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THE STAFF

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"The Homecoming"—

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Editorial

RICHARD GARDNER, '69

we have come a long way
so we have
but from where to where
supposing we have come
and to what end
we read about war or discuss
it instead of bounding
out to slay the neighbor-
ing kingdom over the
holidays yes, we have come
a long way

we no longer sell our
captives into slavery

we have made clear the
value of a human life
and have given the figure
quietly to the local
credit bureau

our lives have been made
easy, and so it seems have our
beliefs
a spiritual journey from myth
to myth all in the name of
the divine believer and source
of life truth and whatever
other credits we throw under
his name which we've also
defined, divined

yes we've come so far
it seems we're almost there

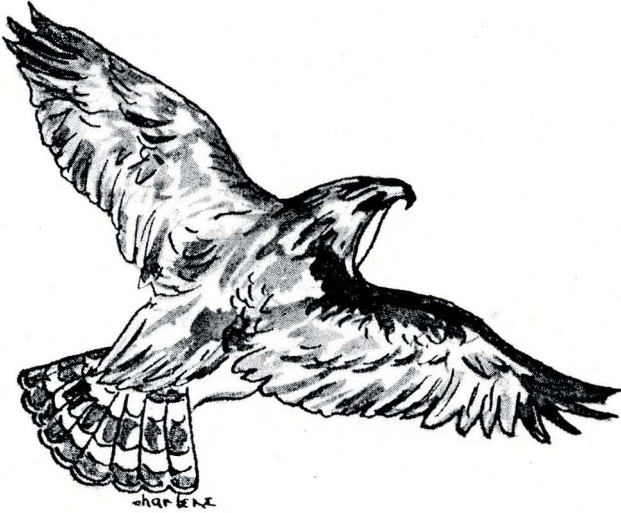
where

fioretti perhaps too should
say oh my god we've
come a long way from today
to tomorrow to yesterday
at this time we choose
not to say except
this one thing

the comments appearing in
this magazine are like
graffiti on torn lunch bags
read them if you will
think about them if you
must and pass on as
they have been passed on
and rendered to a sort
of mental dust

perhaps we have come
a long way, at least we
have a running
commentary attesting to the
fact that we
have moved

guideposts of thought?
simply thought
but oh how much it
means
fioretti
proof of the existence of
thought



Eagle Flight

to my father.

Coldest night, frozen
Coldest night, frozen
Coldest night, frozen
And the eagle chose to fly.

Lifting soft above the frozen ground
Easy, peaceful flight on golden wings
Traced in stillest light from moon
Hard and shining golden wings;

Unbroken snowy banks from hill to hill
Reflect a shadow slow, a spiral cloud :
The eagle chose to fly.

Melted rivers pattern earth in mud
Daily warming roots to break the ground ;
Wings, outspread and taut, reflected,
Caught in giant arc near sun unseen ;
Flowered branches reach for skies
Clear except for golden flight of wings ;
Rows and rows of tiny shoots arise
Seeking warmth of golden light above ;
The eagle, glaring sun.

Long the afternoons in hazy grass
Yellowed early, spreading seeds aloft ;
Ripened fields of oats about to burst
Gleaming heavy, bowed by weighted grain ;
Dry, the creeks are cracking squares of mud ;
Nothing moves for want of place to go,
Lying dizzy, hearing flies that saw the air,
Watch golden wings adrift above :
The eagle, glinting hot.

Chill and damp the days arrive and go ;
Weeping windows steam and mesh the world ;
Browned and yellowed leaves are ground in one,
Broken, stuck together, tramped in mud ;
Long and black the branches snaking up
Begging skies to cover them again ;
Darkened clouds across the streaming sky
Hide the gold and keep the shadow black :
The eagle, turning dark.

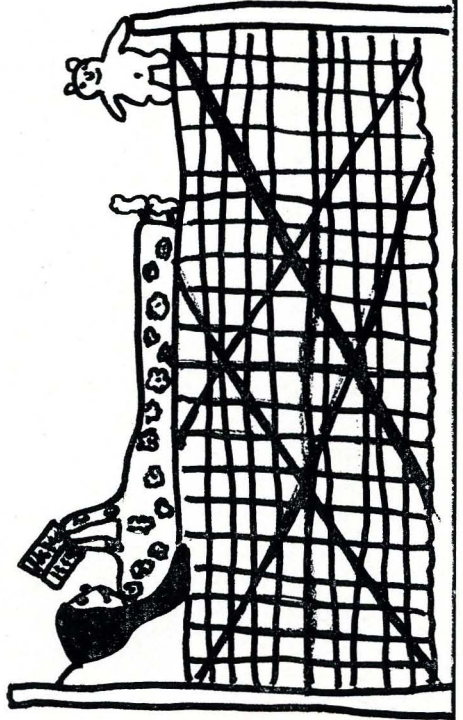
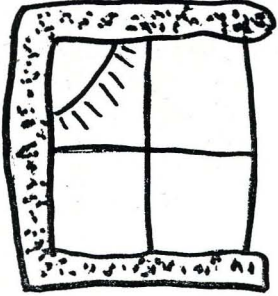
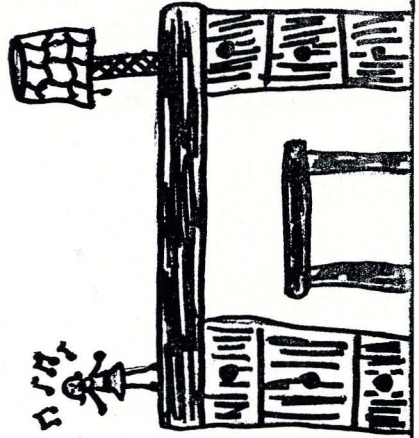
Freezing bitter snow and deepest cold
Where late the golden eagle flew
Where eagle wings grew hard in moon
Where once the eagle chose to fly.
The frozen, brittle snow is caught in night ;
Full circle turned, the eagle flies high
And then at last is flown.

Coldest night, frozen
Coldest night, frozen
Coldest night, frozen
And the eagle chose to fly.

FAYE FAIVRE, '68

*ego-centric
through
fear
tasting courage
by
the
grain
grasping for comfort
where
it
cannot
be.*

SHEILA MUDD, '68



THE

HOMECOMING

DENNIS W. VON PYRITZ, '68

The sun flew. The birds shone. And there was that morning brightness that makes everything seem so real, so like it always should be: the grass very green and parted with white walks, the passive whirr of power mowers; and mom and dad just getting up, a family quiet and not yet awake on a Saturday morning is, at least, peacefully coherent.

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves' "

Rebecca sat in her bed, two dimples and long yellow hair that tumbled down her back and the blue cotton nightgown with little blue flowers peeking out of her yellow hair,

" 'Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;'"

She leaned against the great white pillow and had a great book propped up on her knees and had a teddy bear (with one eye missing) next to her on the great white pillow. She read,

" 'All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.' "

The sun shone brightly in through the little lace curtains which could never keep out the lightning when it stormed.

"Pay attention now, don't fall asleep now,

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!'"

"Rebecca, Rebecca, time to get up now, sugar. Come on, we've got lots of work to do. Today's the big day. Hurry up now."

She stopped and wound the stand of the ballerina and watched her turn gracefully around and the storyland music tinkled out through the tiny little curtains.

" 'Beware the Jubjub bird,
and shun

The frumious Bander-snatch!'"

Then mommy burst into the room and the little teddy (with

one eye missing) tumbled over.

"Come on, Rebecca, you know what today is, don't you?"

She was a solid type of woman, giving a feeling of power as she hustled up and down halls, through kitchens, and out of bathrooms.

"Is Bud really coming home today? They won't take him back again, will they?"

"Why, of course not, honey! Why would you want to think a thing like that. Yes sir, they're sending our boy home."

She was a smiley woman, always with a foolish glint in her eye that had made wrinkles in the corners.

"Will he have his uniform on?"

"He sure will. All neat and clean."

"Will he have any medals?"

"Oh, he's got a nice one. It's called the 'Purple Heart.' I want you to wear a dress today."

"What did he get it for?"

"Remember when he was in the hospital?"

"With the broken arm?"

"Well, it wasn't broken exactly. It was a wound he got fighting. That's what he got the medal for."

"Does he kill people?"

"Well, honey, he kills *bad* people."

"What did the bad people do?"

"They're trying to kill him, of course. But they didn't, our boy is coming home. I should say 'young man.' That's what he is now, your brother's a man now. He's been protecting us."

"Does he use a sword?"

"Does he what?"

"Use a sword. Like it says here . . .

'He took his vorpal sword
in hand:

Long time the manxome
foe he sought,—'

"No, he uses a gun. What's that nonsense you're reading?"

"Bud got it for me, before he left. It's the bestest I ever had."

"Do you understand all that goop?"

"Understand? What do you mean? I like it. Here,

'So rested he by the Tum-
tum tree,

And stood a while in
thought.'

"Well, you come on now. We've got work to do. I've got breakfast ready."

"I want to finish."

"You probably know it by heart. Bring it with you if you want."

They went down the stairs, through the living room kept up in iced perfection.

"Well, I was wondering when you two were going to get down here. We've got work to do, you know. It's going to be a busy day."

"It's all right, dear. The house is in order. All I have to do is the meal."

"Okay, okay. Sit down, young lady, and eat your breakfast."

"You don't think turkey is too homey, do you, dear?"

"Of course not. What are you worrying about? The boy likes turkey. That's good enough. Besides it's a family meal, turkey and dressing and stuff. And we're a family right, my family. Huh?"

"Yes, dear, you're right. I bought some apples yesterday. I thought I'd make apple pie for Bud."

"You'd better be on your best behavior, young lady. There'll be people over all day. I want you to set an example."

"Apple pie. Don't you think that'd be good, dear? Bud always did like my pie, ever since he was two and dropped it all over himself. Pie will be good, won't it?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Rebecca, you can help your mother. And put that book away. You'll have no time for reading such non-

sense today."

"Bread! I'll need some bread for sandwiches. Don't you think that's a good idea? I mean we don't know who will be by this afternoon. We should at least be prepared to feed them if they're hungry, don't you think? Some rye maybe, and I could use some of the turkey. Maybe some cider."

"That's all right. I'll take care of that. I'll get beer, your bread too. Just attend to things here at the house. Rebecca, how's your room? I'll inspect it afterwhile. And Bud's room, have you got that fixed up?"

"Oh, I've worked on it all week. I put his rugs on the floor. And I took his models down from the closet and dusted them. I didn't break any of those tiny pieces off—he'd always get furious about that. I got the box up from the basement with his sword and whip and his good bow. I hung them all back up on the wall so it'll be just like when he left. Oh, and his rifle. It's still in the corner. I was afraid to touch it; you'll have to clean it out."

"If I've got time, if I've got time. He'll be tired and busy today anyway. I don't think we should let people stay too late.

(cont'd on page 20)

the Clunkers

We,

I pull it
down and it
clunks. The spartans
had a word for it : they
called it
militaristic. The old italian
masters had a word for it : they
called it
artistic. In the indies
it was
cannibalistic. In the dark
years,
ritualistic.

of the Era of Progress

But today,
today We have come a long way down the rugged road to the
clover
leaf
where the thoroughfare takes Us off into a smooth-flowing
vacuum-filled
hollow.

We pray for
the greeks and
their oracles, the
romans and their
lupercalians.
The dark,
dark years We
pity, the
cannibals We
missionaryize.

And We have a word for it : We call it
Progress as Our grand veins flow with it, Our chests bulge
big with beaming pride. And We have come so far with Our
Atoms,
Our neutrons,
Our neons,
Our Zircons.
We have come so relaxing far.
And the long, long road is bulging with
bumping patriarchs who have brought Us here.
Hail to their hallowed greatness.

if they could just
see
where they've
brought
us.

it
clunks
as i
pull it
down.

BILL PORTER

What is it I want to say,
What joys felt in another time?
Why does darkness spawn the day
When I, alone, but play the mime?

The clowns, the clowns, the haughty few
Who peer beneath the thin, dry husk;
They laugh to see the morning dew
And weep, and weep, at dying dusk.

Two Poems

DAVID WHITE

Walking in the night, he saw
The light of the moon curl through
The gnarled tree and deep within him
Something shivered as he felt the
Cold glow caress him and
Move swiftly on.



He comes
shirt buttoned down
dark socks
and hand stitched loafers
Loafers that's cool
She's near him always
hovering close
worried laughing
blonde hair neatly separated
no split-ends huh-uh

Tawny skin is in
in a bottle
invisible like real
makes your legs shine
my mind bend
Then there's people
with acne (shhh)
I can't help it
there's no hope
it can't be covered
such things we have to face
our terminal illnesses
What's that
cigarettes and Canoe
or Ambush and something else
Turned on completely
reaching to each other
using for just awhile
Throw that away man
it's got moles
imperfections (don't you see)
Split man she wants something

don't hurt each other
as painless as possible
Then do it again
helps to get over the thing
But finally I'm burned out
just can't take it
God
what brought that on
New kick
for real this time
sit-ins
cops don't understand
we shall overcome
and other esoteric ditties
turned on with grass
or Psychedelic garbage
like seeing things in a chandelier
Then it comes again
this time rougher
rougher that's it
burned completely
It's there someplace
got to find it

MICHAEL D. HILL, '68

2 tiny strands held me to childhood . . .
broken by me . . .
I'm sorry to hurt you . . .
but if I don't—
I'll die a child.

5 fingers ink-stained or 2 hands dirty
I love more than any sunset.

SHEILA MUDD, '68

(cont'd. from page 11)

Tonight I want it to be just family."

"Yes, dear. And I put out some clean underwear and pajamas. Do you think we should get him some new clothes? His old ones are probably out of style now. Of course, he won't know what's in style now, will he, being away so long? They don't know, do they? Maybe we can ask Bill Simons what they're wearing now."

"We'll see."

"Of course, his old clothes might not fit him. After all, it's been two years now. And they always have to eat those G-rations or whatever they are. He always wrote about how terrible the food was over there. Do you think he's changed much?"

"Just a bit more muscle, that's all. None of that extra fat. Those boys are men when they come back from there. They're doing a man's job over there. All because of those goddamn communists. Rebecca, you'd better clean your room now. Today's the big day."

Rebecca went instead to a small corner in the living room where she would always hide behind a chair when she wanted to be alone. She opened her

book and slowly read out the words that only she seemed to understand, or just like.

"And as in uffish thought he stood,

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

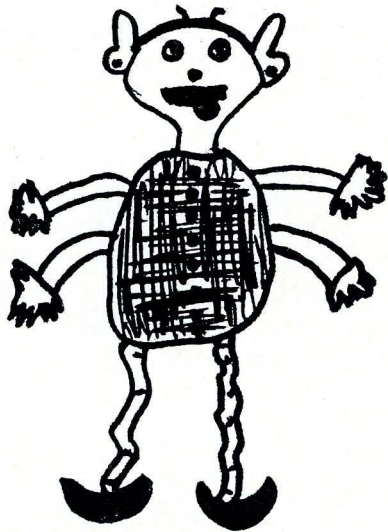
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,

And burbled as it came!"

She stopped to savour those words, so tense and frightening, and her mind lapsed again to the kitchen where mom and dad talked secret things she was not to hear.

"Something's been bothering

J A B B E R W O C K



me about Bud, dear!"

"What's that? What does your intuition tell you?"

"It's about his hand. He was in the hospital so long. I don't know if he told us all about it or not."

"Bud can take care of himself. But you've got a point. War's an awfully dirty thing. I don't want you to start worrying now; but I imagine that there's a possibility that his hand might have gotten messed up. Anyway we've got good doctors over there and this country has progressed far in medicine. If his hand was paralyzed or something, I'm sure they'd fix it up in time."

"You're probably right, dear. But I was thinking something worse might have happened. It might have gotten infected and . . . I don't know what I'd do if he came back not the same. I still think of him as my baby and if he doesn't have his hand, I just don't know what I could do for him. He'd be keeping it from us all the time and coming home, he'd feel so bad. I'd just break up. What could we do for him! We'd just have to give him all the love and attention a boy like that deserves. We'd really have to show our appreciation, the neighbors

would too. We'd certainly be proud of him, wouldn't we?"

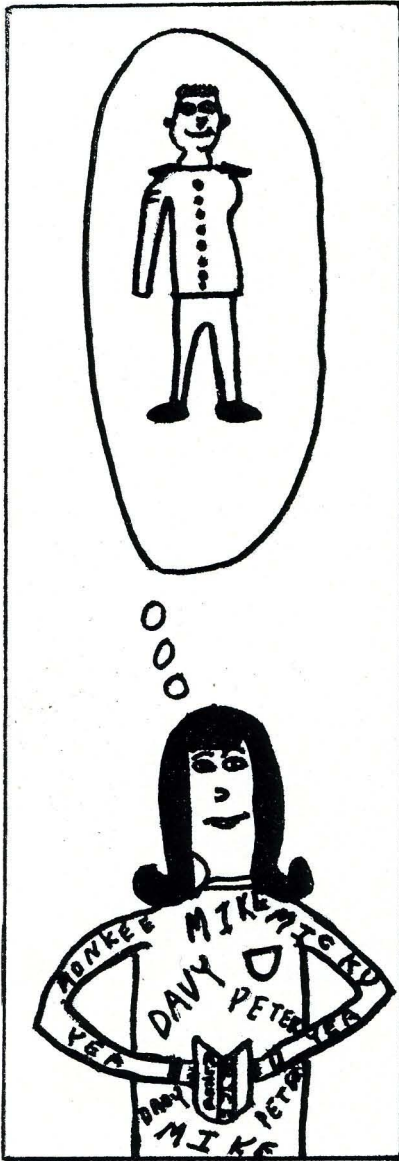
"We would, damned proud. Besides it wouldn't be a total loss; people like that can get jobs. And he's a veteran. They'd be anxious. Besides he'll probably be going in with me anyway."

"You're right, dear, I'd work so hard to make him happy. We'll help him to learn to get along. We'll pretend like there's nothing wrong at all."

"Wait a minute. We're talking crazy. We don't know anything about that. He'll come back here healthier than ever. In one piece, you'll see. We should be grateful for just getting him back."

Rebecca stopped listening for a while. All she imagined was running to her brother standing tall in the door and him picking her up with just his one great arm and maybe a black patch on his eye. To her it would make no difference. She picked up her book and read with new exuberance.

"One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal sword went
snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back."



And so they waited for him to come home.

The doorbell rang and Rebecca ran upstairs just as mother came out of the kitchen.

"Who's that now?"

"It's Julie, dear."

"What's she doing over here this early? I guess we'll have to get used to this now that Bud is coming home. She lives here."

"Hush, dear. Try to act civil. She is his fiancée."

"Come in, dear. You're early."

"Yes, I thought I'd come and help you. There must be a lot to do. Besides I wasn't sure when Bud was supposed to get in." Julie is a very sturdy girl, her hair is teased and she is a bit made up.

"We're going to the airport about 3:00. I was just putting the turkey in. You can come out and talk, but I don't really need any help."

They went to the kitchen and Rebecca returned, very excited. "Hello, Dad."

"Hi, Julie. Well, I'd better go to the store and get that stuff you wanted. See you."

They chatted idly for some time. Rebecca fingered through her book, only listening in occasionally. She did not like

Julie, especially, but always was quite respectful and even, at times, affectionate.

"We're all so happy our Bud's coming home. And you've been so good in waiting for him."

"Well, he's my man too. Nothing like a silly war's going to break us up."

"Of course not. It's not easy—waiting, is it, dear? You could easily have gone out on him. No one would blame you if you had, a girl can get lonesome. If you did go out it would be just to escape your boredom. No harm, just a little fun is all."

"Can I help with the pie? I'd really like to."

"No thank you. Bud likes them a certain way. Don't let my talking upset you. I just wanted you to know that I understood how it must have been for you these last two years. You can be honest with me, I won't blame you. Have you seen Bill lately? He should be here this afternoon."

"No, not in some time. Please don't worry about upsetting me. I've done nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to hide."

"Of course not, dear."

"Bud and I will be married

soon, I guess. At last. It must really be exciting to set up a life of your own, to share together. I want to make him so happy. To take care of him, and cook and keep house. He's like a little boy sometimes. I'm looking forward to a wonderful life together."

"I'm sure you'll have one, Bud's so easy to get along with. I know my boy. All he needs is some love and attention. And the way he eats. It'll be all you can do just to cook for him. I'll tell you what, I'll make a list of all the things he likes and how to fix them just the way he's used to. And whenever he gets out of hand, you just call me. I know how to handle him."

"We'll get along wonderfully. Don't you worry. I've known him for almost four years. It'll be fine. Someone just pulled in the drive I think."

Rebecca came out of hiding, "Daddy's here. The Reverend is too. Look, Mom. Bud will be here soon, won't he!"

"Fix your hair, Rebecca. Oh, dear, I hadn't expected anyone yet, especially the Reverend. Here they come. Put your book away."

"Oh my, this is a surprise!"

"I was running errands for

my wife, too. Being a cleric doesn't excuse one from such things, I guess."

Rebecca watched as they all laughed; she tried to smile, not knowing why.

"Anyhow, I thought I'd come over and see the family. We're having company this afternoon ourselves—the bishop. I guess I won't see Bud til tomorrow—at services?"

"Yes, we're all going together, the family before the Lord again."

"Julie, you'll be there too?"

"Oh, I don't know yet. I'll have to talk to Bud first."

"It'll be very inspiring. Bud and his fiancée and family worshipping together. I know the congregation will be happy to see him back. Boys in the service come back closer to Him, you know. They see how lucky they are to live in such a great country. Somehow living with our brethren less fortunate in all that mud and disease and ignorance makes you feel good about coming home."

Rebecca finally came forth, "Here's a letter from Bud, Reverend."

"Oh, thank you, Rebecca. But I don't know if . . . uh, may I?"

Mother quickly answered,

"Go ahead, please. Bud has always written such nice letters, even at summer camp. Read it aloud. We'd all love to hear it again. Please."

"I'd be honoured . . .

'Dear Mom, Dad, and Becky,

Well, it won't be long now. These last few weeks are the hardest since I came. As you probably read in papers we got hit pretty bad yesterday. A couple of guys in the next bunker got it. It is really bad for the people that are going to leave soon when we think how something could happen a day or two before we leave. It doesn't seem fair. But in war, I guess, there's no such thing.

'Dad, we will have a long talk when I get back. I have been thinking of going to school. The government will pay for it. That would mean not going in with you, I hope you will understand. I will have to talk to Julie, too, since it would affect us. I have not decided yet. I hope you all will help me to do the right thing.

'Mom, I want you to be brave. You women have to stick together. I have changed a bit but all for the better, I hope. You will just have to put up with me.

'Becky, you are the keystone.

I got a book for you. Part is French and part is Vietnamese, so I will have to teach it to you. You are one of the women in my life—a very special one. You will all have to gather around Dad and share your strength. I have spent a lot of time here on my stomach with mud up to my nose. Sometimes I just think about warm food or a soft bed, or a picnic at Willouby's Lake, or even just sitting around watching T.V. with you. But what I thought of most was coming home and getting off the plane and seeing you and Mom and Dad and Julie all together smiling and waving. You're all my family and that's the most important thing in the world for me because we all love each other. You don't see very much love here—it's very hard. That's it, I guess. See you in a couple weeks. Love, Bud.'

"Well, he does write nice letters, doesn't he. What's this about going to college. That's a bit surprising. Bud never was . . ."

"I think it's something the boy's going through. Like you say he's never been a high-minded kid, just sensible enough and down to earth. Wait til he gets back in the

groove of things again. We're going to do great together, Bud and I. He's got a head for business."

"Perhaps he could take business or accounting or something. Julie, what do you think about all this?"

"I think Dad is right this time. I think when we get together, he'll see things different. We really want to get out on our own—we've put it off two years already. To make a home of our own is what we've always wanted. But I'll leave it up to Bud, he'll make the decisions in our family."

"Don't get me in this," mother interjected, "I'll go along with whatever's decided."

"As long as we're taking an opinion poll, what do you think, Rebecca?"

"I don't care, Reverend. All I want is for Bud to come home so we can all be happy."

"Heh, heh. From the mouths of babes, huh!"

They all laughed and Rebecca was embarrassed. She took the letter and put it in her book. The reverend was ready to leave when mother asked him to say a short prayer.

"I'd be pleased. Let us join hands.

Dear Lord, we at thy mercy

thank thee for delivering this fine boy back home, safe and sound. We pray that thou may bless us further and that we may find strength and love in his return and in the lives of those taken from us in this terrible war. May peace and justice prevail.

Amen."

"Thank you, Reverend. That was very nice."

"Yes it was, very nice. See you tomorrow in Church."

They had just closed the door when someone knocked at the back door. "Who?"

"Oh, George and Alice. She's bringing a salad over. George wants to talk to you.

"Come on in!" Alice and mother and Julie stayed in the kitchen. George found his way into the living room.

"What do you say, old man. This is the big day, isn't it? The hero come home, huh."

"He may not be a hero exactly. But I'm damned proud of the boy. He really turned out the way I wanted him to. No nonsense about him. Straight. He served his country and now he's coming home to us. Things will really start looking up down at the shop when he comes. We've really stacked all our hopes on that boy."

"Well you should have. Yes sir, you've got a right to be proud. You've done a fine job with him. Damned communists couldn't even stop him."

"Not my boy, no sir."

Rebecca enjoyed her dad's enthusiasm. She was proud too and could not wait to see her one-armed hero come home. She picked up her book and imagined the meeting . . .

"'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjousday! Calloh!

Callay!

He chortled in his joy.'"

"Say it's quarter after two. When you leaving for the airport?"

"'Bout forty-five minutes I expect."

"Daddy, Daddy, there's a car from the army here. Is Bud coming in an army car?"

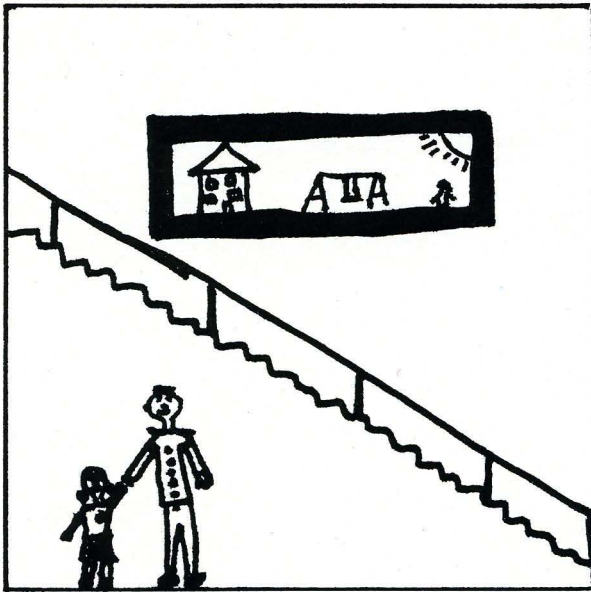
"No, Rebecca. I don't know what . . . it's probably a liaison officer or something, he uh . . ."

The women came out of the kitchen, "Dear, what . . .?"

"I don't know. It's all right."

"His hand, his hand. They've come to tell us. What am I going to do!"

"Calm down. It's probably routine. I'll get the door."



The door bell rang. Maybe because of her mom, Rebecca feared the man at the door and went to her corner.

"Folks, this is Captain . . ."
"Henshaw."

"Yes, Captain Henshaw. This is my wife and our neighbors. What can we do for you? We got a call from Bud yesterday. He said the 3:15 flight. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, that's what I gathered."

"His hand . . . it's all right? His hand? You can tell us."

"I beg your pardon, I don't . . ."

"It's all right. She's upset,

please dear. Go ahead."

"It's about his flight . . ."

"He missed it. It's just like him. The boy was always late . . ."

"Could we . . .?" He motioned towards the living room.

"Oh, of course. Excuse us. Would you like a cup of coffee? a sandwich?"

No, no thank you. I'm not used to doing this. But this is unusual. They notified us first. They didn't think a phone call . . . or the police . . ."

"What, What? What are you trying to say?"

"It's very rare. That's why it's so hard. I never . . . The

plane he was on crashed."

"What do you mean? Here, in the States?"

"Yes. There was someone with a bomb. The man ran up to the cabin. That's how they knew. It was over the intercom. I imagine Bud tried to stop him. I don't know. It, it fell apart in the air. There were no traces as yet . . . I'm sorry . . . He'll still be given a military burial, I suppose. But . . ."

"Dead? my son? no, not like that . . ."

Dad walked out of the room, up the stairs. Julie made a motion to comfort mother. They were both stunned.

"Maybe we should pray, Mom."

"Pray? what good will that do? will it bring my baby back? What am I going to do?"

Julie left her and went across the room, sat in a chair and cried. George and Alice slipped out the back door, not knowing what else to do. The Captain was very embarrassed. Rebecca took him by the hand and led him to the door. He muttered something about getting in touch when they knew more.

Then she was left alone, a very small girl in a very big house. The two crying women seemed unreachable and terri-

bly separate in their sobbing. She climbed the stairs with her book and found her father sitting on Bud's bed, staring at the floor.

"Daddy?"

He did not answer, did not even seem to hear her. Slamming the door to her room, she went to bed very timidly and frightened and picked up her teddy bear. She held it up staring at it until tears started rolling down her white cheeks. Then quivering she impulsively ripped off one arm and threw it in the corner. She lay on her bed, opened the great book and finished her poem,

"'Twas brillig and the slithy
toves

Did gyre and gimble in the
wabe;

All mimsy were the boro-
goves,

And the mome raths
outgrabe.'"

The little girl curled in silence, her long yellow hair covering part of her face and the one eye of the bear she held so tightly, muttering, "Jabberwock, Jabberwock." The birds sang and a gentle breeze brushed aside the little lace curtains, while scattered fragments of nonsense scratched outside her door.

**The
Only
Never**

The only never
 is death.
All the rest is probably.

 You may say
 never
And mean it with all your heart
But chance
 and life
Have a way of movement
That
 strips your never
And leaves it real.

And you stand
 amazed
at its realness—

So don't cry
 over nevers that come
even though
 you swore they wouldn't.
Save those tears
 for that
 final
 never . . .

DOT METTEL, '69

