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Table of Contents

Untitled	Barbara Buckler	2
Haiku	Carolyn Hall	3
Haiku	Carolyn Hall	3
Ode to a Mud Puddle	Jennifer Yane	3
Where?	Carolyn Hall	4
5:30 P. M. Crucifixion	D. Anne Gregory	4
Birth and Death	Peggy Horne	4
Haiku	Carol Ann Green	4
Ducdame	Jennifer Yane	5
Untitled	Carolyn Hall	5
The Dandy General	Sandra Hoy	6
Haiku	Susan F. Kerby	7
Transition	Pat Merchant	8
The Trial	Augie Knott	9
True Poem Complete with Shipwreck	Cheryl Comer	13
The Rose of Bethany	Suzanne Lewis	15
Untitled	Suzanne Lewis	15
April	Faye Carol Mitchell	16
Haiku	Carolyn Hall	16
Haiku	Carolyn Hall	16
A Path to Night	Suzanne Lewis	17
Haiku	Suzanne Lewis	17
Haiku	Carolyn Hall	17
Untitled	Carolyn Hall	17
To Trust an Angel	Augie Knott	18
The Poet's Heart	Suzanne Lewis	22
The Sea-Personified	Ellen Tillery	23
Haiku	Carolyn Hall	23
Things I Have Lost	Peggy Horne	24
Sundays in Baltimore	Mary Rubenstein	25
The Choice	Barbara Ann Bell	25
Psychologically Pslumming while Pthumbing through Goose	Cheryl Comer	26
Occasional Poem	Jennifer Yane	26
Hauteur #2	Carolyn Hall	26
Some Thoughts on Water	Alice Evelyn Liggett	27

cover design by Nancy Gilliam

A Simple Single Man

*A simple, single human seedling falls upon the world's soil.
Carried by winds, worn by its own hot raindrops,
Misused and abusing,
It gropes for a small place into which the roots might extend
And hold life firm and full.
Such delicate sustenance is needed for full fruition:
Life is felt only through an interchange between the very substances
which determine the essential selfness of all which are.
The roots reach, but, seemingly, never far enough.
The mind absorbs and manages to survive,
But the soul shrivels with the total absence of any sensation of having
put into the world's ground
Some substance upon which others might draw.
The mind is cloyed, yet the spirit starves
With a sense of the futility of efforts which effect only the one small
entity it inhabits,
And that it lives beside a world it longs to exist within and through.
Suddenly, a voice which never had to, nourishes the soul.
It simply utters, in essence, "some of us are pleased."
The soul swells,
Not with limitable pride, but with nourishment
Which enables a being to stretch the roots and feel a place in the world's
soil which might be comfortably its own.
It branches as high as the skies and as wide as individual strength will
allow
And feels a vibrant sensation of touching, of intermingling with,
All other things that live.
Balanced by the realization that it can effectively give as well as take,
Perhaps the firm being yet will grow that no foul wind can alter.*

--Barbara Buckler



--Gwen Coalter

*Blue jays perch on twigs
Sunlight flashes through the trees--
Strikes a bright feather.*

--Carolyn Hall

*A rainbow spectrum
Glow through the crystal of quartz
And fades into gloom.*

--Carolyn Hall

Ode to a Mud Puddle

*O muddy murky gooshy stuff,
You tempter, and fool's delight,
And enigma for idle minds
To ponder after rains have ceased,
Decreased by sunshine, lost in floods,
You still-enduring tar-pit of
A thousand plashy splattered boots
And coats promoting mothers' wrath
And guilders for the cleaner--
Small remnant of osmotic drain,
You conjure in your seepy hole,
Defying sun, awaiting rain,
Expressionless demeanor.*

--Jennifer Yane

Where?

Here we are, just hanging in a void
Beyond the known,
Between earth and sky, heaven and hell.
Neither sun, rain,
Nor any of the things nature throws at man
Will ever again touch us.
Never again will we feel the pangs
Of birth or death,
But will just hang,
Suspended like an unhappy fly
Caught in a spider's web.

Once we felt all of these torments.
In those days we tried to hide from them
As we hid from ourselves,
Soon finding that we could not hide.
We were always found,
Yet we still tried to hide.

How long is eternity?
How long will we be here?

Purgatory is so empty.
This void brings no pain,
Yet it is agonizing in its utter loneliness.

So many souls are here,
But all are wrapped in their own misery.
They cannot touch——
None can lend a hand or an ear to the other.
Eons separate them,
Yet each knows of all.
Such knowledge makes this place even lonlier,
For hands that can never possibly reach
Are still outstretched.
Each strives to meet his neighbor,
Hoping to ease himself——
But all in vain.

--Carolyn Hall

I had a dream
And when I awoke it was gone...
Or was it a life?

--Carol Ann Green

5:30 pm

Crucifixion

Black skeleton against the dimming sky,
Your leafless boughs cut cold the bluish-gray.
I see a leaf from nowhere start to fall—
Then spread its wings to suddenly fly away.

And faceless men who flee without a cry,
Evading death brought by the muted ray.
Your horizontal lives—once short, now tall—
Depart unnoticed with each waning day.

Oh Bread and Wine, Your absence forms a lie
In which mere mortals think they'll ne'er decay.
"Death is ugly, and we the cross appall—
We'd rather live in glorious array."

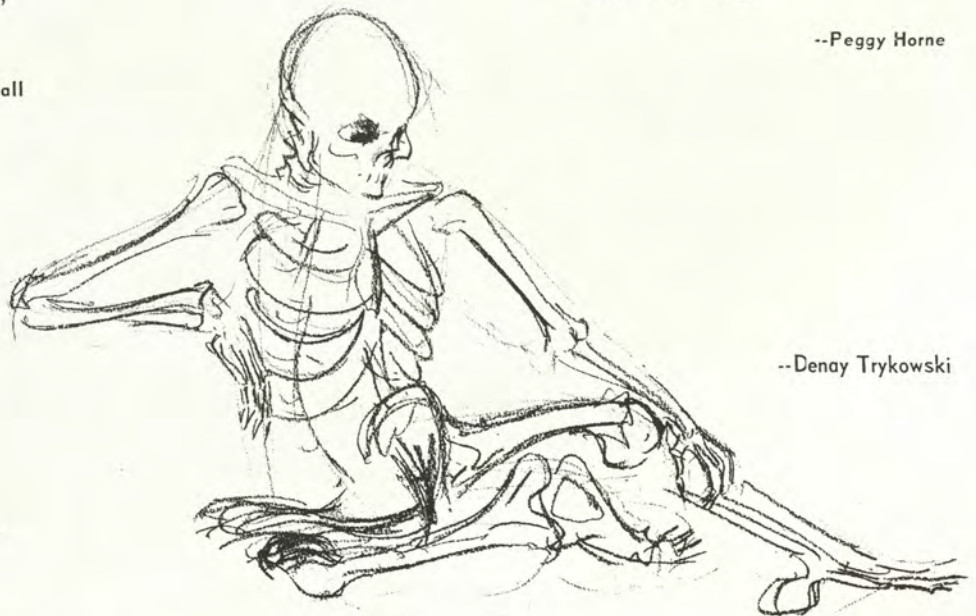
But you, oh Man, must make your stand someday,
To kill the tree, or resign the leaf to stay.

--D. Anne Gregory

Birth and Death

I forgot what my
Birth was like. Will I forget
Death so easily?

--Peggy Horne



--Denay Trykowski

DUCDAME

I.

Man-child and girl-child fashion their masks,
The most important of Developmental tasks.
Jack and Jill went up the hill—who knows what they were seeking?
Philosophy, or a cup of tea, or a bucket that wasn't leaking...
Hooray for the whirly-gig merry-go-round
Ashes to ashes, we all fall down!

II.

Run fetch a broom that was used for a splint
To gather the Budda's naval lint.
Take three blind mice and cut off their tails
To see if there's cancer in their entrails!
To market, to market, all hear the cry,
"Four and Twenty black men baked in a pie!"
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,
To market, to market, to market we go.

III.

O, call for your fyfe, and call for your drum
And call for your generals three;
Then send a bomb to Viet Nam,
With a P.S., R.S.V.P.
O, the mushroom clouds, they looked like shrouds.
And the moon seemed out of sorts;
The dead cadets looked like marionettes
And the dogs laughed to see such sports.

IV.

A tisket a tasket
A green and yellow casket
I put my savior in the box
And on the way I lost it.

I lost it, I lost it, on the way I lost it
I said a prayer to save my soul
And on the way I lost it.

--Jennifer Yane

Banks of salmon-pink clouds swim
In a cerulean sea of the sky.
Fisherman—
Throw your hook into its endless depths
For therein lurks
The crab called Cancer
And Pisces, the fish
Ready to swallow your bait
Called Man.

--Carolyn Hall

The Dandy General

Seemed to me that I'd been marching all my life, slogging down through the Shenandoah Valley on the muddy spring roads, clear from Pennsylvania. I was mighty glad when we set up camp. First thing I did, though, was to pick me a tall, leafy tree in the nearby woods, and mark it well in my mind.

Night settled in and on the other side of the woods I could see the glow of the Rebs' campfires. I reckoned they was farin' better at supper than we was. All we'd had to eat lately was salt pork and biscuit, 'less we stole grub from the farms we passed. And salt pork never did set too well on my jumpy belly. The fellers 'round me had taken their boots off, and was rubbin' their feet. We was all bushed and it didn't help matters none knowin' we'd have to fight those damn Rebs come sunup.

I cut some pine boughs for under my head and settled down at the edge of the camp, next to the woods. I knew I daren't go to sleep, but the warm tang of wood smoke and pine sap made me noddy; and even the skeeters chewin' at me hardly kept me awake. All the fellers 'round me was snorin' and gruntin' like hogs in a wallow. Even the sentry was roostin' sleep-like on a stump. But I managed to keep my eyes open and pretty soon the moon came up over the woods.

I crept up from my nest and stood stone-still to see if anyone else was awake. But no one moved and the snorin' was as steady as a bee's buzz. I could see the tree I'd picked outlined against the moon, and I moved slowly toward it. Had to be mighty cautious not to step on a dry branch or to rustle leaves. The damned crickets quit chirruping and somewhere an owl said "Who?" God knows I had to reach that tree before someone seen me. I heard the sentry come awake and start his rounds again, but he was well behind me and I knew I'd make that tree all right. But I hadn't figured on the barbed-wire fence some damned farmer had strung through the woods, and it tore my face and hands up in a goshawful way. Well, least now I can tell the other fellers I got wounded. They needn't know it was a battle 'tween me and a barbed-wire fence, though.

I soon found my tree and its limbs were good for climbin'. When I reached a good restin' spot, I was high above the other trees in the woods. Not a hundred yards away I could see the Rebs sacked out. Didn't look a bit different from us when they was sleepin'. But I knew better. Come break of day, they'd start that "Ei-ya-ya-ya!" that'd prickles up the hair on a man's scalp. Sharpshooters, them. Fellers who could knock the eye out of a squirrel at fifty yards. Murderous bastards!

And all this fightin' just to keep slaves to wait on 'em hand and foot. They all thought killin' was a sport. You'd see 'em grinnin' when they chunked off a man's head with a good shot. Well, I was safe up this tree. No one would see me till the ruckus was over, and with those scratches, I could say I'd been doin' my job just like the rest of the fellers. God knows it weren't that I was afeared to fight, but I just didn't see much sense in dyin' young when there was so much yet to live for.

Sunup came before I expected it. I settled myself down and peered through the bushy oak leaves. I could see our boys movin' toward the Rebs, who was still eatin' mornin' chow. That's good! We'll take 'em off guard! But the next thing I knew, a scout came runnin' under my tree and then the Rebs were on their feet, grabbin' at their guns and horses. Hey there, would you look at that fancy little general! I bet I could get a good shot at him. Him on his showy white horse, waving that sword like he's God almighty! They'd pin a medal on me, they would. I'd tell how I planned it all out and make myself out a real fightin' soldier. Look at that fancy plume on his hat! He's a dandy! Yessir, a perfect target!

Well, I shouldered my rifle. The wind was blowing from my right, so I aimed a little more in that direction. He was about fifty yards away now, so I aimed just a little high too. I fingered the trigger easy. And slow. And please, God, just this once! The rifle recoiled into my shoulder and I had to scramble to keep my place on the tree limb. Did I get him? Please, God, just this one time! And there he was sprawled out on the ground, blood oozing from his forehead. Right 'tween the eyes, dammit . . . right 'tween the eyes! I did it! My God! See how I did it! A perfect shot! I couldn't stay in that tree another minute. My pants were wet against me as I skittered down. Right down with the other fellers. No one even noticed where I'd been! They was runnin' . . . loadin', aimin', firin' as they went.

"Hey there, Willy! I got me a general, by God! See him lying over there by that white horse?"

"Hell, Sam! I ain't got no time to gossip! Why ain't you shootin'?"

"Soon as I load up again, Willy! I'll knock 'em all off for you!"

I fumbled at the gun and got it reloaded, then I went runnin' after Willy, lookin' for another Reb to shoot. I could see a whole bunch of 'em comin' toward me through the brush.

--Sandra Hoy



--Ila Kimata

*A bird sings with breathless song
Without sound or open sign
My heart breaks.*

--Susan F. Kerby



--Jean Ann Copper

Transition

*As a child the curb was my
favorite place, swinging my arms
freely and looking at my feet
if I fell I would recover and proceed*

*The swiftness is slower
my shoulders bent in concentration--
when I slip a flow of frustration overcomes*

Childhood, why did you flee me?

Did I bid you go?

I slipped, you left me in the gutter grown--

*Stepping out of the gutter onto the walk
bent with worldly cares.*

--Pat Merchant

THE TRIAL

in the kitchen of an old farmhouse

Scene I

At first the stage is empty. After a moment of silence Andy, Mr. Gibbons, and Hort enter, Mr. Gibbons in the lead. They go to the table and Mr. Gibbons motions for Hort to sit in one of the chairs back of the table facing the audience. Hort does so. Andy leans against the stove. The silence is tense.

MR. GIBBONS. (voice hard) I guess you know why we called you. (stands on right of table)

HORT. (voice quiet and full of dignity) Not exactly, suh.

MR. GIBBONS. You got an idea, anyway.

HORT. (with same dignity) Yes suh.

MR. GIBBONS. Why have we called you?

HORT. (taking a deep breath) Because of Miss Millie.

MR. GIBBONS. What about Miss Millie?

HORT. I don't know that, suh.

MR. GIBBONS. (suddenly shoving chair back and sitting in it) Are you sure, powerfully sure?

HORT. (not moving) Yes suh.

MR. GIBBONS. (leaning toward him) You got any ideas, a'tall?

HORT. (looking at him for the first time) I guess you might think I had harmed Miss Millie.

MR. GIBBONS. (explosively) You guess!

HORT. Yes suh.

ANDY. (moving from stove) You want that I get Millie now?

MR. GIBBONS. Not yet. 'Sides, she ain't no good in this, anyhow.

ANDY leans back against the stove and continues staring blankly at Hort.

MR. GIBBONS. (turning back to Hort) You mean you got nothing to confess or deny?

HORT. You've given me nothing to deny yet.

MR. GIBBONS. All right. Listen . . . as if you don't already know it.

HORT. Yes suh.

MR. GIBBONS. (licks his lips before beginning) Yesterday afternoon Andy here saw you and my daughter ahuggin' in the kitchen.

HORT looks quickly at ANDY who stares back expressionless.

MR. GIBBONS. He said she even kissed you.

HORT looks straight ahead, his face a mask.

MR. GIBBONS. (impatiently) Well . . . what you gonna say?

HORT. What am I supposed to say?

ANDY. Are you going to deny it or no?

HORT. I'm not denying it.

MR. GIBBONS. (leans back in satisfaction) Well . . . since you're not denying it, that means you're guilty.

HORT. (looks at him coldly and steadily) Guilty of what, suh?

MR. GIBBONS. (eyes him a moment before answering) Of disgracing my daughter.

HORT. (still looking at him) I never disgraced your daughter.

ANDY. (grabbing him by the collar) You lie--

MR. GIBBONS. (knocking Andy backwards) Shut-up, son. Stand quiet 'till I ask you to speak.

ANDY leans back against the stove and looks with cold hate at HORT.

MR. GIBBONS. You just said you didn't deny it.

HORT. (slowly) I said I didn't deny holding her and letting her kiss me.

MR. GIBBONS. Then that makes you guilty.

HORT. I am not guilty.

ANDY. You let her do it.

HORT. (looking at him sadly) I know.

ANDY frowns and looks at him thoughtfully; Hort drops eyes and looks straight ahead.

MR. GIBBONS. (leans toward him) Why?

HORT remains silent.

MR. GIBBONS. (his voice a cold threat) Why?

HORT. (hesitantly) She wanted . . . (stops)

MR. GIBBONS. (looks up at son) I think we're ready to bring in Millie now.

ANDY leaves back left.

MR. GIBBONS. Now we'll find out the truth.

HORT says nothing, only stares ahead.

Scene II

ANDY and MILLIE enter back left; ANDY returns to his place by stove.

MILLIE goes to table and seeing HORT, taps him on the shoulder; he looks up and she smiles. He smiles sadly and looks away. She frowns and looks over at her father.

MR. GIBBONS. (less harshly) Sit, child.

MILLIE sits and places her hands on table in front of her, almost touching Hort's hands; then she looks expectantly at her father.

MR. GIBBONS. (his voice gentle, as if talking to a child) Millie, I want to ask you some questions.

ANDY. Why, Pa. She can't talk.

MR. GIBBONS. (looks angrily at Andy) Was I speaking to you?

ANDY stares at floor for a moment.

MR. GIBBONS. (looking at Millie) You know Hort, don't you?

MILLIE nods, looks at HORT, smiles; he doesn't smile back.

MR. GIBBONS. Now . . . (hesitates as if wondering how to say it) Please don't be afraid to answer. (pauses again; Millie waits, beginning to be afraid) You saw HORT yesterday?

MILLIE nods again.

MR. GIBBONS. Where?

MILLIE indicates the kitchen.

MR. GIBBONS. Here?

MILLIE nods.

MR. GIBBONS. What time?

HORT. You know she can't tell you that.

MR. GIBBONS. You just shut-up.

HORT. Listen--

MR. GIBBONS. (raising his hand toward HORT) I told you to-- (stops and stares as Millie puts out her hand to stop him) Girl . . . (she drops her hand and looks at him and then at Hort) Girl, have I brought you up wrong?

MILLIE shakes head in confusion.

MR. GIBBONS. (sighing heavily and wearily) Never mind. Now . . . I have another question. (hesitates) You were in the kitchen yesterday with Hort, right? MILLIE nods.

MR. GIBBONS. (runs hand over mouth before speaking) Now . . . did you hug and kiss Hort then?

MILLIE looks at HORT, who is staring straight ahead, his hands clutching each other tightly; she looks at her father and nods hesitantly.

MR. GIBBONS. Why? (realizing she cannot answer, pushes chair back and stands up; explosively) Why did the dear Lord have to curse me with you?

MILLIE drops her head in shame and stares at the table.

ANDY. Pa, don't . . . you're shamin' her.

MR. GIBBONS. (almost bewildered) But because she can't speak, how do I know whether or not to banish them both and damn them to Hell?

MILLIE raises her head and looks at him in shock; slowly she slides chair back and stands beside table.

ANDY. (looks at his father in surprise and then at Millie) Pa, it's just him. Don't shame her.

MR. GIBBONS. (angry and too embarrassed to say he's sorry) Well, how can I know for sure? (looks at Millie in frustration) You're always slipping around so quiet like. I never know what you're doing or thinking. Since your Ma died, there ain't been nobody to see to you.

ANDY. (noticing how Millie looks at Hort, a strange look of realization, almost of fright, crosses his face) Pa, maybe she was just being over-friendly. You know that's the only way she has of showing her--(voice drops) love.

MILLIE turns, having heard, and faces her brother; nodding, she happily takes one of his hands and then reaches for one of Hort's. She brings their hands almost touching before ANDY jerks his back and stares at floor in confusion.

HORT. (letting his hand fall quietly on the table) She was just trying to say for us to be friends.

MILLIE nods and smiles.

MR. GIBBONS. (harshly) We took you as a friend to work on our farm. We even gave you a house for you and your grandmother since there was no place for you to go. But now, you do this to my daughter. You disgrace

her, and she can't even tell me.

MILLIE shakes head vigorously, turns to HORT and indicates for him to speak.

HORT. No, Miss Millie.

MILLIE shakes head and again motions for him to speak.

MR. GIBBONS. Say what she wants you to speak.

HORT is silent.

MR. GIBBONS. (threateningly) Speak!

HORT. She wants me to tell you why she . . . she hugged and kissed me.

MR. GIBBONS. Then, for God's sake, speak.

ANDY, in fearful expectation, half-raises his hand in protest.

HORT. (glances at Andy before speaking; slowly) She was trying . . . to thank me.

MILLIE, standing behind HORT, nods head and smiles up at her father.

MR. GIBBONS. For what?

HORT. (silent at first, finally speaks) I was . . . teachin' her . . . how to . . . talk.

ANDY. (bitterly, but looking at Hort with a different expression) You know she can't talk.

HORT. She can . . . now.

MR. GIBBONS. How can she speak with no voice? (looks at his daughter) I am mighty disappointed in you, Millie. I tried to raise you good and honest. Without your Ma, it was powerful hard; but I thought I had done right. You are a good girl. At least, you were. Now you're bad, doing things with this man that brings shame to my heart. I now order you to leave my house.

ANDY. Pa, no--

MR. GIBBONS. Son, don't you understand? Your sister is a most wicked person. The Devil took her voice so she could never confess her sins.

ANDY. But it's no sin to-- (looks at Hort, who realizes Andy has guessed and slightly raises hand in protest) No sin to not be able to talk. Who will take her?

MR. GIBBONS. He-- (points at Hort) can take her. I don't want her anymore.

ANDY and HORT exchange looks; HORT looks away.

MILLIE has been listening, unbelieving; numbly she walks to her father and lays her hand on his arm.

MR. GIBBONS. Let go of me, girl. I no longer claim you as one of mine. You and this man have sinned against me. Leave my house and never come back.

MILLIE stands for a moment, then slowly walks to HORT and looks at him for help.

HORT. (stands and puts his hands on her shoulders) I cannot take you anywhere. You do not belong to me. My skin is black and yours is white. We have not--and shall not--mix our blood. I became your . . . (Andy looks up briefly from floor) friend because you had no friends. You could not speak. Now for those who will listen, you can speak. Good-bye, Miss Millie. (turns and starts toward door)

MR. GIBBONS. Hort!

HORT stops and turns.



--Helen Silvis

MR. GIBBONS. Take her with you. I don't want her.

HORT. (face pained sad; exchanges looks with Andy who realizes he's telling a lie) She doesn't belong to me.

MR. GIBBONS. (bitterly) She became yours yesterday. Now take her. (pushes her toward him)

There is a moment of silence.

HORT. (firmly and quietly) Suh, I can't. You are mistaken. I am only her . . . friend. You are her father. If you don't want her . . . she . . . she can go . . . alone.

ANDY looks at him with a frown on his face; HORT looks at him with the same pained expression.

MILLIE takes his hand.

HORT. (almost harshly) No, Miss Millie. If you go with me, there will be only shame. (voice and mask of expression almost crack) Stay here. One day your father will understand. Then he will love you again. (frees himself from her hold and starts back left)

Scene III

As HORT leaves, he meets his GRANDMOTHER entering.

GRANDMOTHER. Hort, I came to fetch you for supper. It's getting cold.

HORT. Well, I'm coming. And after supper we can pack.

GRANDMOTHER. So they found out. And they did not understand, as I told you they would not understand.

MR. GIBBONS. (going toward her) Ma'm, I'm sorry . . . but . . . I have to ask you . . . to leave.

GRANDMOTHER. Yes, I was afraid of that. I told Hort that if he tried to help your daughter, it would only cause pain. And, thus, it has happened. I am sorry, too, that we all failed . . . failed to understand and communicate with this silent child. (touches Millie's arm) But some day someone with enough knowledge, love, and understanding will come and teach you more.

MR. GIBBONS. (frowning, looking quickly at Hort) Teach her?

GRANDMOTHER. Yes, my grandson tried to teach your daughter sign language. That is the way the dumb and mute communicate. You see, his little brother was deaf and dumb. It was the way we talked to him. But one day he ran into the street; and because he could not hear, he was killed by a truck. Hort wanted to be your Miss Millie's friend and teacher. But I told him he was black and she was white. (turns to Millie) Show him, Millie. Tell him something.

MILLIE walks to her father and makes motions with her hands.

MR. GIBBONS. What did she say?

GRANDMOTHER. She does not understand your anger.

MR. GIBBONS only stares at his daughter.

GRANDMOTHER. My grandson taught her how to speak. You did not see this because for so very long you have abandoned her to her sea of loneliness.

MR. GIBBONS. (looks at Hort, rage subdued) You

. . . you told me.

HORT. (with a touch of bitterness) And have you believed me?

MR. GIBBONS looks at him, then at floor.

GRANDMOTHER. Come, Hort, we'll eat and then pack.

MR. GIBBONS. (raising head and putting hand toward her) Wait . . . you can . . . stay.

GRANDMOTHER. (very old and very tired) No, no, we can't. I said it would only cause pain. Now we must go.

MR. GIBBONS. But I've said you can stay.

GRANDMOTHER. The words don't matter now. No, we are going. (turns to Millie) I am sorry, child. Not even the wisdom of my age could stop what has taken place.

MR. GIBBONS. (more bewildered) But . . . I have told you it's all right. Now I understand.

GRANDMOTHER. No, you don't.

HORT. (realizing she may tell) No!

ANDY makes a move toward the woman.

GRANDMOTHER. (commandingly; raising her head) Let me speak. (voice old and patient) Mr. Gibbons, loneliness is a tragic disease. Perhaps, that is why my wisdom was so helpless against . . . against . . . against . . . love.

MR. GIBBONS. (a shocked whisper) Love?

ANDY and HORT look at each other and at last fully understand their now-total separateness.

GRANDMOTHER. Yes, and now we will go. But let me tell you something. Use your wisdom with kindness. (turns) Come, Hort. Supper is ready. (leaves back left)

HORT looks at MILLIE a moment, then slowly goes to door; at door turns and looks at ANDY who faintly, sadly smiles; HORT tries, fails, and leaves back left.

MILLIE walks toward her father and raises her hand toward him; he looks at her a moment, hurt confusion on his face.

MILLIE moves her hands again.

MR. GIBBONS. Your hands tell me nothing: They speak a language I can't understand. Now I can never really be sure. (turns and leaves the stage back left)

ANDY. (does not follow, but turns toward Millie) Millie . . .

MILLIE, almost in tears, turns.

MR. GIBBONS. (from off stage; severely, commandingly) Andy! Leave her.

ANDY hesitates, then slowly turns, goes to door; he and MILLIE exchange looks; quickly he whirls and leaves back left.

MILLIE reaches toward the door, then turns and looks about the empty room; she stares at her hands and slowly, almost numbly, she moves them to speak and shakes her head in confusion and frustration; as her hand falls, the lights dim into darkness.

Curtain slowly, silently closes . . .

--Augie Knott

TRUE POEM

COMPLETE WITH SHIPWRECK

Unfold a tale of terror here
To days of pirate seas;
Food was jerkey, and ships the same
With beds of lice and fleas.

'Twas not in jest the men he chose
Tho if you'd look to see;
They were a jestful lot of scratch
From bite by lice and flea.

So bearded pirate Peg-Legged Pete
Chose well his manly crew;
They swarmed aboard to set the sail
And down below—phew!

For ninety days, o'er grumbling blue
Toward Treasure Isle they sailed.
The ship went up—the hardtack too
While sharks behind them trailed.

Those manly sailors fed the fish
As to the rail they clung,
They bravely tried to set a course
While each meal trouble brung!

They hung the cook at break of dawn.
The ninety-first day passed.
It didn't help a single bit
Still meals flew loud and fast

The captain said, "Land must be near,"
As down the Quarterdeck
A greenish groud of slobbering mass
All pleaded, "Let's shipwreck!"

The First Mate said, "I don't feel good,
I think I'll lay inside."
He faced the captain, clicked his heels,
Saluting sharply—died!

The rest were leaving ship quite fast
Their sea-legs upside down.
The sharks tried out first one, then two,
Then made a detour round.

The Captain and his Second Mate
Were left to help the rest.
The Mate said, "We must help these men
Then swab that deck of mess."

He lifted up a greasy mop
With head held high and dry,
It was the last mistake he made
To grease and he—goodby!

A pail of sea the Captain drew
And slashed it down the aisle;
Which overboard washed Gunner's Mate
Attached to sickly smile.

"These weaklings that I have for crew
Deserve no better fate."
Then what should sail before his eyes
But last night's supper plate.

From the Crow's Nest, high above
Came forth a fretful cry.
Down blew the bird with drooling lips
Before the Captain's eye.

The Captain gulped, the Captain gasped,
The Captain almost choked;
The bird sat on the dinner plate
The Captain up and croaked!

Alas! the ship was left alone
Upon the heaving sea;
Alack! the ship was left alone
Except—that is—for me.

Bilge water down below rock-rolled
Sent the ship agrievin;
I noticed through the undertow
Lice and fleas a-leavin!

"One man alone can't sail this ship,"
Cried I with fearful voice;
"One man alone can't sail this ship,
But I ain't got no choice."

The heaving deckboards rocked and rolled
The waters leaped on board,
"I'll sail this ship without no men
Nor fleas nor food," I roared.

So off into the setting sun
Went gallant galleon stout;
Can't tell you how this story ends,
I starved to death en route!"

— Cheryl Comer



Rose of Bethany

*When I found you yesterday
Alone among the thorn--
forlorn
And weeping tears of dew
As though you little knew
The reason for the rain,
you cried
The bitter Tears of Blooming
And the vital warmth of Life
For the first time touched your heart
With its Kiss of Peace--and pain.*

--Suzanne Lewis

--Gail Silsby

Untitled

*One night in dream
I found myself
Alone within
The Caves of Mind
And feared what I would find.
But guided by
A broken lamp,
(Whose feeble light
Was little use
To any but the blind)
I made my way
In wond'ring fear
Toward a dark,
Bewildered pool--
The mirror of a mind--
In which I sought
To see the links
That God himself
Had wrought to bind
Majestic lunacy
To Man.*

--Suzanne Lewis

APRIL

*It was a red and yellow balloons against a
blue sky, green grass day, and
the lover mourned and sadly
walked along the tree-lined,
trash-can-on-the-corner
street,*

*And all was typically suburban, buy-your-
grass-seed-now
Spring.*

*The lover sat on a bench and
watched the cavorting, anti-crab-grass
suburbanites flying
kites in the park. Their
plump, happy, planned-family babies
giggled and toddled back
and
forth.*

*The kites, plastic 59¢ ones with guaranteed-
not-to-break string, jiggled in the
half-hearted wind, then floated down
only to be forced up again in grim,
I'll-get-this-damned-thing-up-if-it-
takes-all-day determination.*

*"I'm lonely" said the lover and
a salty tear escaped
from one eye.
But he said it softly and how could it be
heard above the cavorting mob.
No one could suggest that "Is it really
normal to take these things
so badly?" and perhaps he should
see a tell-me-what's-bothering-you
psychiatrist.*

*But no one heard him at all unless perhaps it
was the broken, Daddy-I-lost-my-kite--
Don't-worry-son-it-wasn't-expensive-anyway-
we'll-buy-another, kite entangled in
an overhanging branch.
And it could only shudder and sorrowfully
flap its torn paper body.*

--Faye Carol Mitchell

Golden sunbeams glow

Spider spins a silken web

Sunbeams--Web--Spun gold

--Carolyn Hall

Candles gutter out

Flames consume themselves and die

Man, too, plays with fire

--Carolyn Hall





A Path to Night

*A golden path, poured out above
A bank of misty-blue,
Where sky and earthly mountain meet
And merge in evening hue,
Another soul--the sun to me--
Set glitt'ring line on line,
Illuminating hidden words
More beautiful than Time.
But singing words cannot withstand
The sinking of the sun,
The royal blue of reigning night
Rules over everyone.*

--Suzanne Lewis

*The weeping willow
Crying opals of the sun--
Strings of laughing gems.*

--Suzanne Lewis

*Mists rise sleepily
Over towering church spires
Sunlit, they waken.*

--Carolyn Hall

*The orange disc that is the sun drops slowly towards the horizon
Finally it vanishes, and all is still.
Stars blink on, one by one, until
They coat the heavens.*

--Linda Overstreet

*In the south a radiance grows; the gleaming moon lifts her head
And begins, with stately tread, her trip.
Her handmaidens, Venus and Vega, slip
Into her train.*

*A glowing, starry retinue follows Her Majesty in a procession;
They circle gently round the sky
As if to music heard only on high--
At dawn all fades.*

--Carolyn Hall

TO TRU ANGEL

It was just before dinner time. He had seen the trailer from the dirt road. It was separated from the two houses by a group of apple and pear trees. A plowed field intervened between the trailer and woods that gave way to the hills of the farm. The door of the trailer opened, and he ducked behind a bush. As he watched the person on the steps, he decided she was either neurotic or drunk.

She peeped around as if looking for someone. Suddenly she leaped from the top step of the trailer to the ground and flung herself around in a circle two or three times. Halting abruptly, she stared intently toward the area where he was hiding. However, after a few seconds of careful scrutiny, she turned away and started toward the fruit trees. Kneeling, she began to gather the fruit into her lap. When she had gotten all she needed, she stood up, carrying the fruit in the skirt of her dress.

As she walked back to the trailer, a bird flew by. Stopping, she threw back her head to watch it. For a moment she stood and looked forlornly up at the sky. Then dropping her head, she sighed deeply before slowly continuing her walk.

He felt touched by her sudden departure from gaiety. Without thinking, he raised up and ran toward her. "It will come back!" he yelled as she reached the steps.

She whirled, the fruit falling to the ground. He stopped beside her. As she stood there, her head cocked quizzically to one side, her copper hair shone

in the sun, and her eyes were dark and round in their surprise. With apples and pears scattered around her bare feet, she looked like a startled country girl. Flinging back his head, he laughed. Her eyes seemed to grow wider at this unexpected outburst. As he continued laughing, she smiled faintly, half as if she were afraid to smile more openly.

"I am happy."

She still stared, her eyes round and quizzical.

"I should not be happy?"

She still did not reply.

"You act as if I were a beast come to eat up a fairy princess."

Still silent, she stiffly knelt to pick up her fruit. Her hair fell about her face, hiding its expression from him.

Dropping to his knees, he began to help her.

"Turn around."

It was his turn to be startled. "Turn around?"

"Because, sir"

He laughed, interrupting her. "Sir . . . ?" he mimicked.

"What are you then?"

"Why" He shrugged and was silent.

"Then turn around."

This time he did not question why, but simply whirled his squatting body around until his back was to her.

Quickly she stood up and started up the steps of the trailer.

"Wait"

Pausing, she half-turned.

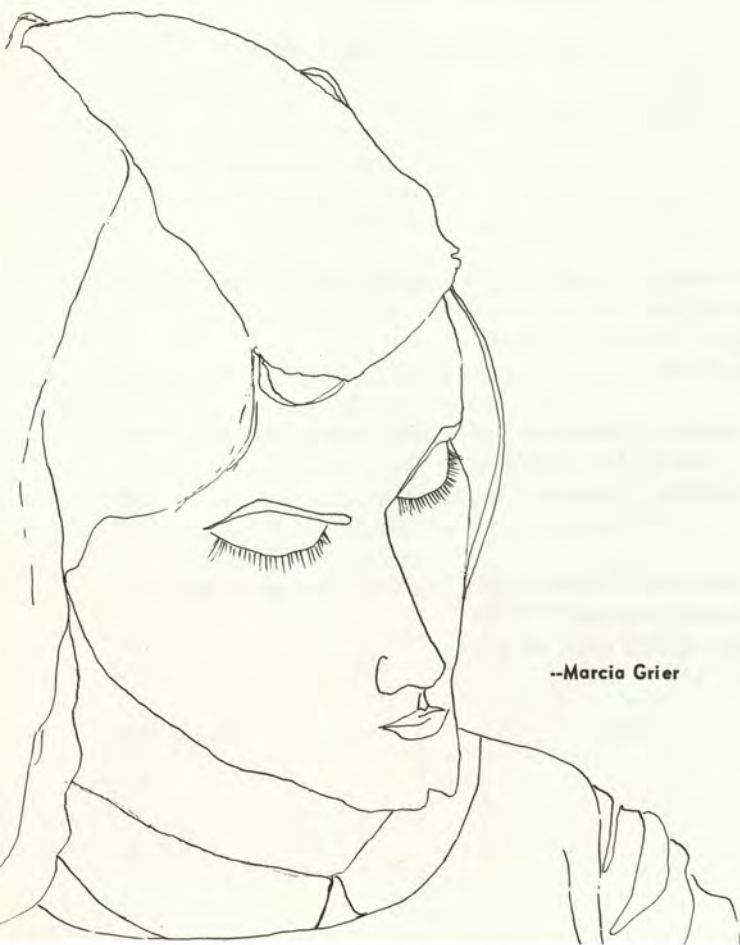
"Why . . . ?"

She pursed her lips. "You could see up my dress."

He flung back his head and again laughed. "You silly thing . . . Miss Prudish, Prim, and Proper."

She eyed him steadily and seriously. "You are a man." Then she disappeared inside the trailer and closed the door in his face.

He looked at the ground. She had a funny way of twisting everything in her favor and leaving him speechless. As he stared thoughtfully at the ground, he noticed one apple she had forgotten.



--Marcia Grier

"Hey!"

Her face appeared alternating with the slats in the window of the door. The same, round, wide eyes waited expectantly. Why did those eyes always have to be so unnerving and direct . . . fearless and yet afraid? He almost forgot what he was going to say.

"You . . . you forgot an apple."

Her eyes grew narrow as she observed him. After a moment she opened the door and extended her hand for the apple. He handed it to her; and as she took it, he saw the jagged scar running down the inside of her left hand. Before he could stop his reaction, he had sucked in his breath sharply and was looking at her in sympathetic horror.

"Fascinating, isn't it?"

He saw her start to close the door again and quickly pulled against it before she could fix the latch.

"Stop!"

"Let me in. I just want to apologize." He shoved the door open and stepped inside.

She dashed toward the kitchen. Then stepping beside the kitchen table, she faced him. The sun coming in the window above the kitchen table glinted on the knife she held in her hand. All the gentleness was gone. "Get out," she hissed.

He froze, keeping his eyes on the knife. Then after a few seconds of silence the hand holding the knife shook ever so slightly. He raised his eyes to her face.

"That cause the scar?" he asked, jerking his head toward the knife in her hand.

"Get out." But her voice was not so strong this time.

He could tell he was cornering her. Her hand was white as she gripped the knife. "Suicide?" He guessed wrong: her facial expression had not changed. All at once the realization seemed to strike him, and he chuckled softly. "Ah, we may all be men, but we're not all sirs, are we?"

Her puzzlement hid some of the new roughness about her. Her brows crooked slightly. After a moment she seemed to understand what he said. And her eyes bore sadly into his. It seemed to him as if the pain etched into her face were chisled out in jagged strokes by a cruel sculptor.

"I'm sorry."

She did not move.

"Please put the knife down and trust me."

Only silence.

"I promise."

The pain gradually faded into her dark eyes. Slowly she lowered the knife onto the kitchen table. Still silent, she faced him, waiting . . .

He was stumped again. What the hell should he do now? "May I have some coffee?" It sounded foolish, and he felt stupid saying it. Yet for some reason he wanted to stay and hear her talk. She had a haunting voice, gentle and child-like.

She nodded her head and turned toward the stove to make the coffee. He sat down in one of the kitchen chairs and watched her. She moved gracefully, making little noise. When the coffee had begun to boil, she took the cups and saucers from over the sink and set them on the table.

"Do you want sugar or cream?" Her voice, though soft, sounded loud in the silence of the trailer.

"No."

"Well, I do." She went to the refrigerator and took out a bottle of cream. From on a shelf beside the sink she took the sugar. Placing them both on the table, she sat down in a chair across from him. "Drinking your coffee black is sign of accepting life in all its brutality, you know," she said.

"Then that must mean you run or try to cover up." He studied her face carefully for a reaction.

She evaded his implied question with a trite reply. "Everyone is running."

"Are you?"

Her head shot back. "That's none of your business."

"Everyone is affected by everyone else."

Her voice was heavy with scorn. "Listen to the beatnik of brotherhood and love."

"He left you, and you loved him."

Abruptly she stood up and started toward the stove. His words followed her.

"The coffee's not ready yet. Besides, you're covering up. You're running."

She slowly turned and faced him. "Covering up? Is everyone expected to reveal his sorrows to everyone else so everyone else can feel the appropriate degree of sympathy or horror?" Her eyes were wide and almost bewildered, even though her voice was sarcastic. "Well, Mr. Brotherhood and Love, I'm not going to open my heart to you--or anybody. It can stay closed--"

"It isn't closed."

She defied him with her eyes, demanding proof.

"I watched you play with the air, the trees, the sky, and the bird when you went out to get the fruit." He spoke quietly, the subtle mockery killed by the sudden gentleness of his voice. "You thought no one was watching. But I saw you--"

"Stop!"

"Why?" His mockery returned. "Do you think just because some guy--" She opened her mouth to speak, but he put out his hand to stop her. "Just because some guy threw you over, that the world is going to stop? Well, people are made of stronger things than that. So

listen, little Miss Prudish, Prim, and Proper, the world goes on, and people go on living. And so will you."

Her eyes were like black coal. "Don't you preach to me, you bum of brotherhood, you hypocrite. Your trite little sayings sound so fine and noble. Well, if I want my heart to stay closed, it--"

A loud clap of sudden thunder drowned her last words. She shuddered, her eyes making her appear child-like and vulnerable because of their fear of the storm.

He glanced out the window. "Storm," he explained, almost laughing at how silly he sounded. Any fool could tell it was going to storm! As she turned to check on the coffee, he contemplated her last outburst. God, she was emotional when aroused.

Silently she came to the table with the coffeepot and bent over him to pour the coffee in his cup. As she did so, her hair fell forward and brushed his cheek softly. It felt like cool silk on his skin. As he watched her pour her own coffee, he remembered the feeling of her hair on his face. And a tender compassion toward her swept over him. To hide this feeling, he gulped down the hot coffee. It burnt his throat, and he coughed sputtering.

She looked up from stirring the sugar and cream in her coffee. "Has life been too brutal lately?" He could not tell by the light in her eyes if she were being sarcastic or not.

As defense against the possible sarcasm, his mockery shot back: "At least, this way I'm living."

Her retort was curt, and, he thought, tinged with a hint of hurt. "Then finish your coffee and leave."

He looked outside as he slowly finished his coffee. "There's a storm coming. I'll get wet."

"You're used to the brutal life. I think you'll survive." Rising, she walked to the door and pushed it open. "Good-day, Mr. Brotherhood and Love; may your next victim be more willing."

He did not move for a few seconds. Instead he sat there, studying her . . . wondering how he had ever considered her helpless. Her body was erect and almost military in stance; her lips were pressed in a thin line, and her eyes were stern. How the hell had the other guy even gotten close to her Shaking his head, he stood up. He sauntered to the door and stopped in front of her. "Thank you very much for the coffee . . . very good coffee. And may you have a guilty conscience when I'm dying of pneumonia."

The sternness left her eyes, and a hurt at being reproached replaced the austerity. As he saw the wide, dark eyes stare at him, he again got the feeling that she was a little girl needing to be protected. And he stifled the almost overpowering urge to kiss her. Instead, he tweaked her soft chin with his hand. "Good-day, Miss Prudish, Prim, and Proper. May you always meet sirs." Then he turned and walked down the steps and down the road out of sight, killing the inclination to look back.

Once out of sight, however, he stopped and stared at the sky. Gray clouds stared ominously back at him. "You finks," he whispered, shaking a fist at them. Becoming serious, he looked about him. There were a

tobacco field on his right and a field of bushes and weeds on his left. Below the field of weeds was a tobacco-curing barn (probably locked). Where was he supposed to get in out of the rain? Occasionally it thundered, and jagged streaks of lightning shot across the sky. Jabbing his hands in his pockets, he stood and thought. Would she let him in? She seemed to him like a snowflake. It was beautiful until you touched it. Then it melted and vanished. Alone, she had a beauty of vulnerability and innocence, though how he considered her innocent when he knew what had happened to her, he had not quite figured out. But once touched by reality, she disappeared, leaving only a coldness, a sarcastic coldness. Realizing how poetically romantic he sounded, he laughed aloud. "Ah, you fool of mankind, Mr. Brotherhood and Love, listen to your poetic nonsense." The first drops of rain began to fall. Turning abruptly, he hurriedly walked toward the trailer. But before he had reached it, he was already drenched. The rain made him cold, and he shivered. Outside the trailer door he stopped.

"Hey . . ."

No response.

"Hey!"

Her face with the same wide eyes appeared and looked gravely at him.

"I'm wet."

The face disappeared.

"Look! I'll stay in the front room until the storm is over. And you can stay in the back. After the storm has gone, I'll leave. Please, it's cold."

Cautiously the door opened, and a long umbrella seemed to slither out at him. Taking it, he pushed it back inside. As he pushed, he grabbed the door and held it so she could not close it.

"Take the umbrella and leave me alone."

"Look, I'm already wet. What difference is a damn umbrella going to make?"

Both the pressure on the door and the umbrella were suddenly released, and he fell backwards into the muddy path to the trailer. She stood in the doorway, her eyes stern--and, he thought, slightly laughing.

Scrambling to his feet, he glared at her. Their eyes were locked on one another as if their gazes could strike the other one down. Finally her eyes broke, and slowly she disappeared into the back of the trailer.

After a moment in the cold rain he picked up the dirty umbrella and followed her. Inside, he leaned the dripping umbrella against the wall by the door and silently, almost absently, latched the door. He did not see the girl anywhere. "Hey! I'm wet."

Her muffled answer came from the back part of the trailer. "Please don't drip on the rug."

He sneezed. "I'll get pneumonia."

"If it's contagious," she said without emotion, "please remember our terms: you in the front; me in the back."

He was speechless. "Wa . . . wait, I'm wet." he stammered, dripping water all over the floor.

"You'll dry."

Striding toward the back, he sneezed. "Listen: I'll die of pneumonia."

She appeared at the door of the back bedroom with a can of hair spray in her hand. "You and your pneumonia stay up front."

He opened his mouth to protest, but sneezed instead. His head began to ache. "Damn . . ." he hissed.

She closed the door in his face again. Then after a moment her muffled voice reached him. "There are towels in the cabinet below the sink in the bathroom."

"I've got no clothes."

"Would you like to borrow a skirt?"

Ignoring the sarcasm, he strode through the second bedroom to the bathroom. Opening the door under the sink, he found a large red towel, a large orange towel, and a large purple towel. Christ, what taste! He chose the red one. His wet clothes were cold as he took them off. Quickly he rubbed his body until it was dry. After wrapping the towel around him, he wrung the water from his clothes into the sink and hung them on the shower curtain rod. They were going to be cold to put back on. Glancing at the closed door to the girl's bedroom, he suddenly smiled.

"Hey."

"What?" Her voice was soft when she wasn't suspicious or angry.

"I've got no clothes on."

There was no reply.

"I said--"

"I know."

Frowning at the dead, indifferent tone of her voice, he pecked impatiently on the door. "What do you mean, you know?"

She did not answer.

With a quick jerk he slid the door open and strode to the foot of the bed.

She did not look at him. Instead she remained inert with her chin propped on top of her legs which were drawn up against her body.

He moved in front of her.

"You look ridiculous."

He almost dropped his towel. "I--what?"

Her eyes, slightly mocking, bore into his face with a penetrating deadness. "I said . . . you look ridiculous."

He just stood there. How in damnation could she twist everything he did? For a moment he observed her with his eyes mocking to hide their confusion. "Your coffee may be sweetened, but it's sweetened with bitter sugar."

"Does that touch the gentle heart of Mr. Brotherhood and Love?"

A dangerous gleam began to play on his face. "Sheltered little Miss Prudish, Prim, and Proper, backed into a corner."

Her eyes flickered only momentarily. "If you move, I'll yank your towel off. And then you'll look even more ridiculous."

He stepped closer.

Her eyes seemed to sink into his. They were so piercing in their fright that he unconsciously gripped the towel closer around him. "Please don't."

He hesitated, a kind of torture burning fiercely in his eyes. His free hand tenderly touched the soft auburn hair that fell about her face.

She did not move; only her eyes begged him to leave.

He dropped his hand and let it lay on her shoulder.

At this movement she jerked back and jumped away from him. "Stay up front, hey?" she sneered softly. Her eyes were suddenly dark and spiteful. "Trust you? Why, you ridiculous boy in only a--"

It was then he lunged at her.

* * * * *

Later he closed the sliding door and left her. Grimacing with the cold wetness, he put back on his clothes. Then he strode into the kitchen and glanced out the window at the rain. It was a cold rain whose breeze made him shiver. He sat down in one of the kitchen chairs, but was unable to remain still. He had won: he had smashed her rose-colored bubble world. Then why the sense of loss . . . the vague emptiness? He walked to the living room window and peered out.

As the rain pounded on the aluminum roof, he began to feel drowsy. Sinking down on the couch, he leaned back and closed his eyes. Yet he felt he had slept only a few minutes before he seemed to be jerked awake. But no one was there. The rain had stopped. Perhaps, that had woke him.

It was time to go. Standing, he listened intently for a sound from the back of the trailer. There was none. Still hesitant, he ran his fingers through his hair. What the hell was he waiting for? He had started toward the front door when he heard the bedroom door slide open.

She looked at him in silence before slowly taking a few steps toward him. Stopping, she glanced out the window of the second bedroom and then looked at him again. "It's stopped raining."

He did not reply.

She walked over to him, her eyes, so unnerving and direct . . . fearless and yet afraid, dark with a new realization. And it seemed to him as if the cruel sculptor had cut deeper into her face, giving it the most pathetic and lonely expression he had ever seen. Suddenly he knew why there was the sense of loss and emptiness.

Hesitantly he put out his hand to touch her face.

But she drew back. "Good-bye, Mr. Brotherhood and Love."

"Good-bye, Miss Prudish, Prim, and Proper." Dropping his hand, he smiled faintly, not knowing what else to do.

She did not smile back.

Turning, he left the trailer and walked down the muddy dirt road, out of sight.

--Augie Knott



--Charlotte Koch

The Poet's Heart

*One night I searched a Poet's heart
And found within--a library
Filled with volumes rarely read
By any but the inner Man.
Fleeting melodies of verse
Drift quietly among the leaves
And the secret man inside,
Snares them with the net of art,
Listens close, and pens them down.*

--Suzanne Lewis

Sea - Personified

A "beatnik" some might call him, or a "loser." My mother's word for him would probably be a "disreputable character." I could only describe him as different.

It was several years ago that I met him, when I lived with my family in a small town on the coast of California. The day was a moody one; a thin mist hung over everything, giving a soft translucent glow to even the most ordinary, everyday objects. It was the kind of day that makes my hair unruly, but the kind of day which, for me, is perfect for a walk along the beach.

It was a short walk, and soon I felt the firm moist sand beneath my feet. I felt as if I owned the ocean, for as always on days like this one, there was no one to be seen frolicking in the sand or laughing and playing in the water. The ocean was completely in tune with my emotions. It was not angry and swift, nor was it quiet and peaceful, but rather it seemed to be conveying the same satisfied happiness which I felt.

A surprised yelp escaped me as I almost ran smack into an upright easel standing directly in front of me. I saw a young man perched behind it, brush in hand, and was about to excuse myself and continue on my way when the painting on which he was working caught my eye. Never before had I seen a canvas so full of emotion as this one. Portrayed in his picture was the ocean, quiet and calm on the surface, but within its depths the water writhed and tangled as if all of life was struggling beneath the serene, unbroken exterior.

I wanted to tell him how very much I liked his painting, but the words didn't come. I knew that I should not stand and stare, but I was spellbound. I don't know how long I had been standing there, motionless and speechless, when he first spoke.

"The ocean is representative of every type of human being," he stated in a quiet, far-off voice, as if he was talking to the sea or to the sky.

For the first time I looked directly at the artist. He was an odd mixture of boy and man. His voice was deep, and his ruddy complexion was partially covered with dark stubble. His hair was dry and mussed, yet his eyes had the strange softness of a little boy. He wore faded jeans and a soiled sweat shirt which had

only ragged remnants of sleeves.

He went on to explain his theory, never once glancing up at me. He said that the crest of the waves represents the strong individuals who stand up for their rights as human beings. They are proud of what they are, relinquishing to no one that which is theirs. They are stubborn and unyielding, and are generally loners, not caring what the rest of the world thinks of them.

The even-flowing trough depicts the great mass of people who carry on the mundane, everyday jobs which may not be exciting, but which are vital to the survival of the entire world. These people are willing to give a little if it means achieving a happy end. The word "compromise" is their philosophy of life, and, because of this, they are able to hang on through the risings and fallings of others, always maintaining their steady pace of life.

As the tide comes in, the crests will temporarily break, but they will flare up again, farther out, over a new idea or crisis. The troughs, undisturbed by the movement, will carry on life as they always have, oblivious of any changes in the sea of life around them.

But what of the fragile, thin foam left on the sand by the waning waves? It is as lovely as those few beautifully delicate people who are thrust into a world too swift and uncaring for them to stand up in. The sensitive people too weak to survive in the churning sea belong to another time, another world. They must be left behind as the stronger ones move on.

I stood for a moment in contemplating silence, then asked, "And you, which type are you?"

For the first time he looked at me with those soft, blue eyes. "The tide hasn't come in yet," he answered in a melancholy voice.

I went to the beach several times after that, and though I never saw him again, each time I saw the ocean or heard its roar, I knew that he was one person I would never forget.

--Ellen Tillery

Crabs flung on the beach

They scuttle along the sand

Back into the sea.

--Carolyn Hall

Things I Have Lost



--Jean Ann Copper

I have lived only a while. Yet in my brief moment, I seem to have lost much.

I lost a great love. I found what true loneliness is. I learned how despair can make every laugh end in a gasping sob. And I learned about a mourning so deep that there can be no tears, for nothing can express such an emptiness.

I saw old prejudices fade and lose themselves. Someone once told me: "If you were blind, you would not know if a man be Negro or white." So I closed my eyes and listened to what each man said. I heard every man speak the same words. I joined hands with my fellow man.

Once the ability to communicate left me. I gestured wildly in my muteness. My eyes begged for recognition. Everyone was too busy to listen. So I wrote my words on parchment, ripped it, and handed it in shreds to all the other mutes.

I lost a great hatred. I had felt the bitterness grow until I could not breathe. I experienced suffocation of a closed mind. When I lost the hatred, I felt the freshness of truth spread through me.

I lost a dream. I saw myself as a lady of mercy, tender and kind. The healer of all mankind, I was the picture of dedication. In reality, I saw too much pain and too much death. And I cared far too much. I watched the dream as it died, and another dream took its place.

Once I lost myself. I was so completely alone that "... not even God could find me" To see my

soul dying and not to be able to save it were such terrible agonies. Then as the last of the disintegration was taking place, like a phoenix, my soul began to breathe again and to sing a clearer song.

I lost a friend. I watched her as she walked into the lights that were too bright for my eyes. With her, she took all knowledge of me. How easily she forgot and strode into new ideas and tomorrow.

I lost a thought that might have grown into a poet's song. In the night, it came; and I said, "Tomorrow I'll write it all down." But tomorrow brought new thoughts, and the old ones died in cold forgetfulness.

I lost so many yesterdays. Bits of them ebbed into memory. I tried to touch them just for a moment. I wanted only to remember, but they hid in the shadows teasing me.

I lost a moment when I could have said, "I love you." Only once in many moments can the words be spoken with truth and ease. The moment slipped from me; and trying to recapture it, I foolishly cried out, "I love you. I love you." But the words an instant too late sounded hollow.

In my hurry to live, I lost God. Then I found him on a lone hill when the wind whispered, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." And in finding Him again, I found all peace and the knowledge that as long as I have Him, I have lost nothing.

--Peggy Horne

The Choice

Sundays in Baltimore

Sundays in Baltimore
Were nothing but
Yellow patches
And wispy fragments of my life,
my love,
my lust.

I go to the museum
And talk to the bust
Of some philosopher
Asking him the whys
Between willowy sighs
And hallucinations of my lover.

There are no marble answers
For questions such as mine—
Only ink on yellowed pages
and liquid hesitations
and mellow wine.

I loved on a Tuesday in London,
But those Sundays in Baltimore
With him were all of life combined.
Like lime ice—
That's how I felt!

Please, lime ice, don't melt!
I can't stand the heat
Of a frozen beat
Of love—thawing
Only to die in June
And be buried
Next to Sundays in Baltimore.

--Mary Rubenstein

He studied it quietly, her photograph,
And, pausing, placed it in his drawer
And turned the key.
And so it stayed there, locked away,
Until he discovered it again years later
While searching for some papers.
He was going to brush it aside abruptly
When that questioning smile on her lips
Drew his attention, and he sat down,
Holding the picture in his hands,
Intent upon her face.
She had the most puzzling smile—
A smile that seemed to mock him
By the desk light. Then, as he
Moved slowly toward the window,
It seemed to him she glowed with the
Joy of life and she smiled—
With the smile of love.
He had forgotten.
Yes, she had loved him in her way,
Or rather he in his.
And the day he had declared
He could not have both things—
Her and his ambition—she had
Laughed suddenly at him in
That wild way of hers.
What did she know of life—competition—
Interested as she was in molding the
Minds of her students? What did
She know of burning desires
And bitter, biting disappointments?
Yes, she had laughed and turned upon
Him with that flitting smile and, with
A sudden gesture, she handed him the ring
And walked down the path.
I know, she said. She did not look back.
How could she understand? he cried to silent walls.
And in anger he was about to toss
The picture into the trash when he
Paused, then placed it in the drawer
And turned the key.

--Barbara Ann Bell

Psychologically Pslumming While Pthumbing Through Goose

Mary had a little lamb,
Why had she such a toy?
Couldn't she find interest in
A car—a date—a boy?

He followed her to school one day,
My theory on this fact
Is that he gave security
For guidance that she lacked.

Polly puts the kettle on,
And makes a pot of tea,
Asking in the neighbors shows
Her insecurity.

Sukey took the kettle off,
Which shows that she's as bad,
And really needs analysis
For things she never had.

Reading Freud I understand
The Ego and the Id;
Reading Goose I comprehend
A sick, sick invalid!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
(Symptoms of frustration)
Evidence of gardening for
Rehabilitation!

Mother Hubbard scanned the cupboard,
The **cupboard**, I repeat!
Obviously a senile mind
Would place in there the meat.

Acknowledgement and retribute,
I give each man his due,
But this Goose character I fear
I sadly misconstrue:

Did Humpty sit upon the wall
(An odd place you'll agree)
in protest of his parents' un-
Availability?

And why did Muffet eat her whey
Where spiders did abound?
Her maladjusted fear complex
Has now become renowned.

Georgie Porgie kisses girls;
Wee Winkie roams at night;
Jack is jumping candlesticks;
Appointments expedite!

Reading Freud I understand
The Ego and the Id,
But nursery tales have never said
Why these all flipped their lid!

--Cheryl Comer

Occasional Poem

My God, Snodgrass—with that bushy beard
you looked like Santa Claus or Christ,
or Toulouse-Lautrec gigantic

with thick neck and thick glasses.

A romantic image, you viewed the masses
of mascara-eyed students of survey classes
with a knowing eye, and compassionate look.

As you began to read your book,
you proffered a verbal calligraphy
that probed the deep down of the stuff of life,
but gently, without guile,
for you were robed in humanity.

Applause made you smile.

--Jennifer Yane

Hauteur

I put on my new hat,
A gown
And a dark frown
To go downtown to walk and to gloat
Over my good fortune
And the misery of others.

I walked slowly downtown
Fur muffed,
Ostrich plume fluffed,
Haughtily, proudly pacing along
Nose tipped into the air—
I tripped and fell in the mud.

--Carolyn Hall

Some Thoughts on Water

As Suggested by Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*

I. INTRODUCTION

As a child I frequently visited a solitary little corner of God's earth, where I could sit on a rock ledge and dangle my feet in the waters of a small, deep spring. The place was a panorama of exquisite beauty. The effervescent spring of unending waters flowed briskly to join a large, tranquil pool, broken only by occasional radiating ripples from an afternoon breeze. The rocks surrounding my retreat presented a rude but sturdy countenance, wrinkled and furrowed by the years. They were cluttered here and there with wild flowers, and here and there with a deep-pile rug of green moss.

Here amid these infinite wonders of nature, each of which augmented the other, I had a poignant glimpse of mystery. Certainly there was security, protection, and comfort in this asylum under the sky; yet the water seemed to be my uneasy ground. It was a perpetual volume of secrets and it revealed none of them to me. It was both kind and vindictive, and it was filled with a hundred surprises and dangers.

Eventually, the spring of water became a source of great trepidation to me. I found solace in being near it, but I could not discern its mysteries or control its actions. Thus it was that I grew to respect its esoteric nature and recognize something of its vast potential.

All of this I recalled to mind while reading Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick*. How very accurate he was in writing that "meditation and water are wedded forever."¹ Throughout this book, I was aware of the great impact of water on the lives of those who sailed upon it. The water virtually ruled them, for it governed their emotions, moods, work, and even their meditations.

Although the book is entitled *Moby-Dick*, and recounts in Melville's wonderful style the story of the great whale, the major theme is actually that of water--the world of *Moby-Dick* and those who preyed upon him. The water seems to represent God, who is eternal, immutable, all-sufficient, and all-powerful; *Moby-Dick* and the *Pequod* are simply two of the planets of the universe (two forces), each conspiring to be liberated from the other. Because of the intervening hand of God (the water, in this case), the battle was lost.

With this parallel then, and because of my great thirst for a knowledge of water, I thought a brief review of it, as presented by Melville, might prove interesting. I found that water can be classified into the following categories, which will be considered in this paper:

Water - A Source of Life
Water - A Source of Mystery

Water - A Source of Joy
Water - A Source of Sorrow and Suffering
Temperamental Water
Water - Battleground, Burial Ground
Eternal Water.

II. WATER - A SOURCE OF LIFE

Water, that beautiful, translucent liquid, rich in minerals, food, and power, has always been synonymous with life. Even before the creation there was water; it covered the face of the deep, and from its eternal well-spring God created the first forms of life.

Ishmael early recognizes the great life-giving property of water. In fact his voyage on the *Pequod* was prompted by the "damp, drizzly November" of his soul, which he knew could be restored only by close, personal communication with the seas. Undoubtedly he was a deeply religious man, cognizant of the oft-mentioned living waters of the Bible. Like Jeremiah, he knew that man-made cisterns were far from infallible, and that God alone was the source of living waters.² Had Ishmael not felt instinctively that the sea held the secrets of a truly satisfying and happy life, he would never have accepted so servile a position as a ship's hand. In the vast depths of the waters, he saw a reflection of his own image, "the image of the ungraspable phantom of life."³ and thus felt he must unlock the door to new life which lay hidden in those waters.

Ishmael also realized that water was not simply the breeding ground for innumerable plants and fishes upon which men feed, but that despite its perils it made men great. Out upon the wide expanse of the oceans, he found that "truth hath no confines"⁴; there was only God's element of fair play, and therefore a true recognition of the way things ought to be in the world. The billows of the sea lifted his spirits, the warm waves revitalized his strength, the fiery waters brought him power, and the sparkling depths filled his soul with joy. The sea, he found, surpassed the land in enabling him to express with true emotion the experiences of life. The security of solitary seas gave him a more lasting appreciation of the beauties of nature generally, for here among the valleys of the deep, his finite body was raised and his infinite soul elevated in inward happiness.⁵

Deeply affecting this period in Ishmael's life was the influence of the great white whale, *Moby-Dick*, and only in the "profound unbounded sea" could "the fully invested whale be truly and livingly found out."⁶ The water was his life and his world, and in it he reigned supreme. Ishmael learned that the water as well as the whale must be feared, for, in some measure like their Maker, they contained power over life itself.

Melville's magnificent descriptions of the sea are as inspiring to his readers as they were to Ishmael. These huge sea-pastures, wide-rolling watery prairies, waves that rose and fell, ebbed and flowed unceasingly--here were millions of mixed shades and shadows, dreams, reveries, all that man calls his life and soul. It was "loveliness unfathomable,"⁷ "a crucible of molten gold,"⁸ an unending newness which made Ishmael feel as though a stone had been rolled from his heart and he was tranquil and content again.⁹ Readers cannot help but be impressed by the presence of Ishmael's world of living waters, just as those which Zechariah described would flow from Jerusalem¹⁰ and King Solomon called "a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon."¹¹

III. WATER - A SOURCE OF MYSTERY

Ishmael and Ahab, perhaps more than any others voyaging in the *Pequod*, were aware of the mysterious nature of ocean water. This wonderful liquid, covering approximately two-thirds of the earth, sheltered divine secrets, many of which would never be revealed to man. Yet in both of these men, there was a continual striving to learn what lay within the robust, manlike sea that caused it to heave "with long, strong, lingering swells."¹² Each sees himself in the water: Ishmael's reflection was one of awe, humility, fear, and inward peace; Ahab's reflection, one of fear and vindictiveness because the water was the home of the hated white whale. There were, however, occasions when Ahab, in his meditations, was torn between feelings of revenge and feelings of the higher, more intrinsic values of life which he knew to be right.

Ahab was actually envious of the water,¹³ because its swellings overwhelmed his tracks. "The infinite series of the sea"¹⁴ served to enhance the inadequacy of his efforts to capture Moby-Dick. As the secrets of the sea currents could not be learned by man, "so the hidden ways of the *Sperm Whale* when beneath the surface" remained, to a great extent, a mystery to his pursuers.¹⁵ Ishmael comes to a knowledge of the fact that God forever keeps certain mysteries from man, just as He forever kept the true princes of the (Roman) Empire from the world's courts.¹⁶

Bulkington, one of Ishmael's shipmates, also pondered on the mysterious nature of the sea. To him it was an ocean of thought in all its howling infinity. He felt that a confrontation with water was an experience in deep and earnest thinking. He might best be considered the "water-gazer" of the *Pequod's* crew; however, Stubb, Flask, and Starbuck, the mates, also had their reveries with the wide expanse of the waters through which they sailed.

One of the most profound mysteries of water described by Melville was its ever-changing nature. It could be both beautiful and hideous at the same time. It could be frantic and toppling, as well as gorgeously white and beautiful. Its perpetual change was well described by Ishmael as he looked upon the morning ocean from the masthead and found exultant happiness and calm; the mid-day ocean was a sparkling mirror which reflected the whole of God's creation; and the evening ocean was an omen of the tragedies that lay ahead. In spite of the fact that, through the centuries, man had remorselessly pillaged and desecrated the seas, causing them to be mingled with the blood of man and fish and whales, these waters refused to give up their secrets.

The inexplicable moodiness of the ocean--eternally tossing, determined never to give in to man's adventurous whims--was a source of deep preponderance on the part of the *Pequod's* crew. As Melville speaks of the sun being unable to move of its own accord but only as God's errand-boy in the heavens,¹⁷ so the magnificent seas were but a messenger of their Creator. The mysteries of the water are well set forth in Ahab's statement, "An old, old sight, and yet somehow so young!"¹⁸ Man would continue his pursuit of the ever-old, ever-new, unabated waters; they would always be his most exciting challenge.

In general, the reader gets the impression that the "divine waters,"¹⁹ though to some degree known to man for centuries, will remain as mysterious as they were

when the Spirit of God first moved upon the face of them.²⁰

IV. WATER - A SOURCE OF JOY

The water, with its bracing breeze, brought elated refreshment to the voyagers. As a wellspring of joy, it made them buoyant with delight in the avenging pursuit of the great whale.

Ishmael found an inner joy and peace upon the waters that he experienced in no other environment. It was a happiness so great that he found it indescribable--he admitted that his admiration was so magnificent that it could not be recorded. The spirit of the deep transcended all else, even death, and in the intrepid billows was a sort of exultant fear which Ishmael at times found almost overpowering. Yet he knew that "an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward,"²¹ and these magic waters, powerful and fearful though they were, enhanced the "grand and glowing creature . . . of immaculate manliness," whose position was "so noble and so sparkling."²²

The sea afforded the *Pequod's* mates and Captain Ahab with that special external boost necessary to lead the crew in its perilous voyage. The water was a fortification to them, "for be a man's intellectual superiority what it will, it can never assume the practical, available supremacy over other men without the aid of some sort of external arts and entrenchments."²³ Of course, it is true that Ahab made use of the conventional respect due a ship's captain in order to create in his crew an attitude receptive to his audacious, supernatural revenge for the whale; and while on occasion the crew members, with due provocation, were suspicious of Ahab's motives, there was no indication of any mutinous feeling on their part. Ishmael implied that this was because the seductive serenity of the seas lifted their spirits, inwardly compelling them to accept their life and its tribulations with calmness. There was something in "God's great, unflattering laureate, Nature,"²⁴ that gave them boldness as though they were "all in the hands of the Gods."²⁵

Life on the sea also brought to the carpenter a great degree of satisfaction and joy. Here he could do his best work, and he could do almost anything. He had "a certain impersonal stolidity . . . impersonal . . . for it so shaded off into the surrounding infinite of things that it seemed one with the general stolidity discernible in the whole visible world . . . which, while pauselessly active . . . still eternally holds its peace, and ignores you, though you dig foundations for cathedrals."²⁶

The old blacksmith, Perth, found much happiness at sea. Though he had experienced great sadness on land (his wife, daughter, and home had been lost), "the candid and impartial seas"²⁷ nourished him. In contrast to Ishmael who wanted to live and who alone survived the *Pequod's* voyage, Perth found in the waters a yearning for personal extinction and a most satisfying, fearless approach to death.

The "trance of the calm"²⁸ which pervaded the waters much of the time made the firmaments of sea and air almost inseparable. Melville's descriptions of the joyful sea would be difficult to surpass. He speaks of the hand-clapping waves accompanied by exceeding rapture. The men of the *Pequod*, walking a tight-rope between life and death, found in these joyful waters the "real living experience of living men."²⁹



--Barbara Jacobs

V. WATER - A SOURCE OF SORROW AND SUFFERING

Edgar Allen Poe, in his *Philosophy of Composition*, emphasized how much easier it was to describe grief than joy, and how poetry had more meaning when it dealt with a melancholy subject. Melville adhered to this theory, since his descriptions of the sorrow and suffering which accompanied sea life were as vivid as any parts of the book, including the descriptions of the whale itself.

The seas, "they too bear the mark of sorrow,"³⁰ and man inherits that sorrow from them. Ahab recognized that the anguish of his sufferings was but a manifestation of sorrows which the perilous waters had heaped upon him. "... Both the ancestry and posterity of Grief go further than the ancestry and posterity of Joy."³¹ He experienced such loneliness and suffering. When he realized that the *Pequod* and her crew would be lost, and that he himself faced imminent death, he cried out, "Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief."³² On one occasion, Ahab was stirred by the lovely aromas of the enchanted sea and air. In this brief interval he seemed almost penitent for his obsession to revenge the great whale. "From beneath his slouched hat Ahab dropped a tear into the sea; nor did all the Pacific contain such wealth as that one wee drop."³³ Surely, at this point in life, Ahab suffered his most passionate, soul-searching moment. For forty years he had sailed these waters, and for forty years he had suffered the desolation of their solitude.

The sorrowful sea is best depicted by Melville's frequent references to the general restlessness of the waters. These watery moors, valleys of change, pitching and rolling waves, tumultuous and bursting sea, uncivil-

ized and exiled waters, cold malicious billows, dead wintry bleakness, awesome ensanguined waters, incessantly swelling tides, cruel leeching ocean, unreasoning sea, roaring thunderous sea, bold masculine waters, the yawning gulf of the savage seas--these words speak of the unending movements of the water, and reveal the consternation of man in comparison with so powerful a force as water.

In many ways, sorrow and suffering, like life, seem synonymous with water. Certainly it does not take a seer to foretell the fate of the *Pequod* when so much of its voyage is devoted to a description of the perils of the sea, the sadness it has unleashed upon mankind, and the deep emotions (particularly of melancholy) it has always prompted in the heart of man.

The reader ponders why it was that Ishmael was the sole survivor of the *Pequod*. Of course the narrator must live, but why not others also? Perhaps it was Ishmael's faith that saved him. Although he seemed rather to sympathize with Ahab's hatred for the unconquerable whale, and indubitably sensed that Ahab was doomed to destruction because of his satanic attitude of revenge, Ishmael never faltered in his faith in God. Through each experience in which he was involved, he maintained this faith. He transformed peril to strength, and even after the sinking of his ship as he bobbed about the sea in what had originally been the coffin for his best friend, *Queequeg*, his faith changed the sadness and suffering of this period into one of complete acceptance of God's will for him.

VI. TEMPERAMENTAL WATER

No true picture of water can be drawn without some mention of its many faceted temperament. The

world of Moby-Dick was comprised of mysterious, malicious, cold, agitated, threatening, raging, and melancholy waters; but these waters could also change to moods of sweetness, serenity, mistiness, tranquility, and calmness. In fact, it would seem that Melville found the temperament of water far more variable than that of anything God had created. While man can show many of these same moods, he is but a dot in comparison with the vast expanse of the moody waters.

The colors of water were a manifestation of its temperament. Melville often spoke of the whiteness of the water, its billows, and its foam, and compared this eerie whiteness to that of the great whale, Moby-Dick. The very pallid, frightening, bleak whiteness of the water was indicative of the silent stillness associated with death, or represented the omen of some traumatic event. This whiteness also denoted the presence of all colors (all temperaments), as well as the absence of all colors (all temperaments).

At times the water was very blue (serene, calm), or very green (alive and active). There were midnight waters, black with fear, mystery, and threats. The subtle gray waters were filled with anticipation, but they became red when the whales spouted thick blood. The purple water denoted the twilight of life when the late, setting sun mingled darkly with its deep and moving currents. The masterless ocean, which Melville so beautifully describes in all its "soft, suffusing seethings,"³⁴ was a law unto itself, and it could become an angel or a devil before its Maker.

VII. WATER - BATTLEGROUND AND BURIAL GROUND

To Captain Ahab the waters were the battle arena for his war against the sea monster, Moby-Dick. The hated whale, however, was not the sole target of Ahab's revenge; it was, in reality, the water (the world) itself for it housed the whale. To annihilate the whale would be to conquer the seas. The whale was only that part of the seas with which he could do battle; it was the one tangible army he could fight. With him, as with many men, "all mortal greatness is but disease,"³⁵ and thus it was that "in all seasons and in all oceans, everlasting war was declared with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood."³⁶

But the battleground soon became a burial ground for Ahab and his crew, just as it had been a burial place for others throughout the centuries. No doubt this is the reason Melville calls the seas "almost final waters."³⁷ So much death took place in the water. Every member of the Pequod's crew understood that death was but "a launching into the region of the strange Untried."³⁸ The Untried, used here by Melville to describe that which comes after death, may also be construed as the water itself, for it, too, is essentially untried by man.

The water was a battleground for the Pequod throughout her voyage: "... the ivory-tusked Pequod sharply bowed to the blast, and gored the dark waves in her madness, till, like showers of silver chips, the foam-flakes flew over her bulwarks; then all this desolate vacuity of life went away, but gave place to sights more dismal than before."³⁹

The battle into which Ahab had so maniacally taken his crew was lost. "The hand of Fate had snatched all their souls," yet throughout the conflict, "their hearts were bowled along,"⁴⁰ all united to the end in their efforts to win this war. The ship's crew, thrown about

by the irascible white whale, perished in the same waters which claimed their captain and their ship, and which had earlier nourished them so bountifully. Melville makes an interesting comment about the sinking of the ship: "... like Satan, (she) would not sink to hell till she had dragged alive part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it."⁴¹ Here, Melville has drawn an analogy between all fighting men, whether on land or sea. The mean, the hateful, the evil of the world, in battle against natural and divine good, are eventually dragged down, but always "a living part of heaven" (some good) is abased and perishes with them (as the innocent also suffer).

The water, however, would always remain, in all its restlessness and temper; it would forever be torn by warring strife, and it would forever be the resting place of innumerable armies.

VIII. ETERNAL WATER

In the long course of his generations, Moby-Dick had been left floundering about in "the head-waters of the Eternities."⁴² Ahab and his crew had lost their battle with the whale, but more than that, they had been defeated by the eternal waters. They had taken their places in the sea, that "everlasting terra incognita,"⁴³ to return to their Maker.

Eternity was a subject of considerable meditation for Ishmael, although this was not rare in view of his religious background. He mentioned his divine intuition at times, and his feelings of faith in heavenly things. The water made him exceedingly conscious of things eternal. It was on the seas that he gained tranquility of soul and a deeper appreciation of esthetic values; no doubt, he experienced much spiritual maturation. He had a profound knowledge of the overall pre-eminence of God. He recognized early in his voyage on the Pequod that Ahab's life would be taken from him, for he was old in age and in spirit and in battle. "Old age is always wakeful; as if, the longer linked with life, the less man has to do with aught that looks like death."⁴⁴ This was certainly borne out by Ahab's wakeful vigil for the whale and his constant struggle with the hatred that had possessed them. Even in his mania, however, Ahab recognized a hope that drove him on. "In this vale of Death, God girds us round; and over all our gloom, the sun of Righteousness still shines a beacon and a hope."⁴⁵ On one occasion after killing four whales, Ahab's crew heard him say that "life dies sunwards full of faith."⁴⁶ Surely Ahab was cognizant of the eternal waters. Perhaps, in some small way, the faith of Ishmael had been shared by him, for he said, "Then hail, forever hail, O sea, in whose eternal tossings the wild fowl finds his only rest. Born of earth, yet suckled by the sea; though hill and valley mothered me, ye billows are my foster-brothers!"⁴⁷

Being men of different faiths, Ahab and Ishmael regarded the water with strikingly opposite views. Ahab felt compelled to fight and conquer it. Ishmael was subservient to it; he accepted it in much the same manner as King David--life was richest when lived out "beside the still waters."⁴⁸ Ishmael inherently knew that he could make no improvements in the eternal waters--"it's too late ... the universe is finished,"⁴⁹ and the "great shroud of the sea" would roll on just as it had done for thousands of years in the past.⁵⁰

IX. CONCLUSION

It is indeed rare to find so thrilling and informative

a book as Moby-Dick. Because of its complexity, it can be interpreted in many ways. Whether it is an autobiography, at least in part, is a moot question. Perhaps Melville simply had in mind a story of high adventure. At any rate, the result is a marvelous mixture of fact and fiction which makes some of the most fascinating reading I have ever done. All persons should share in the voyage of the Pequod and experience some part of the conflict between man and nature.

Melville's descriptive ability held my attention so enraptured that I clung to every word of the book. The intricacies of sea life are so perfectly penned, and each character so aptly described, that I soon found myself deeply involved in the story.

So much has been written about the characters in Moby-Dick that there is little an amateur can say; however, I found the water such an exciting and powerful subject that I had to write on it. Melville's story proves my contention that water, as a part of the three-fold creation of earth, has eternal resources. And what a wonderfully rich history it has, too! For centuries it has watered every living creature. At the command of its Maker, it divided to make a pathway for His people, yet it could not quench the fire of His wrath. For some, water has been a source of healing (i.e., Ishmael); for others, it has represented tears of sorrow and bitterness (i.e., Ahab); for still others, it has sustained life (i.e., Moby-Dick).

I like to think of it as living water. It did not claim me as a child (I experienced near-drowning), but it let me live in close proximity of its interminable mysteries, without fear or animosity of them.

Reading Moby-Dick has been an unforgettable experience in literature and life.

* * * * *

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2. Jeremiah 2:13.
3. Moby-Dick, p.26.
4. Ibid., p.221.
5. Ibid., p.530. In contrast to the little Negro Pip, whose physical body was unharmed after being adrift in the sea, but his mental faculties had been reduced to idiocy.
6. Ibid., p.578.
7. Ibid., p. 624.

8. Ibid., p. 652.
9. Ibid., p. 304.
10. Zechariah 14:8.
11. Song of Solomon 4:15.
12. Moby-Dick, p. 681.
13. Ibid., p. 225. He was actually envious of God.
14. Ibid., p. 209.
15. Ibid., p. 243.
16. Ibid., p. 198.
17. Ibid., p. 685.
18. Ibid., p. 711.
19. Ibid., p. 614.
20. Genesis 1:2.
21. Moby-Dick, p. 158.
22. Ibid., p. 162.
23. Ibid., p. 198.
24. Ibid., p. 256.
25. Ibid., p. 529.
26. Ibid., p. 595. Though a rather indistinct personality, he did experience at sea happiness he had not known on land.
27. Ibid., p. 629.
28. Ibid., p. 639.
29. Ibid., p. 244.
30. Ibid., p. 591.
31. Ibid., p. 590.
32. Ibid., p. 721.
33. Ibid., p. 682.
34. Ibid., p. 309.
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36. Ibid., p. 97.
37. Ibid., p. 614.
38. Ibid., p. 617.
39. Ibid., p. 311.
40. Ibid., p. 700.
41. Ibid., p. 723.
42. Ibid., p. 584.
43. Ibid., p. 362.
44. Ibid., p. 172.
45. Ibid., p. 551.
46. Ibid., p. 629.
47. Ibid., p. 630. Ahab's faith was of a darker nature--a sort of communion with death. That is, death would be worthwhile if he could first accomplish what he set out to do. Then only was he satisfied to die and become just another billow of the ever-rolling sea.
48. Psalms 23:2.
49. Moby-Dick, p. 38.
50. Ibid., p. 723.

--Alice Evelyn Liggett

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Etching	Jean Ann Copper	8
Drawing	Helen Silvis	11
Linoleum Cut	Gale Silsby	14
Linoleum Cut	Linda Overstreet	16-17
Drawing	Marcia Grier	18
Dry Point	Charlotte Koch	22
Dry Point Print	Jean Ann Copper	24
Linoleum Cut	Barbara Jacobs	29

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