

ROCKS & ROOTS

Spring 1967



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# ROCKS AND ROOTS

The Magazine of Sacred Heart University

Spring 1967

Vol. I, 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 to any member of the staff, or c/o Robert O'Shea, at the University.*



EDITORS: Karen Glancy and Ronald Sapiente

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COVER PHOTO: J. J. Urcioli II

"GRASS": J. J. Urcioli II

SKETCH: B. Alexia Gray

*Rocks and Roots* is Sacred Heart University's first Magazine. Ideally, it will serve as an outlet for theoretical and creative expressions from members of the university community. We are interested in all genres, as it is our desire to reflect the interests of the entire community rather than merely a select minority. Since this magazine will be a living organ of the university, it will not be static. For this reason, we may have a distinctive name for each issue, the uniqueness of which will reflect the content of the magazine. Publication of material submitted will be contingent upon its quality.

Since we are unencumbered by tradition, we hope to establish our magazine as a self-supporting publication. Although this issue has been financed through the generosity of the administration, our eventual aim is to maintain existence by means of subscriptions and patrons. We feel that this policy will best encourage independent thought.

The second issue will be published in the fall of 1967. We encourage all interested students and faculty members to submit material.

We wish to thank the administration once again for their support, as well as the students and faculty members whose efforts made the magazine possible.

Special thanks is due to our moderator, Dr. Robert O'Shea, whose enthusiasm and consistent involvement have veritably created this magazine. In appreciation, we dedicate our first issue to him.

Karen Glancy

Ronald Sapiente

Editors

# A LOVER'S LAMENT

## VERSE MELODY

From the ris-ing of the sun in the morn when a  
New day of life for everyone is born, to night-fall and  
the setting of the sun when part of life's Ad-ven-ture is  
done, I think of you my fair-est one and won-der why  
you had to run a-way from me.

Chord markings: A, Bm, C#m, Bm, A, Bm, C#m, Bm, A, Bm, C#m, Bm, A, Bm, A·Bm·C#m·Bm·A

## CHORUS MELODY

And I say babe please listen babe yes I miss you oh so much  
please come back home.

Chord markings: A, G, A, G, A

## A LOVER'S LAMENT

Run away from me—was I that bad?  
This puzzles me and leaves me sad.  
All my hopes, my dreams, my prayers—  
Now that you're gone they've all vanished  
    into thin air.

I remember days when you were glad  
For everything in life you had.  
But then with words you left me alone,  
Left me here in sorrow to write this poem.

And I wish my words weren't all in vain;  
The stillness here drives me insane.  
How many times I've thought to myself,  
And how many times I've pleaded for help  
To see you once again, and once and for all  
    to say amen.

I look forward now for what's to come,  
And I cry inside for what I've done.  
And somehow I feel there's no escape,  
That I'm lost in a world designed by fate.  
This is what I dread; this is what I fear.

But you could change it all I pray,  
Just a few simple words is all you'd have to say,  
As I have for many years. Please come  
    back babe and wash away my fears.

Someday I'll learn; somebody I'll see  
Until then I'll just sit sadly,  
And ponder on what's been and gone,  
From the setting of the sun  
Till its rising in the morn.

—Stephen Dooley

## The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem

*This article is the result of an exclusive interview granted to the author with the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, through the courtesy of Michael Lynch of the New Haven Gaelic Football and Hurling Club.*

People still drift into the arena, as the P.A. system resolutely creaks "Meet Me in St. Louis." On a small stage, in the center of what is often a skating rink, two microphones silently stand near a high stool and a pitcher of water, beneath the flag of Ireland. It is past 8:30, and the audience is restless. Then at last there is darkness, and a crossfire of spotlights catches four men in Aran Isle fishermen's sweaters leaping to the stage. Stamping feet and clapping hands join the voices of unmistakable accent as the arena resounds with the story of bold Willy Brennan. The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem have captured another audience.

They're singing the old songs, not the ones Irish-Americans perform in March 17 minstrel shows, but the true folk songs of the old country. Someone in the audience calls out for "Danny Boy" and Tommy Makem retorts: "Send all requests up to the stage on the back of a fifty dollar bill." The Clancys have their own ideas about what songs really exemplify the spirit that is Irish. There's the whole of Irish nationalism in Tom Clancy as he demands "Death to every foe and traitor" with the valley boys who got their pikes together by "The Rising of the Moon". The same spirit is there, in a more agonizing way perhaps, in Liam's ironic "The Patriot Game". There's fire in "The Wild Colonial Boy" and nostalgia in the old fisherman who "sailed ten thousand miles, caught ten million fishes" during a lifetime of hunting "The Shoals of Herring". And there are rowdy songs, merry songs, with the audience clapping and roaring out the chorus, as Liam shouts, "Anyone not singin' this time is an English Protestant tee-totaler." Sooner or later, everyone is won over by the four hearty men who can make Ireland real with only a guitar, a banjo, a penny whistle and a good song.



But now it's over, and the policemen clear a path for the boys to run to their dressing room. Somehow a woman with a camera gets there first, and Tom Clancy obligingly jolts to a stop and grins for her before disappearing behind the plain wooden door.

The dressing room is full of programs, photos and friends of the Clancys and Tommy Makem. On a chair beneath the one small mirror the fishermen's sweaters lie folded, put aside now in favor of suits. Having changed clothes and spent some time outside signing programs, the group is gathering to talk about their particular brand of music. Tommy Makem, smoking a curved pipe, is joined by the dark-haired serious Patrick Clancy, who signs his name "Paddy", and blue-eyed Liam whose boyish face is topped by a mass of curly hair.

Their music is popular, says Patrick Clancy, "Not because it's Irish particularly, but because it's universal. Some of the stories are, and the ballads tend to be. Folk music tends to have a universal flavor and deals with the very fundamentals of human emotion in one way or another."

In keeping with the universality of their music, the Clancy Brothers have gathered their instruments from the four corners of the earth. Tommy Makem points out that the guitar is Spanish, and the original banjo came from Africa, although the five-string banjo is an American instrument. On stage or off, the Clancys don't want to be typed. As Pat says, "When culture is diffused, it's not concerned with categories or boundaries of any kind."

Suddenly the fourth member of the group arrives, finally free of autograph seekers. "I'm late", he apologizes. "My name's Tom Clancy". This thickset man, shortest of the group, has the kind of warm personality that would put anyone but an Englishman at ease. "Did they tell you everything? Will I tell you about them?" Tom Clancy's voice is teasingly confidential. Regarding Liam with a grin he begins, "Now lover boy there . . ."

"Ah, me lovin' days are done, Tom", interrupts the youngest Clancy.

“Aye,” says his brother, “his wife’s goin’ to have a baby this week . . . she hopes.” The boys will be home in Tipperary for that. “We been out seven months,” Tom says, “and now we’re goin’ home.” Going home, it seems is the goal of all Irishmen—going home to those green and singing hills promised to Kathleen in song, and loved by all who ever roamed them.

There’s one more question before they go: how has their style developed since they began singing together? Tommy Makem laughs at that. “If you would call that a style you may do so. We just sing songs. Style or no style we belt them out . . . The style of it has gone some direction, but what direction it’s gone we don’t know. We just sing the songs whatever way they come.”

“It’s very much Irish-American,” explains Liam. “It’s Irish songs influenced by American folk style. And it’s easier when you’re drunk.”

It really is time to go. But a white-haired lady has Tommy by the arm, as she tells of the walks she took in his country as a girl. The Clancys are getting into the green station wagon, and Patrick signs one more program before getting behind the wheel. “Good-night now” calls a Clancy from the back seat, as the car starts and the traffic light turns green.

—*Karen Glancy*

## Reflection on the Great Society

So they brass-buttoned him in death,  
With a medal and a flag  
And twenty-one guns he couldn't hear  
Because of the two that put him there;  
And they threw America in his face.

And still the holes are there,  
Plugged with half-grown pieces of a world  
That knows no peaces except the kind  
Bought with almost-lives in jungle slime;  
As the cup runs over, with blood.

—*Karen Glancy*

## Elegy

You are dead.  
Blown from the slate the chalky dust,  
No more to be seen  
Never to be touched.  
Blurred by the ragged corner of time,  
No more a word, a song, a rhyme,  
But a speck to be brushed away.

—*Karen Glancy*

## The Righteous Ones

A doll of oriental origin hand painted in the bathroom of some demented mind.

Dance, Dance, Dance.

Turns to Salt.

Five dollars for the carcass of an ass, the seafarers dream.  
Bedbugs, lewd intentions, and a wife and a kid.

—*Thomas Aide*

## The Thief

Time snatches greedily at my precious  
summer and runs away with my days  
till September is standing  
'round my windows in sleepy shadows  
and no matter how hard I try  
to clutch and keep my summer,  
the wily thief of autumn craftily  
pickpockets me of June, July and August,  
leaving me with September and its bitter  
crust of crinkled brown leaves withered dry.

—*Margaret Davis*

## NO. 23

Here come the bold ones  
I am bold.  
Corrupted,  
I walk among the corrupt.  
There hang my sins  
for you to see.  
Approach the virtuous  
and my virtue is  
known among them.  
Heed me those who hear,  
and mark my truth.  
Seize my words  
and cast them to me  
tomorrow  
when I am  
duplicity again.

—*Ronald Sapiente*

## Separation of Church and State: How High the Wall?

The proper relationship between Church and State in the American Constitutional order is a question which invites our attention today as religiously oriented institutions continue to wonder about their futures.

That aspect of the question which I would like to consider is this: How high should the wall of separation between Church and State be? My tentative answer to this question and the thrust of my remarks is this: the wall should be high and low enough to guarantee freedom of religion for all. My point is that not a single brick should either be added or removed from the wall without fully considering whether or not the addition or the removal help to preserve religious liberty.

Recall with me that the framers of the First Amendment, which includes the clauses on religion, were determined to preserve a number of those freedoms which we call fundamental to the American way—free speech, free press, assembly, petition, and the *free exercise of religion*. None of these rights was to be abridged by government. Freedom of religion was to be preserved not only by the general ban in the Amendment on all laws which abridge this freedom, but also by the explicit denial to government of the power to create a state church, a religious establishment.

Now the problem one faces in attempting to implement the guarantees of the First Amendment is the fact that no one clause can be enforced as if it enjoyed isolation from the rest of the Constitution. No one of the freedoms enumerated in the Amendment can be allowed the status of an absolute. No one freedom can be enforced without considering the possibility that there may be other constitutional claims competing with it.

If, for example one claims the right to print anything he wishes to say about me, I ask him to remember that the law might take him to task if he libels in the course of the use of free press. What justifies this limitation if not my claim to some measure of protection for my reputation? In this situation there are competing claims to rights. Author claims his right to express his opinion. I claim my right to preserve my good name. Who wins? The question is up to the courts. They

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*Editor's Note:* The above essay is based on a Communion Breakfast address delivered recently by the author.

must decide the merits and debits of the competing claims and settle the issue. My point is that the two claims are in real competition for affirmation. Neither can be considered absolute.

Recently, a Sunday Mass was disturbed at St. Patrick's Cathedral by individuals who claimed they had a right to assemble in this public place which, of course, the Cathedral is. On the other hand, the congregation claimed that its right to assemble for religious worship had been interfered with by the vocal dissenters who, of course, were claiming their right to assemble. Once again there are conflicting claims. Neither is absolute. Notice that in this example we have a fascinating situation in which the same fundamental right is appealed to by both sides—the right of assembly.

How do we get into such difficulties? Is it not because individual freedom in civil society cannot exist apart from its ties to the community? It is only in the hermit's realm that rugged individualism is valid. Man in society cannot exercise his freedoms without noting that in the exercise of one freedom he may be depriving a fellow man of the enjoyment of another freedom. Thus, the recent recommendations of the Bar associations concerned about the fact that an unrestrained free press may at times deprive the accused of a fair trial. Thus, a well known first lady claiming, legitimately I believe, that her privacy had been violated by an author's exercising his right to publish.

What has this got to do with separation of Church from State? Simply this: An absolutist approach to *this* complex issue will not serve any better than an absolutist approach would serve in the foregoing problems. Freedom from interference with one's religious convictions is one of the great blessings of our democracy. It is protected by the First Amendment's requirement that Church and State be separate, that government avoid doing that which moves in the direction of Church establishment. But, once one insists on an absolute separation, once one maintains that the only constitutionally proper relationship between government and religion is no relationship at all, the result may be interference with the very freedom alledgedly being served, namely, the free exercise of religion.

May I ask the reader to come with me now to Danbury in the early nineteenth century. Messrs. Nehemiah Dodge, Ephraim Robbins, and Stephen S. Nelson, constituting a committee of the Danbury Baptist Association, have just received a letter dated January 1, 1802 from President Thomas Jefferson. Baptists in Danbury at that time were experiencing the type of discrimination which tends to accom-

pany the existence of an established church. (Connecticut had a Congregational establishment until 1818.) Jefferson's letter read as follows:

Believing with you that religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God, that he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship, that the legislative powers of government reach actions only, and not opinions, I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their legislature should "make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," thus building a wall of separation between Church and State.

Jefferson's letter to the Danbury Baptists is the source of the most widely used metaphor in American constitutional history, namely, the "wall of separation." Seven years later, in 1809, Jefferson mailed another letter to Connecticut, this time to the Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New London, in which he wrote that "no provision ought to be dearer to man than that protects the rights of conscience against the enterprises of the civil authority."

Thomas Jefferson was a perennial foe of religious establishments, from the time of his bill for religious freedom in Virginia in 1779 to his years as President. It is interesting to note that he considered his Virginia bill so important that he asked that mention of it, together with his authorship of the Declaration of Independence and his founding of the University of Virginia, be included in his epitaph.

What interests me about Jefferson's concept of separation is that it does not require government to be absolutely indifferent about the welfare of the religiously minded. Thus Jefferson, who as President refrained from proclaiming national days of fasting and prayer because of his Church-State scruples, was the same President who found it possible to forward to the senate a most remarkable treaty with the Kaskaskia Indians in 1803. I say remarkable treaty because it contained the following agreement:

And whereas the greater part of the tribe has been baptized into the Catholic Church, the U.S. will give annually, for seven years, one hundred dollars toward the support of a priest of that religion, who will engage to perform for said tribe the duties of his office, and also instruct children in the rudiments of literature. And the U. S. will further give the sum of three hundred dollars, to assist said tribe in the erection of a church.

Now what are we to make of this? A momentary lapse on Jefferson's part from his commitment to the wall of separation? Mere politi-

cal expediency? Perhaps. I am persuaded, however, by the construction put on the treaty by Father Joseph Costanzo of Fordham University who argues that:

“The primary and paramount purpose of Jefferson is the provision of conditions favorable to the Indians’ free exercise of their faith. Jefferson saw this action as an application of governmental action to render *actual* the free exercise of religion.”\*

In other words, Jefferson was able to distinguish between that kind of governmental involvement with religion which amounts to a step toward establishment of religion and that kind of involvement which merely facilitates, or makes actual, the enjoyment of free exercise of religion. He does not allow his devotion to freedom from religious establishments to become so absolute as to work to the disadvantage of freedom of religion. His wall was high enough and *low* enough to serve the cause of freedom.

On balance, I would say, the history of American Constitutional growth has been hospitable to Jefferson’s non-absolutist approach. Today, when we are most concerned with the Church-State issue as it relates to education, we should keep in mind the words of a 1925 Supreme Court decision as a guide in keeping with the Jeffersonian rationale. *Pierce v. Society of Sisters* addressed the question: “does a religiously oriented school constitutionally satisfy compulsory State education laws?” The court answered yes to this question and observed that:

“The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public school teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations.”

This decision blocked a direct frontal assault on the free exercise of educational preference. The parents opting for the school run by the Society of Sisters in 1925 were choosing a school which they thought would best complement their own efforts in the task of educating their children according to the dictates of religious convictions. The Court upheld this as a fundamental right of parenthood.

In 1967 religious freedom for the individual is the more secure for this 1925 decision. There are no direct threats to the right of parents to send their children to religiously oriented schools. We are

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\*Joseph Costanzo, S.J. *This Nation Under God* (Herder & Herder: New York, N. Y. 1964), 73.



faced with a different problem which is more subtle and complex. Those of us who wish to discharge our educational responsibilities as parents by making use of our fundamental right to choose Catholic schools and, thereby, enjoy one phase of freedom of religion in America have awakened of late to the reality that Catholic education, like public education, needs access to new sources of revenue if it is to be successful and indeed, endure.

With government at all levels now involved in aiding education, we have begun to ask whether or not, under the Constitution, Catholic schools should have access to some portion of these funds or be cut off from same. The question involves Jefferson's wall of separation of Church-State. We should be numbered in the front ranks of those who refuse to dismantle the wall of separation which we know to be essential to freedom of religion in the United States. On the other hand, we should be equally vocal and articulate in demonstrating our conviction that the free exercise of religious options is not a right which exists in the order of the abstract. If the right truly exists then it should be available in the concrete order. Just as Jefferson's treaty with the Kaskaskia Indians took cognizance of the fact that religious freedom would not be a reality for this tribe unless the federal government provided some measure of assistance, so government today must wonder whether or not it should take some steps to contribute to the *actual* free exercise of religion in the field of education.

I carry no brief, here, for any particular program. I think tax relief has much to be said for it. Also the providing of auxiliary services such as textbooks and busing, is a possibility. Direct loans and grants to families under the "aid to children" principle are useful considerations. These programs all involve political questions regarding the advisability and practicality of the measures. I do not think we can claim a natural right to any one set of proposals. We should be prepared to ask for only that which makes good legislative and executive sense. My point is that all participants in this great debate should avoid constitutional rigidity. Separation of Church and State should be a flexible constitutional principle. Jefferson's wall is not necessarily served by the constant addition of bricks. Such indiscriminate accretion, I am arguing, may ironically frustrate the First Amendment in the name of the First Amendment. The challenge, in any event, is to find the proper formula for preventing the establishment of religion in any way and, at the same time, guaranteeing the free exercise thereof.

—Francis J. Luongo

## PAN PIPES (May, 1960)

When spring's gold trumpets sound,  
    The ice chains fall away;  
    When Pan pipes in the day,  
Life arrows from the ground.  
The flame leaves light the trees,  
    The snow wreaths fade from hills;  
    As swift exultant rills  
Fling white plumes to the breeze.  
The blackbird calls and cries,  
    In lavish passion trills;  
Against the pristine skies,  
    His wild sweet love song spills.  
Then dance the dryads out,  
    To sway to Pan God's pipe —  
Lithe bodies whirled about,  
    Green-eyed, their faces white; —  
'Til wind songs lash the trees,  
    And cloud spray drowns the sun;  
Then shadows lap the nymphs  
    Where laughing rivers run.  
The last to fade is Pan; his goat feet silent pass;  
Where seldom found is man, and naiads ring the grass.  
There dryad diamonds fall in webs of silver gilt;  
There sounds the trumpet call; there throbs the black-  
    bird's lilt;  
There Pan smiles as he plays, and weeping willows  
    bend—  
    When Spring enchants the days, and laughs  
    at winter's end.

—*Vincent Reade*

## AN EXCUSE

from the tree  
flies the bee  
to his  
Honey

he was born  
he has sworn  
to find  
Honey

every strife  
all his life  
is for  
Honey

though it's grim  
naught keeps him  
from his  
Honey

why then would  
if he could  
change from  
Honey

he may meet  
something sweet  
not like  
Honey

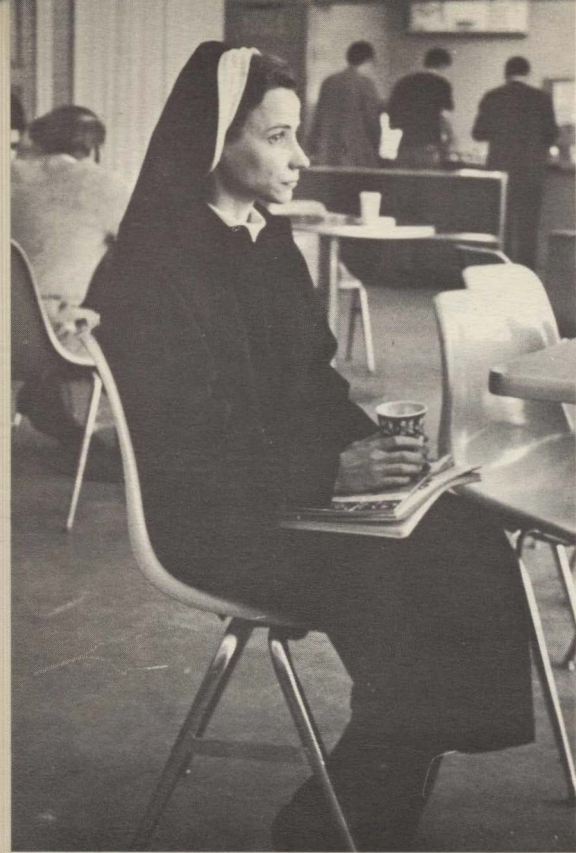
all is done  
he's not won  
even  
Honey

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet."

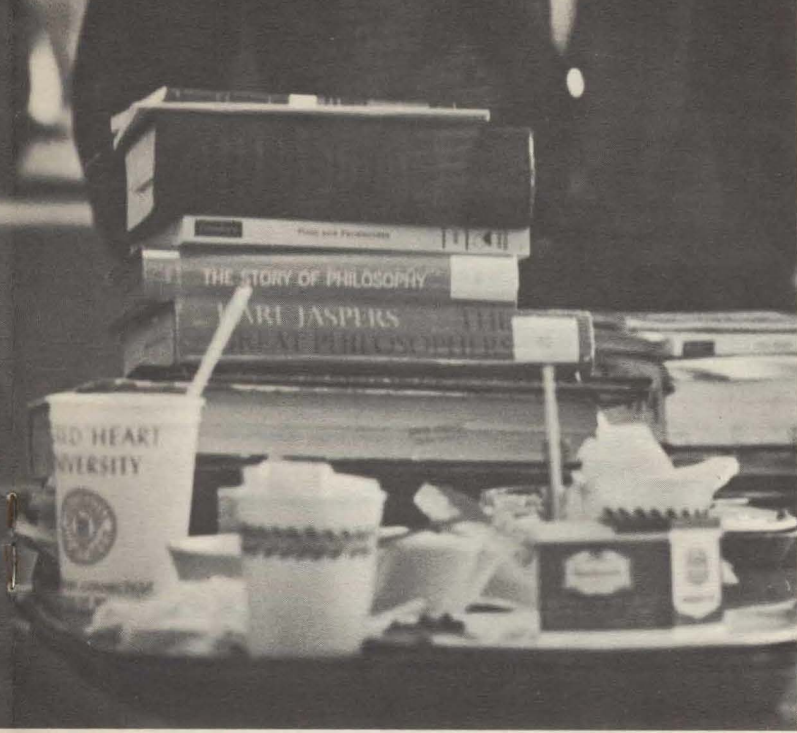
why not  
Honey?

ye  
"son-of-a-bee"  
me

—*F. H. Schaufler*



CAFETERIA



*“Another was an untouched lily—pallid,  
melancholy, with large blue eyes and long-  
fingered hands, He wrote poetry. I have  
been able to remember very little of this  
poetry, but when in solitude I whisper the  
verses to myself, my eyes fill with tears.  
For one night this young man was found out-  
side the monastery of Kaisariani, hanging from  
the branch of an olive tree.”*

*from Report to Greco by Nikos Kazantzakis*

### the despair

like wanting only cherry blossoms and blue skies  
and dark green grass and warmth from a pale yellow sun  
like crying inside yourself all day and praying  
and hoping and trying to understand  
then holding out your hand groping in the darkness and trying to  
reach God  
and finding he is not there and that he was never there  
so you are left alone standing in a void  
feeling nothing and not ever fearing the darkness  
two hours later they come and cut the rope and your body falls to  
the ground.

—Gerald Saladyga

why do the young die?  
at war men die young.  
on battlefields consecrated with blood and flesh.  
men die young. and the world weeps for them.  
but the world does not really know what it is to die young.

until spring arrives.  
when all is dark green, light green and shining emerald.  
when red balloons fly  
through warm blue skies,  
and children come out and play hop-scotch and hide-go-seek  
on sunday afternoons and after school;  
when the amusement park opens with ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds,  
and roller coasters — and cotton candy.  
and starry nights with big moons.

then a sudden chill comes from a phantom winter wind.  
bringing the frost that changes the dark greens and light greens.  
the warm blue sky turns gray.  
and the red balloons are pulled to earth,  
for the children must come in from play.  
you have to go home, cause it is too cold  
to ride the ferris wheel, merry-go-round, or the roller coaster.  
(the cotton-candy man is old  
and the cold  
cripples his frail body.)  
now the clouds hide the starry nights with the big moons.

and the young die.  
at war men die young  
protecting their infant sons,  
but knowing they too will die young.  
at war they will die young.

why do the young die?  
at war men die young  
while their wives hold  
their sons' already lifeless bodies.

and spring never returns again,  
and dark greens, light greens turn brown.  
the sky is always gray.  
and the children never come out to play  
the amusement park is closed forever.

—Gerald Saladyga



GRASS: J. J. Ursinoid II



## THE YEARS OF RAIN

It was a gloomy day. Misty clouds and a cold wind made everything look nasty outside. Mommy and me were on our way to San Angelo to pick up Daddy. He was at an insurance convention for a week. The airplanes didn't land in our town so we had to get him. It was Tuesday. I was supposed to be in school but I played sick. I was good at playing sick. Mommy was cooking breakfast and straightening up the house that morning. I was lying in the bed but I wasn't asleep. I never slept good when I knew Mommy had to go out of town. I looked out and saw drizzly drops crawling down the window. I began picturing her letting me off at school and driving away through heavy traffic and disappearing into a fog. I knew then I wasn't going to school. I heard the bed slam against the wall in Mommy's bedroom. She started coming to my room.

"Johnny, it's time to get up."

"I don't feel so good."

"Now what's the matter?"

"My stomach feels kind of funny and my head hurts." I learned to keep away from thermometers.

"I'm sorry, Johnny, but you can't go with me. Everytime I have to go somewhere you get sick. You've missed too much school this year."

"Are you going somewhere?"

"You know I am. Your father's going to be in on the ten o'clock plane."

"Oh, I though it was tomorrow."

"Listen, I haven't got time to fool around. You can go but this is the last time. Now, get dressed and put on your thick sweater and raincoat. You're not going to miss school tomorrow."

I was in the car before she had the front door locked. I flopped back in the seat and smiled—it worked.

Just on the other side of Brady we ran into a heavy thunderstorm. Boy, the lightning was flashing all around and the thunder sounded like a jet was flying right over us. It was raining very hard and the windows were fogging up. I could hardly see. We were doing about fifty going up this hill. Mommy reached for a cigarette from her purse—she didn't like me to touch her purse.

"I can't see so good, Johnny. Use your handkerchief to wipe off the windshield."

I pulled out my hankie—Mommy always made me carry one—and started wiping off her side of the windshield. We were just coming over this hill and the road curved sharply to the left. I guess I was in Mommy's way because she went straight ahead. I screamed.

When I was waking up I heard mumbled voices. I could barely see a lady in white with a small hat. She was talking to a man with a little rubber hose around his neck.

"He seems to be all right, sort of half awake, but the anesthesia should have worn off by now."

"He will be fully conscious within the next hour, Miss Brown. He has a slight concussion."

She leaned over me and moved my pillow. I smelled roses.

*A friend of my Aunt Helen used to smell like roses. I stayed at her house one time. I remember her tucking me in bed. She smelled real good. My aunt had brought me over because my mother was sick. She turned out the light and went in the living room. I could hear her talking to my aunt.*

"How is Amy, Helen?"

"It was a close one this time, but she'll be all right in about a week."

"How did it happen?"

"I'm not quite sure. For some reason the guy in the other car hit his brakes. He slid on the wet pavement right into their car. He was killed instantly. It's a wonder they all weren't killed. Amy's going to have a nasty scar across her forehead where she hit the dash. David is just skinned up. He was thrown out of the car."

"Where was Johnny?"

"He was with me. I brought him over to play with Ronnie this morning. Amy and David were coming over to get him."

"That's the second accident she's been in this year, isn't it?"

"Yes, and she hasn't been driving either time."

"She sure has had her share."

"Not to change the subject, but could you keep Johnny for a couple of days? I know I said for the night on the phone, but I sure have a lot of running around to do. I'm sure he won't be any trouble."

*"Trouble? From what I've seen, he's probably the quietest four year old around."*

*"I'd sure appreciate it. I'll be by Tuesday to pick him up."*

*My aunt left. Her friend came in and kissed me on the cheek. She was very nice. She smelled real good.*

The nurse was standing next to me. She was holding my wrist and looking at her watch.

"You're doing much better, Johnny."

"Where's my mommy?"

"She is in another room on the next floor. Your father will be here in about an hour. We just got in touch with him. I have to go now but if you want anything just push this button."

"Thank you, Nurse."

There was a curtain around my bed. I could only see the ceiling. I opened the curtain on the left side. There was a boy in a bed staring at me. He looked about my age.

"Hi. What's your name?"

"I'm Johnny. What's yours?"

"Billy. What's the matter with you?"

"Had a wreck. What about you?"

"They took my tonsils out. I go home this afternoon. Say do you like Tarzan comic books?"

"A little bit. You got some?"

"Sure. Have one."

"Thanks."

"Hey, this is the one where Tarzan saves Jane from the gorilla in a cave, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's pretty good."

"You know they made a movie of it."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I saw it a couple of years ago."

"Do you like movies with animals and creatures?"

"I used to, but not much any more. I saw one called KING SOLOMON'S MINES. There was this big spider that crawled on a lady's dress. She screamed. Some guy killed it but it was awful looking. I felt spiders on me for weeks. But Tarzan isn't too bad. He only fools around with tigers and stuff. I mean animals are O.K., but not creepy things.

"Yes, I know what you mean, I don't like snakes or spiders."

I was about to ask him what town I was in when some people walked in. I pulled the curtain back. They were his parents. I peeped out. He was dressing. I tried to get his attention but they left. I tried to read the comic but I couldn't. I just lay there—thinking. I was always thinking a lot—and worrying too, that something would happen to my mommy. We were always together, Mommy and me. I don't know why, but I remember when I started worrying about Mommy—I was six years old. . .

*"Franklin 2-7337."*

*"Hello, Tony's Bakery."*

*"Is Mom—Amy there?"*

*"Just a minute."*

*"Hello."*

*"Mommy—this is Johnny. Are we going to the show tonight? It's Friday and last night you said we could go."*

*"Yes, dear, as soon as your father and I get home. Are Uncle Ty and Aunt Catherine there?"*

*"No. They went to the Post Office, but they will be right back."*

*"Well, I have to get back to work. I'll see you later."*

*"O.K., bye."*

*"Bye, dear."*

*My parents were supposed to be home at seven o'clock, but it was already eight-thirty.*

*"Time you got to bed, Johnny."*

*"But they said they would be here so we could go to the show, Uncle Ty."*

*"It's too late now and I'm not going to stay up with you to wait for them."*

*"But . . ."*

*"Go to bed."*

*He grabbed me by the shoulder with his nub-thumbed right hand. He lost part of his old thumb cutting tuna on a fishing boat. He was mean. He was always whipping his little girl with a big thick belt. Boy, my arm hurt. Oh, I forgot. His little girl, Sarah, stayed with us too. She stayed in my room. She was always scared of him.*

You know it's kind of funny. There I was with a bumped head and a hanging leg—it was kinda numb—my mother was hurt, and I could remember all these things. I was hoping Mommy would come to see me pretty soon. Anyway . . .

*"Now, stay there and don't make any noise."*

*"So I crawled in bed and said a quick 'Now I lay me down to sleep'.*

*"Night, Sarah."*

*"Shut up in there and go to sleep before I whip the hell out of you."*

*He wouldn't talk like that if Daddy were here but I was scared to tell Daddy about Uncle Ty. He was so mean I thought he might fight Daddy. Daddy's not so big but Uncle Ty is big and hairy. He has a little mustache. I know—he looked like a mean Clark Gable.*

*Anyway, I remember just lying there in the dark and all of a sudden I was watching my mother walking into a cave. She looked scared. The cave was dimly lit and went back pretty deep, and was real high. She looked outside, turned and ran to the right of the cave into a gigantic spider web. She couldn't get off. My dad staggered in. My mother was pulling like crazy, her face was turning white. Then a long hairy black leg stepped into the cave and I could hear a noise similar to a rattlesnake. The thing came closer until it was halfway into the cave. It was a six foot high, black, hairy spider sticking its two front legs out toward my dad. Then it jumped to the side and started inching slowly toward my mother. Dad grabbed a short stubby stick and leaped between the spider and my mother. He raised the stick, my mother screamed and I woke up sitting in bed shaking and sweating. I had a sick feeling in my stomach and my head was burning, trying to explode. I jumped out of bed and felt my way to the bathroom light switch down the hall. Across from the bath I could see my parents' empty bedroom. Everything was so still I could hear the throb of my heartbeat ringing in my ears.*

*"What are you doing in there, Johnny?"*

*"Where's my mommy?"*

*"How the hell should I know, anything could have happened."  
I felt my stomach tighten and begin jumping.*

*"I feel sick to my stomach."*

*"Well, go into the bathroom and vomit, then get your butt back in bed."*

*I ran for the toilet, stood there and gagged; tears began crawling down my cheeks. I wanted to run—run anywhere. I didn't want to stay in the house. I felt weak. I sat on the floor trying to cry but my throat felt swollen and I could only whimper.*

*"Please help me, I'm scared."*

*"Will you go to bed? Damn it. I've got a hard day tomorrow."*

*The front door opened and Mommy and Daddy walked in. My heart beat faster. I wiped the small stream of tears from my eyes and ran to my mother's arms. It felt so good touching her again.*

*"What are you doing up, Johnny?"*

*"I thought we were going to the show when you got in."*

*"I'm sorry. We had a flat tire and then stopped over at Ed's house for a drink. We'll go tomorrow, O.K."*

The nurse walked in. I was glad. I hated to be alone. I got scared when my mommy wasn't around. Mommy was always around close till she started working.

The nurse poured me a glass of water and gave me a pill. She sure was nice and pretty but she always looked sad about something.

*"It's starting to rain a lot harder, Johnny. I have to make sure the windows are closed in the other rooms."*

The wind picked up. It reminded me of the biggest rain I ever saw. . .

*". . . and the fourth grade will pick up their report cards on Wednesday."*

*"I'm sure glad school's almost out; the last day is the best though. The whole summer vacation to think about playing and having fun."*

*"Yeah Johnny, I know, but look how rainy it is today. I wanted to start playing around after school but my mother doesn't like me to*

play in the rain. She is scared of stormy weather. She saw a tornado two years ago when it was raining like today, but it was also thundering and all that stuff."

"What's a tornado, Tim?"

"Well, I didn't see it. I was at Grandma's but Mommy said that the first thing you see is a low hanging black cloud which moves kinda fast. Then the cloud touches the ground and it whirls around like water going down the drain. And it makes a noise like a train outside your window and it picks stuff up like cars and things and smashes them to bits. It was coming at our house and tearing up houses and killing people but the cloud jumped back up and moved away. Boy, she was really scared. Hey, it's starting to rain harder and the wind is blowing. Gee, listen to that thunder crack. Johnny, where are you going?"

"Sister Grace, may I call my mother?"

"What for, Johnny?"

"I want to make sure she is all right."

"What makes you think anything is the matter?"

"It's raining; the wind's blowing; it looks like a tornado. She . . .

"Calm down a minute, Johnny, there isn't going to be a storm. Wait just a minute while I get the other children into the classroom and we'll talk about it."

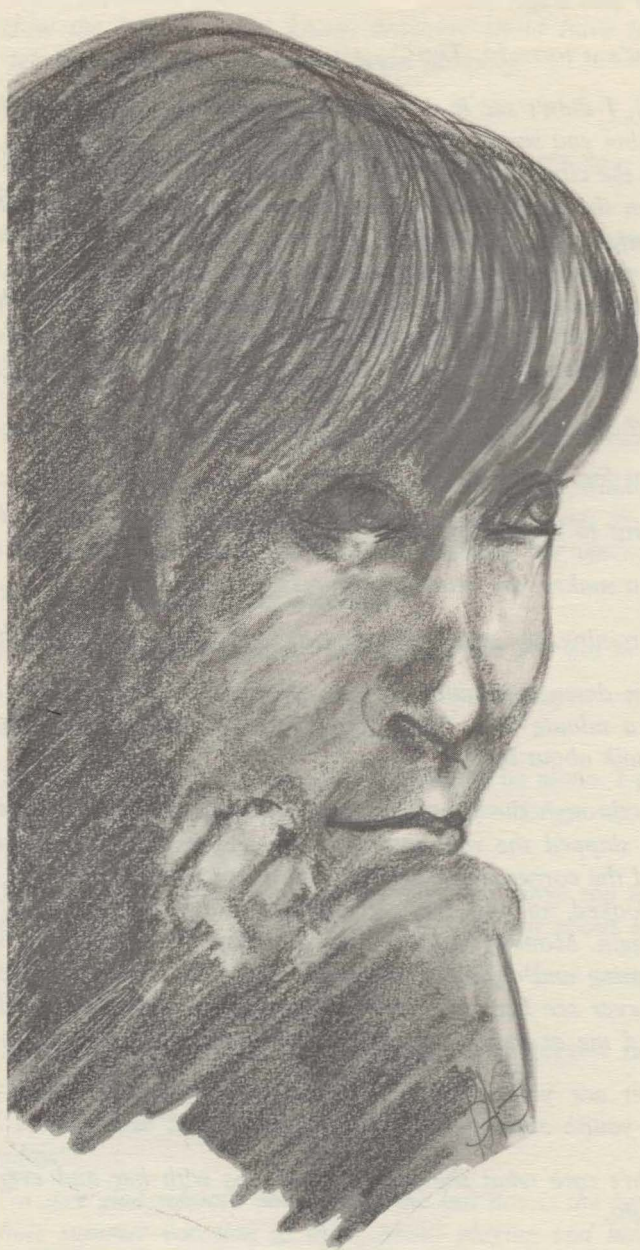
I ran through the front door as soon as sister turned the corner. The wind slapped the rain into my face and it stung like needles. I just turned the corner when lightning hit a tree on the other side of the street. I looked up and saw the clouds rolling like waves. I began running again. Mommy worked at a pie shop two miles from school. I kept running and crying. I just knew a tornado would get there and I would never see her again. I finally got there, soaked and dripping. She spotted me as soon as I came in the side door.

"What are you doing here, why aren't you in school, you're drenched, your . . ."

I didn't care what she said. Now I was with her and everything was all right.

"Your father is here, Johnny. He will be in in just a minute."

"Hi, Daddy, why are you crying?"





I never saw Daddy cry before, never. He pulled up a chair and sat next to the bed. He stared and very quietly said, "Your mother is dead."

It was a bright sunny day, not a cloud in the sky as we drove to church. Daddy put his arm around my shoulder and held me close—but he was quiet. Grandma was sick and stayed at home. Aunt Helen was crying. I couldn't understand why everyone was so sad. Mommy was gone and I wasn't worried anymore.

—*Ronald Sapiente*

## THUNDERSHOWER

A breezeless summer afternoon  
Solemnly surrendering to sunset,  
Dissolving into the apathy of dusk  
All around the cat-contented throng  
Of holiday beach-goers

Shatters  
With the stark explosion of a storm  
Packed with dark cacophony, raging  
And releasing  
Lightnings, broken exclamation points  
In the day's paragraph of period and comma,  
And bursting  
With shocks of thunder, deafening kettledrum  
In the day's orchestra of bass and cello

But an engine is designed for smooth efficiency  
Consumers have the right to steady, quiet performance.  
The people on the beach are angry.

—*Leopold Parkston*

## O! IF LOVE A PHOENIX WERE

O! If Love A Phoenix Were  
It would have winged  
From fiery flames  
Lifting lively while leaving ashes below and  
Once again enter the heart, now  
Void of Love or  
Emotion—exiled to  
Ashes by an absurd sentence.

—F. H. Schaufler

## OTHELLO

ENVY  
Rising  
Mounting  
Poisoned gorge  
Gullibly swallowed  
Reality followed  
Unrest  
And Turmoil  
Causing  
The w/retched  
Eruption of  
*Green-eyed*  
*Monsters*  
With  
Fangs  
To bite  
Antagonist  
Beware!!

—F. H. Schaufler

## WHEN LOVERS PART

on a night the rain fell  
and fog engulfed the earth  
covered with melting snow  
their meeting was quite brief  
designed to find their one  
true love goes forever  
as new love lives are found  
a handshake in passing  
a soft note of farewell

there was no need to tell  
each found another birth  
a babe to nurse and grow  
strong in stem root and leaf  
rain still fell nowhere sun  
driving force to sever  
the finished affair bound  
no more passions massing  
two backs turned in farewell

—*F. H. Schaufler*





