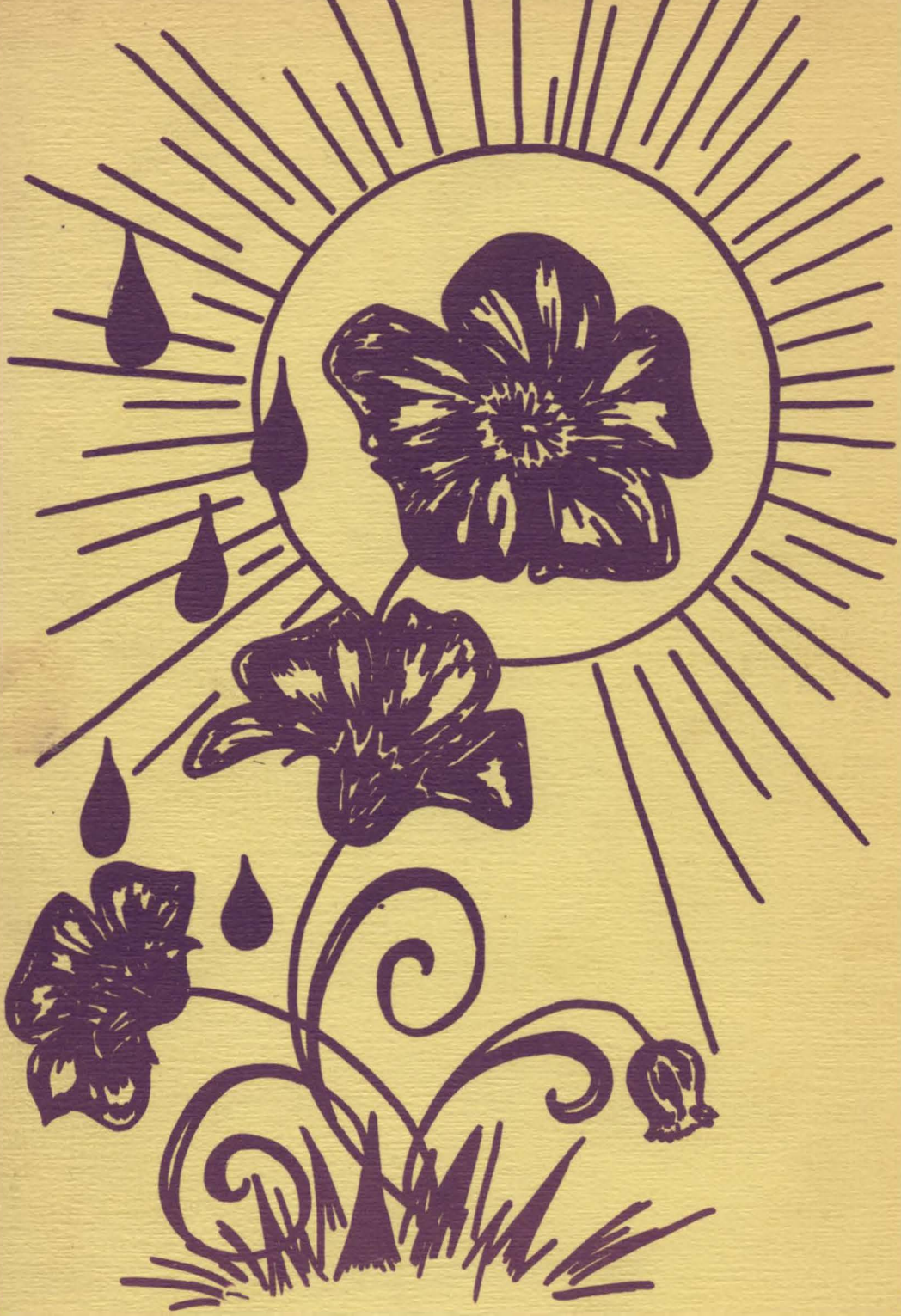


# Rocks and Roots

# ROCKS AND ROOTS

## The Magazine of Sacred Heart University

Spring 1968 Vol. II, No. 1

ROCKS AND ROOTS, *the Magazine of Sacred Heart University, is published at the University, Park Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut* 06604, *by the members of the University community. It serves as an outlet for creative writing, the arts, scholarly presentation and documentary continuity. Manuscripts may be submitted c/o* ROCKS AND ROOTS, *at the University. All submitted material becomes the property of The Magazine to be used with the discretion of the editors. Contributors accept sole responsibility for the views set forth.*



SACRED HEART UNIVERSITY PRESS

# TABLE OF CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 3 | "I met a minstrel this afternoon . . ." | Marylou Szczesiul |
| 4 | Sketch | Sister Mary Anita, C. S. F. N. |
| 5 | Whisper Alleluia | April Armstrong |
| 8 | "Polymorphic Art" | Creative Design students |
| 10 | "Just now, when the wind blew . . . " | Robert Proudfoot |
| 11 | The Pony | Verna Lund |
| 17 | Robber | Margaret Davis |
| 18 | Ulysses Voyagin' to Cornell | Paul J. Raleigh |
| 19 | A Five-Part Poem | Teo Senni |
| 24 | Molly Bloom: A Character Sketch | Stephanie Dell'Agnese |
| 26 | Love (for whoever needs it) | Charlene Botha |
| 27 | Photography:<br>Gene Shea<br>J. J. Urciuoli II<br>Gene Shea | |
| 30 | The Boot | Albert Ruggiero |
| 31 | The Second Coming at Babi Yar | Gerald Saladyga |
| 32 | Talkin' Walkin' Lonely | Paul J. Raleigh |
| 33 | That Guy Was Smart, Wasn't He? | Clayton Crosson |
| 47 | Blind Mountain Blues | Paul J. Raleigh |
| 48 | Contributors' Page | |


Cover Design: Sister Mary Anita, C. S. F. N.

i met a minstrel this afternoon

the hand not quite touched

it was at a friend's house

with a fire

sandalwood

beautiful bitter wine

n paisley people

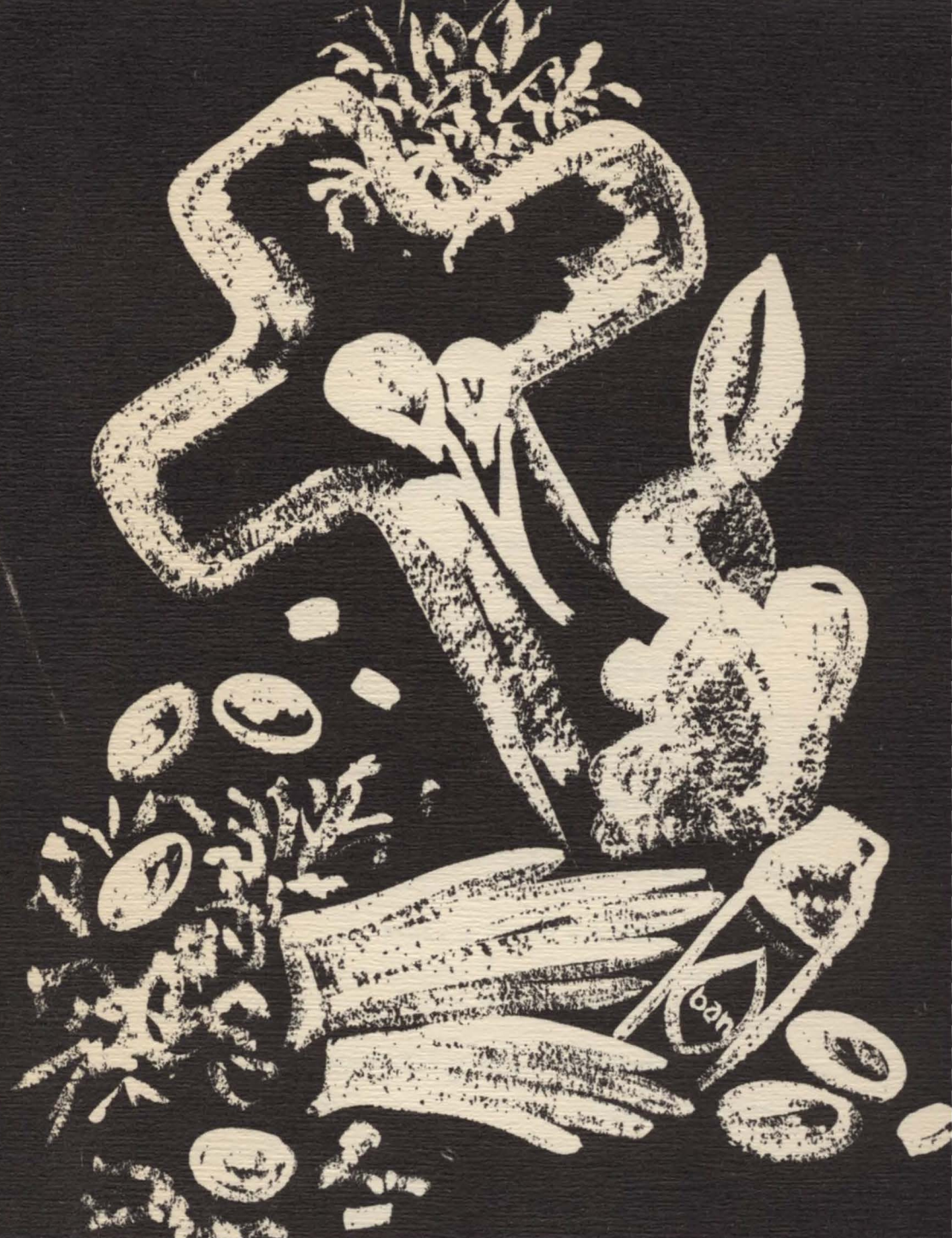
that we met n talked

for hours n hours n Ours

watching the sea yawn

and feeling morning for the very first time

Marylou Szczesiul


ban

# WHISPER ALLELUIA

APRIL ARMSTRONG

I have a new outfit, gloves. I do not look what I am. I cannot walk through doors. My myth is mute.

Easter's voices are many, loud. Down on a pier in Atlantic City, at sunrise, people amid popcorn ghosts, hungry for glory, sing hymns into the ocean air. In cloister, shadows chant. On the beach in Florida the young mimic youth without chant or hymn, oblivious. In our parish churches, the ill at ease sing. Pity, oh, pity, — some are bored.

The glut-smelling shiny paper that covered candy bunnies is wrinkled. The cellophane grass is purple, pink, yellow, garish. Chocolate crosses and jelly beans, corsages and hippy beads, mini-midi-maxi skirts and pink stockings, hams — (why, in heaven's name, ham?) — and the world celebrates Easter between Anacin and Ban.
They have not really heard.

The listening had to begin on the Friday night. I came then to my father's house and it was empty. The cross lay, trace of his going, at the altar rail for me to find. In the church of silence, when all had gone home, their services complete, the whisper echoes.

I think of empty temples on Greek mountains, wind and marble where no god walks. Of sand-tormented statues in deserts. Of mourned dreams of all who had gods and watched them die. Helped them die.

This place, this church on good Friday night, is all loose

space. The boundaries of created cosmos are vanished. Soon the space will trickle out and there will be nothing. God died.

If I try, if I forget what is between me and the terror of honest reality, forget dogma and creed, I hear the whisper of truth. Part of me has died this Friday afternoon between tuna fish and spaghetti supper. I died and never knew it till I found this tabernacle empty, this dull suburban parking lot church empty. There is no point to anything if this house is empty. There is no reason for me if this Friday lasts.

Listen. This is how it would be: me standing here and no one to call out to or praise but you — and you also are running in nightmare silence through unechoing aisles past piles of leaflet missals and lost gloves and rosaries, and around us are gay-stained windows of irreality, and we can break them by tossing a dead candle stub up at them, and outside is darkness, and who cares?

If God is dead there is no difference inside or outside, no use to let the reality in, no use to let the truth out, because nothing holds the absurd world together and when the world finds out it will melt and ebb and also will lose shape.

A world without God is no world at all, someone said.

But the words make no sense. The syntax is off.

Eliminate him and you may not use the verb "to be" in any form. He is. I am who am. A world without God? — has no verb.

Listen. I numb. I . . . I . . . I what?

Whisper: through him and in him and with him is . . .

They play with the idea that God died and do not know it a death-breeding toy.

It Saturday. My hands green, purple wrinkled with egg dye. No mass. Habit confused. They shop and scurry and do not hear the attenuated prelude whisper of the day. If he not risen, your faith vain.

Through the evening we go as once at Christmas, but no lights on trees, and night-sounds wet, gutter-rushing. We went then to birth. We go now to after-death, completed birth.

Dark, my father's house. Water lies there, and fire unborn. Dark, we not alone. Water quickens. Fire lives. Light is. Voice is. Life is. God is.

And, my God, whisper it low, keep the scandal to yourself: I am the risen Christ. You, beside me, you are the risen Christ. What do you do with that truth?

The water slopping in the awkward basin of liturgy, candle-dipped, exorcised, blown upon, tomb-water, womb-water. I died in that water once, being joined to his death. I rose from it being joined to his rising. Is this too much to say, this vaunting of I? It is only this that I can claim, only in him have I meaning. You who sing the Easter glory, do you know for whom you sing?

They did not believe the Magdalen. They do not believe me, but I have seen the risen Christ.

Seen him in the robed assemblies of priesthood, the bridge-men, the mothers' sons kindly and pompous and wise and cluttered and mean, men whose hands hold his body and his blood and name it theirs too. They know how unlike him they may seem, scrawny and paunched, with panoply and spectacles and cars and vacations and bureaucracy and compassion. They pray no one will mind that they do not look like him.

At least they know they are not his image. Most don't, you know. I have seen the risen Christ in the shop, in the bowling alley, in the cafeteria, under a hair dryer, drunk, lonely, high. I see him at Easter Mass, combed, new suited, coughing and distracted.

Lord have mercy, I see him in you. And you, God help you, you must see him in me. The feast of Easter celebrates us.

He was not more hidden in the manger. Not more daring in dining with Judas. Constrained in you and me, only God knows why.

Whisper it, I say, for the word will appall those who know you, startle even our own ears misreading it as blasphemy.

I am the risen Christ.

God have mercy. This is the day the Lord has made. Alleluia. . .

The following are examples of Polymorphic Art. This unique artform has been perfected by Thomas C. Guidone, Art Instructor at Sacred Heart University, who calls them "organic creations." The contributions shown below are the attempts of Mr. Guidone's students of Creative Design and are presented here with his permission.

Just now, when the wind blew
across me, standing here in the
doorway of my house, I remembered
last night. In some small hour of the
morning, I woke from a bad dream and
lay there in the dark, afraid, not
knowing why I woke or why afraid. I
thought, the lonely dark is my tomb.
There is no sound; the world is dead; and
I am alone here and empty. I thought of
the love that was once between us, how you
lay in another land, sleeping away from
me. There is no sound.
I wonder what makes me wake.

Robert Proudfoot

# THE PONY

## VERNA LUND

Many years ago, during the long stretch of summer, which seemed longer and more exciting than summers are now, I begged to be a stable boy in return for riding lessons. The stables were owned by Celeste and John. There were two instructors, some people who owned private horses and worked them out on week ends, and the myriads of students that came and went.

John was lazy and careless; his instructors took all his students and he usually sat around the tack room bragging. He belonged to the hunt club, but he was not a member of the landed aristocracy, and he felt that his riding ability put him above the socialites. He thought he hid his envy well, but it was always secretly amusing to hear him drive home his point.

Celeste was a bitter nag. Affection was weakness, and Celeste did not like to relax. She looked as if she had to keep her eye on everybody to defend herself against them. When I made my first naive blunders about horses and horse people, she regarded me with a cool contempt. She was divorced, but when I look back on her now I realize that she liked to think of herself as abandoned.

When Celeste gave her daughter, Ann, instructions, her taut nasal bark could be heard inside the stables. "Sit up straight, relax your shoulders, put your heels down, hollow your back, stop that rocking, don't you know how to trot yet, didn't I tell you to keep your hands quiet, don't you dare do that to your horse's mouth again, and stop that crying." This would go on for an hour until Celeste got hoarse and the lesson stopped. Ann would cry in anger and frustration, and her mother would bark at her to stop.

Celeste never praised. She always barked and commanded. She was difficult to work with, and her face showed that. Two lines cut each side of her face from nose to chin; they were probably made from a lifetime of frowning and glowering bitterness.

To earn my ride, I had to take care of the two barns where the horses were stabled. The school horses were kept in the lower barn, and the privately owned horses were put in the upper one. The first two days were tiring, and when I got a chance to ride after the students had all gone, Ann embarrassed me by watching,and smirking behind her hands at my first attempt to ride a horse. I was on one of the gentle lazy school horses and I bounced until my stomach hurt. Ann thought this was funnier, but at last the instructor sent her away. Mr. Hobbs was a good instructor and understood humiliation. "For the first two weeks, we'll learn alone, Mark," and by the end of the first lesson, I began to master the horse.

As the days and weeks went by, I did the stable work faster and more efficiently. I cleaned the barns, saddle-soaped the saddles and bridles, groomed down and fed the horses, until it became an easy routine. The lessons became longer, and by the end of the summer, I was ready to start jumping for the first time. On the day I was to start, the pony arrived.

Celeste and Ann had gone to a horse show and Ann had seen a beautiful pony. Celeste had given her her heart's desire by buying the pony. Celeste had walked around with a withered smile on her face all the week before, and I guessed that she had outdone herself. The pony was to be delivered that day, when I was to start jumping. I arrived early in the morning, but purposely did not look at the pony, because I wanted to be nonchalant and indifferent to Ann. She had embarrassed me all summer long, and this was my chance to get even. Curiosity was eating holes inside me, but I sauntered down to the lower barn with my hands in my back pockets, and enraged Ann with my indifference. I whistled as I fed and cleaned the horses. Out the window, I could see Ann waiting for me and trying not to show it, so I took a long time in tacking up. When I came out, Ann ran into the private upper barn and I followed. I took out the old hunter and the unbroken three-year-old, and put them into the north pasture, then went back and cleaned the stable. There was a big bay horse that was for the school, but he had suddenly grown vicious. He had a cringing belligerence, and whenever anyone passed his stall, he gave in to hysterical terror and thrashed so much that he always had raw patches on his withers.

He was so ugly. He was tall and skinny; he had a brush mane, and a few sparse hairs covered the bone of his tail. His enormous head was stuck on a skinny neck. His shoulder withers jutted so high that his back dipped into a deep sway. His belly hung in a low drag, and his hip withers poked straight up high beyond his backbone. His forelegs were knobby and bony and his big clumsy front hooves were pigeon-toed. The back legs bowed together and the hooves splayed out. His bad looks could have been balanced by a good jumping ability, but he was uncontrollable over fences. He couldn't be guided out of the pasture fences and was too foolish to realize his own limits. He cringed when you looked at him, but when your back was turned, he bit and reared. The other horses hated him, and the private owners complained that he kicked and put too many scars on them. John had tried to sell him, but no one would buy him, and the truth was that he could not be sold. He was a dead loss.

He had to be kept separated from horse society as well as human society.

When I walked inside the stall, the bay kicked up in dramatic frenzy, and he rolled his head in a huge circle, like a windmill. His whole body rocked and swayed with the motion, when suddenly his head made too big a circle and he cracked it on the stable door. He gave a gutteral squeal, and I heard soft anxious horse sounds come down the corridor from the last stall. The pony must be there. Either the pony was anxious about the unwanted and unloved or he wasn't smart enough to pick better friends. Ann stuck her head out, and I could see the radiant expression on her face. Before the bay could recover, I let him out into the big pasture.

In the middle of the big pasture was the student riding ring, with the jumps still up. Ann ran out and opened the gate to the ring and shooed the bay away. Then I heard the clippity clip of the pony's hooves as Celeste led him out. When you are just fourteen, it is easy to believe in magic. This pony was enchanted and I had yet to see the best part. His coat was soft black, not electric black, pulsing with aggression and daring; it had a warm glow that radiated from his skin and entire being. Celeste stopped and he flared his tiny nostrils,

and his huge liquid human eyes held a child's belief in adults. His crescent neck arched; his mane hung below his neck and the tip of his tail brushed the ground as he walked. His legs were fine and slender, so fine that I could encircle them with my thumb and middle finger. He pricked his ears forward with interest, and as Celeste led him by, I could see his ribs slide and retreat under the skin, perfect unconscious beauty. She released him inside the ring, and he stood with good-mannered patience while Celeste slipped under the fence. She clapped her bony dry hands at him, and he seemed to take this as permission that he could do as he pleased. He whirled and left a little spiral of dust. I could hear the sound of his hooves but I did not see them touch the ground; he floated on the earth, and his body rippled through the air and never touched it. He broke from a piston trot into a fluid canter, and left little puffs of soft yellow dust behind him. With perfect control he cantered into one of the highest jumps. He pushed off from the ground, and for one timeless second he suspended himself in the arc of the jump. As he landed he stroked the ground with his tiny hooves. He ran on and on into jump after jump, and then began again. He ran on and on, never gasping or lathering, running for the pure joy of it. Students began to arrive and watched and could not pull their eyes away. People stopped on the roadside in their cars, and could not leave.

He had been put on earth for only one reason, to reveal to everything the joy of living. His spirit was owned by nothing and fences could never confine him. The Indian summer sun beat down on our heads and we did not notice. As if the pony knew that our new found joy in living might be the death of us, he skimmed to a stop. He broke the spell he had cast on us, and I looked at my watch and he had run for four hours. There were many grunts of embarrassment as practical men realized that they had been enchanted for four hours. Celeste said that she would put the horse away because he was too distracting. The people got back into their cars and drove away. The students gabbed about the pony and got ready for their lessons. As the pony was led back into the barn, the bay whistled to him, and the pony answered. So he did befriend the unwanted.

The next day was Saturday and I had to stay home and help my father. There had been a change in the air and the

leaves were just beginning to fall. When I reached the stable, the air had grown bitter and there were only a few hours of daylight left. I would not be able to ride that day. I went into the barn to look at the pony; I wanted to give him a secret grooming. I had a feeling that Ann wouldn't like it if she knew.

The wind began to groan a dirge around the barn and moaned through the open door. Before I reached the stall, I felt a growing apprehension; a feeling that something was thrown into a desperately quiet, intense struggle for its life. The stall was empty and I went into the pasture and saw Celeste walking the pony. I went nearer and saw her face. It was tight and frightened. The pony's head hung down to his knees, and his tongue, which was pink and delicate the day before, was swollen out of his head. His eyes were full of agony and his breath panted and hacked in and out of his lungs. Sweat trickled off his sides but he was shivering. His belly was so distended that it was rock-hard to the touch, and his banner tail was dragging, picking up pieces of dirty straw as he walked.

"What happened?"

"That god damned bay kicked open the barn door and got into the feed room. He broke the pony's door and the two of them got into the feed. I don't know how much the pony got. Maybe he's just got a bad case of colic. He was down when I got here."

"When did you find this out?"

"I got here just before you and caught the bay in the feed room; the pony was down. I called the vet, but he can't get here until tonight. Maybe he didn't get too much. I'll keep him walking. He'll be all right."

Celeste paused for a few minutes and the pony tried to lie down again. I helped her keep him up and walking, but he was very sick. Celeste turned bitter again. "I told John to get that door latch fixed. I kept warning him the bay was at that door. He won't get rid of that damn horse and he wouldn't fix the door. In all the time that I knew him, he managed to shift responsibility and I kept telling him that something was going to happen. It has to be with something

I own. He's never done anything in his god damned life, somebody always has to do it for him." Celeste went on and on. Mr. Hobbs arrived and told me that he would help Celeste. I did not want to stay and watch the pony suffer and listen to Celeste's bitterness. I left after I took care of the horses; I was too cowardly to stay and watch the life and death struggle. I knew the pony was going to die.

I went to church on Sunday, and the air had turned raw and cold. After church I went to the stables. When I walked into the pasture, there was a heap of bloody straw on the cropped grass. Inside, Celeste was hanging blood-soaked blankets across the bars of the stall. The pony's stomach had hemorrhaged and he hed bled to death during the night. There was nothing I could say, so I took a saddle and soaped it. I usually did the job in ten or fifteen minutes, but today it took me a long time. Celeste came into the tack room. She was wearing a hard indestructible look.

"Hurry up with that saddle, and get that dirt off it. Don't take so long. There's eight more saddles to do, and the blankets have to be washed." Her voice came out in a hysterical little yap yap. Her skinny sharp shoulders jerked when she took down a bridle and began soaping it.

"I'm sorry the pony is dead."

She did not look at me and I did not look at her. When our eyes finally met, I saw the acid silver tears spill out and run down the bitter chasms in her cheeks. She wiped them away with her sleeve and she made a strange growling noise in her throat. She gasped once and immediately stoppped crying. Her voice apologized when she whispered, "I know you are. But he was so . . ." She did not finish, but I knew what she meant. She had bought the pony for herself, so that he could help her learn what she did not know. Now he was dead and she was abandoned again. She had never distrusted the pony; she had given him nothing but love and now he was gone. She had been cheated again.

## ROBBER

Futile, so futile
like the fists of a child
beating on a man.
Frustrated, fretful
tearful fury
So helpless to do
no thing.

When the fury's wail is but a whimper,
When stormy waters can but trickle,
When the fury's blast is but a breeze,
Then silence steals with quiet ease
Bringing the borrowed gift of
dreamless sleep of spirit spent
That must be paid in time.

Margaret Davis

## ULYSSES VOYAGIN' TO CORNELL

Stars in jars of blazing ice
to burn to smoke
the water washing
the madman's white and holy head
Star-circle-covers as bright
as Lincoln pennies
blinking
in the ears of the sea
th' dust that screams the fortune-fate
shining-blue
why does it now engage
your borrowed
bastard
mind?

Man of sorrows losin'
causes
believer in Christmas-card poems
inevitable death in convalescent homes
long ironic pauses in history
brass-circles in the raw, red
floating, frozen
salt
will never tell you where it's at.
madness is the mercy of the gods.

Paul J. Raleigh

" . . . Life will be found empty unless the continuity of the human species is endowed with a sense of purpose . . . By continuing to search out the ways of the Universe and of Man's relation to the Universe we shall be serving our deepest instincts and we shall be following a progressive line of development. In this can lie our aim."

(Fred Hoyle: Man and Materialism)

I

## WOMAN

She
is the echo of the water goddess
image of the dream who is the dancer
wind-harp ecstasy of the ever rhythm
who is the fulfillment, birth and birth again
the toothless glory being
She
is bright darkness, softness-mushroom bomb
who is the movement-power blinding-ease
the universal ear and man mourner, flowery jungle guide
She weeps, and is the rusty bleeding tear she sheds
whose falling is the gladness gloom which is her presence.
She
of fragility is the hardihood of future
which is the measure of the moon-echo
who is the water and the doom and the promise
in the song the Heart Minstrel sings to a sleeping dancer
She
is the water bearer, boundless I-stream
who is the songster's lute song
Woman
who listens
and what she hears becomes.

## II

## MAN

Bard of the breeze's terror
He is the mirror
image
who is the lesser One
and knows only the life He sees
dancer of the life that kills
the falling sorrow tears
of the compassion phoenix-song.

He is the son and father of his mother
who is mother and daughter of her father.

He is the dance ground and the beauty dweller
who is the fleeing, journeying and returning sun smile
murderer, father, lover, son, preacher and grave-
digger
who is the dusky dawn and sometimes-evening light
blithe kissing Judas and long haired Saviour whore

He is the moral and the aesthetical and the ethical
who is the infliction, stolidity and affliction
the justicer, misgiving, empathy and the horror
who rides the time-train and the thought
which is that he is the builder and the beloved
Man
who is the peruser of his shapeless self
He speaks
and his words deceive him
who is the perceiver of the greater Self

## III
## THE MOON

She spreads her mantle
which will not leave the sun undiscovered
Her immanence is the Seasons.
Her voice is the echoing of voices
borne by the Wind
The wind is an often visitor
who coming whispers to the peoples:
Dreamers of the World

Dreamers of the World sow seeds of Good
and evil nurses them while She
bends
over the eternal stream
making it fast and rushing
every second life-living
through her time-tear-shedding.

She wails
and her wailing flies to us
on ocean wave foam bursting.
She wails
and her wailing bemoans
man's loss of Man
and man
suffering flees, each time space unit sighing
each limit dying and
in each universal brotherhood appearance
he, man
dies in the deep darkness of Her
bride of the Sun
Mother of creation
The Moon
Mirror of Good and evil

## IV
## THE SUN

His spherical vision is the Breath of breaths.
He is the Song who is the Singer
Veil of and light of my as above eyes.
He is the moving Music
which is
thirteen space dancers that straining
petal Him: exploding Heart of a cosmic flower.

He sires the Moon, His bride
and is mover of winds, father of deserts and life
of the here-living.

He is the fire cast, sown seeds of Good
and
the wherewithal of their ice nurse: evil.
He
in our darkness
is the effulgence of the Moon
Her water-force always
the weeping dawn of the Hyacinth
man's limit and his doom at birth.

He is the greater One
The Sun
heart minstrel of its dancer petals
the Flight, Journey and Return
He is the singing silence and the shape of darkness

He sings
and
the Song consumes Him.

## V

## THEY, THE MONAD

He is She
who is a multiplicity of movement and position sounds
who are the melody of the song
which is the singer and the greater Dance.

He is She
who is the compassion
and
the compassionate,
the cosmic dancer
who is the cosmos and the dancer and the Dance:
Shiva: the all-destroyer
whose heart is the life-Lotus
which suffers in the Dance
where He who is She flees to a death-darkness meta-
morphosis
awakening as a supine dreamer:
Vishnu
who is the dreamer and the dream
the unfolding of the life-Lotus flower
who is the compassion of the greater Man
the life that kills
who dances and
being the dance
singing, rises from
His Ashes.

He is She
who is the principle
the greater Macroprosopus: Brahma,
the greatest Monad
who is they.

Teo Senni

## MOLLY BLOOM: A CHARACTER SKETCH

(All quotes, allusions, and situations are taken from the soliloquy of Molly Bloom in James Joyce's "Ulysses.")

STEPHANIE DELL'AGNESE

Where do you begin to discuss everything? Molly is exceedingly voluptuous, round; her long hair is dark, her skin very white and her eyes deep. Her mouth is full and her moist lips turn up slightly at the corners. She'd "love a juicy pear now to melt in your mouth" and she just has "to get a nice pair of red slippers." She is a rather thorough romantic, and loves nature. Her husband calls her the "flower of the mountain," but she knows that all women are flowers. After all, "It's only nature." She is loving and catty, beautiful and ugly, tender and crude; in short, she reconciles all the conflicting elements of existence. Here is Molly, lying in bed (she is always in bed) with her thoughts, commenting on, astutely analyzing, and indeed, exceeding her world.

In spite of her position, she is hardly lethargic. Sex is the life in her. When Molly seduces, it is productive, life-giving. She, herself, is aware of this and interprets other women's seductions "like that slut Mary we had in Ontario terrace, padding out her false bottom." Catty? Maybe, but isn't she right about Mary's attempts to improve on nature, and about her false sexuality? Molly laments over her son, born dead. (He would now be eleven.) But she condemns birth when it means nothing more than "filling a woman up with a child or twins once a year as regular as the clock."

Sex, however implies two. Molly has a special relationship with both her husband and the would-be-poet Stephen Dedalus. Stephen is a failure and aimless. Carousing around Dublin, he meets Molly's husband Leopold, who looks on

Stephen as an "adopted son." After an evening in a brothel, they return to Leopold's for tea. While they chat in the kitchen, the spirit of Molly hovers over them from the bedroom upstairs.

Molly, a common, turn-of-the-century, middle-class Irish woman, has little intelligence, but she abounds in wisdom. She muses about Stephen and longs to be the subject of his poetry — she, the life principle. Stephen has a tendency to miss the forest while studying the trees, but Molly could be his salvation, his answer. He has not yet, and perhaps never will, find her. She tries to appreciate art "per se" and wants to discuss art with Stephen; but she can only refer to his art, his poetry, as "scribbling." Molly wants to have Stephen, and she sees him foremost as a young man, and secondly as an artist.

Molly's comments on Stephen's art are perhaps only surpassed by her comments on the pseudo-science of her husband, Poldy. She does not comprehend the scope of science at all, yet she exceeds it. She "wouldn't give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning . . . atheists . . . they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow." Outside a train screeches by, and then, once more, she is alone with her thoughts.

Lying in bed, Molly begins and ends her meditation with thoughts of Poldy, in the end describing the first time she made love to him. She was "thinking of so many things he didn't know of." Her thoughts drift from one end of the world to the other; love, the men she has had, Mr. Stanhope, her father; freedom, all birds; different nations, the Greeks, the Jews and the Arabs; sterility, donkeys; music and passion, Spanish castanets; nature and the crimson sea. Finally Molly thunders, "his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes."

# LOVE

(for whoever needs it)

When it's puddly-rainy
when you wanted the day for a make-believe picnic
by the sea;
When fortune smiles the other way
When an ordinary but must-do plan
ruins a time for doing unplanned things
like sleeping where it's warm,
or watching a spider spin her silk,
or jumping in great piles of leaves —
When no one, not even your cat
seems to know you
When defects and Death-blows are dealt so hard
they keep you from remembering
the good times
the soft times
the laugh times —

Then, love, save your sadness.
It is then I will send you my rabbit's foot
to cuddle in your corner
it is then that I will love you.

Charlene Botha

# photography

# THE BOOT

No matter whose foot it's on
It always sounds the same
a rhythm that thumps, thumps,
thumps out a tune Peace refrain—
Peace refrain—
Peace refrain—

It sees not who it tramples over nor
who the innocent are;

It thump, thump, thumps, to the conductor's
baton:

A dictator, friend of the people, a
czar.

Play your games with your toy boots on;
If you tramp, tramp on; watch for children
under your heels for they are the
strongest toys of all.

They break your instep and crush your
toes,
And destroy your ideological prose.

Albert Ruggiero

## THE SECOND COMING AT BABI YAR

The broken body of love
interred in a restless earth
bursts
and shoots its soul to a new sun
for a new earth.
Throngs of white wingless angels appear,
consumed by the sun
evolve into a mass of horror.
Then consummated by a rush of clear water
melt into a phoenix
—forever:
The wombs of millions
are torn open to expose
the never ceasing
thrust
to a never ending
sight
paralleled only by
a ripped body:
never known;
never grasped.

— Gerald Saladyga

## TALKIN' WALKIN' LONELY

1

The eagle of truth still flies
on broken wings
and disregards the things
his truths do not pertain to
to be free is my only
dream
to be loved my only
goad
but the rainbow-colored road
is dark in the haze of green weeds
and strewn with the withered
bodies of the lonely.

2

If I thus dream and no
one kind and kin
in mind
is therefore guided
by my light
then I will dream alone
and hew from the
battered stones of loneliness
a golden calf
to ride myself.

Paul J. Raleigh

# THAT GUY WAS SMART, WASN'T HE?

## CLAYTON CROSSON

The one-thirty-five express to Grand Central is always a hard train to catch, but damn near impossible when your wife is at the A&P at one-fifteen, with the car. So thought Henry Leonard Tyler as he rushed from the Chrysler up the ramp to the station platform and out to the track where the train arrives and departs. It was not there, but plenty of people were. Henry immediately glanced at his watch: it read one-thirty-six. Then he looked up quizzically at the station clock: it read one-thirty-seven. The loudspeaker from the overhead roof answered his unspoken question: "Attention: the one-thirty-five express to New York is now reported twenty minutes late."

"Damn," he muttered. He had a habit of muttering "damn." He put down his attaché case and stood with his hands in his pockets by the station wall. Now he was annoyed. His wife always went out shopping on Thursday at noon, and she did usually get home around one-fifteen. So he was used to the race to the afternoon train. But when it was late? No, that he could never get used to. Oh, it had taken awhile to adjust to his Thursday schedule, because he hadn't always gone to work at this time of day. But seven months ago the normal routine of the week had been altered along with his paycheck. He was called into Fred Lane's office. "Hank, you're about to embark on a bright new vista," Mr. Lane told him. "Our directors have chosen you to represent our firm in a nationwide program for improving communication among our stock holders. During the next year, you will be spending weekends in all parts of the country, meeting with executives and other representatives. Man, the country's yours. And it pays well, too, about forty-five thousand. Who knows what next year will bring, maybe European markets? South America? Congratulations, Hank. You're our best man."

What more could a guy ask for, he had thought. To see the straights and earn that pay — he said yes, of course,

thank you, sweated, and shook Mr. Lane's hand for about five minutes. What if they did operate in a strictly organized way; it boosted his income by twenty-thousand, and made the name H. L. Tyler resound all over the United States. In fact, he liked the organized life, as he called it. He was comfortable that way. A four bedroom complex on six acres of land, a beautiful wife, and three children require organization. In fifteen years he had organized his life in excellent routine. His wife drove him to the train each morning of the work week, at seven-thirty. The seven-fifty express took him to his Park Avenue office in one hour. From nine until five he worked diligently like the good businessman, to stay in office.

He stamped his feet on the concrete platform and shook his hands. It was very cold outside. Again he checked the clock: fifteen minutes at least, till the delayed train would arrive. Not an exceptionally robust fellow, Henry went inside the station to wait. The station was crowded; he bought a copy of **Business Week** and found a place to stand somewhat comfortably next to a scale. The scale had a mirror on it and Henry looked into it and fumbled with his tie. He always fumbled with his tie about a dozen times before he got to his office. Never could do it right the first time, he thought. Glancing at the station wall behind the scale, he saw a poster ad for Hartford Insurance. He decided that he had done better with Hancock. "Their coverage is better, their service is better," he had said to Al Wright as a recommendation. "Good personnel, too." He remembered his recent policy increase for Jean and the children; seventy-five thousand — that satisfied him. "Security is cash ahead," Fred Lane had told Henry.

Now Fred had a fine business head. That's why he had persuaded the board to send Henry as their representative. Yet to let Henry know how smart Fred Lane was, he informed Henry of the usual salary prior to Henry's selection. "Dan Thompson got thirty-two thousand, last year. That was a standard," Lane said matter-of-factly. "But now we want to do it big, and I told them that you were the best, even better than Dan, and he's a new Vice-President at Chicago.

So we made you a forty-five grand representative. Hank, put it there." Henry did; and it was like a pat on the back for Fred Lane. But the job was good, and Henry had knocked them dead from coast to coast. Fred Lane was elated; Fred Lane was now executive Vice-President in New York. That's a seventy-five grand man. And Henry admired Fred Lane. He had to.

"Attention," rasped the loudspeaker. "The one-thirty-five express to New York will be arriving in five minutes." The station was becoming stuffy and as a compromise every other person shuffled slowly to the door and out onto the platform. Henry went along with them.

The air outside was immediately uncomfortable. It was dry, but biting cold. The sky was a cloudy bright overcast, but no snow was forecast. Henry shuddered as he took his place on the platform. He watched the people walking past him toward the end of the long platform. They would get seats, maybe, but it was a long walk up the platform of Grand Central. It is a very long train, he thought. As the rambling passengers passed around him, most carrying suitcases, or newspapers, or shopping bags, or babies, a burst of boisterous laughing and talking pulled his attention back to the station door. Four young men had come out of the station and onto the platform. Two were Negro and two were white. "All you need is soul, brother," declared one Negro to a puzzled white. "Ain't that right, Louis? Soul — a little bit of soul, yeah!" Henry turned away. "Damn silly thing to say," he muttered. Yet he was slightly amused.

A drop of melted ice struck him on the neck and slipped under his collar. That really annoyed him. "Where the hell is that train?" He had spoken aloud, and several people glared at him, even though they felt exactly as he did. The four youths were cutting up on soul and love, and their racket irritated impatient Henry. He was uncomfortable.

Then the loudspeaker eased his tension. "Attention: Arriving on track three, the one-thirty-five express to New York, stopping at One-hundred and twenty-fifth Street and Grand Central Station. Please stay back from the tracks."

The door of the station opened and closed feverishly now as the other passengers hustled out into the cold to await the approaching train. It will be crowded on this train thought Henry. He looked at his watch: one-fifty-six; the station clock read one-fifty-seven.

As the train roared into the station the chatter of the four young men was drowned in an immense cacaphonic rumble and screech; as the train hissed and strained itself while panting on the tracks, the steam from the brake hoses and heating units spread like tear gas among the boarding passengers. Henry was one of the first to board and quickly entered a car to get a seat. Coming from New Haven, the train was already crowded, so Henry took the first vacant seat he came to. It was an aisle seat next to an old man who was sleeping against the window. Once again, the air temperature had changed; the car was like an oven. Henry stood by his seat and was bumped twice while taking off his overcoat. He balanced and, stretching slightly, he placed his attaché case upon the baggage rack. Then he folded his coat and lifted it gently to the rack above, and placed it on top of the case. As he straightened his suit jacket, Henry noticed the passenger in front of him. It was a muscular young Negro in the uniform of the United States Army. Henry glanced at the young man's arms: a private.

Henry sat down with his magazine, and then looked up at his coat. The Rogers Peet label was peeking through the rack. That's a good coat, he thought. It was a good coat, and it came from the city. At least one-hundred-and-seventy-five dollars. Jean had given it to him last month on his fortieth birthday. A cashmere. Henry noticed too, the dusty green duffel bag, and the floppy all-weather coat on the rack: the private's gear. Must be going back, Henry thought.

The train had not begun to pull out of the station. Henry wanted to read his **Business Week** magazine and opened it to an article on "Labor and the Senate." At the end of the first sentence, the train lurched forward gently and began the last long stretch of its journey. Henry continued reading. At the end of the second sentence, two teenagers banged into two empty seats across the aisle from the Negro. Henry hadn't noticed those seats. But now he looked

up to observe the young boy and the young girl who occupied them. Both had long hair; hers was straight, plain brown, parted in the middle, and covered half of her small round face. His hair was also long, but not like the hippies Henry had seen in the newspapers, but more like an older style, like a young hood's. They sat down before Henry really noticed what they were wearing, the girl next to the window, and the boy next to the aisle.

The rest of the car seats were filled and several passengers were standing in the aisle, probably debating whether to go to another car to find a seat, or just to stand where they were.

Henry went back to his magazine and began paragraph two. Seconds later a soft thud distracted him. Looking up he saw an elderly lady standing in the aisle. A large battered suitcase was on the floor in front of her. She was holding onto the seat in front of him. The black private responded on the double. He was all of six feet five inches as he stood up.

"Ma'am, would you like a seat?," he asked. He picked up her baggage and lifted it up onto the rack on the other side of his duffel bag.

I knew this train would be crowded, Henry thought.

As the woman took the seat offered to her, Henry resumed reading, but was stopped short by her profuse graciousness.

"O thank you, bless you sir. God bless you."

The two teenagers were instantly eyes and ears.

"Right, ma'am," replied the army private.

"You're a fine gentleman," said the lady, with a smile.

"Thank you, ma'am," blushed the Negro, who stood in the aisle, his back to the teenagers. They were talking quietly but giggled impolitely at the words exchanged between the woman and him.

"I have a grandson who's in the marines. He's such a good boy."

The Negro was listening, but not looking at her.

"My own son died in Europe, during the last war."

"Ah'm sorry," said the Negro.

"But he was a hero," reflected the old woman. "He received the Medal of Honor."

"He must have been a brave man," replied the Negro, looking at the woman again.

"Yes, he was. Oh, such a good boy." There was a silent pause. Then she asked, "Where are you going?" There was another pause, and now Henry heard the rattling of the speeding train. Then the Negro answered.

"Oh, ah'm goin' to Philadelphia, ma'am. I'm stationed in Maryland, but some o' mah folks lives in Philly. The rest o' 'em lives in Norwalk."

"Well, I hope you don't go to the war," replied the woman. "Will you?"

"Ah think so," replied the Negro.. He looked away from the woman, and as he turned toward the rear of the car, his name tag on his jacket was visible to Henry. Wilbur Davis: Private Wilbur Davis, United States Army.

"Well, I hope God watches over you; you're a real gentleman. I'll pray for you," promised the old woman and then she turned to her pocketbook. Davis was embarrassed and turned his back to the lady, and leaned his rump on the side of the seat, folded his arms and stared at the floor. The two teenagers looked at Davis, then saw Henry looking at them, and after stealing one last glance at Davis and a quick look at the old woman, they began to talk quietly to themselves.

Henry tediously began to reread paragraph two. Not really a man to listen to random conversations, he had nevertheless heard every word between the old woman and the Negro. Henry too, was slightly embarrassed. The lady now occupied herself with a handkerchief or a kleenex, and various

nasal noises punctuated the dull murmur of the car. The train was clacking rapidly through Greenwich. The Negro lit a cigarette. This part of the car is not for smoking, thought Henry, again distracted from "Labor and the Senate."

In an attempt to concentrate on his magazine, Henry flipped to another page, where two pictures gripped his view. One was a Viet Nam photo: the tattered children of homeless parents crying amid the shambles of a crumpled and splintered hut. Henry's eyes widened. My God, just like on television, he thought. Quickly, he glanced at the other picture: a fat Negro woman dressed in a large floppy dress sat in a broken down old shack surrounded by several children in rags whom she mothered. Henry's eyes squinted hard. What the hell, he muttered. He turned the page frantically, to shut out the harsh black and white images, captioned with "Pain and Poverty." He looked up into the red and brown eyes of the negro. A cold sweat licked Henry's cheeks. His neck burned briefly inside his ten-fifty Arrow collar. His palms became moist. The Negro's eyes met his only for an instant. Then both he and Henry looked away. Seconds later, Henry looked up cautiously from the corner of his eye. The Negro stood as before, arms folded and head down staring at the floor. Henry breathed in relaxation, and then realized how hard his heart had been beating.

The conductor came down the aisle collecting the tickets. When he came to Private Davis, there was a cloud of smoke hanging around him.

"Put out that cigarette, soldier!" snapped the conductor.

Davis looked at him nonchalantly. "No smoking?" he asked.

"Not here," said the conductor. "Up front. Not here." He collected the tickets. Davis put out his cigarette and resumed his position against the seat.

The two teenagers didn't miss a word of this encounter. They just laughed .

Henry looked out of the window next to his sleeping partner. The tenement buildings of Portchester raced by silently. Looking across the aisle he saw more of the same

buildings whip by even faster than the ones on his side. He checked his watch. The time was two-fifteen. He read the letters "OMEGA," then the words "seventeen jewels, automatic, waterproof." The gold bracelet slipped effortlessly on his dry wrist. It was, of course, a good watch, but it was only his business watch; he also owned a sportsman's model for the golf course, and a very expensive Longine for very expensive occasions. The watches were attributes of his prosperity; they were testimony of his friendships; they were rewards for his devotion to the family. The OMEGA was Jean's birthday gift five years ago.

But it was the time that counted. Two-fifteen. Despite all his anxiety of an hour ago, Henry Leonard Tyler had plenty of reserve, and plenty of time. The train should now arrive in New York by quarter to three. He would make a quick stop in his office to pick up a report and even then he would have about an hour before his scheduled departure from Kennedy International. That was another thing; he never left from La Guardia which was closer, or from Newark which was sometimes less crowded. He always went from Kennedy. It looked better, it even felt better. He always flew American, too. On the big jet. Real smooth, real quiet. Great food if he needed it. Nice girls if he bothered to notice; he always did.

"Suh?" The voice boomed slightly, and it boomed down at him. Henry again looked up into the red and brown eyes of the Negro, and a big set of white teeth.

"What time is it, suh?"

"Two-twenty," replied Henry, uncovering his watch just long enough so that the Negro army private could see for himself.

"Two-twenty? Thank you, suh."

As the Negro resumed his position against the side of the old woman's seat, Henry looked up at him. Private Davis was big, broad and solid, with big arms. And he was really black, shiny black. This fascinated Henry until he stared rudely at the man's head. It was barely covered with closely shaven kinky black hair that looked like a sooty dust on his crown. His ears were large and flabby, but his neck,

although it was large, probably an eighteen, was held rigid, like a fullback's. No doubt he is a powerful man, thought Henry, to whom such an intimate discovery was a surprise. For the little contact he had with black men was peering through his twenty-five inch RCA color television or else in the newspapers and magazines. On television, he either saw them on the news, which bored him, or else in football games, and those thrilled him. Henry remembered the great Jimmy Brown: he was great because he was smart; he'd often run around his tackler, not through them. That way he didn't get hurt, and could keep playing. And this intelligent brute fascinated Henry. Yet he could not imagine such raw strength running wild on Fairmeadow Road, burning down fifty-thousand dollar houses, and smashing all the picture windows. Riot reports bored him. They would never touch him or his wife or his children or even his office. He was safe.

And the news also hounded him with the Viet Nam war. Looking at the khaki uniform worn by Private Wilbur Davis, Henry Tyler remembered his own days as a lieutenant in the United States Navy. That was during the Korean War. Too young for the service during World War II, Henry had become a naval officer in nineteen-forty-eight, and boarded a ship that spent a safe battle period cruising in the North Atlantic Ocean. Even now his son Larry was not yet fifteen, and the tenacious draft wouldn't catch him for at least five more years. Why should I worry, Henry thought. I **am** safe.

By now Henry had dropped his magazine aside, and had surveyed the rattling old car. The windows were coated with dirt, the floor was littered with papers. The seats were well soiled and some of the paint was peeling off the ceiling. No wonder the New Haven is bankrupt; what lousy trains, he concluded. He looked up again and noticed that Davis had removed his jacket. His shirt had dark semicircles under the arms. Henry was suddenly aware of the fierce heat sweltering in the train. At least half a dozen people were standing up front, probably more in back. It was that crowded. There was smoke in the front end of the car, and Private Davis had lit another cigarette too, without leaving his place. Davis, he noticed, was no longer staring at the floor, but across the aisle, at the white boy and the white girl. No, just at the girl. And she looked up and saw him

and looked away. But after she had spoken to her companion she again looked up into Davis' peering eyes.

"Hey!" she cried out.
The boy looked up instantly.

"What do you want, nigger?" he snapped.

Davis winced. He was startled, but not embarrassed. He looked away slowly, as if he had only been shaken out of a fantasy.

"Hey, nigger!" taunted the white boy. "Leave my girl alone."

Davis winced again.

"Huh?" he mumbled, looking back at the boy.

"I said keep your dirty eyes to yourself."

"Boy, I don't need your little girl. I got one o' mah own!" retorted Davis.

"Then why are you looking at her?" demanded the white boy. Henry saw that the boy was kind of skinny, as Davis had moved a little to his left.

" I wasn't looking at her, man. I was just thinking."

"Yeah? Thinking about her, dirty nigger?"

He was too loud, thought Henry, God awful loud.

Private Davis stood up straight and turned toward the back of the car. His side stance caught the darts of the white girl.

"He's smelly! The guy's smelly!" she said to her companion.

"Hey, nigger! Dry your arms, will you?" laughed the boy.

Davis turned abruptly to him, but slowly turned away again.

Oh no, oh God, muttered Henry. Not here, he thought. Don't let it happen right in here, he pleaded within. A trickle of water slid down his side underneath his shirt. The Negro

was sweating too. His hands slowly began to form a fist. He drilled the smoke from his cigarette out of his nostrils. The smoke was greeted by the white boy.

"Hey nigger! No smoking in this part of the train!"

Then, as if noticing for the first time the uniform: "Hey don't they teach you anything in the army? Huh? Can't you follow orders?"

Davis stared at the back of the car. He must be looking for another black face, thought Henry.

"Those rules are orders and you're not doing us any good. That's the trouble with you stupid niggers — you can't take orders!" the boy shouted. Heads turned instantly at this, but not one passenger made a sound.

At that moment, the dark blue back of the conductor blotted out Henry's view of the boy.

"All right, son. What's the trouble?"

"That nigger's gawking at my girl. I . . . "

"O. K. Don't shout! We don't want any fights in here."

The conductor turned quickly to Davis. He immediately noticed the cigarette.

"I thought I told you no smoking, soldier! Go on up front, or put it out!"

Davis dropped the butt to the floor.

"Let's not have any trouble now."

The conductor looked back at the boy, and then went up through the car and disappeared into the next one.

Davis looked at Henry and Henry quickly turned his head. The man next to him was still asleep. Henry looked out the window.

Once again the white boy blurted out:

"What do you think you are? Some kind of exception? Hey! listen to me, phony. You niggers want plenty, but you'd rather take than ask. Hah! Wouldn't you! And just because you join the army doesn't mean you're our kind o' soldier"

Davis stood rigidly, his eyes staring blankly ahead. His neck muscles were rippling. His face was soaking wet. He wiped his mouth with a pressed cuff, and then licked his lips and wiped them again. He released his left hand and the pack of cigarettes fell to the floor in tiny shreds.

Henry's heart was thumping fiercely now. He was scared and he was just a spectator. Why doesn't he say something to that damn kid, he thought. When will this damn train get to New York. He looked nervously at his watch; it was two-twenty-six or seven. He was angry and just wanted to leave, but he was trapped. This was a new experience. He couldn't see the boy or the girl because the hulk of Wilbur Davis hid them. But he could hear, and their voices shot at the Negro like poison stingers. Why, why are they doing it? Why doesn't someone stop them? The old woman! Why doesn't she say something? Maybe she's praying.

The train rumbled on, hurtling and heaving along the tracks toward Harlem.

Maybe it's — because — they're — so — silly, thought Henry. He remembered the two Negroes at the train station, before the train had come in. "All you need is soul, brother!" one of them had said. What the hell did that mean? They had laughed.

Dammit, he's bigger than they are! What's the matter with him? As these thoughts raced through his mind, Henry slouched down in his seat. He fumbled with his sticky collar for a second. It was quiet for a few minutes. He looked at his watch again. Two-thirty-two.

The voice of the conductor at the back of the car shattered the moment of silence. "Station stop, One-hundred and

twenty-fifth Street."

Suddenly the Negro picked up his jacket and put it on.

But it's too hot for that, thought Henry.

Private Davis buttoned his jacket hastily and turned to the overhead rack. He pulled down his duffel bag.

He's going to get — off — here? Henry wondered. He felt a rising enthusiasm within.

The Negro reached up again to get his coat when the white boy's voice cut him down.

"You're scared, nigger! Ain't ya?" blasted the kid.

Davis spun around.

Henry gasped, paralyzed.

Davis took one step to the boy's seat. The white kid jumped. The girl said "Hey! Leave us alone!"

Every head in the front of the car turned. People stood to see.

The Negro didn't move. His bull neck bulged behind his granite face. His jaws were like a vise. His fists were clenched till they turned white around the edges of the palms. The white kid cowered in his seat. Davis barked like a sergeant.

"You couldn't hurt me if you wanted to, white boy!" Then he spat out "Could you?" His voice echoed through the car.

He glared at the kid for a second or two then turned back slowly to the luggage rack. The eyes and ears and mouths of everyone were open and numb. The only sight and the only sound was Private Wilbur Davis as he pulled his trench coat down off the rack. The cashmere came down with it. Henry leaped up to catch it.

"Ah'm sorry, mistah," apologized Davis a little nervous.

The train slowed to a stop.

"One-hundred-twenty-fifth Street," yelled the conductor from the front of the car.

Picking up his bag, Private Davis looked at Henry. The Negro turned and walked to the door of the car, amidst the stunned passengers who remained. He exited quickly and silently.

Henry was still standing holding his coat. He was embarrassed in the absolute quiet of the car. He decided to keep

his coat with him, and looked around briefly. All eyes seemed to meet his. He sat down quickly.

The train began to whine out of the station rocking along as it headed for the end of the line. Suddenly, the car was buzzing with voices.

The man next to Henry was awake.

"What time is it? Where are we?" he asked.

"Two-thirty-five. We just left Harlem," Henry replied.

"Thanks," yawned the old man.

Henry looked across the aisle at the teenagers. They were silent. And then he heard the old woman's voice. She was speaking to the passenger next to her.

"I was so afraid they would make him angry and he'd start hitting somebody. Those colored boys are awful tempered sometimes. Especially the way people pick on them. Oh, it's terrible the way these young kids are. I don't know why."

So now she's preaching, fumed Henry. Why didn't she say something before? He did her a favor. But he wasn't really convinced. His stomach was jumpy; his throat was dry. God it's hot in here! Can't wait to get off this damn train.

The last ten minutes of the ride to Grand Central are quick even though they never seem that way. Henry stood up, put on his coat, left the magazine on the floor where it had fallen, looked into the window and fumbled with his tie again, reached up to the luggage rack and pulled down his attache' case and stepped into the line shuffling to the door.

Everyone seemed to be talking.

"Man!" That blackie sure scared them kids, didn't he?" This voice was in front of him.

"Damn nigger" said a young voice behind him.

As Henry passed through the door he heard a familiar line.

"A T & T is always on the up, Jack. Grab them now. They're good."

Henry stopped short as two businessmen hustled past. Someone bumped into him from behind. Then he began the walk to the street. He walked fast, for he now wanted that cold outside air. In front of him was a pair of old ladies with shopping bags. They were slow, very slow. Henry adjusted quickly. To the right, he thought, to the right. Advancing upon the ladies he saw just enough room to slip between them and two speedy travelers on the outside. He executed the move perfectly, without breaking stride. He felt better. As he hustled up the ramp into the main lobby of Grand Central Station a brilliant thought flashed into his mind. Hey! That guy was **smart**, wasn't he?

The air on Park Avenue was as clear as the white sky had been in Stamford. It was beautiful.

## BLIND MOUNTAIN BLUES

I'm lookin' for a road, a
rainbow with some gold or even lead
I can sell
nobody can tell i'm dead
cause i'm breathin'
and somethin' is beatin'
where my soul used to
see
man says i'm livin'
points his twisted finger
givin' reasons
Maybe i'll believe him
in the season when i'm
kind:

i'll hold my tired mind
uncommitted
to the train-commuter dreams
an' build what seems to be
a mountain
in the silver plain
On it i'll live alone
prisoner of stone
in a golden cave
no soul to save
but my own.

Paul J. Raleigh

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Sister Mary Anita, C. S. F. N.,** is a junior Biology major. Sister has employed her artistic talents to portray "Spring" on the magazine cover.

**April Oursler Armstrong,** Instructor in Religious Studies at Sacred Heart University, presents a unique interpretation of the Easter season in "Whisper Alleluia." Mrs. Armstrong has written numerous books, the most recent being, **What's Happening to the Catholic Church?**, and **House with a Hundred Gates.** In addition, she has had articles published in national periodicals, including **The Saturday Evening Post** and **Good Housekeeping.**

**Charlene Botha,** whose first publication appears in this issue, is a member of the staff of **Rocks and Roots.** Miss Botha is a freshman English major.

**Clayton Crosson,** a member of the Creative Writing Class and senior English major at Sacred Heart University, presents one of his latest works in this issue of the magazine.

**Margaret Davis** is a sophomore Biology major and laboratory assistant. Her poetry has appeared in previous editions of **Rocks and Roots** and her current poetic expression is entitled "Robber."

**Stephanie Dell'Agnese** is a member of the Class of 1968 majoring in English. Her interests in modern literature, specifically in James Joyce, are evidenced by her character sketch of Molly Bloom.

**Verna Lund** is a freshman whose main concentration is in the field of Psychology. Miss Lund is a member of the Honors English Class, and is a first-time contributor to the magazine.

**Paul J. Raleigh** is a senior with majors in History and English. A future staff member of **Rocks and Roots**, Mr. Raleigh plans to attend Trinity College in Dublin upon graduation from this university.

**Albert Ruggiero** is another new contributor to **Rocks and Roots.** Mr. Ruggiero is a sophomore in the Associate Arts Program at Sacred Heart.

**Gerald Saladyga** is a member of the 1967 graduating class of Sacred Heart. In addition to the work here published, other poems by Mr. Saladyga have appeared in former magazine issues.

**Marylou Szczesiul** is a freshman and a member of the Honors English Class. In addition to her literary pursuits, she also has an avid interest in dramatics and the theatre.

**Teo Senni** is a senior History major and son of Dr. Livio Senni of Sacred Heart's Language Department. Mr. Senni's first contribution to **Rocks and Roots** is a dramatic five-part poem.

**Gene Shea,** who is responsible for two of the photographs found in this issue, is a freshman English major. Mr. Shea's photographs have been presented at various public showings, and he plans to continue submitting material to the magazine.

**Robert Proudfoot** makes his second appearance in **Rocks and Roots** in this edition. Mr. Proudfoot, who has been active in the field of student representation, is a senior English major.

**J. J. Urciuoli** is the university photographer, and a previous contributor to the magazine.