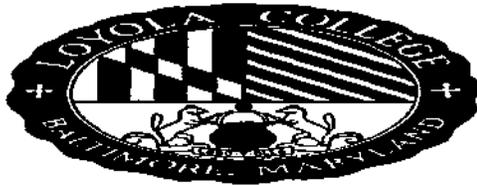


Spring 1965



# *Ignis*



The IGNIS literary magazine is published at least once each semester by the students of Loyola College. Manuscripts may be submitted either to the student editorial board or to the faculty advisor and may be in the form of short stories, articles, features, essays, criticism, poetry, art work, music manuscripts, or photographs. The major criterion for acceptance of material for publication is a high degree of craftsmanship. Manuscripts are written by students of Loyola College, although a limited number of manuscripts from non-students will occasionally be solicited. Material appearing in IGNIS may not be copied or reprinted without the expressed permission of the editors and author. Correspondence is addressed to IGNIS in care of Loyola College, 4501 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

VOLUME I

Spring, 1965

NUMBER 2

# *IGNIS*

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## *from the Editor...*

It is disappointing and discouraging to note that much of what appears in this Winter Issue, both of art and of literature, represents the efforts of the same contributors and staff members who appeared in the Fall Issue. Further, what has been contributed by other persons is the result either of active salesmanship by the Editor or of the staff's selection of printable material from those manuscripts which remained unpublished after the publication of the Fall Issue. The submission of manuscripts since that date has been negligible and had not economic factors forced a reduction in the magazine's length, the remaining pages would have been unmarked by type for the want of acceptable material.

IN THE three years that have elapsed since a despondent Associate Editor of the 1961-62 *Evergreen Quarterly* wrote the above lament, literary activity on campus has fortunately undergone a substantial and significant transition.

The moribund *Evergreen Quarterly* has given way to *Ignis*, a magazine of fresher format and broader perspective. The editing staff has increased and manuscripts have been marked by improved quality and more diversity. Furthermore, two prominent modern poets—Brother Antoninus and Jonathan Williams—visited Loyola during the Fall Semester. Their recitals were well-attended and aroused much interest; credit for bringing these artists to Loyola belongs chiefly to Dr. Nicholas Varga and Dr. William Kinter. This magazine is particularly indebted to Dr. Kinter for his establishment of a poetry workshop last year and for his recommendation of manuscripts for publication.

We would like to think that the revitalization of the literary magazine and the adoption of a title that symbolizes the flame of creativity has been at least partly responsible for the recent literary enthusiasm on campus. But a fire must be sustained, must continue to be fed. The problem at Loyola is not one of material or resources but of effort. There are still too many good writers who are not writing and too many good ideas that never reach the typewriter. For recent developments to have any lasting effect, more interest must be shown and more activity contributed. *Ignis* has kindled the flame of creativity and it is hoped that the literary aspirations and energies of the student body will keep it burning vigorously.

S.I.R.

# The Tinderbox

The *Ignis* staff visited Center Stage on Wednesday, February 3, to view Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*. The play portrays the Romantic spirit that invaded America in the 1820's and its sometimes tragic implications. Those who attended the performance experienced an enjoyable and stimulating evening.

\* \* \*

Recently we submitted copies of several past issues of *Ignis* and *The Evergreen Quarterly* to a national organization known as *The Student Prints*. We congratulate Gary Atkinson for having one of his poems accepted for publication. Gary is five dollars richer, and we have earned a certificate of literary accomplishment.

\* \* \*

There are few organizations on campus explicitly designed to promote the literary talents of the students of Loyola College. With great concern we notice that one of these mediums—the Literary Society of Loyola—is presently in the process of decline. The LSL replaced Lambda Iota Tau, the national collegiate honor fraternity for students of English which had a chapter on campus from 1955 to 1963. The LSL advances the same basic goal as LIT—the recognition and promotion of

excellence in the study of literature; but it has modified its qualifications for membership to include non-English Majors. Still, there has been little response, and as of first semester the society numbered only four formal members (i.e., students who presented a paper approved by the Faculty Moderator). The informal discussions of the Literary Society of Loyola foster an appreciation of literature through expression and criticism. The presentation of a paper to the members of the society—the basic requirement for membership—is indeed a challenge. But we would like to think of writing in itself as a challenge. And, accordingly, we feel confident that those who have responded to that challenge in the pages of this magazine will not hesitate to take up the pen once more on another literary expedition.

\* \* \*

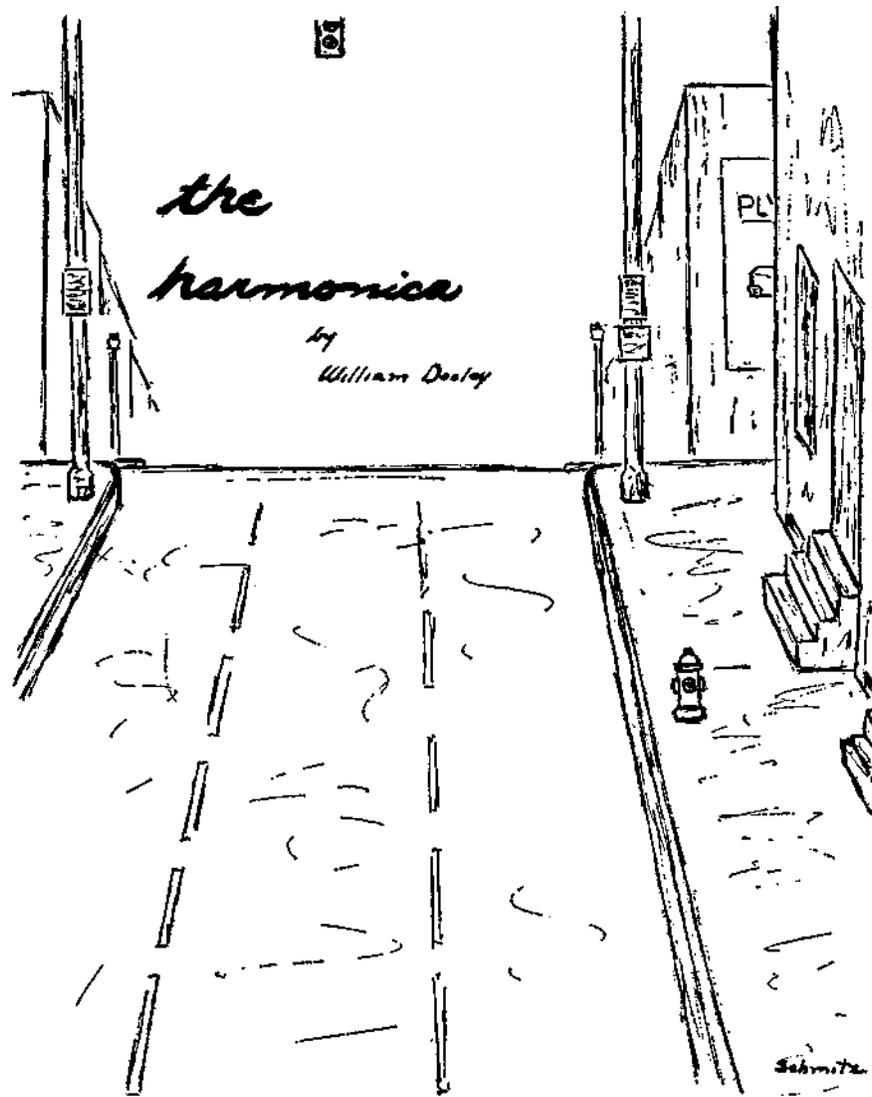
Finally, we acknowledge a letter that was received shortly after the publication of our Fall Issue. We reproduce the letter with grateful regards to a rather special correspondent.

*Lincoln, Maine  
December 21, 1964*

*My congratulations and compliments to the staff of IGNIS on your first issue! I was especially pleased by Jim Genthner's sympathetic account of our family tragedy. You may be interested to know that we are rebuilding the family manor here in Maine and are seriously considering the merits of caribou as a commercial product.*

*Sincerely yours,*

JOHANNA I. DECOURCY



**A**NOTHER DAY. And Mulberry Street was again crawling toward town. The morning sun rose higher over the distant harbor, its rays blinding the snarling monster on the street. And from his shady spot beside the row-house wall, a colored

boy could sit all morning—watching—and never see a face peering back at him from the determined monster. Not one.

He thought as he sat in the shade: it was always the same; they always kept their eyes straight ahead, never looking around to see where they were. He wondered if they ever noticed his house, the one with the bright red flower pot in the window and the Pepsi-Cola sign outside. Probably not, he thought. And even if they did see it, how could they know it was his? He looked at the horn he held in his hand. It was a trumpet, and it was broken—as broken as it had been the day he found it in the alley. Someday soon, he thought, he would get it to play.

Will knew about trumpets. He used to play one himself—but that was many years ago. Will played the harmonica now.

The boy put the horn to his lips and blew. "That thing ain't no good for you, boy!" The voice of his uncle startled him so that he dropped the broken horn.

"Listen here, Sammy. You know as well as me you oughta be out and gettin' a job or something. Why, when I was your age . . ." Will's voice trailed off into silence. His words were hollow and lacked their former conviction, even though he still believed what he said to be true. But now he sounded only repetitious and trite. He knew it and the boy knew it.

This time, however, Sammy's eyes lit up. "When you was my age. I heard you, Uncle. I know all about that. You was just like me, Uncle. You know you was. You could blow that horn good as any man; that what Ma always said."

"Your ma was a fine woman. You shoulda listened to her more."

"Yeah man, sure. But you was the same." Sammy leaned over to pick up the trumpet. "You used to blow your horn loud and clear. Ma'd tell me how you'd play all day over at that little place down on Fremont."

Uncle Will stared off somewhere beyond the boy. "Them days. . . ." He paused. "They was sure good to me, son." He paused again, delving far back into a memory that had always tried hard, but in vain, to remember only those things worth

remembering. And for awhile neither spoke a word. Nor did they notice the silence.

When finally Will's glance returned to the boy, his voice had assumed some air of importance. "But today ain't then. And it ain't never goin' to be. You best remember that, boy. You best remember it."

Sammy sat patiently, paying more attention to the relentless migration out on the street than to his uncle's words.

"You know, Sammy, them days—they weren't so good like I try to make out." Will studied his harmonica for a moment, and laughed. "Fact, it was so bad I doubt if a guy coulda made a living even if he was good on one of these." Sammy looked up as his uncle rambled on. "Sure, I done played my horn every day over on Fremont. We had a good little group, yes indeed. But folks, they come in and out of that place just like we wasn't even there.

Sammy was confused by his uncle's confessions. "Maybe so, Uncle. Maybe you wasn't so good at blowin' the horn after all. I ain't one to know. But I know what I can do, and I'll soon have everyone knowin' what I can do. Soon as I get this horn fixed, I'm goin' to have everyone out there on that street listenin' to me."

"Soon as you get that horn fixed!" Will sneered. "You ain't never goin' to get that horn fixed. You ain't no magician. And don't go tellin' me you got the money to get it fixed, cause you ain't!" He waited for Sammy to answer back, but not for long. "And you never will. You'll just sit around all day, blowin' into that thing, hopin' that somehow the good Lord'll see fit to swoop down and cause sound to come out of it. Good luck, Sammy boy, cause you goin' to need it."

Will spat on the curb and waited for some reaction. He saw that Sammy didn't understand, and began again, this time in a less severe tone.

"Listen, Sammy," he said. "Why don't you take my harmonica and learn how to play it? Learn from my experience, and don't wait till you got to play it to stay alive, like me. I done fooled around with that trumpet when nobody'd even

listen to it. It took me a real long time to learn my mistake, but when I turned to this, I done picked it up real quick. You know why? Because it was just right for me. And it right for you too, boy."

Sammy shook his head violently. "Maybe it right for you. But me ... I got pride, man. I ain't no broken down penny-picker. I got something to say; and I say it with my horn. Man, you can take that toy of yours and----."

Uncle Will merely smiled. It was only a matter of time, he thought, until Sammy would understand. "Here, Sammy, take my harmonica. At least try it. At least do me that favor."

Sammy tried to look bored. Reluctantly, he took the harmonica and put it to his lips, and blew hard.

"No, no," his uncle warned, "not that way. That ain't no trumpet you blowin' on. You hittin' all the notes at the same time. And you blowin' it too hard."

"Aw, this thing's stupid. You can't do nothing with it. As hard as I'm blowin', it still ain't singin' out. Any harder and I'd bust its brains out, if it got any. Here, take it back! My busted horn sound better than this piece of junk."

"Hear me, Sammy. This real important. You got to hold yourself when you play this thing. At first, just one note at a time. When you done learned that much, you can start usin' your hand to muffle the sound or make it louder. Watch."

Will played a little tune on the harmonica. Sammy could barely hear it, what with all the noise out on Mulberry Street. But Will played on. Sammy wished the noise on the street would go away. "Play a little louder, Uncle. I can just barely hear it." Will blew harder. Sammy sat back. Mulberry Street seemed quieter now as the traffic began to thin out a little, and a faint glow came over the boy's face. Uncle Will put down the instrument and smiled. "Now you try it. Remember, boy, just one note at a time."

Sammy hesitated. "Gee, Uncle, what you think I oughta play?"

"Play what's inside you, boy. If you ain't got nothing inside you, you might as well give it up right now."

"Nothing inside?" Sammy thought. "I'll show him 'nothing inside'!" He blew hard. An ugly sound came out, shrill and harsh.

"Keep it soft, boy," Will urged. "Keep it soft."

Sammy's eyes were wide open. The noise still came out. Mulberry Street shouted back in defiance. Sammy couldn't fight it.

"Keep it soft!" Will shouted.

Sammy could hardly hear his uncle now above the tumult of Mulberry Street. He strained, and blew harder.

"Soft, you fool! Keep it soft!"

Sammy was exhausted. He gave up. It had beaten him.

"You said to play what was inside me, Uncle. Ain't that what you told me?"

"That all right, son. You'll learn. Maybe you got more inside you than I done figured on. But you'll learn."

They both sat there, in the shadows of the houses along Mulberry Street. To Sammy, the time that had elapsed, if he had noticed at all, was insignificant in relation to his eighteen years on earth and the many more that he knew would follow. But to Will, who had nursed and coddled every day of these recent years; to Will, who had clung to every last ray of light, trying desperately to keep the sun from slipping under and throwing another day away; to Will, who had tried to forget them all but was afraid to let go of even one of them; to him, the time that had elapsed was a beautiful lifetime.

Finally, Sammy put the harmonica to his lips. A few notes came out, serene and simple.

Will could hear them faintly against the roar of the street, which was already fading along with another morning. Will smiled. "That good Sammy. That real good. Pretty soon now and you'll be—"

"You mean I'll be able to get my horn fixed soon, ain't that right, Uncle?" Sammy radiated with hope so that it was hard to tell whether it was the boy or the noonday sun that chased the shadows back into the row-house wall.

Will tried to be cautious. "I reckon that ain't far wrong, boy."

But it goin' to take time. You goin' to be good, but it takes time to get good. Ain't goin' to be tomorrow. Ain't goin' to be the next day neither. But you get to work on that 'toy' and you sure enough goin' to get that horn fixed. . . ."

Mulberry Street was almost empty now as the sun had reached its limit. The monster would be returning home in a few hours. And Uncle Will would wait for it alone. Sammy had more important things to do.

## *Night Raiders*

Gliding through the shadows softly,  
Their eyes sweeping left and right,  
Silently searching for the Others;  
Fourteen men in the night.

"Deploy," whispered the man in the green,  
"It's just beyond the glade."  
Three on each flank, eight straight forward;  
Fourteen men on a raid.

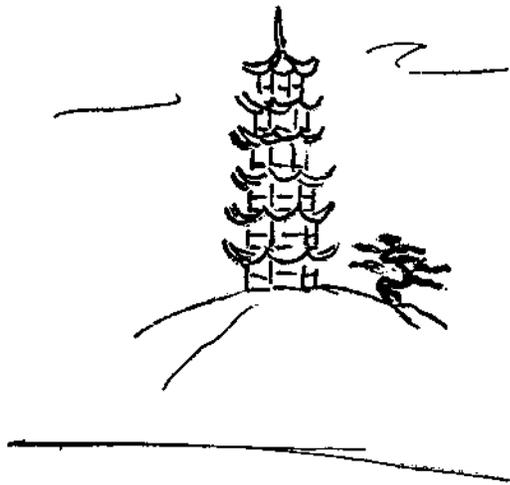
A flare rose and a whistle blew,  
And tracers stabbed the night.  
Violence danced among the pine trees;  
Fourteen men in a fight.

Gliding through the shadows softly,  
Their eyes sweeping left and right,  
Silently praying for the others;  
Seven men in the night.

• **Frederic M. Stiner, Jr.**



Schmitz



# Haiku Reflections

on

## Shakespeare's Sonnets

*On Sonnet One Hundred Sixteen*

Old man, old woman sit  
by blooms of sweet cherry trees  
holding the hand of love.

*On Sonnet One Hundred Twenty-One*

From life's most ragged beggars  
comes mud to smear  
the lawyer's name-plate.

*On Sonnet Ninety*

Little burns are  
but little burns  
when hell is here to stay.

*On Sonnet Sixty-Five*

A golden-rod bows its head  
and humbly submits  
to the white of glistening snow.

• John A. Barranger

The winter grows deeper, darker,  
Doleful.  
Balder the Good  
Is gone.  
I wander through trees  
Weighted heavily with ice—  
The forgotten tears of men.  
I follow the once bright brooks  
Of Spring,  
Now hard as the fallen walls  
Of Troy.  
God has abandoned  
This barren earth;  
His Spirit no longer  
Roams over the waters.

I stay and watch  
The glittering carrousel  
Whirl round  
And round,  
Laden with burden  
Of waxen dead.  
Manikins stroll the streets  
And fill the piers of churches.  
How should they know  
The decaying despair,  
The burning aloneness  
Of the dying?  
How long must I die  
Before I am dead?

• Frank Wright

# The Homecoming

• Stuart Rochester

A DAMP CHILL filled the air. The oil on the tracks was fresh and profuse, for many trains had passed recently. An occasional blast of wind swept through the Zurich station, shedding a blanket of moisture over the sleeping shadows. The warm exhaust of the locomotives speeding by provided some relief, but it always lasted for only a few seconds, and then there would be the anxious wait for the next train.

Of course, he could wait inside. The waiting room had just been renovated to accommodate the troops that would be heading home in great numbers now that the war was over. There were cigarette dispensers and a sandwich counter and brightly lighted magazine racks, and a buoyant atmosphere completely alien to the smoke and noise that enveloped the somber tracks and that reminded most of the soldiers of bomb-baked fields and cries of anguish stifled by the fire of mortars.

But Lars preferred to maintain his vigil outside. The platform was dimly lighted, and he was afraid he might miss the express that would take him home to Sogne, home to Norway and the secluded fishing village that probably hadn't yet heard the war was over. He strode back and forth along the tracks, now and then hopefully looking back for a sign of the engine, like a lone sentinel left to guard a desolate outpost and anticipating the arrival of comrades.

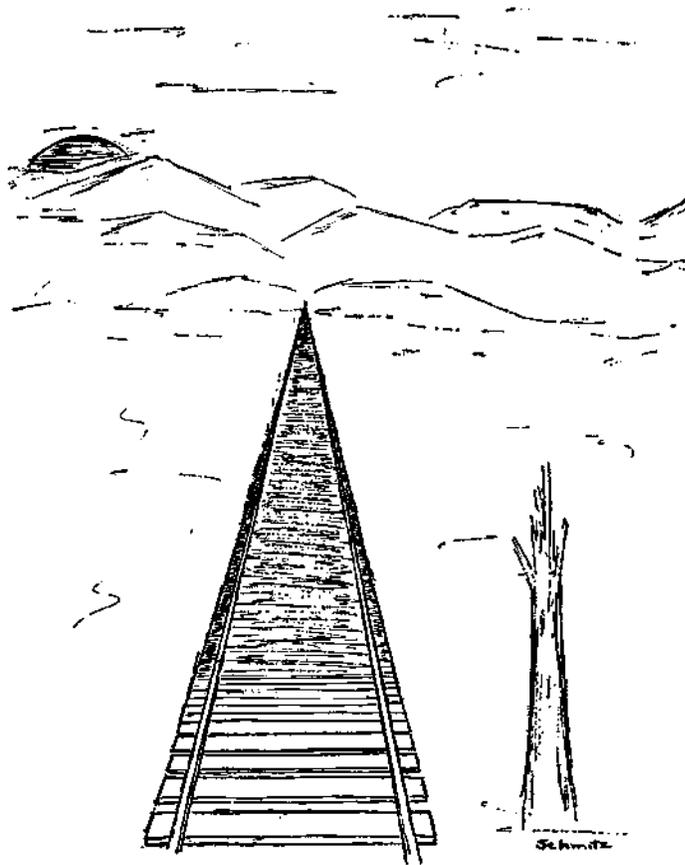
The ribbons of daylight that cut through the overhanging rafters, probing the dark shadows of the Zurich depot, uncovered him, exposing a strange kind of blend of gentleness and strength that their broken reflection could not refine. Lars was a young man of about twenty-two, typically Scandinavian, with a brilliant crop of blond hair carelessly spilling over a fair complexion emblazoned with sensitive blue eyes. His hands had become calloused, and his arms and shoulders muscled, by the rigors of battle. Though they gave the impression of

great power, his muscles seemed taut and uncomfortable, and clung to his broad frame like a clumsy suit of armor.

The trains continued to come and go, and the station walls rebounded the roar of engines and the drunken shouts of soldiers. At last, the express arrived, panting into Zurich after a long journey through Italy and over the Alps. Lars quickly climbed aboard and moved to a compartment in the rear car. He was glad he had waited on the platform, for the big locomotive soon edged forward. The shadows became lighter as the train gained speed. Suddenly, the car was battered by bright sunshine, and Lars shaded his eyes. He could make out the switch-yards filled with dilapidated cars tottering on rusty tracks, and the agglomeration of utility poles and cankered grass and rubbish heaps formed a violent contrast with the majestic symmetry of the purple mountains that lay in the distance and that reminded him of Sogne and home.

Lars settled back now and glanced down at his wrist for the time. The gleaming silver watch curiously held his attention, and the second hand had made two or three revolutions before he raised his head. The watch had been passed down from his great-grandfather, and his own father had given it to him when he was twelve, when he was old enough to go out along the reef and help bring in the fish. He remembered taking the watch wherever he'd go, even when he would follow the creek into the foothills and climb the craggy slope and slide back down with the current while the water sprayed his cheeks. He would race through the pines up a corridor of daylight that led to the sandy coast and flocks of fishing boats. And then he'd wave vigorously to the barges unloading the catch out by the shoals, his watch reflecting the sunshine like a beacon signaling ships lost at sea. The whole ritual made him proud—proud of himself, proud of his father, proud of the villagers who piled the boats high with victims of their skill and perseverance. . . . And before long he would once again be a part of it.

The train sped north past Wettingen and Baden and the Alpine border where the lofty whiteness of the Swiss country-



side emptied into the flat plains of Germany. The train and the low hills ran together for a time, and then there was a break and Lars could see in the distance the vast surface of the Rhine, dull and earthy as if stained with the khaki of recent patrols. Higher land and darker skies whirled by as evening approached. Lars noticed the splinters of trees and broken frames of houses and the rows of blighted crops strewn over terraced slopes. At night the express roared past the Frankfurt depot and the anxious faces of soldiers that stood on the dim platform and that were being taunted by the drunken mercenaries inside. Lars felt an uneasy sense of emptiness coming on, but thoughts of home comforted him. It had been a tiresome day, and he rested peacefully.

In the morning the train pulled into the dark of the Hamburg station, and a group of bad-tempered Hanoverian porters hurried the passengers off. Lars got on a tramcar and rode to the harbor where he could catch a ferry. The boat would take him down the Elbe and up the coast of Denmark to Hjørring, and from there he could take a steamer across to Norwegian shores and home.

Lars found the boat docked but almost ready to leave. It was crowded with fishermen returning north after selling their catch in Hamburg. Several stout German women moved about in dirty blouses and eating enormous sausages, and the deck was spattered with pellets of sweat and juice. Huddled in a corner were a few Scandinavian children, their eyes red and their faces contorted as though in great pain. Lars wondered why they had been crying.

The ferry cruised down the Elbe, and within an hour it was threshing the waters of the Danish coast. The coastline was familiar to Lars. He and the other Norwegians who were involved in the Liberation Front had crossed over the same route eight months before on their way to Germany to help the Allies in the final campaign. Somehow, though, it all looked different now. Empty canoes lined the narrow beach and there were no swimmers, as if the water had become contaminated. The grass above the shore appeared coarse and brown, and the trees were naked, and the fields seemed vast and barren, and a vague sense of absence and exhaustion engulfed the countryside. A solitary seagull would light upon a rocky ridge, and blend its snowy hue into the white of the clouds and the white-capped foam of the ocean. But now there was no seagull. Nor was there a ridge. It was as if the mountains had been leveled, or the sea moved.

Large peasant women waved energetically from the pier as the ferry berthed in Hjørring. Their puffed sleeves swelled in the air like small balloons, and their braided hair and gentle eyes reminded Lars of the villagers of Sogne. Along the muddy bank a family of shellfish rattled noisily like an army clicking its rifles out of cadence, and stray bayonets and debris were

entwined in the carnage of withered berries and decayed bark. Lars' hands grew sweaty, and his mind was a vacuum of mixed and mysterious speculation—of braided hair . . . and blighted crops...and crying children...and...

By the time Lars boarded the steamer it had gotten on towards evening. The purple glow of twilight followed the boat to the Norwegian coast, hovering over the water like an immense shroud threatening to engulf everything in darkness. Billows of smoke from the engine blackened the dusky sky so that it now seemed close enough to touch.

The steamer hugged the coast for a short time and then swung across the channel. A tremor of intense rapture gripped Lars as he envisioned the familiar expanse of Sogne that would come into view when the coast straightened itself out again.

The fore-end of the steamer turned the bend and made its way back toward the shore. Lars felt a sense of emptiness returning to repulse his momentary exhilaration. A lump developed in his throat, and his mouth tasted bitter. His sensitive blue eyes—half-wondering, half-knowing—searched the hills intently, but the countryside had faded into the enormous vacancy of the evening shadows. The darkness swallowed the highlands so that all that could be made out were the stumps of young birches and fields of stone and dust of shattered ridges. It all gave the impression that a giant scythe had cut across the country, leaving a great scar upon the land.

Shadows and shadows...but no substance. No slopes...no pines... no boys of twelve, or even fifteen or ten or seven, waving... no fishing boats... no voices...just the sound of the steamer methodically threshing the water.

Lars looked down at his wrist to see if his watch was still there. The gleaming silver reflected a last solitary beam that had drifted out from behind the lazy clouds sinking in the distance. The glimmering light moved the shadows for a moment, hovered suspended from the dark ceiling like a lingering specter, and then plunged over the horizon. Lars raised his eyes and gazed at the empty sky. It had become part of the sea...just as the village.

## *Afterthought*

No more pain, no more care,  
No more worries to make me pull my hair.  
No more hatred, no more woe,  
No more grief to make the tears to flow.  
No more love, no more affection,  
No more women to make me lose direction.  
No more alcohol, no more dope,  
No more crime to make me lose all hope.  
No more this, no more that . . .  
But there must be something.  
Just no more isn't very encouraging.  
Tell me, Death, where are we going?

• John E. Yox

## *growth*

the river starts from high  
with crystal-like water trickling  
clean  
cold  
fresh  
soon forming a stream  
which flows down a slope  
and meets other streams  
and forms a larger stream  
which grows and becomes the river  
and travels downward toward the sea  
picking up dirt and grime

then the river reaches the sea  
and like all the other rivers  
throws its trash  
into the already dirty water  
and thus becomes  
like all the others  
never to change

• Phillip F. Lieske

### *Possibility*

When leaves so fine turn brown  
When leaves Spring their down  
When flow'rs' glow lost to snow  
When flow'rs back do grow  
When 'corns have long been stored  
When 'corns have aft' been gorged  
When dove its place has spurned  
When dove has returned  
When dams waters block  
When thaw waters unlock

When Nature sways her charges o'er  
When love gone when no more  
When ill-rapport  
When she's missed when pangs roar  
When love gone when no more

• John E. Yox

*Through The  
White Gates*

"Such unfilled beauty is lost forever"—  
I told her that, before the Faith's white gates;  
And yet, she entered there, God's love o'r mine,  
To manifest her love in vigil great.

That day, the gates closed upon her sweet life—  
Upon those long summer nights in July,  
When lover's embraces hold the promise,  
To which each makes one infinite reply.

I knew, as the twain gates closed into one,  
That his love had locked them twain forever.  
But still, before the lustrous gates I stood,  
Unknowing, as if to say, nevermore.

Later I asked, why did I love so well,  
(That she and I together did not dwell  
In those embraces I had known before?)  
And to this, my soul replied: nevermore.

• **George Bell**

# Snow-The Architect of Winter

- Photographs and Selection of Quotations by Daniel P. Whalen



Wonder is the feeling of a philosopher, and philosophy begins in wonder.

—SOCRATES



After Autumn's leafy shrug old neighbors reach together to grasp at the sperm of Spring.

—D. M. SCHROEDER III



To him who, in the love of nature, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language. . . .

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



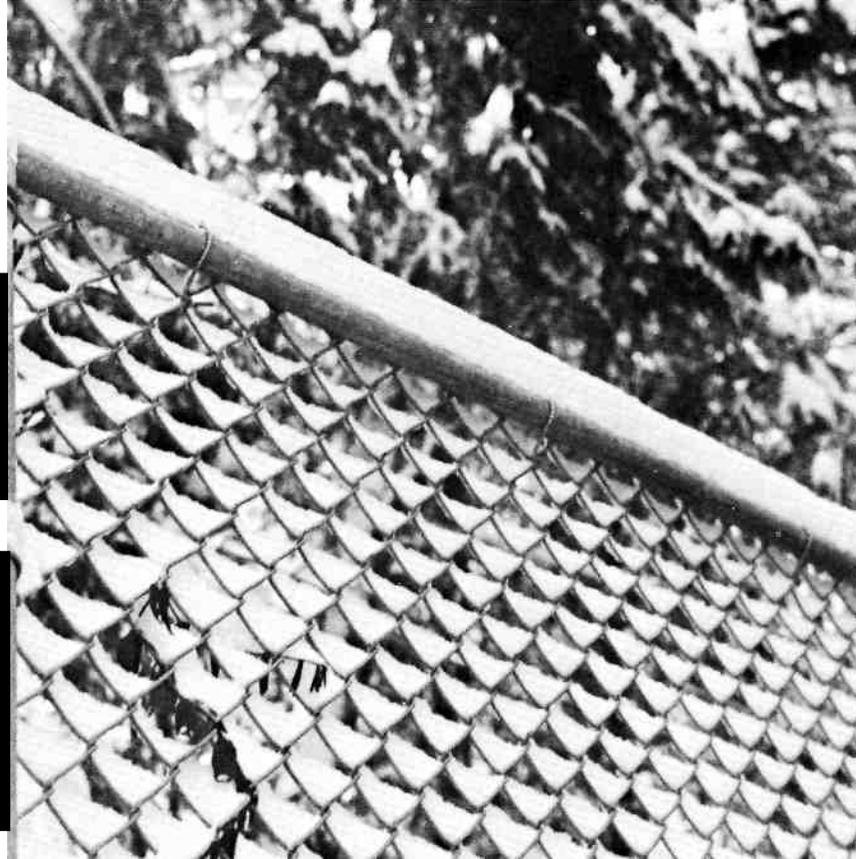
Those things are better which are perfected by nature than those which are finished by art.

—CICERO



Like that strange human animal, even the fir must sometimes bow to a greater force.

—D. M. SCHROEDER III



Nature protests human barriers and perfects them with the downy symmetry of fallen snow.

—D. M. SCHROEDER III



Winter is forever writing in familiar and picturesque lines upon the land.  
The dark sturdy trees are etched sharply against the winter's landscape  
and the sky.

—LANSING CHRISTMAN



Scenery seems to wear in one's consciousness better than any other element in life.

—WILLIAM JAMES

I could not become those things which you  
were (then when our being together seemed  
an electric song our praise to winter our  
promise of its immortality) although I  
sometimes tried, remembering a previous  
alone panic night. I loved you and you  
loved you not really me but becoming you  
to be loved was not possible however I  
may have thought so once . . .

Even less  
could I become those things which you loved.  
I could not be snow-flaked nighttimes. . .  
early mist over a morning lake ... a pizza  
with pepperone eaten in winter park by  
flashlight . . . nor Dylan singing girl from  
the north country creating warm-cold and  
winter's beauty strangeness feeling and  
song with summer's voice. You could only  
love that which could not love in return  
how sad I am for you sometimes.

At times  
I wonder: perhaps I did not really love  
you it was merely the thing to do under  
the circumstances—how very easily I can  
fool myself.

Our months  
were winter months and still I see us only in  
the scent of snow how lonely our  
being together was. Was it truly that cold  
or that dark I should walk so near  
you feeling wet and cold yet strangely  
sheltered . . .

Later in bed

Magic happened again in nighttime moans and  
snowy trembling and blue-colored connections  
amid the magic nighttime dance of blue-bright  
rods. Snow happening around the lamppost,  
in the alley from your window . . . we are watch-  
ing in our dream and flying over rooftops  
as you whisper

"again . . ."

and so, the color changing with horns and  
sadness again through sadness press against  
me

sow semen to the wind.

• James Traglia

A breeze is small wind.  
It sways a field of wheat,  
Or makes a leaf tremble,  
Or reaches with lambent fingers  
Through a woman's hair.  
It skips on the wrinkles  
of a puddle or pool.  
The breeze is the welcome hint  
of the stronger wind,  
the wind of bliss,  
the wind of reunion;  
of the rush of air amid joining hearts.

• David M. Schroeder III

# A Line Drawing

• John Caulfield

EVER SINCE I was a little kid I liked boxing. I used to watch the fights down in the fighting clubs when I was around ten. My daddy used to take me. They usually had pretty good middle-weights who really went at it. Not too many knockouts but plenty of blood.

When I got older I used to go to the gym two blocks down the road from school. It was a stinking place with a lot of dried sweat or drying sweat. They had a couple of decent fighters who trained there. And there were some others bums too, weight-lifters and wrestlers. As far as I was concerned, those guys were hams. The boxers were the real guys. They would skip rope and work with the bags. All the stuff they used was pretty old. The gloves were really beat up but they made great sounds when they hit something. The hitting was pretty hard too. I saw two broken noses one afternoon, I remember. And there was one guy who always got his lower lip cut. I don't think it ever healed because it was always bleeding and he was always fighting. He was from Albania and they called him the Greek because nobody could understand the way he talked.

Anyway when I was sixteen I started doing a little boxing of my own. Just sparring but that was tough enough. It wasn't til I was eighteen and got some more weight that I went in for it in a big way. I got knocked out a couple of times but I could hurt my man. It got to be real fun drawing blood. I wasn't no crazy guy but I felt a little better if the guy I was fighting bled a little.

When I was twenty I fought for money. The good thing was that everybody wanted blood now—the crowd, the promoters,

my manager. Why not give 'em what they want? Every Saturday night I bashed up my man. Those were the days of a bum a week and may the best man win. Most of my fights were wins. This went on for a couple of years but I didn't get rich because we crapped around too much. I just fought and won mostly. Finally, they figured I earned a shot at a high class fighter so they matched me up with an Irishman named O'Reilly.

He was a little bigger than I was and liked to fight my style. Hit, smash, and work on the opening. I figured whoever hurt the other guy first would win the fight, so I pressed him early. He had figured the same way too. At the end of the second round I could see his left eye was torn underneath and so I felt pretty good. Just then my right eye turned red and I knew there was some blood in it. My trainer said that it was from a cut just under the eyebrow.

I sort of got PO'd and said to hell with caution and go after him. At the end of that round I could just see from the eye. In the fourth the eye shut completely and he opened a cut on the other one. His eye had pretty well had it too and I worked open his lower lip. We were both covered with blood now. I figured it was no use backing out so I really went after him. This was pretty much how it was til the end of the fight. It was called a draw for all my trying.

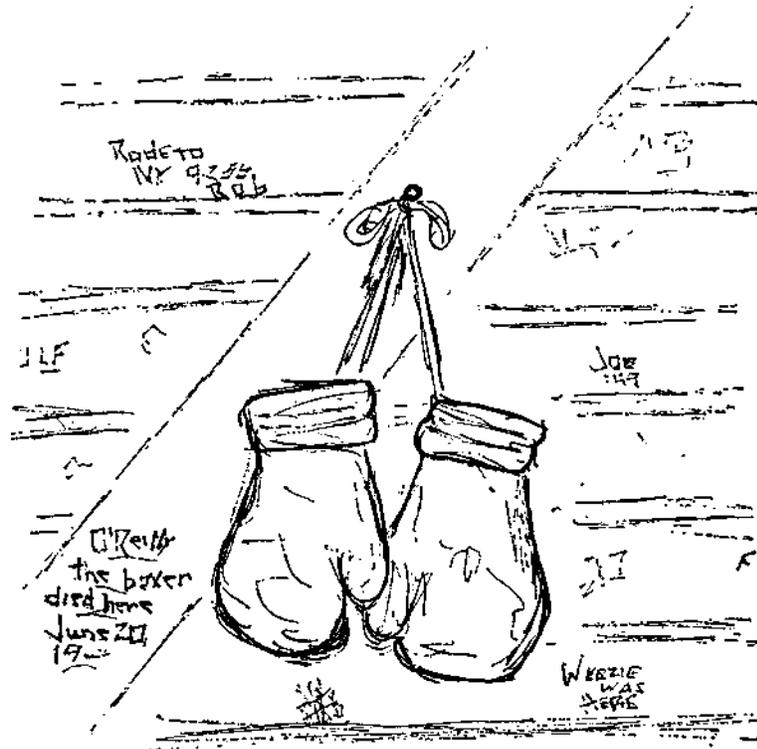
Next day I found out that I had two broken ribs, a couple of busted knuckles, and I was blind in one eye. "Never see out of that eye again," said the doc, and he gave me a glass one. I was just 28 at the time and it didn't look too good for my career. But boxing is a good sport, so I stuck with it for a couple of years. I wasn't no good any more but I stuck with it. About six years later I found I was matched with this same bum O'Reilly that blinded me.

When I got into the ring, I looked him over. He had a few scars too. In fact the eye where I nailed him looked almost as bad as mine, but he still had his. Since we weren't no youngsters any more, we took it easy in the first couple rounds. Then we did get going. No bones, some blood, but man the hitting

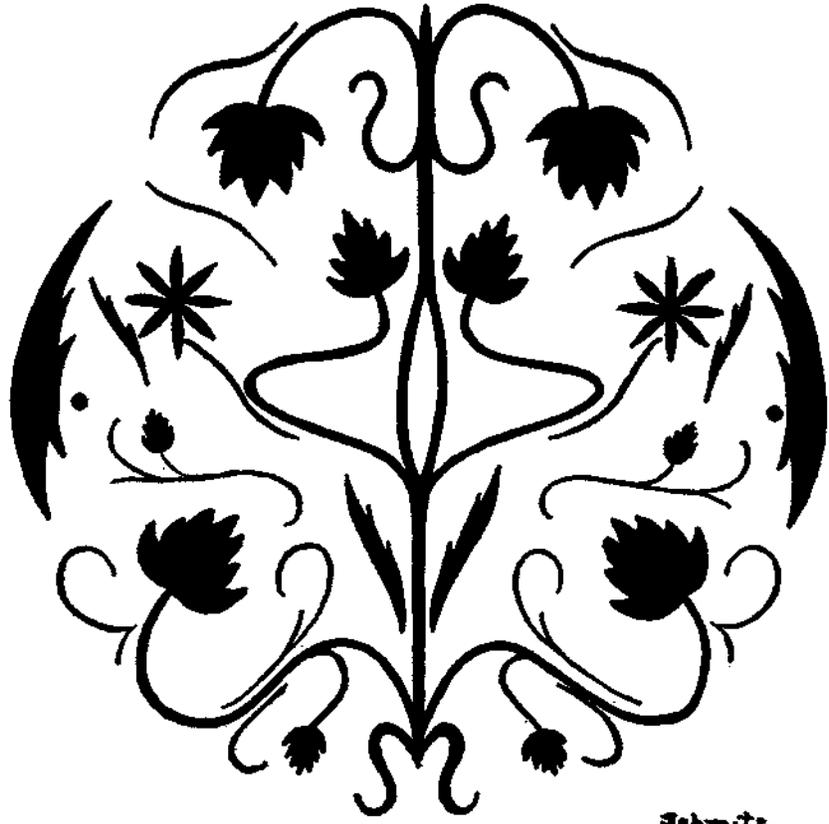
was hard. In the last round I looked at him and we sort of had an agreement. We hit each other but like old buddies.

That was my last fight. I bummed around a couple years doing odd jobs. Manual labor, you know, cars, floors, construction. After that I was more out of work than in. So I took to traveling all over the country on trains. I've been doing that ever since.

I don't know whether you've ever been in a train. In the freight cars, I mean. But there's writing all over the walls. When it's cold outside, it's nice to read who was in the car and what happened there. I always add my own name. Maybe you'll see it some time. Anyway the other day I was in a car and down in the corner on the wall was written, "O'Reilly, the Boxer, died here June 20, 19 \_\_\_ K.B."



Schmitz



Schmitz

*A Sonnet on*

*Kikaku's Haiku*

*"Summer Evening"*

Cool breezes blow across a parking lot  
Where today four wheels kept every line apart.  
And even though the sun was very hot,  
My lot is cold and chills my very heart.  
In one dim place three kids are playing games  
As darkness sets upon the city's walls.  
Soon to come is the bounce of hippy dames,  
Yet still, the faint, the plaintive supper calls.  
Now up above the grotesque buildings bare  
Stars wink, though dimmed by glow of city lights.  
Occasionally I trace the ursine lair,  
And feel as if my mind has reached new heights.  
Oh! Even here amidst the filth of urban blight,  
I see once more the truth of summer's night.

• John A. Barranger

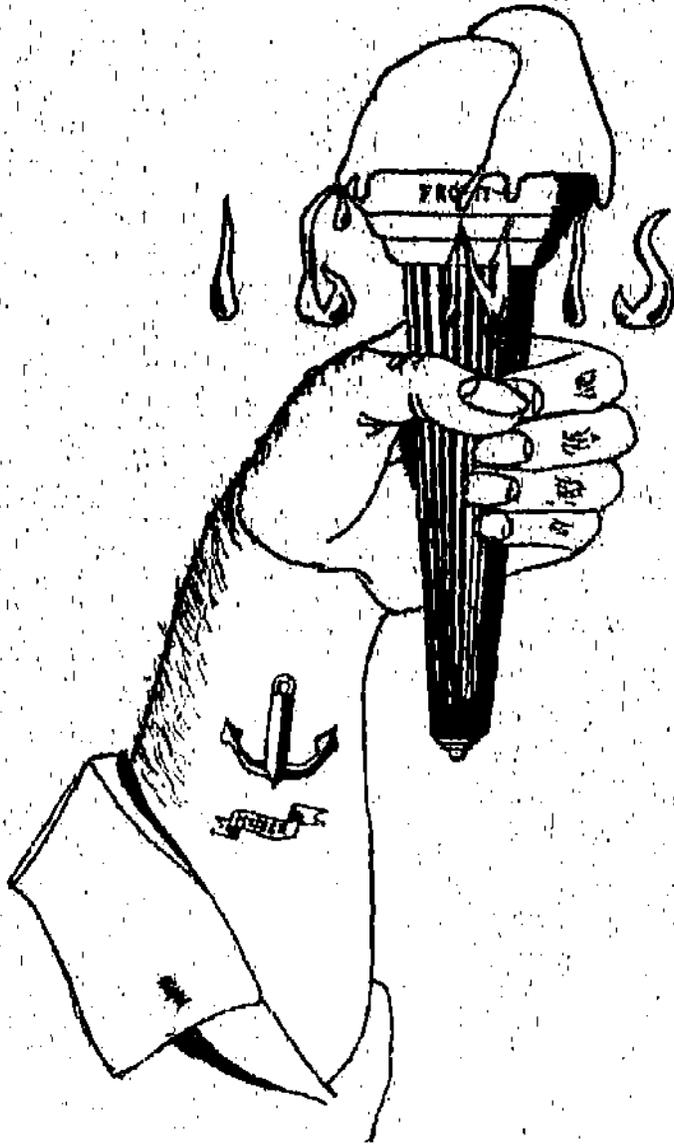
## *Aftermath*

The world is gone . . . almost gone.  
Despair reigns triumphant, but for the fledgling whimpers  
Echoing above the contaminated clouds of yesterday  
The contingency of tomorrow.  
Though what chance have they, the children of Adam?  
Those now dead, those not yet born-  
All share in Man's legacy,  
His evil genius fostering Despair and festering Hope,  
His power surpassed only by his futility.

Today the voice of Man was heard,  
As the bomb-bathed earth succumbed to his feeble might.  
Whence the sobs which can drown that shocking sound?  
Mankind at once becomes a vast vacuum  
Filled solely by the tears from his own belching belligerence.  
Forces ere opposed in the clamorous auspices of war,  
Here unite in the quiet sorrow of desolation.  
No need for parchment pact,  
A solemn covenant inscribed in every human heart,  
The weight of Time impressed upon every human breast.

The world is gone . . . almost gone.  
Peace, O hated Peace has come at last,  
Man, the vanquished, spited for himself—  
But who to breathe the redolent vapors?  
Peace, a phantasm, a fleeting hoax,  
A Pyrrhic victory born of inner, utter chaos.  
'Midst the shadows of the stricken sanctuary that is Earth,  
Men ponder aloud what has been, and passed,  
Peace . . . Peace,  
And a little boy asks, "What *is* for Man?"

• **Joel Rochester**



H. Zoo

*Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavour.*

— COWPER

*There is only one step from the sublime  
to the ridiculous.*

— NAPOLEON

*And this is it!*

— JAMES GENTHNER

## Reynard Fox, LL.D.

How Reynard the Fox became ill and how during his convalescence he passed his time watching the gardener care for the magnificent gardens of the Palace of Baron Alopex Lagopus and how all of this led to the writing of a most magnificent set of volumes upon the subject of botany. Of his magnificent books which amazed and astounded scholars and all learned persons and caused him to win great renown in the world of letters. How he received a most exalted degree from an eminent University.

• Translated from the 14th Century  
Heidelberg Manuscript by James Genthner

Reynard continued his travels throughout the many & diverse kingdoms, always astounding the learned with his knowledge & outwitting them in all mental feats. At length he stopped at the castle of the most excellent Baron Alopex Lagopus where he became violently ill after eating a bit of tainted pork. His illness left him very weak & he was obliged to remain at the Baron's castle for several months. During his stay there he passed the time watching the gardener care for the magnificent gardens of the castle & soon became interested in the science of botany. This interest was sufficient reason for him to read every book in the Baron's private library on the subject of plants & was the direct cause for him to write a magnificent set of volumes on the subject of the Foxglove (*Scrophulariaceae Digitalis purpurea*). Reynard considered the foxglove the logical subject for a fox interested in botany to write about.

"Now since the fox is nature's noblest and cleverest animal," he reasoned, "and since the foxglove is so greatly honored by being named after the fox, it is a good premise to conclude that I, being a fox, should write upon the subject of this illustrious plant."

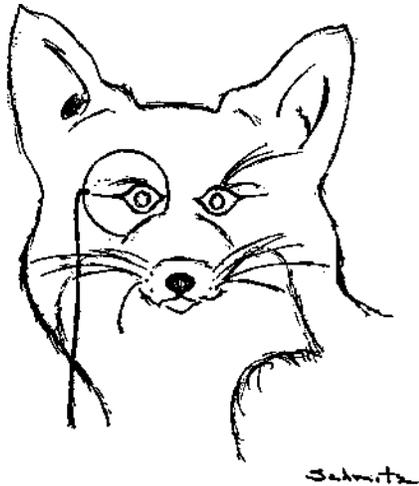
Reynard thereupon went to work writing an exhaustive study upon the subject of the foxglove. In all, he wrote fifteen different volumes upon the foxglove & subjects related to the foxglove. He wrote eleven excellent volumes which shall be spoken of here only briefly: *Nature of the Foxglove*; *Leaf Structure of the Foxglove*; *On the Stalks of Foxglove*; *The Pollination of the Foxglove*; *How to tell the Seed of a Foxglove from a Hen's Egg & Citing Examples of Cases Where the Two Have Been Mistaken*; *Planting the Foxglove*; *Preparing the Soil for Scrophulariaceae Digitalis purpurea*; *Seventy-two Different Types of Foxglove Analyzed*; *The Foxglove in Literature*; *Famous Men Who Grew Foxgloves*; *Cooking With Foxgloves for Tasty Low-Calorie Meals*.

But the last volumes were his most spectacular & won him the greatest fame among the literati of his day. In Volume XII, *The Foxglove It Its Effects on Western Culture*, he proved that the decline of Rome & the failure of the Second Crusade were directly related to the decline in the number of foxgloves planted & that in years when foxgloves were most abundant, Western culture has been most powerful & prosperous.

This discovery astounded all of the men of letters & they soon began talking about the learned Dr. Reynard who had made such a valuable observation. They awaited eagerly his next three volumes for they knew that a writer with his ability for scholarship could produce only a book of greatest quality and merit.

Their great expectations were fulfilled when they read Volume XIII, *On the Concept of the Foxglove*, in which he proved to all, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it is a good likelihood to assume that the foxglove exists & partakes of a sort of nature which Reynard called "Foxgloveness."

In Chapter 19 of that work he so eloquently stated: "In tackling the problem of the possibility of the existence of the foxglove, a possibility which we have already discussed in the preceding chapters, we must come to the conclusion that the foxglove is because it is, for if it was not, how could we con-



ceive of it in the first place, for it is obvious that we cannot conceive of something that is not because in order for our senses to apprehend a subject, it must exist or at least have some traces of existence so that a sensory perception can be made. This whole problem is greatly complicated in the consideration of non-existents such as dinosaurs. However, this can be explained briefly by saying that even though dinosaurs do not exist, they *did* exist, so therefore since they did exist & took part in the act of existing, they are real if we could be transported back to the time when they existed. However, when they existed, we did not, and now that we do, they do not, so it is rather difficult to tell a dinosaur from a figment of the imagination. However, one can tell a figment from a fignewton because fignewtons exist & are edible. Figments do not exist & are not edible. If you are in doubt as to the nature of the two, try to taste the object in question & make an existential judgment."

"Now, therefore, we shall call this nature 'Foxgloveness,' i.e., a participation in that essence which is unique to foxgloves & is shared exclusively by them. For how could a foxglove partake of canine nature & be a foxglove at the same time? (For more on the subject of canine nature, please consult my earlier volume *On the Concept of Fido.*)"

One might have imagined that after that literary *tour de force* Reynard would have exhausted all possible subjects & would have begun to bask in the light of his literary reputation. But no! He again outdid himself with a most remarkable book entitled *The Foxglove: Good or Evil?*. Thus he became the author of the definitive work on the ethics of foxglovery, which is even today consulted by jurists, advocates, moral theologians, ethicians, arbiters, & diverse scholars. It is only fair to list some of the chapter headings here so that you may get an idea of the contents of this remarkable book:

- Chapter I: Is the Foxglove a Moral Agent?
- II: Reasons for Supposing This. Examples.
- III: Reasons for Not Supposing This. Examples.
- IV: Should We Have Even Bothered Discussing This?
- V: Reasons For Supposing This.
- VI: The Author's Opinion on This.
- VII: Prudence & Moderation as Qualities of the Foxglove.
- VIII: Detrimental Attributes of the Foxglove.
- IX: Is the Foxglove Temperate?
- X: Is There Such a Thing as an Unethical Foxglove?
- XI: Why it is Unwise to Make Any Ethical Judgment About Foxgloves.

Part of his treatise has reached its way into all of the legal codes in every kingdom of the world. What jurist is not familiar with the quotation: "Now, since the foxglove contributes to the ideal of perfect good by its natural & inherent beauty, we should overlook its accidental property of causing various persons allergic to it to sneeze. Therefore, it should be concluded that it is unwise to make any judgment of the foxglove that is all-inclusive. Rather, one should weigh the good & the bad carefully & exercise prudence & temperance in making any judgment of an individual occurrence. For a foxglove may be

Metaphysical  
Gothic



D. Spring

detrimental to one man in one situation & beneficial to another man in a different situation, as may be carefully summarized in the excellent legal maxim attributed to Publius Judicious, "What is one man's meat may be another man's poison'."?

Reynard's fame spread throughout the land & he became recognized as a leading authority in that branch of ethics which deals with the foxglove. So magnificent was his accomplishment & so great was his fame that he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) by the Law School of the University of Bologna. Henceforth he always was spoken of as Dr. Reynard or The Most Learned Reynard Fox, LL.D. Not to be outdone, the Sorbonne awarded him the title of Doctor of Jurisprudence. But these were only the beginning of many & diverse honors bestowed upon Reynard.

Reynard at last finished his fifteenth & last volume of his magnificent work, *Treatise on the Foxglove*. This volume was entitled *The Foxglove Epistemologically Analyzed*; in it Reynard dealt with the problem of how it is possible, in the first place, to gather up so much knowledge upon the subject of the foxglove. Reynard described the various & sundry ways in which he had come upon all of the amazing knowledge he had accumulated upon the subject of Digitalis. As he most eloquently states in chapter XIX: "Now, it must therefore be admitted that there are many considerations to be made as to the fields of inquiry by which the intellect attains a knowledge of things about it in the world of reality. I therefore must admit, though much of my most valuable knowledge came to me *a priori*, empirical knowledge, induction, & syllogistic reasoning were very great aids. As to the importance of one of these methods over another, I cannot say, for the problem is complex & involves great metaphysical matters. However, I can only sum this up by saying, 'Digitalis est, ergo sum,' & proceed to chapter XX with all of this in mind."

Reynard's work was warmly received by all of the great epistemologists of the day. Each believed that Reynard's work had completely proven his own private theory. Thus, Reynard became an honorary professor of the Empirical School of

Amsterdam, the Platonist Society of Verona, The Thomistic School of Paris, the Aristotelian League of Granada, and the Epistemological Council of Vienna. This caused great confusion at times when epistemologists of different schools engaged in conversation.

On one noteworthy occasion, the very learned Doctor Hugo Wordswords chanced to meet the sage Philo Balderdashius at an inn near Rome. "My dear Doctor Balderdashius," declared the learned Dr. Wordswords, "are you not going to give up your empirical theory of knowledge now that Dr. Reynard has so perfectly proved that all knowledge comes *a priori* & not by any other method?"

To this Dr. Balderdashius replied, "Certainly not! Reynard's book has clearly advocated empiricism. Your theory is completely absurd!"

Like all true philosophers when confronted with an exercise of the intellect, they immediately set out to find the most expedient course of settling this dispute: the two sages started yanking each other's beards & bashing each other over the head with their canes.

A third philosopher walked in & inquired as to why the two were fighting & offered to mediate their dispute. Upon hearing the cause of their quarrel, the third philosopher exclaimed, "Asses! Don't you know that Dr. Reynard's book has completely rejected your theories & has advanced the pragmatic solution of the problem?"

This statement was the efficient cause which resulted in the first two metaphysicians' descending upon their unfortunate arbiter.

Reynard's fame spread far & wide & all of the important universities were eager to have him give scholarly lectures to their students & learned professors. Reynard was invited to come to the renowned University of the Kingdom of Moronia Felix in order that he might deliver a most edifying lecture on the foxglove. While at that great University he happened to engage in conversation with some of the wisest scholars there. One of the scholars, thinking that he could fool Reynard,

asked him, "Learned Sir, what good are foxgloves in the first place? Why were they not made elephants instead?"

Reynard replied to him, "Foxgloves were made so that scholars should write upon their nature. For if there were not any foxgloves, I would have written fifteen volumes of nothing—which is a contradiction in terms—& as a result I would never have been invited to this University where we are today



speaking to one another. If it were not for foxgloves, this conversation would never have taken place! Thus, the foxglove is of greatest importance."

"Amazing!" cried one scholar.

"How erudite he is!" exclaimed another.

"What wisdom! What casuistry! What sophistry!" declared a third scholar.

That group of learned men thereupon awarded Reynard the

highest degree given to a scholar—the title of Doctor Obscuris. This eminent & highly coveted award has been given only to a select few scholars; it was indeed the crowning glory, the pinnacle of success for Reynard, who had also received the most praiseworthy titles of Doctor of Verbosity, Pedanticus Absurdus, Doctor Bombasticus, & the Award of the Society of the Owl of Minerva.

Reynard's work quickly became a classic & was made required reading at nearly every major university. So great was his influence upon scholarship that none other than the learned periodical, "*The Publications of the Medieval Language Association*," began printing articles & obscure anecdotes about Reynard's life instead of discussing the length of Chaucer's beard or reprinting old invoices & bills found in one of Chaucer's wastebaskets at the time of his death. Further, pedagogues who formerly wrote long articles analyzing that learned book of Aurelius Dawsonius, *The Making of Everything*, which proved that the world had been created at 6:02 A. M. (Greenwich Mean Time) on the morning of October 20, 4032 B.C., & which stated that the reason griffins are extinct is because Adam & Eve made their first suits of clothing out of griffin skin, thus extirpating for all time that noble creature, now wrote long articles of praise about Reynard's works.

The list of tributes & honors bestowed upon Reynard by his learned colleagues is practically endless; this story is too brief to list them all. Suffice it to say that his renown throughout the world of letters increased as each year passed. Reynard continued to travel throughout the land giving lectures & after-dinner speeches to scholarly societies. But the greatest honor of all bestowed upon him was his appointment to the Chair of Foxglovery at Oxbridge University. Students traveled from far and near to enroll in Dr. Reynard's courses at Oxbridge. Reynard spent the rest of his many years on this globe of toil & sin lecturing at Oxbridge amid the great esteem of all men of letters. And it was truly said of him that he was the wisest fox of all.

## *Down on the Farm*

• Edward Brofka

“USED TO BE, Jeb, that the greatest sport in these here United States of the U.S.A.—the *greatest* sport—was baseball. Before that don't matter none; mighta been killin' off the injuns, but the United Nations doin' that by itself lately. No more, no how, I say. Seems like the younger folks've got a new game that they'd rather do than anythin' else. Call it 'gonna go to the university'; have a helluva time at it, too.

"Used to be, Jeb, that a young'n could do fine with four bits in his pocket when he wanted to enjoy hisself. A baseball game in the city and some eats was plenny. And them shortstops and cennerfielders and pitchers and all the rest of 'em was them kids' he-roes. Used to be, but ain't no more.

"Nowadays, the boy comes up beggin' and wants a few thousand dollars so's he can go and git hisself a college de-gree. He don't even like baseball no more; he's got new games like lay-cross and de-bates on his brain. And his old he-roes ain't he-roes no more. Jeb, if a man don't wear no banker's clothes and don't walk in shiny store shoes and don't smoke no tailormade ci-gars, well then, he ain't no he-ro—unless he's got hisself a banjo and dirty clothes and a beard and a twangy voice and a university de-gree. Hell, wasn't for the de-gree bit, I could be a he-ro.

"You know, my boy's done become one of them collegers. He's been studyin' at the university for three-and-one-half years now; says he's gonna be a 'Public Relations Specialist.' Don't that beat all? Used to be we never even talked about things like that, let alone say that's what we was gonna be. I know what 'public' means, Jeb, and I know what 'relations' are (been married three times), but can you imagine 'public relations?' Strikes me as bein' downright obscene.

"And when he writes home, he's always talkin' 'bout his 'business relations'; never thought my son would keep women, and I told him so. Calls me a 'joker.' Got lots of card-playin' there, too, I guess.

"Every so often he writes home for money. I git the postman to read me the letter, cause my eyes ain't never been too good for that. Boy says he's got a lot of bills—laundry, meals, dates, and school supplies. Tells me I gotta pay for 'em. You'd think that those women he been keepin' in his business relations would at least do the washin' and cookin' for him. Hah! and he never had no taste for dates 'fore he left home; used to like raisins, though. Them school supplies seem like the only things worth payin' for.

"He says the 'fessors up there are real fine men, and they learn him real good. I wonder what the teachers are doin' if he's gotta git his learnin' from the 'fessors. Tell me true, Jeb, ain't that a burner? Payin' all that fine money to a school, and the teachers don't do nothin'; they oughta pay those 'fessors instead of the teachers. Do 'em both a justice that way.

"Boy's been goin' 'round with a special girl up there; he says she's real smart and gits good marks, but that she lost her honor standin' last month. I told him I hoped for his sake it weren't none of his doin', cause I'd whale him if it was. I told him to find the man who did it and give him a set of worries. I'll tell you, Jeb, if there's one thing that holds up 'round here, it's a girl's honor standin'. If she done lost it 'fore you get to know her, it ain't so bad, but a man should always try to keep an honorable girl honorable. Yessir, one thing we got is high morals and church-goin' ways.

"Well, boy's comin' in on the noon train. Gotta git down and pick him up. Proud of him, first one in the family to go to the university and all that. Good thing I'm an understandin' pa. Most men probably wouldn't know how to handle themselves in a pickle like this, what with havin' a wayward boy; but he tries hard and I try hard, and we git along fine.

"See you 'round, Jeb."

*The Lonely Road  
of the  
Non-Drinker*

• Pete Mastrangelo

**R**ATIONALIZATION is the name of the game. Some people play it this way: "So he doesn't drink, so what? He pays his bills. He writes to the folks."

Others sigh hopelessly and sob: "Have you seen Denny lately? If he'd only get *ahold* of himself."

A current delusion is that there's nothing you can do about it: if a guy doesn't drink, he doesn't drink—period. There's nothing you can do to help him. You have to let him go around being punctual and being cagey with his mutual funds. You have to let him go on living with the awful knowledge that everybody hates him.

But that's not true—you *can* help.

You can help by taking off the rose-colored glasses and recognizing the plight of the unfortunate one. This is an enlightened age—an age in which lots of people sleep with the windows open; an age in which the champions of chastity are few; an age in which people call tuberculosis, tuberculosis, and pants, pants. It's an age that recognizes sickness in another person. It's an age when you call a non-drinker, a non-drinker—and give him (or her) your hand, Brother.

To recognize the sickness you must first recognize the symptoms of the non-drinker, at work and at play. Actually, it's easy. You've noticed those symptoms right along. You see the non-drinker at social gatherings, apart from the swirl of cheer

and gaiety, looking repeatedly at his watch, casting about desperately for the dubious companionship of his own kind. You see him standing, shifty-eyed but defiant, in front of the tellers' windows at the savings bank. You see him shuffling back from lunch, head down, with slack mouth and lacklustre eye, before one o'clock.

Now, when you see him, remember that he can be helped. The first step is to keep your heart and mind open to the truth. Recognize that he's one of them: a non-drinker—a problem to himself, to his family, to his limited triangle of acquaintances.

That, at least, is a start. Because the true non-drinker, the problem non-drinker, is hard to define. He may fall into one or more of several categories.

There's the complete tee-totaler, whose problems are probably so deep-seated that there may be no hope for him. Some of the unhappy souls in this category actually attempt to pretend their weakness is a strength. It's something like a Ubangi who takes a kind of inverse pride in advanced elephantiasis.

Type #2 is the non-drinker who calls himself the moderate or sensible drinker. This one has a few drinks on occasion "just to be sociable," and then the unsociable slob has three or four drinks and then stops, completely, just when everyone else is getting started. This is the type who, if he never married, would go through life kissing women good night at the door.

Type #3 is the periodic abstainer, who isn't as bad off as the others, but has some flaw, some weakness in his personality structure, that prevents him from being a good, healthy, steady drinker. In some instances, he's the unhappiest of them all. When on the wagon, he becomes sullen, and sometimes violent. He beats his wife, conversationally, emotionally, physically, sexually and/or financially. He seeks the morose company of other non-drinkers. The basic question to ask this troubled soul, after you hand him a drink, is: does he really have the affinity for these other non-drinkers, or is he leaning on them, using their weakness as a crutch to support his own?

These are the three basic types of non-drinkers. There are all kinds of sub-divisions and categories and even maverick

non-drinkers, but there's no point in trying to analyze them here. They can all be helped, to a degree. Many can even be cured completely. But most of them are subject to backsliding, and bear a kind of benign watching. Just don't let them know that you're watching. Remember, no amount of outside help is going to have a positive effect unless the subject really *wants* to start drinking again.

You, yourself, have got to care.

You've got to let him *know* you care.

You've got to let him know that there's always that helping hand to reach out to, any time, anywhere. He's got to know that no further away than the nearest telephone, help is at hand. When he gets that urge not to drink, you or someone like you will be with him in a matter of minutes. The helping hand will have two drinks in it, and you're happy to stay with him, for hours or days, talking and drinking, until that frightening urge not to drink passes—until he realizes (what the hell) you can't go around facing reality all the time.

It's a kind of therapy for you, too. You never know when you might need help yourself.





