "rejoiced" in death. The closing lines focus back upon Earth, which is made a "ghost" with the passing of "a great friend." Despite the author's grieving, Earth has endured this death "without a change of voice."

There is no hint given as to the identity of "the mummy." The single indication is that it was a dear friend. A possible clue might be the references to "delicate instruments formed for delicate hands." This suggests, to me at least, that his friend may, too, have been an artisan, a poet perhaps. This then would account for the delicacy of his art and the "treasures" he carried with him to the tomb. As far as research will illumine, the only possible name for the friend poet who died in 1939, it is rather doubtful the poem was ever written in his memory, for it is unlikely that the two were ever "great friends." This is the major reason for discounting Yeats as the one for whom this poem is written. But, without this possibility, a name for unkindly death's victim escapes us.

"The Mummy" is certainly not a great poem, and its chances of surviving to receive further acclaim are unlikely. The poem can be judged, however, as being a good attempt by a poet who we should hope for his own sake has not reached the limits of his talent. The basic fault with this one poem seems to be in the illogical order of the eight stanzas. It seems to me that stanza number six should be shifted to the position of number four and all the remaining stanzas kept in the same sequence. This would eliminate the author's blubberings over the corpse coming after he has lifted his "world-surrounding theme." His tearful actions are in contradiction to his call for restraint.

Too, I rather object to such an obvious statement of the theme and so soon before the end of the poem. It seems a more subtle suggestion of the theme and coming at the poem's close would be an improvement. As it is now, the read-

er is given a big herald of a coming theme which only resounds rather weakly. The remainder of the poem seems, also, as being anti-climactic. Possibly most offensive is the author's outpouring of grief. There are far too many tears shed in this "weepy" poem. Tennyson couldn't have cried any more over Hallam's death.

Despite its faults, the poem is not without its merits. "The Mummy" does have musical lines. The critic Davis has acclaimed Watkins' poetical technique in his review of *Selected Poems*. His remarks are applicable to his poem.

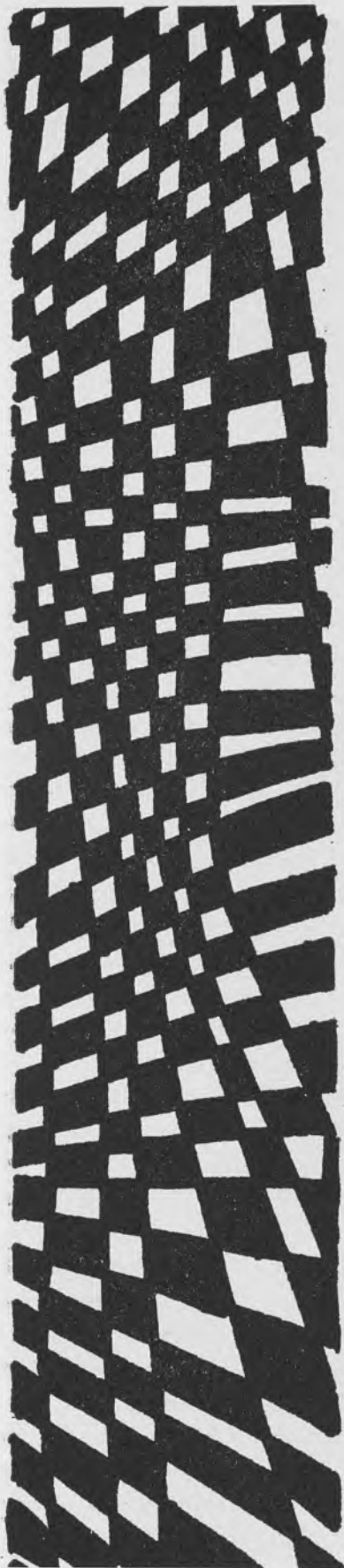
Watkins rhymes richly and in varied meters, subtly changing rhythm and pace within the lines. Except for occasional periphrases he uses without strain the language of ordinary communication. There is a great deal of assonance and alliteration . . . His meaning is sometimes obscure, but becomes less so as more poems are read, for Watkins' associations are not hidden or arbitrary, and there are no erudite mystifications. Where the difficulties are not intrinsic, they are largely a matter of syntax, which is sacrificed to poetry.<sup>5</sup>

Watkins' poem "The Mummy" is an expression of a moment of grief over the death of a dear friend. The poem has its structural weaknesses and lacks emotional restraint; however, it does represent a technical accomplishment in poetical devices of meter, rhyme, and figures of speech. Its images are fresh and brilliant (e.g., "parchments whisper to sand"). Its message has been spoken possibly by others, but as yet has not been worn out. Watkins' theme is that death is a welcomed escape from Earth. Though some may mourn, Earth continues unmoved at the death of a man.

#### REFERENCES

- 1 The poem, "The Mummy."
- 2 Stanley J. Kunitz (ed.), *Twentieth Century Authors* (New York: H. W. Wilson Co., 1955), p. 1052.
- 3 Robert Gorham Davis, "Eucharist and Roasting Pheasant," review of Vernon Watkins' *Selected Poems*, in *Poetry*, LXXIII (December, 1948), 170.
- 4 Vernon Watkins, "The Mummy," *Selected Poems* (New York: New Directions, 1948), 17-20.
- 5 Davis, *Poetry*, LXXIII (1948), 173.





## ON THE “PARAJOURNALISM” OF TOM WOLFE

—DOUGLAS KERR

There appears in the February 13 issue of *The New York Review of Books* an article by Dwight Macdonald entitled “Parajournalism II: Wolfe and *The New Yorker*.” Macdonald, a staff member of *The New Yorker* and a writer for *Esquire*, designed this piece to serve as a rebuttal (long overdue) to the journalistic practices of Tom Wolfe, a writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*’s Sunday magazine *New York*. The need for such a piece stems from the fact that Wolfe, nine months ago, attacked *The New Yorker* and its editor, William Shawn, in the Trib’s *New York* magazine.

Wolfe, in his attack upon *The New Yorker*, advances two main propositions: (1) Editor Shawn is “the museum curator, the mummifier, the preserver-in-amber, the smiling embalmer . . . for Harold Ross’ (the original editor) *New Yorker* magazine” and (2) “. . . For 40 years (*The New Yorker*) has maintained a strikingly low level of literary achievement.” (*The New York Review of Books*, February 3.) Seizing upon these two major premises Macdonald proceeds to tear them apart bit by bit through the use of first-hand knowledge (concerning Premise No. 1) and statistical data (Premise No. 2). Wolfe’s style, like

his propositions, is an attention-getter. Disparagingly termed "parajournalism" by Macdonald, Wolfe's distinctive literary genre utilizes such powerful devices of suggestion as exclamation marks, italics, vivid invented terms, obscure anatomical words, and the liberal interspersing of dots among passages of dialogue. Macdonald sees "parajournalism" as a literary form "exploiting the actual authority of journalism and the atmospheric license of fiction." However, Macdonald's exposé in the *Review* cannot be dismissed as mere vituperation, for its tenor is recherché and its content factual, thus making it the antithesis of the carelessly loose "Pop" style of Wolfe. (*The New York Review of Books*, February 3.)

With the aid of Renata Adler, also a *New Yorker* staff member, Macdonald delved deeply into the Wolfe attack, and emerged with some significant finds. Most significantly, it was discovered that the Wolfe diatribe contained enough errors so as to render the attack almost wholly invalid. And although Macdonald readily admits that most of Wolfe's errors are trivial, he maintains, and rightly so, that, when viewed in their totality, they create an impression which only those intimately acquainted with *The New Yorker* could detect as being spurious. (*Newsweek*, January 31.)

According to an article in the January 31 issue of *Newsweek* aptly entitled "Big Bad Wolfe?," Tom Wolfe was described as being delighted with the "exposé - - - and the exposure;" and he was quoted as saying, "I suppose the whole *New Yorker* brotherhood will soon be howling and baying again. Macdonald really seems to be annoyed that more people are paying attention to me than to him." Whether or not Wolfe, through the pages of *New York*, will encounter Macdonald's piece with a renewed attack on *The New Yorker* (and, this time, possibly on Macdonald, as well) is as yet a moot question; but it is certainly probable that the Wolfe-Macdonald incident has not yet ended.

Tom Wolfe, through his attack upon *The New Yorker*, has gained considerable publicity for himself, and, therefore, commensurably, for his "Pop"—"parajournalistic," to Macdonald—style of writing. And while Macdonald obviously deplores the Comic Book—"Pop" literary style of Wolfe (with its strong "Camp" overtones), he objects primarily to the journalistic irresponsibility displayed by Wolfe in his piece on *The New Yorker*. Tom Wolfe is currently a hot literary item, so to speak, and it will be interesting to note whether the Macdonald rebuttal will effect a tempering of the Wolfe style or will merely elicit from Wolfe a Macdonald-directed invective of malicious inaccuracies.





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