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# HELICON

Volume XXI

Spring, 1961



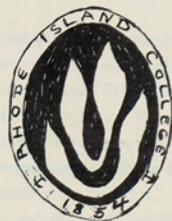
Rhode Island College

Providence, Rhode Island

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Cover by Linda Murray

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### The Cover

Pieria, near Mount Olympus, is considered to be the native country of the Muses of Greek mythology. As the cult grew, however, and the Muses increased in number from three to nine, their established home became Mount Helicon in Boeotia. There are many myths concerning the Muses. The later Greek poets are responsible for the association of Pegasus with the Muses and Mount Helicon. According to the poets, Pegasus was sent to Helicon by Neptune, and the spring of Hippocrene on Mount Helicon was caused by a blow from the hoof of Pegasus. As a result of this association, Pegasus became celebrated as the horse of the Muses and of all literature, especially poetry.

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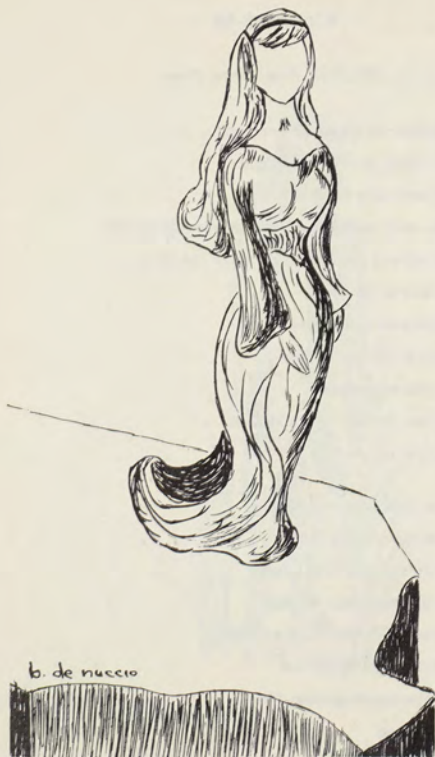
## Windward Me

*HELICON First Award Poem*

My Winter pockets are lined with dead moths,  
And the wind whistles at my ragged dignity,  
I have grown lame using Summer feet  
Outlimping the wind, cutting steps with the edges of my toes.  
The wind has billowed the soles of my shoes like skirts,  
And hugging them to my body  
I have learned to walk hiding my nakedness.  
The taut strands of my hair become  
Brown string tying my eyes shut,  
And bumping into me, the wind hurries by  
Shouting angrily in my ear.

My pockets are lined with dead moths.  
My feet have been burned by frost.  
I have heard birds singing in the night,  
And watched the wind singe the light.  
I have heard the wind's voice thick and tight  
As I walked in the night by daytime  
Becoming a whine matching mine. Yet —  
I have singed nothing.

*Millie Mae Wicklund*



## Ellen

### *HELICON Second Award Poem*

In Scotland now, when storm winds lash  
 The cliffs of ice as day does fade.  
 When on the icy rocks the crash  
 Of surf resounds, there walks a maid.  
 Upon the cliffs, above the sea,  
 She keeps her vigil; unaware  
 That he for whom she walks and waits  
 Has kept his meeting with the fates;  
 Can not return, will never know  
 She'd kept her word pledged long ago.

As children, they had walked the cliffs  
 And sworn forever to be true.  
 They'd pledged their love and both agreed  
 To meet each dusk as day was through.  
 Their fathers, bitter foes, decreed  
 Forevermore they must not meet.  
 How could their youthful love succeed!  
 Mere babes, whom love would never greet.  
 They felt that time would play its part  
 To mend a young and foolish heart.

And yet the maid, so young, so fair,  
 Each day at dusk would scan the sea  
 To catch Paul's sign that he was there.  
 A lantern cleaved the misty air  
 As if an answer to her prayer —  
 "tis safe to come — I wait for thee."  
 His words that day were sad and slow.  
 "Fair maid, I to the wars must go.  
 And yet — weep not, I shall return.  
 When next ye see my lantern burn  
 Upon this cliff, above the sea,  
 'twill mean that I've come home to thee."

Through winter's fear, through spring's gay cheer,  
Through summer's languid perfumed days,  
Each twilight brought the happy thought  
That she might see his lantern blaze.

The winds had left their summer haunts  
And swept upon the highlands cold  
To blast with hellion shrieks and taunts  
The heather soft and bluebells bold.  
And still the maiden staunchly watched  
The sea-bound cliff, as Paul had told.

And then, one treacherous, misty night  
When roaring swells raged over the sea,  
A lantern blazed! A gleam of light!  
The maiden, gladdened by the sight,  
Threw on her cloak, and through the night  
Ran towards the lantern gleaming bright  
To the place where Paul must be!

Yet wait — what sorcery does this show —  
The lantern flickers, dims, then dies,  
But who can hear Paul's wretched cries  
With pounding waves on the rocks below.

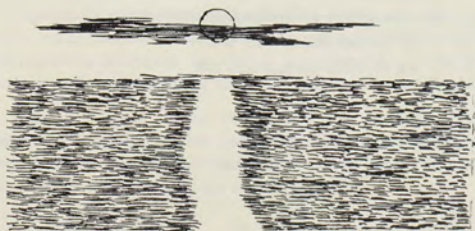
The maiden halts; the light has gone.  
Yet what was that — a cry of pain!  
But no; the maiden stands forlorn —  
With howling wind and stinging rain.

They searched the rocks; they found the wreck.  
"twas Paul's," did all declare.  
And yet, no body did they see  
And even greater mystery —  
No lantern found they there.

And of the maid? Aye — there's the tale.  
Four hundred years have passed since then.  
Yet every stormy, misty gale  
With bitter blasts of snow and hail  
Brings forth the maid again.

Full many have claimed, on a foggy night  
The glimpse of a lantern, glowing bright,  
The glimpse of a maiden, waiting there,  
With the mist all around  
And the wind in her hair —  
And the wind seems to sigh  
From the cliffs up above,  
"I'll wait for thee, my love . . ."

*Ann Marie Plante*





## And Yesterday The Year Grew Old

living without you was easy and my mind said yes  
to staying with life running for awhile  
forgetting to smile exercising my right  
to live alone and my mind said yes

and almost I was alone settling in my retreat  
brutally chasing tenderness with distance  
conquering sullenness with a lonely gaze  
living without you was easy and my mind said yes

beating down an angry pain servant to an anguish  
wearing down the strangeness of it all  
knowing the roughest way to forget was wishing to  
awkward with seldom tears my mind said yes  
but the lock numbed my heart  
and yesterday the year grew old.

*Millie Mae Wicklund*

## Reflections In The Snow

The snow has stopped. And the silver wind whips the shrieking clouds away. Suddenly, it is sunset, and the pink line of hope awakens the white earth.

. . . Pink on the earth and on the horizon, blending softly with the maroon; and then the blue velvet of night in the midnight heavens . . . Stars like so many diamonds that God has thrown and the moon like a silver pendent against the velvet night. . . .

A blue calm pervades the air and the blue-white blanket muffles the anguished cries, and covers the world in beautiful agony. This icy absolution in ceremonial gowns cleanses, purifies earth's face. But how much is face? The wretched soul lies beneath, black, searching.

The scene of hazed, mirrored loveliness is torn by the black spectre of what once was life. Rooted in the shaded soul of earth, a black stretching spectre, gaunt against the white face of earth, reaches longingly toward the pink hope of heaven. Dead, decaying hands frozen in screaming supplication to a silent God.

White, pink — promises of rebirth, renewal, hope. Why is our God silent, sending promises, giving no hope? Why is man deaf to anguished cries, to frozen hands of supplication.

Gaunt hands mirror the soul of earth, the soul of man. Little black, crawling hands, grasping, stealing, cheating, conquering. Black whipping hands squashing, squelching, squeezing all hope from the wretched land. Searching hands — searching for life — achieving hatred, anguish, death.

Stretching, tortured hands — bow low — grasp nothing but pink hope, steal nothing but anguished cries, cheat no one but the melting sun. Search into hazed, mirrored loveliness, search beneath the icy absolution — find your wretched soul and the silent God.

*Carol Giuliano*

## The Two Winners

A night so dark and dank can ne'er be found  
When water and men's voices did resound  
While James Wolfe paced St. Lawrence's sandy jaws,  
With fever in his mind, his thoughts uproared.

He long, intently listened to the sounds  
And looked with eyes still straining, all around  
Until his mind found out the enemy's guise  
He'd climb the cliffs, take Quebec by surprise.

Montcalm, the confident general, kept his watch  
Protecting even by the midnight torch  
His chore, to keep the city free from harm  
His bold, complacent faith dispelled alarm.

Thus on the following day all history tells  
The city of Quebec to England fell.  
Wolfe won his final battle, then departed.  
Montcalm, though loser, died not broken-hearted.

*Elaine Keefe*

## Afternoon Of The Elk

I don't know about your mother, but mine plays bridge like there was no tomorrow, and telephoning is her favorite indoor sport.

Every Thursday afternoon, with the precision of a Swiss watch, she and seven other ladies play bridge. These people don't live in our neighborhood, but they all frequent the same beauty shop, so presumably this makes them sisters under the skin.

Anyway, they come. "Come" is putting it mildly. They descend upon our living room like a herd of elk seeking good pasture land. Needless to say, if I happen to be gracing the living room at zero hour, I remove myself to the higher levels.

I haven't yet figured out just what the purpose of these little weekly jam sessions is: because as soon as they all get together, everybody talks. Nobody listens, as far as I can tell, but everybody talks. The living room sounds like a cornfield full of locusts.

Two weeks ago, my mother was hostess to one of these little extravaganzas. The way she ran around, you would have thought the Rear Admiral of the fleet was coming to dinner. My father moved the furniture in the living room twice, and when Mom started to look at it again with that funny cross-eyed look of hers, he vacated the premises and took refuge in the cellar. I don't want you to get the idea that my mother is cross-eyed, because she isn't. But we know from long years of experience that when she starts looking like a Siamese cat, she's thinking about moving the furniture again.

Anyway, about two o'clock, she said to me, "Ann Marie, please get out of here with those brownies. You'll get crumbs all over the rug."

## On Reading

At the time, I was sitting on the sofa with the silver tray of brownies on my lap, trying to see if it were possible to eat nine or ten of them and still manage to put up a good front for supper. So instead of getting out (which I resented; after all, I'm not an Irish setter) I slipped the tray under the couch, which was the easiest possible place to put it and turned on the T.V.

About three o'clock, the elk started piling in, so I beat a hasty retreat into the kitchen.

Shortly afterwards, I was being paged, "Ann Marie . . . Ann Marie . . ."

I marched into the living room. There sat my mother, in all her glory, pouring coffee and looking quite dignified.

"Would you get the brownies, dear?"

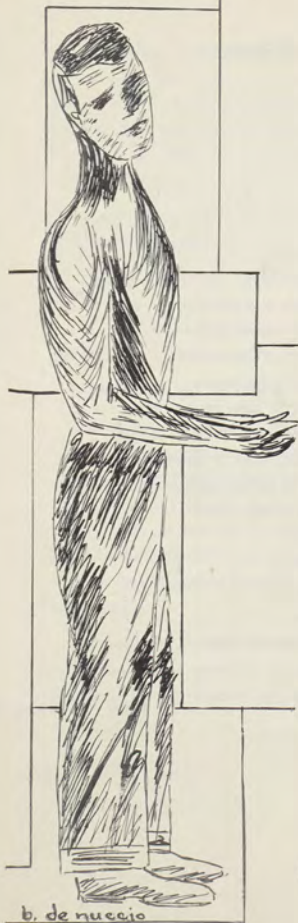
Now, the only time my mother calls me "dear" is when we have company or she's mad at me. But what the heck, I figured I'd be a sport, so I said, "Ok." Then it dawned on me just where the brownies were, but I am not one to embarrass easily. I said, "Excuse me" to one of the elk on the couch, got down on my hands and knees, reached under the couch, and drew forth the silver tray of brownies. Smiling benevolently, I paced them on the coffee table, and like a magician making a farewell appearance exited.

Undoubtedly, I need not relate the events of the evening. Suffice it to say that I have overcome my careless habits. Especially do I notice just where I place brownies from now on!

*Ann Marie Plante*

I sat in a chair turn-  
ing the pages of the book  
fingering the words with my mind  
holding them with my heart. It  
wasn't because I didn't know there  
were men outside in the streets  
whose laughter could make me feel better,  
whose words could bring me closer to them,  
whose fears could be mine, or whose cries  
could be caught up by me instead of the wind.  
It wasn't because I didn't know  
they were there —  
outside in the streets.  
It wasn't that —  
Oh, don't you see  
they didn't know I was there.

*Millie Mae Wicklund*



### Only Life

A large, lonely field lies open to the sun and thrusts its brittle grass up to the sky. A solitary figure stands, his feet half-covered by the earth, and offers to the sun his bare and copper back. Two lovely objects — one, the field; the other, the man — rich, remote, and free. Both have taken their loveliness from nature. Each knows strength the other can neither own, nor dominate.

A solitary figure, that of a man. And to the face of the sun he upwards turns his head. Feet spread wide apart, his spine arched backward—tense—like an Indian bow, aimed and eager to speed an arrow forward; he stands with only peace

as his countenance, and no defiance in his eyes.

A thin, pliable leather is his skin covering a body without flesh, but riddled with sharp, prominent tendons, muscles, veins. He stands palms outward, and his fingers hang curled at the ends of his hands. The movement of a muscle, the throbbing of blood, the tightening of his tendons can be seen, felt, understood. And the picture is one of life — real, vibrant, eager — life that is loved completely.

A solitary figure with his back to the sun, with his face to the sky. A solitary figure with a countenance of freedom only. No passion claims his eyes — no ecstasy has found a place to dance there; no tears have found a place to hide: his eyes reflect only the freedom of his soul. Neither can his mouth betray a secret. No joy or sorrow has yet been worthy to mark his face with passion.

The spirit of the indomitable is his — the spirit of one to whom life is not a question, but a glory; to whom God is not an abstract, but a reality to be known and felt in the richness of the soil or the warmth of the sky's bright sun. His is the spirit that conquers life because he has only loved her.

Within his arms the strength of tendons, muscles, veins; within his heart the flow of freedom only. And so he stands — a solitary figure with his feet half-covered by the earth, in a large, lonely field which lies open to the sun and thrusts its brittle grass up to the sky.

*Patricia Compton*



## Legend of Glass Mountain

Far  
    between black night  
        and  
    the dawn of a new day  
                lay a village  
Age-old sadness of seas in its heart rages at  
    the shadow of Glass Mountain  
Until  
    the day of the Stranger  
Growing in darkness spiraling sunward step by  
grace grace by step He lighted a mirrored reflection  
  
    He ascended  
To this day  
    though villagers joy in their hearts at  
    the light from Glass Mountain  
  
The Stranger has never returned.

*June Blanchette*

## Classroom

George Gauthier picked up his briefcase, closed the door to his office, and started down the hall to room 410. He paused momentarily at the window and gazed thoughtfully at the cloudy sky. Even at nine o'clock in the morning, one could tell that the day would be dreary and dull.

George scowled once again at the clouds, then went into the room.

As he entered, thirty-three pairs of eyes turned, regarded, then dropped silently to the textbooks on their desks. A few stragglers hastened in from the corridor, calling farewells to friends outside.

"See ya at recess . . ."

"Grabba seat fa lunch, will ya?"

George stared pointedly at the offenders, particularly at the tall, red-headed boy, while the remainder of the class tittered appreciatively.

"If you don't mind, James . . ." — giggles from the girls — "I hope I'm not interrupting anything . . ."

James nonchalantly swung one long leg over the back of his chair, slid into his seat with a thud, poked his neighbor in the shoulder, and grinned at George.

"We'll continue with our discussion of Wordsworth," George began, "Page two hundred forty, please. Would you read for us, Judith?"

Judith rose, picked up the book and read.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

She read well and obviously enjoyed the poem.

"Will you paraphrase the poem for us, James?"

James stretched to his feet, looked lazily over his audience and began, "Well, this guy . . ."

The class began to shift delightedly in their seats.

"What 'guy', James."

"This, uh, this, uh, Woodsworth, uh, he sees these flowers and uh, he likes 'em."

"Is that all that is said in the poem?"

Several hands shot up. Most of the rest of the class had turned around in their seats, grinning happily at James' torment.

"Well, uh, yeah, he likes 'em."

"How can you tell he likes them?"

James shifted uncomfortably. "Well, uh, he sees 'em when he's in bed."

The class roared. James slouched into his seat and dropped his eyes on his book. His face was crimson.

The class droned on. About nine thirty, a few drops of rain hit the window pane, momentarily startling one sleepy student who frowned at the offending drops and returned to her contemplation of a large heart in which was inscribed, "Elaine loves Bob."

The class droned on. A few students volunteered their observations of *Tintern Abbey*, one enjoyed *We Are Seven*, and approximately thirty blank faces greeted George's reading of the *Intimations Ode*.

Mercifully, the bell rang at ten o'clock and thirty-six books slammed shut. George dismissed the class, picked up his briefcase and headed toward his office.

"Well, Will," he thought, "Looks like we lost another battle."

He had just gotten settled in his office, when the knock came. It shook the windowpanes and vibrated off the walls. George hastily swung his legs from the top of the desk to the floor and said, "Come in."

James rocketed into the room, knocked over the wastebasket and tumbled into a chair. George watched this performance with nothing less than amazement, and was about to speak when he noticed the boys face.

"Something wrong, James?"

"Well, uh, Mr. Gauthier, uh, its about that Woodsworth guy,"

The words were coming fast.

"I mean that daffodil poem there, I know what he means. I mean I got what he said, Like when I got that D.A.R. award, I still remember it sometimes; and everybody clapped and all that, and I remember that sometimes. I mean, I just wanted you to know that I got what he said, that's all."

James stopped, red faced. George said quietly, "Why don't you sit-down for a few minutes, James — we'll talk about it . . ."

He settled comfortably in his chair, put his feet on the corner of an open drawer, and leaned back.

The rain had stopped.

Ann Marie Plante



### Little Boys

On summer morn the splash of spray is heard;  
The crack of bat looms large across the land.  
Upon the scene of shout and soot and sand  
Creators of the din their voices weird.  
A knight of old, a buccanneer, appear  
In setting wholly unrequired and wrong  
'theless a paper beard and hearty song  
Rings out as villain falls beneath the spear.

It seems the day has just begun and then  
Behold the man called sand by these upends  
The joyful battles fought by mitey men,  
Again in sleep the warrior makes waste  
The champ of champs is on his throne of haste,  
Our little boys now smile a happy face.

Robert F. McAdam



## The World In His Hands

### *HELICON Second Award Story*

Timmy was angry. Awfully perturbed. Just moments ago he had been playing outside, and now he was inside to wash his hands for lunch. "Get that dirt off your hands," said his mother, as though the dirt on his hands was a bad thing. Grown-ups sure were funny.

He entered the bathroom, stopped in front of the sink, and looked down at his hands. They were covered with dirt and dust. They felt warm, and when he rubbed the tips of his fingers together, they felt so smooth, they almost seemed not to be there at all. He looked at a tiny smear of tar on the joint of his first finger. When he curled the finger, and then uncurled it, he got a stiff, tacky sensation, the same kind you got when you took a bandaid off and some adhesive stayed stuck to your finger.

He smiled, and worked the finger back and forth a few times, each time getting the tacky feeling. He passed a dusty hand over the tar spot, and it lost its stickiness. He bit off the tarry spot. Right next to the tar spot, he could see tiny crystals of some sort. They gleamed and sparkled as he moved his hand to and fro in the light streaming in through the bathroom window. Gee, he thought, they're nice. They look like sparklers when you light them in the front yard in the dark.

He turned his hands over and looked at his fingernails. They were packed with dirt, dried loam. His fingers felt stiffish when he moved them, like they had dry cement on them. Loam felt that way when it dried. He thought of the fun it would be to clean the white half-moons on top of his nails with a sharp bit of rock or a rusty nail, or something. Shucks, when you washed your hands, they felt bare, and there was no fun having to pick the dirt off.

Timmy noticed a tiny semicircle of dampness on the top of his hand. Just a few moments before, a fat, tan grub still moist from the dewy grass had made that semicircle as it squiggled around. He had been careful not to kill the grub, but had put it back in the grass. He wanted to see if he could find it again this afternoon, and make it squiggle some more. When it moved, it left tracks in the dust on his hand.



There was a small splinter in his little finger. He wasn't going to tell mom though. "Cause if he left it in, and it was a pine splinter, he could squeeze it out, gunk and all, later on and it would heal up quick. Why did grown-ups need needles to get splinters anyhow? Besides, after taking a splinter out, they always made you wash your hands. The nice green grass stains on your thumbs went away when you washed.

He looked at a tiny blood blister on this thumb. It looked blue-black with dust over it. He got it banging a "lucky stone" against a wall. He'd felt a sting, and it just sort of popped up. It felt smooth, and he could pop it in and out like the bottom of a tin can. A blood blister looked red, and mean, and shiny when your hands were clean.

"Timmy, are you through washing your hands?" asked his mother from the kitchen. He picked up the bar of soap, and rubbed it carefully over the palms of his hands, making sure none got on the tops, or sides of his hands, and then he held his palms up under the water. He wished that, if he had to wash his hands, his dad were here to help him. Dad always took his hands all full of lather and make a sandwich with Timmy's hands as the meat. Then he would move his hands over Timmy's kind of slippery-sloppy, and it felt good and they both had a good time.

He dried his hands, never noticing the dirt on the towel. His palms looked glaringly white. Shucks, the tiny crystals were gone, and most of the tar spot too. A lot of loam and dust had washed away too. His hands felt cold.

Oh, well. This afternoon he could warm them in the loam again, and tonight, dad would wash them for him. Just the same, though, he wished he had gotten a chance to scrape the caked dirt from the top of his nails with a stick or something.

*Robert R. Olivier*

## the pattern of rain

over the hill ruining the grass  
lumbering in walk and pride,  
he came — half-guest and half-owner —  
rudely claiming the earth. the wind  
turned the leaves; startled into flight,  
a bird clawed at the sky falling  
in fright. the sky darkened.  
gathering, the storm hung black  
patches on the earth. he eased  
his eyes to the absence of light  
with the crude shelter of his hand. the rain  
sputtered, hissed, and crackled  
across the dry earth; then working  
like needles, sewed his eyes shut; like  
mock tears profanely running down  
his face blackening his collar. still  
his eyes clung to their earlier claim.  
brutally, his feet tightened their hold.  
unable to stand the pain any longer, he  
lowered his eyes opening them finally  
seeing the pattern of rain.

*Millie Mae Wicklund*



## A Short Short Story

Good evening, Mr. B——. Won't you come in? May I take your coat? Yes, the wind is, as you say, rather boisterous tonight. I'm afraid it's not too pleasant an evening for our little visit, but I've looked forward to it for so long that I shan't let the weather spoil it.

Won't you be seated? Yes, that's right, take that chair by the fire. You might as well be comfortable.

So you like this room. Celia helped me to design it. She has such discriminating taste in most things.

A drink, perhaps? Drambuie? Really, Mr. B——, your taste is as discriminating in this area as my own.

You enjoy that record, do you. Celia told me that a good drink, a cosy fire, and pleasant music were what you enjoyed most. Too bad she couldn't have come with you tonight, but this weather would be harmful to one of her delicate constitution. You have captured a gem in her, Mr. B——. I sometimes wonder if you appreciate all of her many facets.

Do you enjoy organ music? Excellent! Really, Mr. B—— you and I share an eclectic quality which is, I think, most becoming to both of us. Permit me, if you will, to play one of my favorite pieces. A truly magnificent recording. Rather loud in its climax, but a really splendid performance.

What's that, Mr. B——? You say it's quite loud already. Ah, but you haven't heard its climax, yet. Listen, Mr. B——. Listen as the organist adds stop onto stop and the music begins to swell and climb and move toward . . . Why Mr. B——! Surely you are not going to scream. Really, I assure you that it's quite useless, because you'll never be heard above the organ's roar. Come now, do behave like a gentleman in at least one little act of your life.

There. You're quite limp, now, precisely as Celia said you'd be. In fact, should anyone ask us, we could say your demise was due to what we might call, "organic causes."

*John Dick*

## Being Geniuses Together

Being geniuses together

You and I

Can tolerate cold coffee sneakered footprints

Vance Packard and masturbation all

In one breath and at the same time

Can air a euphonious viewpoint;

Influence is largely beneath us

Belonging to a minority too

Minor to be appreciated and not

Having a marketable alienation

You and I

Tend to suspect intellectually glassed eyes

Self-righteousness Karl Shapiro and the

Apocalypse all at one sitting and at

The same time can complain nobody

Nobody suffers as much as we do

Well after all

The goddam world

Is coming to an end

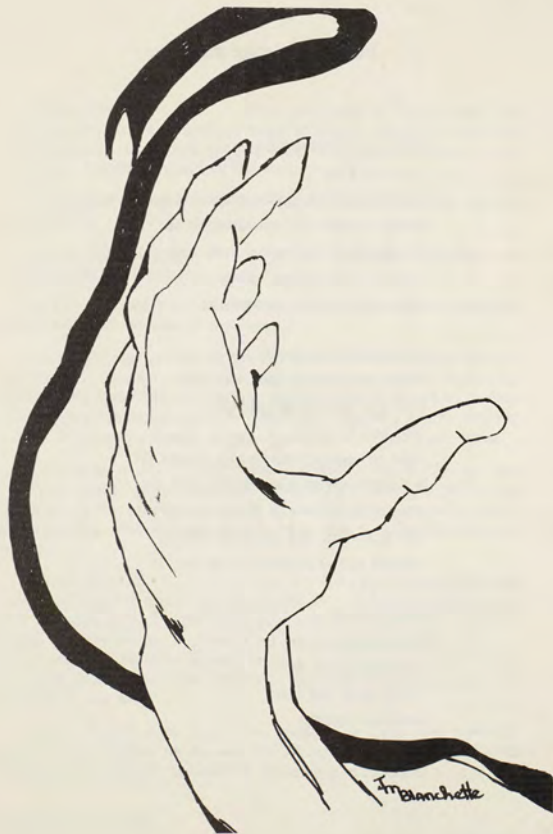
Pretty soon and being

Geniuses together

You and I

We can't help ourselves for it

*Millie Mae Wicklund*



## Ophidia

### *Helicon First Award Story*

He watched the spider with mild curiosity. It descended spasmodically from the plant on the window ledge to the radiator and rested for a moment before disappearing into the iron convolutions. The boy shifted in his seat and stared at the silky spider-thread gleaming in the three o'clock sun. He lazily reached over and sliced the drifting thread with his finger and then frantically wiped the clinging substance on his shirt. He thought of nothing for awhile, then remembering the spider, slid to his knees and peered into the recesses of the radiator. For long minutes he watched intently and from his peak on Darien rediscovered his spider. He poked it with his ruler. It scrambled among the dust and then stopped. The boy found something to amuse him, and all his interest focused upon the furry insect now employing a policy of watchful waiting.

"Spider, Spider — come to me. Come to me Spider. My friend, my friend the spider — come," hissed the boy. He moved the ruler to the spider's front legs. The spider remained frozen. The boy prodded the insect — twice. Then the spider cautiously attempted to crawl over it. Swiftly the boy dragged the ruler from under the radiator and cunningly regarded the spider clinging to the second inch.

"Spider, my friend." The boy raised the ruler to his eye level and saw the four pairs of tiny claws. How unbeautiful.

"Why so pale and wan, prithe? Why *are* you? For Robert Bruce? Yes, grey Arachne. For not-a-worm-is-cloven-in-vain . . . we hope. The 'worm' is a generalization. Remember that, Spider. We are all worms."

The boy gazed hypnotically at the fat abdomen and suddenly was stricken by its ugliness. The spider was incensed. Close inspection was

annoying it. Suddenly it lunged down the ruler at the boy's face. Repulsed, the boy flung the ruler to the floor and the spider scurried up the desk leg. Now the boy hated the spider because the spider had caused the boy a moment of fear. Crouched on the floor the boy contemplated how best to punish it. He could cover it with spit. Yes, Yes! Then the spider would be all gluey. Hee-hee. Intently the boy spit on his finger and carried the white foam to where the spider clung. Footsteps. The teacher was returning to tell him he could go home now. No time. A madness filled him. All worms — spiders and teachers. Get back at them. Smash! The ruler struck the spider and spun it to the floor where spasms shook it until the boy broke its body with his foot.

The boy felt empty. He stood gazing down at the crumpled grey spot and felt empty.

"Rot," he murmured. "Rot, rot. I've killed another albatross."

"Yes Miss Raeburn . . . I'm sorry . . . It won't happen again. It was just that I didn't think the class would laugh. I mean . . . Well you asked us to read our favorite short story and . . . Well, they read it in college! I did not read it to shock . . . no . . . why would I want to shock . . . Yes Miss Raeburn. No, not again. Thank you."

Thought the boy, "All are worms except Salinger, Leonard Bernstein and I. We are snakes."

*Norah Pollard*

## We the Dead

Comrade realize

That . . .

"I" came before "We"

Selfish and strong

Without "I"

There is no "We"

Anything else is wrong.

We march down streets of stone,  
Ranks of gray,  
Warmth unknown.  
We march through stone cities,  
Eyes downcast,  
No one pities.  
March March like stone men,  
Hearts cry out,  
We all pretend  
We do not hear.  
This is fear.

But Comrade remember

That . . .

"I" came before "We"

Selfish and strong

Without "I"

"We" are dead

Anything else is wrong.

## Choruses For Non-Singers

to be read aloud in  
the proper voice

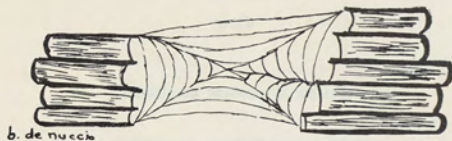
*A satirical address to the undergraduate who makes too much of himself.*

I.

Chorus With Choir

No  
i cannot say  
I would rather be  
there        There  
in the dark diurnal deposit  
of desiderated meaning nor  
here        Here  
in the chilling chanting chorus  
of ac choiring meaning

Oh  
i do listen                  carefully very  
carefully carefully  
patiently very  
patiently patiently  
to the chilling chanting chorus  
chantingchantingchanting  
chorus with choir  
*chanting chanting* chanting chanting Chanting Chanting  
Chorus With Choir  
Chorus With Choir  
Chantingchantingchanting  
choruswithchoir



## II.

### Chorus Without Choir

Maybe evidently obviously  
the choir doesn't meet today  
yes  
i know the choir doesn't meet today  
(ac choiring ac choiring  
ac choiring they go  
ac choiring ac choiring  
ac choiring to know)  
Naturally certainly surely  
you knew  
Maybe evidently obviously  
No Chorus Without Choir

No  
i can't ac choir the chilling chanting choir  
the chilling chanting choir is ac chorusing me



III.

Choir

The choir

ac choiring ac choiring ac choiring

a chorus

ac choiring ac choiring Ac choiring

Eh . . . too Laborious!

The choir can't ac choir a chorus laborious

The choir must ac choir a chorus notorious

As a result consequently and until further Notice

The choir is ac choring a choir as choiring a chorus

Notorious not laborious

in the mean-

time

Non-singers, KEEP HUMMING

*Millie Mae Wicklund*

