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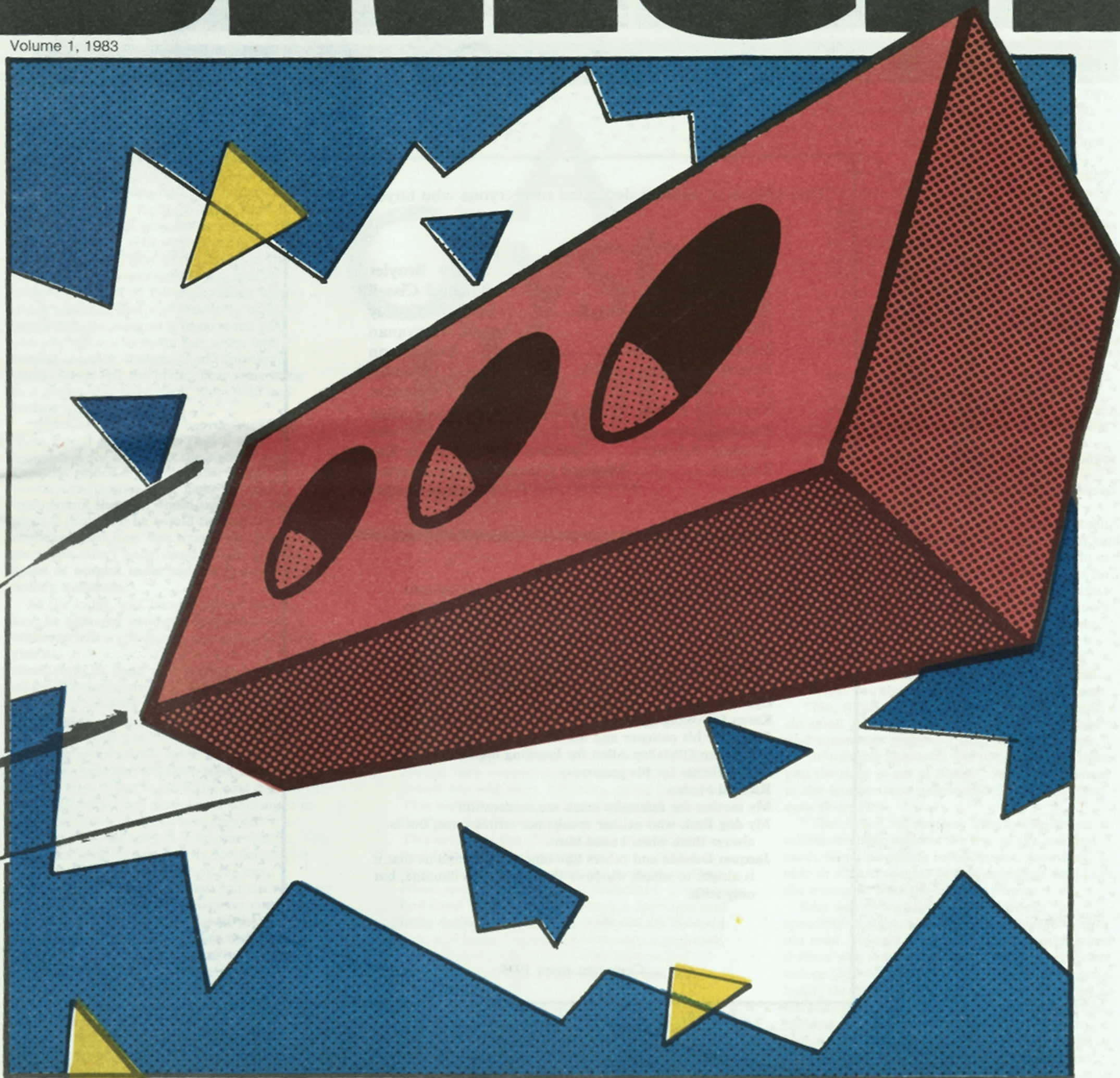
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BRICK

Volume 1, 1983



literature and art

The University of Alabama in Huntsville

BRICK

This edition of *Brick* is dedicated to everyone who buys a copy.

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Marylyn Coffey

Special Thanks to:

My staff
Marylyn Coffey
Helen for doing the dreaded Purchase Orders
Michael Cissell for his insane enthusiasm
Cynthia for her sane enthusiasm
Karen for changing Compugraphic commands at my whim
Gregg for his patience and his darkroom
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Bryan Turner for his generosity
Richard Moore
My mother for failing to teach me moderation
My dog Earl, who neither speaks nor writes verse, but is
always there when I need him
Jacques Derrida and others like him, who remind us that it
is alright to smash windows that pretend to illumine, but
only stifle

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Pondicherry was somehow different. Although the usual throng of dirty, big-eyed children tracked the two down the road of dust from the train station, they remained at an awe-stricken distance. Marguerite's white skin drew the little moths; they weren't accustomed to visiting "Europeans," but she wasn't the first they'd seen — that reaction being more nearly paralysis.

The pair went about their usual procedure. Chandra pointed to a mud-brick lodge and said, "I'll check that one first." Immediately Reet stopped, unhitched her backpack, leaned it against a wall, and squatted in the shade. Chandra walked another block length and turned into the open front of the lodge. Reet always waited somewhere out of sight when they were renting a room or buying goods. Her glow increased the price tenfold.

It was a shimmering heat and she could taste the dust in the air. The children, all boys, covered their faces and giggled when she looked at them. One was pushed towards her and scampered back into the pack at once. Reet figured they imagined her to be an occupant of a palatial estate, here merely for adventure of to buy gold. Chandra was coming back, with that peculiar traveler's stride. It made Reet think, you can tell how far we've been by the way we walk. His steps were wide, each planted firmly. There was no sway in the torso, otherwise one wore down quickly under the weight of the pack. There was so much minutiae that was inevitably of grave importance; a moment's lapse could cost you everything. Baggage was never left behind casually. Passports and traveler's checks never left the body. They were hung in a pouch about the neck, slept with and bathed with.

"Damned good deal. Five rupees. I told them I'd go get my wife. They'll hate themselves for a week at the sight of you." Chandra smiled amusedly. This whole journey had been a great game for him, like playing chess he would say; fate would move a piece and he would take up the challenge. But Reet was weary. She played a game she didn't understand. There were no blasts of insight. India had not answered her boiling questions.

At the lodge, as Chandra picked up the key, he bantered good-naturedly with the innkeeper. Everybody was always so damned gleeful.

Nine-tenths of them were starving and they were all happy! Reet carried a heavy fatigue. She peered out into the street. The dirty throng had re-encamped. Something was odd about that bunch, she thought. "Ah, they didn't beg." That was proof of the rarity of European travelers. Reet and Chandra took their room, sent for water, and washed the coal dust of the train ride from their faces. Reet scrounged in her pack for the padlock and they left the stifling room, securing it from the outside. This caliber of lodging was strictly for sleeping; it was left to the bedbugs during the day.

They weren't really married, but there was no point alienating the locals. Even so much as walking together had to be under the sanction of marriage if you weren't brother and sister. Engaged couples weren't left alone until the wedding night. They were very good friends. They had met in the hauptbahnhof in Munich. Reet had fled the campuses of America after protesting the war, dropping out, looking for salvation and, finally, just giving up. She had been in Europe a week and had yet to see it clearly through a fog of barbiturates. Chandra had just appeared. She was trying to muddle through some German train schedule and he just appeared. He asked her if she needed assistance. She asked him if he could read that bloody schedule, she'd had enough of this damned

place. Where to go next was open to whim. He said she looked tired and perhaps hadn't been eating right. "Come on, I'll cook you some nice food. I can get you a room at the hostel where I board. It's really quite cheap."

"What good does it do to pretend to virtue?" she thought. "Just go. I need the food. I need the rest."

He prepared food for her with great care and told her the recipe as he went along. He put no meat in it, said he'd never eaten meat. *Never*. She thought she had to have her meat, but not tonight.

Finally, after they'd eaten full, she asked him what he was doing here and he said he'd known since he was a child that he'd leave Singapore, that a deep urge would lead him far away. Following a star, he said.

He recounted the adventures of his trek

A Crystal Heart

by Angela Narayanan

throughout the night. She asked him every question in her head: Did you go to Nepal? How deep is the Khyber Gorge? Do Indians sleep on beds of nails? "In two weeks I'm heading back. Would you like to come along?" The postcard she sent home read, "Don't expect me home next week, I'll be in Eurasia about a year." That was nearly five months ago. They had reached the border of India three weeks ago today. There was never any rest.

The white glare of the sun shot through her eyes as they stepped into the street. The little crowd was still there. Chandra called them over. This was the area Chandra's father was from; the language, therefore, was his mother tongue. This surprised the children somewhat, for they could detect a foreign-born Indian as though it were a scent; it was usually the wealthy northern Hindi speaking Indians that emigrated. Only one boy came forward; the rest took a few steps and hung there. The boy had a smile across his open face and looked up at Chandra with moonstone eyes. Chandra asked them why they waited there. The boy said they had a question for "mother."

"Ask it," said Chandra.

"Does she see everything in shades of blue?"

Chandra erupted in laughter. "They want to know if everything you see is blue."

Reet smiled, genuinely startled at the innocence of their curiosity. She stooped and they quickly gathered around, careful not to touch her. All they had wanted was to look at her eyes. They stared in wonder, deep, deep down, as though to find the origin of blueness.

Reet and Chandra meandered in and out of small open-front shops, handling brass ornaments, running their hands over carved and inlaid marble. Reet sighed over the bolts of fine silk in radiant hues. The shopkeepers harangued them to buy. The small boys kept pace at a respectful distance and did not venture near the shops, lest they make themselves available for abuse. Reet bought a sweet rice cake, but disliked it at the first bite and tossed it into the street.

At the dusky part of the day they strolled the beach and sat down at the base of a coconut tree in sight of the lapping ocean. Reet looked back. The little crowd was breaking up, little bodies compelled by distant voices to take their evening meal. One Child remained, brushing the dust from the rice cake she'd thrown away. Chandra motioned for the child to join them.

He came quickly, his gentle eyes agleam. It was the boy who had come forward with the question for Reet. He wore a man's T-shirt, impregnated with yellow dirt, one brown shoulder poking out of the neck hole and a gaping tear down the front.

"Where did you get that shirt?" asked Chandra.

The boy put the rice cake in his pocket. "A white man gave it. I fetched his tennis balls at the country club." The country club was a remnant of British rule, strictly for tourists, the wealthy, or deposed royalty. "It's my best shirt, father. It was still in plastic wrappings when he gave it."

Chandra had taught Reet a few phrases in Tamil, so she decided to join the conversation. "Have you eaten?" she tried.

The child's eyes went wide and his mouth popped open. Never had he heard Tamil emerge from a white person's mouth. "Ahyo!" he cried, "how is it she knows Tamil? She understands everything we say!"

Reet checked her hilarity and asked once again seriously, "Have you eaten?"

Saucer eyes intent upon her he answered, "No, mother."

She asked Chandra should they not send him home for supper. In reply the boy told Chandra that his father did not allow him to eat at home since he had become old enough to find his own food. "But Mother feeds me breakfast without Father's knowledge." Most likely it was her own breakfast she gave him. Reet and the boy continued to converse while Chandra translated, though the boy spoke directly to Reet, still believing she understood all he said.

"Must you then beg for food?" asked Reet.

"No, mother," said the boy, "I work for it. I do small jobs for the housewives of the village and sometimes guide tourists. I English speak."

"It's simply shameful for your father to deny you the right to eat at home." Reet was incensed at the apathy these people had for one another, even their own.

"That is not so, mother. There is no shame in taking the only option. We live in the railroad yard, there is nothing to our name. One must be able to afford shame, just as one must first have the means to bear the expense of pity."

Reet was overwhelmed. This was not the speech of a child. He spoke like a world-worn old man. He told her his life lacked nothing and if there was not food at hand, food would come before God would let him die. Up from a crystal heart, through those luminescent eyes, flowed an untouchable calm. "Life is as it is, sorrow rights nothing. It's not worth all this concern."

Reet stood abruptly. "Let's go find a place to eat. We must feed this child." She didn't feel magnanimous as she had on similar occasions. She felt like a pawn. All the way to Pondicherry just to feed this child.

They went to a tourist restaurant by the sea and had a bit of trouble bringing the boy in — the staff didn't want these urchins annoying the patrons.

"It's OK," the boy told them, "I'll wait outside for you."

Reet snatched up the boy's hand. "He's with us and he's coming in!" And she shouldered past the proprietor and took a table. The boy ate intently, searching their faces occasionally to see that he didn't embarrass them. At the sight of the ravenous child, Reet was no longer hungry. As a matter of fact, she could not recall having ever been hungry.

The streets were lit in hazy splotches where oil lamps burned at stalls. Some offered rich sweet coffee, a perpetual heady aroma; others, edible seeds and roasted nuts. At the far end of the esplanade was a crowd, a political rally as it turned out. They drew close. At the center a speaker pounded and croaked, paused and pounded. The face of the audience was intent, the men looked at one another and nodded. "What's he running for?" asked Reet.

"A seat in the state government."

"What party does he belong to?"

Chandra grinned. "I'm sure no one knows. There are hundreds of parties, at least ten in every village."

"What's his platform?"

"Just the one he's standing on. These guys rely on pathos, strictly pathos."

The babbler raved, the boy and Chandra absorbed the tirade, Reet scanned the crowd. The compact gathering waved with the blasts of the speaker in the open common. It seemed all the faces had pleasant features; the women were small with black ropes of hair down to their hips; their saris, regardless of repair, were clean, their countenances mild. The men were boyish and smiled innocently. They stood to the fore of the crowd; the women with their entourage of children stood to the rear. The children planted themselves dutifully about the hems of their mothers. The smallest ones straddled a hip. The men did not look at Reet, out of respect, but the women did and giggled shyly, as did children. They all had black, liquid eyes.

The crowd began to disassemble, dissolving into the night streets. Reet's companions discoursed intently. Chandra turned to her. "You would be astonished at this child's political comprehension. He's explaining to me the entire local system, scandals and all. The fellow just at the dais has been shipping money to a foreign bank, having accomplices buy goods, then smuggling the goods into the country. But the boy says he'll win the election because his opponent is known to have a mistress!"

Reet aimed the little band toward a stall. "Tell him to take anything he wants." That magnanimous feeling had returned. The boy studied the rows of treasures: a bowl of peanuts in the shell, a large jar of hard candy, a locally made gum called Wrigglers, salt dried plums, sugary rice cakes. He looked at Reet, then Chandra, then back to the shelves he'd never dreamed of touching. He brought up his heavy arm and slowly lowered it into the peanut bowl, drew out a single nut and folded it in his fist against his chest. Reet couldn't swallow properly, the back of her throat felt tacky and swollen. The maxim welled up in her mind, "And all else shall be added unto you."

The three strolled on aimlessly until they spotted a stone bench against a chalky ashram wall. They sat there, in the light of the entrance gate, to rest their feet. The boy was telling Chandra of his uncle, who often related a story of his only trip abroad — to distant Calcutta — reached by a grueling two-week journey over bad roads or none at all. How different were the people there, how fast they spoke, how cunning. They ate expensive wheat cakes instead of rice and grew plump.

Reet wandered to the gate and surveyed the ashram compound. Is this where peace was stored, doled out to an engaging chant, to flow like honey over the anxious soul? Reet's

peripheral vision snagged a slight movement just outside the circle of the gate light. She strained to see, sifted an almost inaudible moan from the wind. Moving quickly out of the light and focusing, she beheld a hollowed-out woman, too poor even for a sari blouse. Her eyes were glazed and sunken, unseeing even as Reet moved in front of her. Something lay inert across her lap. She kept a shriveled hand splayed across it. It was some sort of bundle. Reet squinted, trying to engage her night vision. No, not a bundle. She stooped. "Oh God!" she howled, reeling back. A baby, it was a baby. A baby with marbled eyes and stiff, withered arms. The boy bolted to her side and grabbing her arm, jerked her away.

"She shouldn't see this," he said. "She mustn't see this. It will spoil her seed. No, she should never have seen this."

With one on each side they led her back to the mud-brick lodge. At the desk Chandra paused to order a tub of warm water sent to the room. While Reet bathed, the boy and Chandra stood in the dirt lane in back of the lodge.

"We'll be taking the bus to Madurai in the morning," Chandra meant this as a prelude to goodbye, since the bus left at six.

The boy spoke up quickly. "I will see you off, then. I will come wake you and help you with your baggage. Rest well, father." He turned in the dust and into the darkness.

Chandra brought her a cup of her favorite tea, Darjeeling. Kneeling beside her, he massaged her feet with balm. It always put her at ease. It humbled her that he would go to such lengths.

"Why are you so good to me?" she mumbled. "You're my shining star."

She fell asleep before the tea was cold, and Chandra stayed beside her for a while.

She woke in the dark and listened to the sea roll its waves landward. She stepped into the lane behind the lodge, which opened onto the beach, and went with the magnet of the tide. She felt the light breeze off the sea lift her hair from her neck and watched it tease the palms, and smelled the air, washed clean of dust. She watched the flag of the dawn star, the sun, come abreast of the horizon. The first light broke into floating shards, glinted through the

black palms. The tide rocked in and back, depositing empty shells and scuttering crabs. A tiny offshore island suddenly relinquished a burst of seagulls; breakfast was on the beach.

One point began crystallizing with the dawning. She hadn't come all the way to Pondicherry to feed that child. The famine was her own.

"Reet! Ready?" Chandra stood with his pack on his back, and the boy, bent with the weight of her pack, stood at his side. She nodded, and inhaling as much sea air as she could hold, turned to follow them.

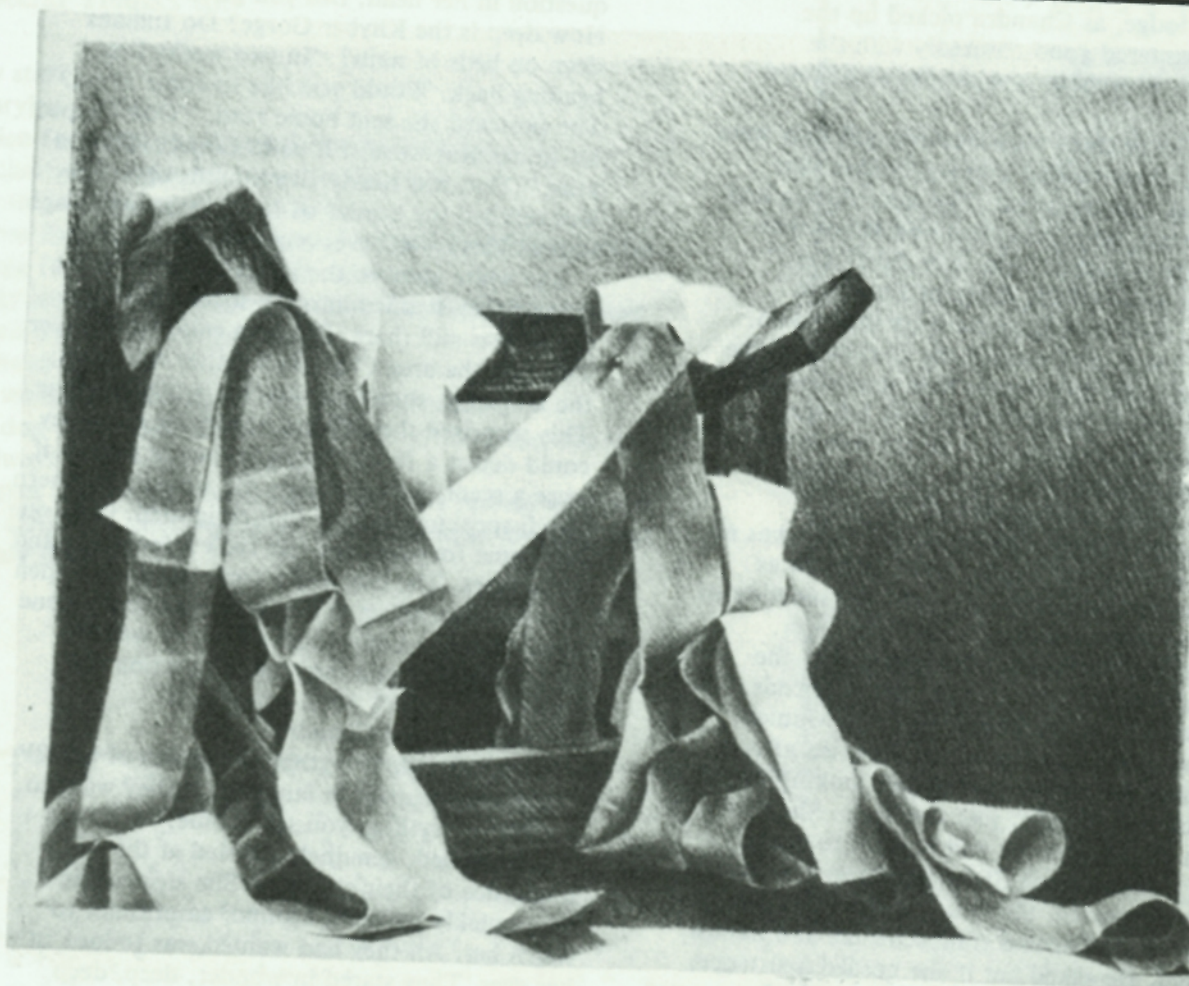
The boy gently deposited the enormous backpack against the pile of luggage at the base of the bus. The driver was flinging the bags to the top of the bus where a boy caught them and strapped them down. A crowd converged for the weekly event of the bus departure. "Cupi, vadai!", the vendors hawked coffee and fried rice bread in odd quacking voices. There was a European couple backed into the sprawling roots of the banyan tree and about them teemed a dozen dark children, begging. Pondicherry had beggars, too. Their next target was Reet and they swarmed toward her, but the boy halted them and spoke loudly in an explanatory tone. They all backed away.

The driver called for all to board. Reet wanted to hold the boy for just a moment before they left, but it would embarrass him. She sighed instead. She and Chandra took the long seat at the back next to the rear door. There the boy stood; "You must be very careful. There are those who would steal from you. I hope your trip abroad is pleasant. I will remember you forever." The door slammed. The bus jerked away.

Reet turned to Chandra. "What did the boy say to those children?"

Chandra looked straight ahead. "He asked them not to beg from us, because we can't afford it."

Reet swung around for her last view of the boy, to hold it in her heart. His head was bowed over his business, a multitude of children pressing in. He was breaking up an old rice cake and distributing it among his fellows.



—Jeff Babine

BRICK INTERVIEW: MICHAEL CISSELL

A candid conversation with the author of "A Type Book" and "The Type Show" about serving letters, words and a long sentence.

Brick had a fascinating interview this month with Michael Cissell, founder of Aartwerks Graphics (and, at present, its only employee). Mike is an almost entirely self-educated expert in type, considered in some circles, in fact, to be the Carl Sagan of type. Mike is an independent businessman, hustling in the commercial arts field to make a name for himself so that he can make a lot of money and become famous. He often works all night and into weekends. We spoke to Mike in his studio, on the fourth floor of the Terry Hutchens building. Sunlight filters softly through the window, lighting Mike's trembling hands as he works at his art board. He reaches for a brightly colored pill...

Brick: Well, Mike, type is a rather unusual field in which to develop an expertise. I imagine few schools offer the study of type in their curriculums, and in fact that most people would find the subject down-right deadly boring. Just how did you develop such an interest?

Michael: Well, Barbara, it's the age of specialization. Everyone at some point in his life comes to grip with the fact that his sphere of influence and knowledge—his jurisdiction, as it were—becomes smaller and smaller as he realizes his boundaries (or by the contrapositive capabilities, essentially the same thing) weren't so expansive after all. Like an ever tightening noose. I haven't felt it yet, but I suppose when you reach the end of the line, you feel that firm snap and recoil, shaking through your knees, and you realize that all these years you were really just another cheap schlock and you black out.

It's a thin existence, granted, but it's comfortable. Never for a minute do you forget where you're going.

Look at historians. Eventually they concentrate in a single period. One period! As a man of letters, I not only handle punctuation, but numerals and the alphabet.

Brick: I see. And how did you learn so much about type?

Michael: I saw a lot of it when I read. Being relatively astute, I eventually made a connection. Also I saw great potential. Barbara, I've always had a belief: as long as people think, as long as people talk, as long as they write, people will use type. And you know, the very beautiful thing about it is that no matter how many "g's" or "h's" you or someone else uses, there will be as many in the future as you need. Unless of course you are having to piece together an extortion note and the only literature you have is a motel room DO NOT DISTURB sign.

Fueled by a consuming passion (I've always venerated food) I decided my career as picture framer would eventually signal not only an occupational cul-de-sac, but by the extent of its recompensation would infringe on my existence. Those were lean months. They would go on for years.

I wanted in on get-rich-quick schemes, I'll admit. That's how I got involved with this group of fanatic Norwegian State Troopers. We lived in a large house and shared everything—even television privileges. Such a bureaucracy...we had to take votes to see who would answer the phone. Thank God for sign language! Anyway, we wanted to meet a new industry comeback head on: accordion repair. Bleak, bleak period in my life. For the most part it was a huge failure. In a warehouse I have 23 sets of accordion vices just lying dormant. Food on the docks for some folks, I guess.

I realized I needed something declassée, pedestrian if you will. So, I got my head out of the clouds, my body out of the gutter and stuck my face between the pages until I learned and learned and learned.

Brick: About type?

Michael: No, about how impossible it is to get a job by phoning people. I even tried random dialing.

Brick: Mike, tell us about some of your favorite characters.

Michael: One of my favorites was a character named Franklin. He was from one of those elite Swiss families. Kind of a plain type, with a different slant. He had this black dot over one eye. Birthmark, I guess. Consequently he was self-conscious, but at one point very fashionable until he developed a weight problem from being overextended. Finally he died of a vertical stroke.

Brick: It must be unusual for most people to encounter someone dubbed "Type Expert." I imagine they don't know quite what to make of you. How do you feel you are regarded by others?

Michael: At first there was a big stigma attached to my title. I would shield it by telling people I was a chiropractor. Gradually I stayed farther and farther away from parties or other events where the density of people would increase the possibility that I had not talked to at least three of the individuals before. I was in a theatre once and someone had a medical emergency, so they (thinking I was a chiropractor) screamed for me. I told them I only did eyes, ears, nose, and throat. Off the hook that time, so I figured I better "come out of the closet." That's how I lost my fiancée. She wanted the income I guess. Or open heart surgery—well, I didn't want to tell her the same story. I'd have to hear it every time we'd visit her parents. So I beefed it up a little. Threw in a Mayo Clinic and a set of golf clubs. At that point I even wore a beeper.

Don't laugh, those things can get you out of some tough binds. It's the predecessor of Captain Kirk's "Beam me up, Scotty!" unit. It got to be a kind of drug. Whenever I got into a situation—any situation—in which I felt uncomfortable, I'd just trigger the thing, say excuse me and run like hell! It was like California.



Now it's all different. How do people regard me? People close to me say I'm very clean.

Brick: Let's talk about your book, *A Type Book*; what are your reasons for choosing that particular name?

Michael: Why *A Type Book*? At that time I was very heavy into some of the great writers of the twentieth century: Solzhenitzen, Mailer, Vidal, Ronnie Milsap.

I wanted a title that would speak to the isolated, the oppressed, and not leave out those in clerical occupation. Some have said the title is evasive—almost mystic.

Brick: How have commercial sales been going?

Michael: Why not speak in term of legacy, sensitivity and cataclysm?

Brick: How have commercial sales been going?

Michael: Well, it's only been out a few months, but the flow hasn't been as aggressive as we had anticipated. Currently I'm looking over plans to make a paper mache dining room suite with the second printing.

Brick: I particularly enjoyed reading the chapters entitled "Small Mysteries," "Reading Between the Lines," and "Types of Type." I think you are implying that there may be more to type than meets the eye. Would you care to elaborate?

Michael: Certainly, Barbara. There is more there than meets the eye: The lives of all the people that have made type and language possible. Now when you close your eyes and think a moment, you realize all those people are dead.

Brick: I found your explanation of the origin and meanings of points, picas, and em's riveting. As for question such as "Why are letters smaller than the size it says?" and "Why is 10 point Helvetica larger than Paltino?"—well, I think the significance of such questions is apparent. Why do you think such issues are not addressed more often?

Michael: Barbara, even people that work with this stuff every day, day in and day out, why they just don't care. We saw the same problem in public schools in the sixties.

Brick: I noticed, Mike, that in your book you



actually mixed serif and sans serif within the same line. What do you feel are the implications of the differences between these two ethnic groups of the type population, if I may coin a metaphor?

Michael: The first thing people try to do is to make someone a hero. Now I'm not the first to be concerned with the integration of the different types in this world. But in the future I will continue to make bold (and sometimes demi-bold) attempts to bring together all faces. Call me Marxist, but I have dreams of ruling great united columns that will someday run through history books. I will achieve this by evolution, not revolution. By staying within the margins, I can avoid the problems we've had with the Fifth Column.

Brick: Let's move to the subject of typewriters for a moment. Would you say that the daisy

wheel was Copernican in nature while the IBM "ball" hearkens more to the Ptolemaic world view?

Michael: Imagine a point in space. A point orbited by a handful of characters. From each of these tiny characters will flow billions and billions of letters. Letters that will someday travel the earth's surface through the librarian constellation. Are there more? What is their origin? New Jersey? Michigan? No one knows for sure. But we do know one thing.

In my hand I hold one of these miniature solar systems. From overhead I can tell it is circular in shape—something we all take for granted because we have seen it time and time again in photographs, diagrams from the recent past, catalogs. But imagine you are sitting in a chair, typing a letter for your boss—perhaps to a loved one. From this point in your room, in front of your typewriter, the daisy wheel—(we'll call it) appears oval.

Now sink a bit lower in your chair and the daisy wheel continues to appear to flatten out until Pop! you can't see it due to the horizon of the typewriter. To many peoples of the past, the daisy wheel was mystic, perfect and flat—the order of corporate demigods from the North.

It's easy to see why the IBM "ball" caused such an uproar. Instead of one plane from which the letters, numerals and punctuations could soar, a sphere could radiate as many, but from a much smaller nucleus, an even tinier mass. For years, those in power would continue to hold on to the "Daisy Wheel" concept. Some would still believe in the ancient method of individual keys. In our lives, many of us will be witness to an amazing event: slowly, slowly this mystic sphere will appear in places, some nearby, some quite remote, in a huge kind of cosmic clerical conversion. A conversion that will eventually leave nothing unchanged.

Brick: Mike, I saved my favorite question for last. If you could be a type font, which one would you be?

Michael: If I could be a type font, Barbara, I have to think I'd be Dom Casual (heh heh heh)

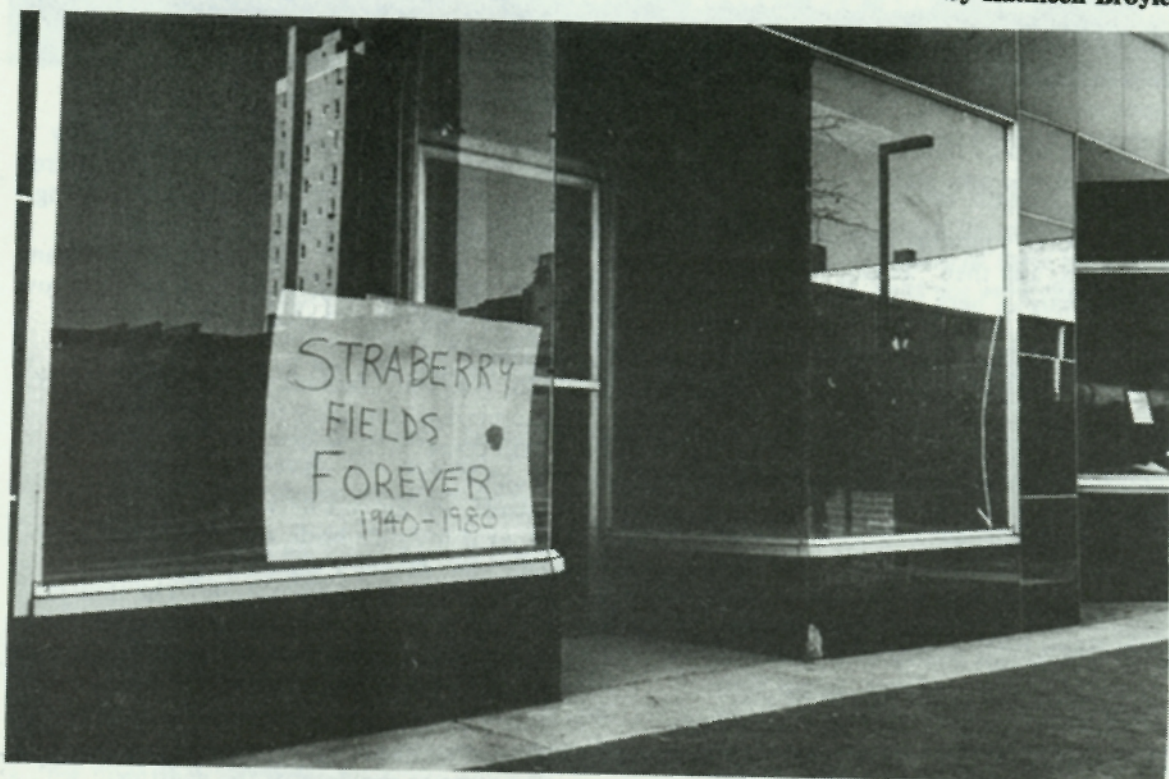
Brick: (heh heh heh)



Jeff Babine

A War Story

by Kathleen Broyles



—Bernd Billmeyer

Warnings

Small craft warnings tonight;
torpor grips the house;
the sun bloats.
Down the beach
strays nose a sea-carcass
sunk in the shore,
its glistening smell pooling over it.
The beach is more exposed:
widened by outtaken surf,
it is a band of debris
sucked seaward, dropped.
At the line of sea and sky
a bright cloud beckons:
"rains will come and devastate the land."
The dry harbor waits;
past the breakers boats lie,
deep water safe,
ghosts by the moon.

Lisa Livingston

It was war, and romance was everywhere. Joe was handsome, and his mother and father packed their only son off to sail the high sea. Joe felt as though he never saw the sea, but instead woke every morning to a bugle call, and the harsh wind blowing through his clothes. He would write home:

Dear Mom and Dad,

I wake every morning, feel the harsh wind, then wonder what you are doing. I'm fine, it's just there's this awful nip in the air, and I feel as though it's getting colder every day. I'm not sure what to say. They say baked beans are nice this time of year, that they warm you up, and make you feel ready for action. I hope that they are right.

Try not to worry.

your loving son

It was necessary then to encode messages, but they knew what it meant. Joe sailed from Boston; it was late, and it wasn't long after he sailed that he saw France and Germany, but he never saw the war. That was alright with Joe, but he did want to meet an English lass.

* * *

It was not the war that Joe was worried about. It was the folks back home. He knew his dad. Billy could listen to Jack Benny for hours. He would clip his barber scissors and rattle a tale to the men in the shop, and they would laugh when they heard on the radio that it was only a nickel hidden in Jack Benny's shoe. They could imagine seeing it.

Jack would roll his eyes, and fold his arms, and say I don't know what you're talking about. His pants were loose and his hands were large with his fingers tapping silently on the sleeve of his coat. Then he would look off to the side as if he wasn't clued in at all to what was happening, but everyone knew he really was. Then Fingers would steal his shoe, and Jack would go No, Not my shoe! But it was too late. You could hear Fingers go tap...tap...tap, trying to find the combination to the safe in Jack's shoe. It was almost silent, and you had to laugh, because the air was tight with everyone knowing that Jack kept money in his shoe, and no one could wait to hear how much it was.

A nickel! Fingers would cry, and Jack would look away and say it's my mad money, and everyone laughed until they cried. Billy would step back from his barber chair and pretend he was Jack in the room. "It's my mad money!" he would repeat, with his arms folded and his eyes looking off into the sky, and everyone would almost die because Billy looked just the way you imagined Jack would.

So Billy kept on shaving the customers all day, every now and then telling them a story. The radio would be playing, sometimes a war song, sometimes a song about a lonely Saturday night, and sometimes the news. Everyone got quiet when it came to the part about the war. Joe knew this, and it made him sad. He wanted to hear them keep on laughing, but instead he was looking out from a jeep onto a torn up and embittered France and wondering where-in-the-hell he was.

It wasn't exactly the war that Joe saw from the jeep; it was the aftermath, and there were families without homes everywhere. He rode by the borders of cities that weren't cities anymore, but hollow shells with a casing of burnt trees. One town was like the next, and before he knew it there was Germany, and the war was over. He stood there, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat tilted to one side. He took off his hat and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Everything was burnt around him. Mountains looked strange and barren. A pack of families would go by, with their homes on their backs or in small carts. Joe followed one down the road. He tried to move as slowly as they did. Someone called hey buddy, it's time to move out, and Joe got in the jeep and went back home.

* * *

Back at school, Joe would lie in his bunk until it was late at night. He would lie still, with his hands behind his head, until he thought he could hear the war. It sounded like a low muffle. A guy might be restless, and the sounds of his Glenn Miller recording would be playing somewhere in the distance. If a guy snored or his bunk squeaked, that was alright with Joe. He was used to waking in the night and not knowing altogether where you were. He turned over on his side and folded his hands into a pillow. He kicked the sheets loose and tried to sleep.

THE DEMISE OF HARRY TROTTER

by Marylyn Coffey

"Sweetheart, how'd you like to do me a favor?" Harry was addressing the new girl at Ryder's print shop. He had to speak loudly. The presses were clanking and wheezing in back, and in here the girls had the radio on — some idiot wailing about missing kisses.

The new girl looked up at him brightly. "Why, sure," she said, "What did you have in mind?"

Harry pointed to the brochure he was holding. "See right here," he said, "where it says seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars? I want it changed to nineteen thousand, five hundred dollars. Think you can handle that?"

"I think so."

"Nice house, isn't it?" Harry said, running his thumb across the black and white illustration of a long, low structure with two small windows on either side of the door. Narrow steps led up to the door, and flowers had been sketched in on either side of the steps.

Miriam, who'd worked for Ryder for years, turned slowly and stared at him like an owl. "Harry, you're not raising the price again! Who's profiting this time? One of your old drinking buddies?"

Nasty, Harry thought. Just like last time. Of course, she had worked awfully hard on the brochure. Guess she had wanted more from him than a drink or two. "Miriam," he said, trying to soothe, "naturally I got a friend or two in the business, but they're not about to cut their throat for me. Things are tough all over these days."

"Sorry to hear that, Harry," Miriam said.

"Tell you what," Harry said, "both of you. You want one of these houses built for you or someone in your family, I'll let you have one for the original price. How's that?"

"Oh, we could't afford that, Mr Trotter," the new girl chirped.

Harry retreated to the doorway, where he watched one of the smaller presses spewing out pizza coupons. FREE FREE, FREE FREE, FREE FREE, each with a smiling red clown face, sailing by on yellow paper. It made him queasy. His brochure would be multiplying pretty soon. By this evening there'd be hundreds of them. And then he'd have the mailing to do. Not his favorite activity. Why couldn't Dan hire a secretary for once, instead of dumping all the shitwork on him?

"You want to look this over?" Miriam thrust the brochure at him. He took it, glanced at it. ENERGY SAVING BRAND NEW HOME — YOURS FOR ONLY \$19,500! Addressing envelopes for Chrissake. And every time he tried to talk to Dan about getting some part-time help, Dan would just complain about interest rates, labor costs. Harry's throat was dry. He tried coughing.

"Something the matter?" Miriam was still standing there.

"No, no. It looks good, it's fine." He handed it back to her. He'd been hoping Ryder would show up, and that maybe they'd go for a beer,

but there was no sign of him. "Mind if I use the phone?" he asked the new girl.

"Help yourself."

He dialed Andrea's number and waited. It rang a few times, and then "Hello," in that soft, quivering way of hers.

"Andy, it's me."

"Harry. I was hoping you'd call. I haven't seen you for three days. I've been missing you."

"I miss you too."

"Come over, then. I'll fix dinner."

"I'll try. I've got a couple of things to take care of first."

"Don't take too long."

"I won't."

"Harry, I love you."

"See you soon, babe," Harry said, and hung up.

Miriam stopped him in the hall as he was leaving. "Harry. I meant to tell you. I really like your hair that way."

"Thanks," Harry said, embarrassed. He continued on his way out the building, got into his car and turned onto the parkway. Miriam wasn't so bad, after all. Divorced, with a couple of kids — she'd told him their names and ages once, but he'd forgotten. Everybody had kids, except Dan and himself. He hadn't even been married. Sometimes he was proud of that, like he alone had managed to escape something terrible. Other times he felt left out, especially since Dan had gotten married last year. When Dan bought his house, he'd sold Harry the trailer. His own private box. He liked it, but Andrea didn't, so he always went over to her place. They'd been seeing each other for almost half a year now, and everything had been fine, but lately she was talking serious.

He was driving past the place that used to be Kay's Korral, where he and Dan used to hang out a lot. Somebody had bought it recently, fixed it up to look like some kind of castle. He decided to stop. The place was empty except for two guys in a booth in back. There was a piano on the stage now, and pictures of old movie stars on the walls. On the wall behind the bar there was a picture of a muscular man in white tights and a fancy jacket, leaping. The way the picture was placed made it seem as if the man were leaping from one row of liquor bottles to another. Harry ordered Scotch from a young guy with a beard, and went to the john.

In the mirror, he examined his hair. He had not lost any yet, not a bit. It was dark, wavy, uncontrollable, so he usually wore it short. He hadn't gotten it cut quite so short this time, and he'd told them to leave the sideburns. Miriam was right, it did look good. He looked like a country-and-western singer.

He returned to the bar, and sat thinking of Andrea, her small hands, and the way she sometimes covered her mouth with them when she laughed. Had it really been three days? He must have lost track of the time, holed up in that damned trailer, watching TV, drinking beer, trying to come down from the job, this advertis-

ing crap Dan was getting him into. And Andy hadn't been laughing much lately. That bothered him. He didn't know what he was doing wrong, but he hadn't really wanted to find out.

"Time for another?" The bartender was leaning into Harry's field of vision, displaying a row of perfect white teeth between the beard and mustache.

"No! No, I'm...running late as it is." Harry rose somewhat sluggishly from the barstool.

"You come back, now."

"Yeah."

Outside, the air was dark and full of movement, as if invisible birds were flying past and around him. Maybe I should bring Andrea a bouquet of those, Harry thought. The thought made him smile. The drink had gotten to him just enough so that, as he sped toward Andrea's he thought, maybe we could do it. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea. Hopefully ever after, and all that.

She came to the door of the apartment with a huge wooden fork in one hand. Harry thought for a second that she meant to stab him with it, but she just said quietly, "Harry, it's been over an hour since you called, you know. I was getting nervous."

"Andy, you're always getting nervous." He reached out to take her in his arms for a moment. She felt small and light. Her hair smelled of perfume. Her hands smelled like fish.

"What are we having?"

"Shrimp," she whispered, extricating herself.

"Andy?"

"Mmmm?"

He pulled her back into his arms, kissed her. A wave of pleasure broke over his head and swept up a beach somewhere inside him. But he couldn't yet feel the water or taste the salt.

"Want a drink, honey?" she asked, again pulling away from his embrace.

"Yeah, I'll get it."

He went to pour himself something from the little arrangement of bottles she had on the marble-topped side table. Andrea bought and sold antique furniture. That's where they'd met, at an auction. Back before Christmas, Dan's wife had got it into her head that she had to have one of those tall cabinets with a glass front for her dishes. She wanted one that was dark and fancy, but most of all, old. He and Dan had spent an entire weekend looking, and had ended up miles out of town at an auction. There they found it, over six feet tall, with drawers and doors and lots of shelves behind diamond shaped panes of glass. And there Andrea had been, in jeans and a tweedy kind of formal looking jacket, clutching a large pocketbook with both hands, her eyes on that same monstrous piece of furniture. Dan outbid her. She'd started to cry, quietly. Harry had watched her pull out a handkerchief and snuffle into it. Dan had wanted to get going right away, upset at just having spent over a grand. But Harry had said, no, let's stick around, he might see something he wanted. Andrea was bidding on a

chair, an ugly, straight-backed thing, all spindles and velvet. She got it, and afterwards, he approached her, said how sorry he was about the cabinet. Said if it had been up to him, he would have let her have it. She accepted his apology and his offer of a night out, and the rest had been easier than he'd thought it would be.

"How is the publicity coming along, Harry?" Andrea was coming out of the kitchen with a salad bowl in her hands.

"Just fine, Andy."

"Listen, I'd be glad to help out with typing addresses and all. You know I've got the time." She was looking at him almost pleadingly, her head tilted to one side.

"Dan says we can't afford anybody for that. Besides, I don't want you dragged into this."

Now she was trying to look stern. "Harry, I meant for free. How could Dan turn that down — someone willing to just help out?" She had finished fussing around the table and came up to him, searching his face for something. His mouth flickered nervously. She touched his cheek. "Dinner's ready."

They sat on opposite ends of the small table. Andrea had lit some candles. Through tiny flames, Harry watched her toss the salad. He felt solid in his chair, like liquid rock that had hardened into whatever he was supposed to be to her. The edges of her hair glowed fuzzily in the soft light.

"You look just like an angel," he said, wanting to make her laugh. She laughed. "You could have dinner in heaven every night, you know."

Harry shifted in his chair. he was not a rock after all. "You wouldn't want me all the time, Andrea. I'm not always so well-behaved. I'm a crazy man. I like moving around."

"I'm more inclined to stay still, I think. The things around me move, the furniture, the people. I'm always right here. How do you like the shrimp? Is it fabulous?"

"It's fabulous."

Harry didn't really care for this sort of thing, the candles, the formality. But he knew Andrea loved it. Harry would rather have taken her right to bed. He felt more real there, more like he belonged, even though sometimes, in the middle of making love to her, he'd feel as if he were talking to himself: be careful, don't fall in, don't get used to this, you can't always be here. At the same time he'd be telling Andrea how good it was, how there was nothing like it in the whole world. She'd whimper and call his name, which made him feel that he knew who he was. Sometimes with Andrea he couldn't finish. He could keep it up for ages, but he couldn't finish, so he pretended. She didn't know, or if she did, she never let on. He would put on an act; it seemed to satisfy her more. He's make great moans, and collapse as if he were dead. He'd never been scared of sex before, but with Andrea, the first few times, he'd been terrified. His cries had been cries of fear, and he'd been somewhere else, lost in spinning darkness.

"Harry, sweetheart, are you listening to me?" Dinner over, they were on the couch, listening to some music Andrea had put on. She liked sappy stuff, old love songs, songs from musicals.

"I'm listening."

"I think you ought to move in here."

"I can't, Andrea."

"Why not?" She was playing with his hair. "It just wouldn't work, that's all. I couldn't live in an apartment like this. It's too..."

"Somewhere else, then."

"I like my trailer."

"Harry, I know you're used to living a certain way, and so am I, but I just know we'd be better off together."

"Would we?"

She kissed him on the lips. "We would! We spend so much time together already. We know each other. We know what we're getting into."

"I never know what I'm getting into, Andy. Sometimes I don't even know how I survive." He looked at her. Her round, serious eyes gave him a kind of pain in his chest. Her mouth pouted a little, like a child's. Her hand brushed back and forth on the front of his shirt slowly, hypnotically, then stopped.

"Harry, I have to tell you something, O.K.?" He stiffened, said nothing.

"I think we'd better live together, or get married, or do something, because I'm pregnant." Her hand left his shirt and went to her head, patting her hair almost as if she were congratulating herself. She looked around her apartment and then back at him, and said, "I've never been pregnant before."

"You don't have to go through with it, you know," Harry said mechanically. He was petrified. He couldn't look at her.

"Harry, I'm almost thirty years old."

"Yeah, so?" He knew he was sounding like some dumb kid, but he didn't know what else to say.

The record player stopped. Andrea got up and went over to where the candles were still burning. She picked one of them up and held it quite close to her, as if she were protecting it. "I'm not going to throw away my only chance, Harry." Her face glowed strangely. Like a witch or a demon, Harry thought. Andrea watched the flame and did not look at him.

"I get the point," he said finally, lumbering to his feet. He was unsteady. He made his way to the bathroom, where he looked quickly in the mirror and saw a scared little boy. No, not right. He turned away, his heart pounding. He took a leak. When he was done, he slowly turned his face back toward the mirror again. He saw someone who looked sort of like Elvis Presley, only leaner, tougher maybe. When he got back to where Andrea stood, he went behind her, put his hands on her shoulders as tenderly as he could.

"Andrea, baby, don't worry. We'll talk about this. We'll think it over."

She reached back and gently pushed his hands away. "I don't need to think it over, Harry. I know what I want to do. I guess you don't, but maybe that doesn't matter."

"What do you mean, it doesn't matter?"

She moved away toward the window. "You don't have to marry me," she said stiffly. "I should have realized that's not your style."

"But Andy, I...well, I want to marry you. I really do."

She was looking out the window with her arms folded around herself, her face firm, motionless. She looked like a statue. The room began to seem flimsy, like the inside of a painted box. Harry felt it might collapse on him at any moment. Andrea turned from the window, her eyes glistening a little. "Harry, I'm sorry."

"No, don't be."

She came over to him and lifted up her hands to his face. He caught them, and brought them back down into the space between them and held them there. "Andrea, I've got to leave for just a while. I'll be back."

"Harry! But we have to talk. I thought you said..."

"We'll talk. I just need an hour. A couple of hours. To get used to the idea. Please." He thought maybe he was angry, but the feeling of being angry was somewhere outside that window, descending in circles like a paper airplane in the dark.

She pulled her hands away. "Well, I guess you'd better go now, Harry, if you're going."

"Andrea, don't be like that!" But he found himself backing slowly toward the door, as if he were being kicked out. Andrea, red-eyed, stared. He thought maybe he should bow, or kiss her hand, but he was at the door, so he turned, opened it, walked out. He got in his car and drove straight to Kay's Korral, or The Castle, or whatever they called it now.

There were a lot of cars in the parking lot, nice cars. He wished Dan or Ryder were with him. He paused at the door to tuck his shirt in.

The sound of clapping assailed him. Looking down to the far end of the bar, he saw some guy on stage, nodding and smiling. Must be the piano player. The place was crowded. A waitress carrying a tray pushed past him, looking at him sourly as she did. There was no place to sit. Annoyed, he leaned toward the bar and shouted to no one in particular, "Give me a draft!" They'd put on some disco stuff now, and some people were dancing near the stage. He watched one couple make a bridge with their arms, twist around, separate. They were smiling like they thought they were in a TV commercial. Someone bumped into him from behind, and he turned quickly, ready to growl into a plump, reddish, apologetic face. "Sorry," she said, and slid out from behind him, leaving an empty stool. Harry took it. His beer appeared. He looked up and down the bar, scanning the faces. Lots of guys trying to look good. Not too many women. Everyone seemed younger than he was. He caught some blonde's eye, but she just raised an eyebrow and turned to the man she was with.

Damn Andrea. Why did she have to get pregnant? Just when things had been really going good. But a kid? He couldn't be a father, not in a million years. That wasn't who he was. He watched the blonde chewing at her boyfriend's earlobe, and wanted to strangle her. It wasn't fair! He'd been screwed! He suddenly wanted to cry. The music became a tangle of horrible noises. The dancers looked like mechanical toys. "All right, if that's the way you want it," Harry said angrily, out loud.

The man next to him turned and gave him the once-over. Big nosed, with a hangdog look, hair dragging in his eyes. Harry sensed meanness.

"Cut the shit, O.K.?" Harry requested solemnly.

The dog-face leaned closer to him, its eyes narrowing. "Don't be an asshole."

Harry's head felt as if it were on fire. Then his hand came up real fast and pushed the dog-face away, hard. He heard people crying out in surprise. Seconds later, a fist hit him in the jaw. As he fell, he thought he heard the piano give out two loud chords, and then he couldn't hear it anymore. He was quenched. Sweet wet ashes filled his mouth.

A little while later he seemed to be on his feet. Some guy was helping him to the men's room. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, all smeared with red, like some crazy lady had gone wild with lipstick. Harry wanted to say something, but the guy sat him down and handed him a wad of paper. It was the bartender from this afternoon.

"Get yourself cleaned up and then split," said the bartender. "We can't afford this kind of scene. And I'd prefer that you didn't come back. Nothing personal."

The sound of the piano was still ringing in his head. Harry blubbered softly along with it as he spat blood into the sink. He pressed several teeth, experimenting. He splashed water on his face, and noticed the blood on his shirt. It had been an expensive shirt.

"Let's go," said the bartender.

People seemed to give him sympathetic looks as he walked back through the bar, not so crowded now. He should be embarrassed, but he wasn't.

"I'm going to be a Daddy," he wanted to say to someone, anyone, but he was at the door already.

Shit. He couldn't go back to Andrea's like this. He'd go to Dan's. Maybe Dan's wife would have something to put on his face. He'd go to Dan's and call Andrea from there. And he'd tell Dan about...HA! Dan would be so pissed off! For once, he, Harry, had gotten somewhere first!

Hybrid

High technology races onward. To ignore it is to repeat a thousand evils. To be seduced by it through the advertisement unjudged, the self unexamined, is to once again forget that man is homo faber—the maker of tools—and become the slave of the tools and misguided tool-makers.

by Don Olsen

I. Collisions

My hand trembled as I powered up the drive units and the central processor. The screen cleared, then “?” appeared. I swallowed and hit the RETURN key.

“Good morning,” it said. “User name?”

My shaking hand missed the proper sequence of keystrokes.

“Login error. Retry.”

Carefully, I restroked. Damned nerves. The diodes blinked at me, once.

“Login error.” A pause.

“User terminated.”

The blue flash is all I remember.

Civilization advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking of them.

Alfred North Whitehead

The real danger is not that computers will begin to think like men, but that men will begin to think like computers.

Sydney J. Harris

The human brain is assumed to be an immense biocomputer, several thousands of times larger than any constructed by Man from non-biological components by 1965.

John C. Lilly, M.D.

The year is 1983.

I don't think manufacturers realize how many personal computers have reached novice users. They still write their specs for fellow engineers.

Osmo A. Wiio, Ph.D.

What cannot be ignored is the contrast between the capabilities of the human brain, which seems so limited in terms of performing repetitive operations (how many floating point multiplications can a person do per second?), but are so immense and unchallenged where creativity, recognition, and imagination are concerned. This leads to the conclusion that the answer is more likely to be found through a combination of human ingenuity and computer versatility than through unbounded machine power alone.

Christos J. Georgiou

Somewhere back in the last century we shed the notion of a hostile consciousness working behind the forces of nature. The naturalist school was finally interred as the guns of August, 1914, sounded in reveille to the new school of technophobia and the resurrection of the not-yet-cold corpse of anthropomorphism, refitted to the machine. If the reviews were mixed prior to the Great War, certainly a movement began which has evolved in sophistication, volume, and size, parallel to the evolution of technology itself. Whereas in 1916



Reach in Vain
—Joanne Felt

Maranetti would proclaim, “a speeding automobile is infinitely more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace,” (that is, Winged Victory, a statue from classical antiquity), after the war participants in it would see it as evidence that the machine and its attendant demon, the engineer, would hasten the end of man, as Ferdinand Celine did in *Guignol's Band*:

The engineering officer's preparing something! Another blast of thunder! Sets the fuse at the small end...It's a demon!...But suddenly his gadget roars out and crackles right between his fingers!...the whole shebang blasts him, pours on him, tears him apart, somersaults him wildly away...Everything! the carcasses! the junk! the tanks! piles upon the crunching and rattling caterpillar-guns that smash all interference under the direction of the quartermaster! It's the saraband of fright, the fair under the dislocating thunder! It's the rubber-man who wins! Ah! hooray for the

cosmic scoundrel, the unscrupulous bachelor with the corkscrew bicycle, the armored stinker!

Within a decade the pure idealism of the machine worshippers was neutralized. Anytime someone gloried in the machine, a skeptic could point to the carnage of mechanized warfare and smirk, “That is where it will lead.” Hiroshima italicized, underlined, and capitalized the danger a generation later. The bachelor on the corkscrew bicycle, or as Marcel Duchamp portrayed his seven bachelors in *The Large Glass: The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even*, astride the masturbatory chocolate grinder, became barren and frustrated. Yet still we could not resist the seductive machine: the fast automobiles, the pursuit plane turning snap rolls and Immelmans, the radio blare and the television glare, the microprocessor and the smart bomb. The electric typewriter

(continued on page 15)

Still Crazy After 200,000 Years

by Sherry Broyles

“In the earlier stages of progress, the forces to be assimilated were simple, easy to absorb, but, as the mind of man enlarged its range, it enlarged the field of complexity, and must continue to do so, even into chaos, until the reservoirs of sensuous or supersensuous energies are exhausted, or cease to affect him, or until he succumbs to their excess.”

—Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*

I went crazy once. Occasionally I say I had a nervous breakdown, but I prefer the former phrase: its implications are bolder, less middle-class. One seems to suggest an inability to cope, a blown fuse, while the other suggests the choice of another option. Nonetheless, while I fully believe that my experience merits the noble title of insanity, I am vaguely aware that the use of the phrase “I went crazy” is misleading, for it brings to mind a loss of control, the lunacy of the pale moon, journeys into sensuality. The mode of disfunction my psyche chose was antithetical to this: I watched myself. Those moments of self-consciousness we all experience became all my moments. I watched myself look out a window, cross my legs; I listened to myself speak; I recorded my response to food, touch. Subjective experience was completely lost to me; pleasure was impossible. From the instant of waking from the blessed silence of sleep the horror was upon me.

One day I sat in bed keeping as quiet and still as possible so as not to watch myself do anything and the words “primal scream” occurred to me. Suddenly I knew what this primal scream represented, what all those Californians were attempting to do in their writhing therapy sessions, why they felt the need to dredge up something of their primal selves and hurl its expression upon the world. I decided to try it. Close my eyes, take a big breath, get in touch with that part of me seated somewhere below the solar plexus and let rip. I screamed; I heard myself scream. I heard my brother and mother running toward me, watched myself collapse on the bed because my effort had failed, watched them touch me in sympathy. Touch seemed even more disconnected than other things, as connection was its very essence.

I tried swimming, too. I tried running and eating and chanting and hypnosis, but nothing made the slightest bit of difference. An unassuming, quiet man in a modern, mirrored office building did: a psychiatrist, a student of the psyche. He knew what was wrong; he gave it a name, issued me a condition whose burden I could share with other members of my species, and said that I could be helped. I left the office that day still crazy but ecstatic with relief. By the next day I could sit in that same office and tell the doctor what I thought was troubling me, and I was right.

To talk about the Freudian-sounding causes for my “obsessional paralysis” would be something like speculating as to the political events which had led up to a nuclear war. The significance lies in the very possibility of such an immense disruption and in its process. Suffice it to say that some part of myself incurred a state of “paralysis” in order to stop me. I was about to embark on a very important journey,

mentally and physically, and some combination of guilt and fear conjured up a way to stop me dead in my tracks. My mental state was more confining than a prison cell would be, for I was even more effectively cut off from all the things which make life valuable: I was cut off from direct experience. The few occasions since then when for brief periods I have felt myself sliding back into such a state of mind have been periods of horror, for there are few things we fear more.

As conscious creatures we have always had inklings of schizophrenia in ourselves. Primitive people had ideas that the “soul” was divided, and associated themselves with some aspect of nature in order to resolve the conflict. Now, possessed of a consciousness which, as Carl Jung says, “is still vulnerable and liable to fragmentation,” we feel cut off from such an alternative. The primal self to which we refer has become a symbol for the ability to assimilate our world, to integrate ourselves into it.

In 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, Kubrick takes us abruptly from the primal world where consciousness began to a space station in the twenty-first century. We recognize both realities somehow. The world of the apes is understandable on some level to anyone who has ever gotten really involved in team sports, has ever been afraid, has ever come close to death. The world of the space station is accessible to anyone who has made polite and vacuous conversation, restrained an emotion, experienced paranoia. Both worlds are extreme to us, but we are creatures of both, and rightly so, for the first is too raw and the second too sterile. We are civilized, and Kubrick points out to us that the reality of life in the natural world is not what we would choose; indeed, the apes themselves begin the process of becoming civilized when they allow themselves to be drawn to the monolith, for this is the beginning of what Henry Adams would call the dynamism of education, the interaction between natural “forces” and man:

A dynamic theory, assigning attractive force to opposing bodies in proportion to the law of mass, takes for granted that the forces of nature capture man. The sum of force attracts, the feeble atom or molecule called man is attracted; he suffers education or growth; he is the sum of the forces that attract him; his body and his thought are alike their product; the movement of the forces controls the progress of his mind, since he can know nothing but the motions which impinge on his senses, whose sum makes education...He (man) may have gone on for hundreds of thousands of years waiting for nature to tell him her secrets; and, to his rivals among the monkeys, Nature has taught no more than at their start; but certain lines of force were capable of acting on individual apes, and mechanically selecting types of race or sources of variation. The individual that responded or reacted to lines of new force then was possibly the same individual that reacts on it now, and his conception of the unity seems never to have changed in spite of the increasing diversity of forces.

The monolith in 2001 is a good metaphor for Adams' idea of force, of unity, and the movement of Kubrick's film might lead us to the

same supposition that Adams comes to, for the impulse which inspires the apes to dance and shriek around the monolith seems to be the same one that leads the astronauts out into interplanetary space. The difference lies in the process.

The brilliance of Kubrick's film is in his choice of the two extremes, for while it is obvious we would not choose the primal world, we find something very amiss in the other. The empty rhetoric of the cosmic board meeting is laughable; the talk of planning the reaction of the terrestrial public hearkens to our suspicion of deception in high places; the sight of a machine less in control of its emotions than the two all-American boys on the space ship is alarming. Oh, for some dancing and shrieking. What is it we fear when we speak of "de-personalization," of the fragmentation of modern life? Perhaps it is something like the terror incurred by my divided mental state when I felt so cut off from the world around me.

Adams suggests that while from the beginning man was attracted to "forces," responded to them, was educated by them, for a long time the unity of these forces was symbolized by the Virgin; sex was power, fecundity the greatest mystery. Later the Virgin was replaced by the Dynamo, and power and art became distinct things. Along with this distinction between symbols, Adams speaks of a change in man's perspective; for it was not until relatively late in his evolutionary history that man moved from pure sensibility of force to what Adams calls "economies" in man's "methods of pursuit" of force. In 302 A.D., the Roman Empire economized the gods:

...the cross had absorbed all the old occult or fetish-power. The symbol represented the sum of nature—the energy of modern science—and society believed it to be as real as x-rays; perhaps it was!

While "man's function as a force of nature had always been to assimilate other forces as he assimilated food," once he began economizing his pursuit of them, he generated too much energy too quickly. The process of acceleration had been set into motion. It took off with the appearance of gunpowder and the compass, and the dynamism of man's education ceased, for man was left behind. Man let himself be dragged along by these new forces unleashed by his own burgeoning awareness because in the same package came Bacon's scientific method. It was time to stop imposing unity on the world, to weight the imagination, to merely observe. Adams calls this new point of view "anarchic":

Suddenly society felt itself dragged into situations altogether new and anarchic—situations which it could not affect, but which painfully affected it...Instinct taught it that the universe in its thought must be in danger when its reflection lost itself in space. The danger was all the greater because men of science covered it with "larger synthesis," and poets called the undevout astronomer mad. Society knew better. Yet the telescope had it rigidly standing on its head; the microscope revealed a universe that defied the senses; gunpowder killed whole races that lagged behind; the compass coerced the most imbruted mariner to act on the impossible idea that the earth was round; the press drenched Europe with anarchism. Europe saw itself, violently resisting, wrenched into false positions, drawn along new lines as a fish that is caught on a hook; but unable to understand by what force it was controlled...Man depended more and more absolutely on forces other than his own and on instruments which superseded his senses...Once done, the mind resumed its illusions, and society forgot its impotence.

The tremendous acceleration of input brought on a new set of forces which Adams calls "supersensual," and since it is man's business to assimilate the forces around him, he was now trying to assimilate things with which he felt no intimacy.

In "The Blind Man," D.H. Lawrence writes about a man who has lost his sight but not his sensual contact with the world. In fact, the loss of one sense seems to have taught him a new mode of seeing:

So long as he kept this sheer immediacy of blood-contact with the substantial world he was happy, he wanted no intervention of visual consciousness...Life seemed to move in him like a tide lapping, lapping, and advancing, enveloping all things darkly. It was a pleasure to stretch forth the hand and meet the unseen object, clasp it, and possess it in pure contact. He did not try to remember, to visualize. He did not want to. The new way of consciousness substituted itself in him.

Maurice, the blind man, is a farmer. He is juxtaposed with a barrister, Lawrence's representative of the industrial city. While Maurice is described as large and passionate, Bertie (the barrister) is small and sexless; Maurice feels a fullness, strength in his darkness, while Bertie is empty and weak in his world of light; Maurice is capable of intimacy, while Bertie abhors it; and, most significantly, while Maurice experiences dark depressions, submersions into dread, he is capable of full joy, while Bertie is bound to misery, misery dictated by his "insane reserve."

So my misery was insanity, and so it was borne of the extreme of reserve. Any depression would have been more bearable, any submersion into dread, for intimacy is what sustains us and it is the obverse of dread. When, in Adams' metaphors, the Virgin was replaced by the Dynamo, the word "intimacy" came to be associated with sex, which was segregated from the force which attracted. Sex and intimacy became one thing; the machine became the symbol of power. D.H. Lawrence writes about the need to re-establish the intimacy which can exist not only between a man and a woman, but also between two men, between a man and the world.

What Adams calls "fetish-power," Jung calls symbolization. Both terms describe a way of assimilating into the consciousness the perception of the unconscious, or, as Jung says, a way "to bring the original mind of man into advanced or differentiated consciousness." Once the evidence of the senses had come to be doubted (perhaps beginning with Copernicus), so did symbology, for it is the stuff of the unconscious which is fed by the senses. But while it is not as natural for us to symbolize as it is for the bushman, we are creatures who are still possessed of an unconscious, and so we must find ways of expressing it.

One morning I saw a news story about a group of students enacting a bit of symbolic purgation. They had gathered all the popular records they hated most and were about to destroy them. Instead of burning or smashing them, a flash of inspiration had led them to put the records into a jukebox and smash the whole affair. The jukebox was not the kind which have become collectors' items, those with sensuous lines and eloquent colors which hint of magic; this one looked more like a metal cube. The thing was hauled up into the air by a huge crane and the familiar count-down commenced, from 10 to 0, only the backward progression of the numbers signalled the imminent submission to gravity rather than a momentous struggle against it. The jukebox was released and pirouetted down, tumbling end over end, and smashed to pieces. We all laughed, the students and I, probably the newscasters and most of the viewing audience as well, for the symbolic act was an appropriate one for all of us who wish sometimes to smash machines.

Those students would never have had the impulse to smash a washing machine. Most of us are rather fond of washing machines, as they give us freedom from tedious, meaningless work; but the jukebox invaded their aesthetics.

As a vehicle for art it had no business being ugly and playing bad music. One of the records in the machine was an insipid, whiny song about terminal illness. *Death*. Sentiment about death; that most dreadful of mysteries subjected to forced rhyme. Enough was enough.

It is not the machine itself but the aesthetic of the machine which endangers us. The comparatively simple technology of Adam's age has burgeoned until our culture is inundated with it. Technology, the stuff not of balance but of redundancy, not of surprise but of predictability, the means by which to eliminate conflict, is supersensuous to the extreme.

Buzz Aldrin's minister, Reverend Dean Woodruff, sought to explain the symbolism of the moon trip in "The Myth of Apollo II: The Effects of the Lunar Landing on the Mythic Dimensions of Man." He says:

Man's capacity to symbolize and to respond to symbols is the central fact of human existence...The Apollo event will be the kind of occurrence that will reach down to this level...Science has created a worldwide technical civilization and, as yet, has not given birth to any cultural symbols by which man can live...We need now a paradigm of the "experience of the whole."

In popular culture the journey into space has been symbolized not as the ultimate endeavor of a technological culture but as the frontier which embodies the same potential as the American West in the last century. In *Star Wars*, spaceships possess the quirks of horses, the good guys wear white hats, robots and androids are as eccentric as the town idiot. Unlike the Western, however, Lucas' film reckons with the threat of technology, for its heroes have ridden its supersensuous force out to see the stars and come out the other side, into a world restored to the purely sensual force, the original unity. Ben teaches Luke to *feel* the force, to close his eyes and let it guide him. As in Lawrence, vision seems to obstruct the way to intimacy.

Annie Gideon Needs a House Before Winter

Along both shoulders
stray cotton thrusts like a thousand gulls
invisible surf tumbling past her feet that
have for thirty seasons stomped at the little
clouds in steady rhythm.

All is in that interval of lungs,
broken only as the horizon scatters — a headlamp
blaze that slaps her skull afire. The gulley behind
is anonymous and without clues.
Only her queer expression waits for those who pass
and look.

All is the dryness of grass, waiting
then fluttering like her lips,
all flickering past the windshield glass.
Except this year she appears on many roads,
her back to town
leeward and curled in secret dread.
All dread is unexpected and bold by night.
Those of us who recognize her know the truth
in her face twitching on the glass.
Annie Gideon needs a house before winter.

David Dempsey

In *Of a Fire on the Moon*, Norman Mailer speaks of that same sense:

Obviously, then, if the great brain of NASA were attached to any sense, it was the eye. The eye was the collector of uncontrovertible facts.

Mailer's hard look at the Apollo 11 project is an anatomy of something that is an embodiment of both incontrovertible fact and twentieth-century mythology; it explores the possibility that the project is the ultimate expression of technology and the possibility that it is a grand attempt at "greater synthesis":

...it was that he hardly knew whether the space program was the noblest expression of the Twentieth Century or the quintessential statement of our fundamental insanity.

Of a Fire on the Moon is a book about the "schizophrenia of the ages," about the great irrational act of a culture embedded in rationality. It speaks of technology's attempts to outmode intuition, while its hero, Neil Armstrong, speaks of the "deep inner soul." Its protagonists are "technicians and heroes, robots and saints, adventurers and cogs of the machine." Like any good American novel, it is about paradox, for America's mission as the world's last frontier was to resolve the paradoxical position European man found himself in as a creature both conscious and unconscious, civilized and wild, good and evil: a creature divided. And such a mission embodies the ultimate paradox, for it asks us to deny what we are.

Mailer finally sees this venture into the new frontier of space not as a venture toward resolution, but as a means of re-establishing the dynamism of our own duality:

Yes, he had come to believe by the end of this long summer that probably we had to explore into outer space, for technology had penetrated the modern mind to such a depth that voyages in space might have become the last way to discover the metaphysical pits of the world of technique which choked the pores of modern consciousness—yes, we might have to go out into space until the mystery of new discovery would force us to regard the world once again as poets, behold it as savages who knew that if the universe was a lock, its key was metaphor rather than measure.

Mailer hopes for a new science, the "science of smell," for if vision is the sense of uncontrovertible fact, smell is the sense that makes us aware of time—and so of death. And the fact that we are the only creatures who live with dread also makes us the only ones capable of joy.

William Blake speaks of a progression of the soul through innocence, experience, revolt, and the "dark night of the soul" to what he calls "higher innocence." Perhaps we sometimes wish for a more primal world because we long for that original innocence, naive acceptance; maybe as Americans we embody the cultural pinnacle of revolt. If so, it is clear that we cannot go back to innocence, we must go forth to its enlightened counterpart, and that may mean we have yet to experience the dark night of the soul—or are we already there? Perhaps as humans our step into consciousness was only the first step in our evolution toward higher innocence, wisdom, a state of being in which we conceive metaphors as easily as we traverse the stars. Evolutionary time covers spans so great we can scarcely conceive of them, but in this period of supersensual chaos we have our psychiatrists to help us, our gurus, our artists, our children, each other; and we still have nature to educate us, nature with her forces more mysterious and powerful than any other. Perhaps mystery will sustain us until we come to embrace it; perhaps that is the grace of the Lord.



—Bernd Billmeyer

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Ghandi Review by Val E. Gurl

When I went to see this movie I got, like, a popcorn and a diet Dr. Pepper and this giganto box of Milk Duds—I mean, like I snorked out totally and now I've got this bomber zit on my chin that is sooo gross, I mean bag my entire face fer sure!

When I first saw this Ghandi dude I said to my friend who was, like, sitting next to me, like, who is this guy? I mean, this isn't exactly Richard Gere. She said she didn't know but she'd heard he was pretty gnarly and I said, I am sure! Like, are you serious? By this time these geeks sitting in front of us were having a hemorrhage because we were, like, disturbing their concentration so they asked us to be quiet. Can you believe that? I mean, this place was full of people who looked like they, like, read National Geographic all the time, fer sure. So we moved but it took us about three months to find a seat away from all the nurds and by that time we were wiped out, I mean, totally.

It didn't really help a whole lot that this flick was like mega-confusing. First of all they show this little, like, old dude dressed in this cloth that's just wrapped around him without, like, a belt or anything and with no hair—I mean a total skinhead—and this other dude comes up and shoots him about three times and then they have this totally awesome funeral, I mean *totally*! I mean, I never saw that many people at a concert fer sure, even, like, a Stones concert. I knew the guy who got shot was the star so I wondered why they were snuffing him out at, like, the beginning of the flick. Then they did this really wierd thing—they showed this young guy in this really wierd, like, business suit riding on a train with all this hair and it's supposed to be the same guy, like, when he was young! Can you believe that? I mean, they don't even tell you who it is or anything. Are you serious? I am supposed to be Einstein or something to get this flick, I am sure. *Plus* this guy's supposed to be in Africa! I mean I think Africa and India are in, like, totally different countries.

The English guys sit around playing croquet in all these really preppy clothes while the Indians sit around the streets in this filth—I mean like barf me out! It's, like, worse than New Jersey. The English dudes won't let the, like, Indians make salt so Ghandi walks, I am not kidding here, about two hundred miles to the ocean to make salt, which I didn't really get, but can you believe that? I mean my legs, like, fall off if I park too far away from the Galleria! One thing that was really wierd was that this guy talks about how he's a Christian! I mean, my parents would have him, like arrested or something. Like, can you picture this guy at an anti-bussing rally in Encino?

I thought the whole time I was watching the flick about how lame it was compared to, like, *Star Wars* or *An Officer and a Gentleman*, fer sure, but it turned out to be pretty bitchen because this Ghandi guy is into this trip, like, to the max. I mean to where if he gets really, like, upset he *stops eating*! I am not kidding! If I could do that I would get rid of all this grody baby fat, fer sure, but everytime I get, like, near a Baskin and Robbins I scarf out, I mean totally. He also went to the beach a lot.

APOTHEOSIS

MICHAEL W. STEELE

Near the end of the nineteenth century, in a small community in North Alabama, there occurred an auspicious event. An infant was discovered, early one morning, on the steps of a Benedictine monastery, the Abbey of St. Bernard. The Father Abbot tried in vain to locate the parents. After his effort, he concluded that whoever had left the child had done so with the intention that the boy be trained for the Vocation. A wet nurse was acquired, and the infant was named Nathanael, which means "gift of God." As he grew, he was quartered and educated within those cloistered walls. Never was it considered that Nathanael would prefer another vocation. Indeed, Nathanael took to ecclesiastical learning with such precociousness and enthusiasm that the Abbot's early supposition seemed confirmed. Nathanael went through his catechism at eight, an unusually early age, and took First Communion soon after. At age eleven he was a college student — for the Benedictines maintained a college at the site of the Abbey — and by age fourteen he was enrolled at the seminary. On reaching his eighteenth birthday he was ordained Father Nathanael O.S.B., fulfilling the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

The Benedictines were, at that time, a missionary force in that part of the country. Most of the parish priests in the communities north of Birmingham were furnished by the Abbey of St. Bernard. After Nathanael's ordination, the Father Abbot, old and near the end of his days, summoned the only real son he had ever known. With some reluctance he had, upon consultation with the Bishop of Birmingham, decided to send the young priest on an assignment outside the cloister and its adjoining groves. The young priest accepted his assignment without trepidation and kissed the ring of his superior. The Abbot observed him as he strode out of the study, observed that he appeared to be rather ordinary in physical aspects, at least in complexion and general cast, except for his stature, which was small, and his limbs which, though tempered with work in the garden, seemed bony and frail. Still, thought the Abbot, he has grown up well. Like Moses in the bulrushes, he was discovered by people of good will and reared in the House of a King.

I

St. Florian, Alabama Parish of St. Michael's, 1915

Father Daniel was the first priest in this parish in a community made up of German Catholic immigrants, essentially the same stock as the brothers and priests in the Abbey. When the community was settled a generation ago, Father Daniel had been dispatched to serve as rector. Originally, the church was quartered in a converted shed. At present, Father Daniel was watching the final phase of construction on a beautiful and elaborate church. Glaziers from Nashville and Atlanta were working on lovely windows, financed by proud benefactors. The belfry, already completed, housed a sonorous,



—Joanne Felt

massive bell. An intricately carved altar was in storage, to be installed when the interior was completed.

From the corner of his eye, Father Daniel noticed a small fellow approaching in a black gown and clerical collar. "So this is the new priest," he muttered to himself. "He's hardly a man." Father Daniel had been irritated when informed that an assistant was coming. As far as he was concerned, he didn't need one. He had been in the parish ministry for over forty years and he could manage well enough alone, thank you. Deep down, though, he knew that he was old, that he would not be here forever.

As time passed, Father Daniel grew to like the boy. Young Nathanael was dedicated and displayed respect for the elder priest. Father Daniel learned soon enough not to discuss theology with the youth. The old priest had learned dogma, liturgy, canon law, scripture, and the administration of sacraments. The younger priest had learned, in addition to those tenets, theology. Father Nathanael didn't know just a smattering of Aquinas; he understood Aquinas, as he did Abelard, Occam, Duns Scotus, and Bernard of Clairvaux. Not only that, but the boy's Latin was impeccable as was his Greek, a language that Father Daniel had long forgotten, and his Hebrew, a language that Father Daniel had never learned. Father Daniel ceased thinking of him as a boy. Sometimes he thought of him as a cherub, sometimes as a man in miniature. Certainly, thought Father Daniel, he is a priest and he will be a good one.

Father Nathanael was easily assimilated into the community. He was, as a priest, revered. As

a young man of almost childlike appearance, he was "one of the boys," a youth who incidentally had taken vows. He was a frequent and popular dinner guest among families at St. Florian and he occasionally spent evenings drinking with a gathering of single men. In spite of his age and small frame, the little priest had an indelicate capacity for consuming beer. Father Daniel had speculated if such fraternizing would be injurious to the Office of the young priest until he noted that, during Masses and Novenas, the dignity of the Vocation was maintained, and that Father Nathanael, when the celebrant, was credible, not just to the congregation but also to Father Daniel. On confession days, those who were confessed by Father Nathanael — for they could recognize his voice in the enclosure — were impressed by the tolerance and mercy that he articulated, in contrast to the strict and didactic apothegms of Father Daniel. Father Nathanael's circle of acquaintances was an odd mixture; the status of single man was all that was held in common. Included in the circle was a postmaster, young and sullen and all too serious. The beer seemed to free him. A big, strong lad, noted for his mischief, was usually present. He had started out with a firewood enterprise and now owned a sawmill. Father Nathanael saw him as a basically good person. He knew that his pledges to the parish were generous. It was rumored that the big lad was a womanizer. "Possibly," Father Nathanael had suggested to Father Daniel one day, "these rumors are based on his happy-go-lucky disposition and his youth and

looks, rather than on facts." "I think not," Father Daniel had replied dryly. Another frequenter of these evening gatherings was a carpenter, a dull, silent fellow. He lent his presence to the circle, little else. In addition to these regulars, there were also those others who showed up intermittently.

One such person was old Olaf. Those of the circle, regulars and peripheral affiliates, were occasional drinkers. Sometimes they, in good spirit, overindulged. Drinking, for Olaf, was not an occasional matter. When he was present, it was because he needed company and another excuse for drinking. Olaf was in his fifties and sometimes imbecilic. Because the old fellow was good natured and kind, Nathanael liked him. Olaf had confessed, again and again, that he drank too much. Father Nathanael would absolve him and request that he go and sin no more. Once, Father Daniel had pronounced Olaf in a state of mortal sin on account of drunkenness and lasciviousness and excluded him from Holy Communion. Shortly afterwards, Father Daniel decided that the drinking was as much illness as sin. At the following Mass, the bow-legged, strong shouldered stonemason, his trembling, thick hands held in front of his broad chest, had received the wafer, tears flooding his ruddy cheeks.

Father Nathanael, observing the last of the church construction, noticed something about Olaf as he worked. Olaf had difficulty with balance and with discerning objects. Yet there was no smell of the brewery about him. Father Nathanael supposed that Olaf was going blind. When he asked the mason about his vision, Olaf replied that yes, it was receding. There was a quality about the man, maybe his bear-like disposition, maybe something less discernible, that attracted Father Nathanael to him. "At the core of that man," said Father Nathanael, "however corrugated he may be, is a noble heart." Also, the young priest suspected that some sin, unconfessed, hideous but long ago committed, was the impetus for drink, something that gnawed at him from inside and required the numbing effect of the lager brew.

The new priest was, in a matter of months, just Father Nathanael, a priest. The church, skeletal when he arrived, was nearing completion. The cross was carefully hoisted on top of the steeple spire. Altar and windows were installed. The cornerstone would be set in place, the Bishop and Father Abbot were to be there for the dedication. Father Daniel, assured that the parish was in good hands, would return to the Abbey.

II 1917

The Bishop in full regalia, followed by the Abbot, by Father Daniel and Father Nathanael, and by a delegation of monks, led the processional around the new building. The well secured stones were sprinkled with holy water. The sweet, thick fumes of incense, swirling from a swinging censer, encircled the edifice. The processional had completed the round, there was a brief pause for a ceremonial anointing of the lintels; then the Bishop, wielding his elegant crook, led them into the sanctuary. Uniformed Knights of Columbus flanked, on either side, the clerical crew, and provided an archway of crossed swords. The congregation flowed into the new structure to celebrate the dedication, hear an earthy and amusing homily by the Abbot, and partake of the Eucharist. Father Nathanael felt as if he were both participant and spectator. The grandeur and solemnity of the occasion overwhelmed him. When he, with his elder associate, dispensed the Host to lines of worshippers, he felt, completely, that he was merely a vehicle for a descending flow of Grace, a luminescence that all but dimmed the radiance of the candles.

A few weeks after the dedication, the retirement and departure of Father Daniel was announced. While in the parish ministry he had always been a monk, a member of the monastic community of the Abbey of St. Bernard. Yet Father Daniel thought of himself exclusively as a parish priest. He did not relish the thought of living under the Rule. He was old, however, and rheumatic and could not carry on much longer. Although he departed with misgivings about cloistered life and with a sense of resignation, he gave his young colleague his blessing and declaration of confidence.

Father Nathanael became the only priest in his parish. This endowed his Office with a fuller meaning. Tirelessly he conducted his duties. He rang the bell, leaping up and grasping the coarse rope, dangling in a tug-of-war as the rocking bell matched his weight. He conducted Masses on Sundays, Feast Days, Holidays, weekday mornings, and for weddings and funerals. Riding about on a stout mule, he visited the sick and conducted, when necessary, the Viaticum. He garbed himself in the vestry and led the acolytes in procession. During the Mass, the ceremonial Latin that he intoned was fluid and musical. When he cloaked a verse in monody, the walls rang with the pitch. When he led the *Confiteor*, the precision of the Latin became transfigured with his participation. The greeting of *Dominus Vobiscum — The Lord Be With You* — never failed to be uplifting. During the Elevation of the Host, he seemed to assume a towering height. There was a warmth in the Blessing that had been only alluded to by Father Daniel. Father Nathanael was aware that, as Priest, as Celebrant in the Mass, he was a surrogate victim, he was representing the sacrifice of Christ. What was apparent tragedy, however, was turned to triumph. To die was to die to sin. To consume the Host was to complement one's unworthiness with the love of Christ. The Eucharist was the beckoning, the signal to awaken and walk away from entombment. As Priest, he was the Pastor, the leader of the flock that was led not to slaughter, but to Heavenly life.

A few months after Father Daniel's departure, and early in Advent, Father Nathanael was hearing Confession. He heard someone rather clumsily enter the enclosure; the screen was opened from the other side. Through the small opening, the young priest could detect a stench, the stale odor of malt. There was a measure of silence; he could hear only gruff breathing. Father Nathanael had a premonition. The stench was more than the fumes of brew. The little Father felt both foreboding and relief. The time has come, he said to himself, God help me bear it.

Then, reluctant and hoarse, the voice of Olaf began:

Father Nathanael heard a suppressed sob. "What I have to tell is a terrible story. It has been many years since it happened — I cannot remember how many. I have told it to no one. A long time ago, I was an apprentice and working in Cullman. I met a girl there, a fine pretty girl, and we were fond of each other. Then one day I went to see her and her widowed mother blocked my way and asked me to leave. She said her daughter had gone to the Convent to become a novice. I was sad and wanted to see her again. I sneaked around to the gardens near the Convent. I only wanted to see her again. I found her, saying her rosary. When she saw me, first she looked frightened. Then she looked about her and said she would meet me in the woods. And she did, Father. She met me in the woods." The voice faltered. "We — We embraced there in the woods. We were so glad to see each other. It happened before we came to our senses. The Sisters were angry with her but they let her stay in the convent. They hid her and she bore her child in a damp, dark place — alone — this I know from talking with a

Sister. Then they took her child away from her. She had to agree to give it up, to do penance for her sin. I am not sure where the child was taken. It was to be raised somewhere else. No one would tell me where. But the most terrible thing — the most terrible thing —" (again the suppressed sob) "the terrible thing — O God in Heaven forgive me!" There was a sound of muffled sobs. Father Nathanael could hear him shuddering. "I had — you see, I had gone with other ladies — this horrible disease. I didn't know I had it, but I had it and I gave it to her. And that's not all, Father. A doctor told me once that she would have given it to the child." He was bawling now, his voice breaking. "That child was born in sin and disease! I ruined a woman in Holy Orders. It's so awful. These foul sores that covered me — I would bear them forever, I would cover myself with the rot of the disease, to be eaten up by their portion of it, believe me, Father, to have saved them from it."

"Be at peace," said Father Nathanael. "I know that you are truly sorry. God knows. You will be forgiven." Father Nathanael was shaken. It took all of his will to maintain control in his voice. Even so, the calm of his voice was only masking the terror within. "Do you remember the Act of Contrition?"

"No," said Olaf.

"Then repeat it after me."

First one voice, then the other, the Act of Contrition was stated in a straining voice, then echoed by a whimpering one.

"You may take Communion at Christmas Eve Mass, not until then. Say the Stations of the Cross. Go and sin no more."

When the booth opposite him was emptied, the little Father, so long restrained, emptied himself.

III A Passion

First he shook, mostly with fear. Then he shivered and his body was rippled with chills. Father Nathanael disrobed himself and took to bed, feeling nauseated. The chills lasted all night.

In the morning, as was his duty, he said Mass. Then he climbed onto the mule and made his rounds.

He was not well, though. There were chills and fever. He felt weak. His mouth was dry and parched. The eyes watered. His parishioners heard no complaint. Some may have guessed that he was not feeling fit.

His duties became crucial. Through duties and routine, the ailing priest would be distracted from his ailment. Too often he dreaded returning to the rectory. There, his awareness of the ailment intensified.

First the chancres, the pock-like sores. Red, and sometimes open and running, they looked like scourged wounds. They appeared first on the abdominal area and spread from there. He felt unclean, leprous.

The second effect was the ringing in the ears. It was a constant tone, like the wake after bell ringing, except that it was not pleasant. There was no music because it was a stuck note, a note out of context.

Then, a few days later, he felt the scales forming on his eyes. There was a membrane, translucent and crystallizing, that allowed him to see, but produced blurs and distortions. Sometimes the light from the candles took on a hive-like effect.

One Sunday, after Mass, he left the rectory and entered the sanctuary to pray. He hoped that no one would be inside and was relieved to find himself alone. When he walked in, however, the angel of porcelain that held the Holy Water startled him. For a moment, he thought it a person. In the center aisle, facing the tabernacle, he bowed and genuflected. He

rose and walked off to the front side by the image of the Blessed Virgin. Under the gracious image of marble, he could see many flickering prayer candles. As he gazed at them, the candles appeared to multiply. He knelt near the image and prayed. The ailing priest felt that someone was watching him although he was nearly certain of his solitude. He repeated the Pater Noster, the Gloria Patri, and the Ave Maria. Next he lit a candle. He had intended to light a candle for himself. When he struck the flame, he changed his prayer to a prayer for Olaf. Tomorrow's Mass will be for Olaf, he thought to himself. I will give a donation for it. He sat down in a pew to meditate. It was then that the processional began.

He tried to tell himself that it was a processional from another time and place, a processional of phantoms, but that did not make it any less real. The processional was led by some mock bishop whose crook was swarming with hissing vipers and whose hat was a vigilant vulture. Behind him were cowed and robed penitents who were wailing and flogging themselves with rods and whips. Through slash-torn holes in burlap, he could see deep, festering wounds. The wailing and cracking of whips was an awful racket. The mock bishop passed in front of him and the vipers flicked their tendrilous tongues. As each penitent passed him, each opened his robe. He saw emaciated bodies with rib cages like apple crates and bellies like wine skins. He saw mortification — mutilated genitalia. He shuddered and felt aflame. He felt their anguish intensely.

The processional of flagellants passed out of the sanctuary.

"Is there no sanctuary for me?" Father Nathanael asked aloud.

This was the beginning of the heat. In Advent, the weather is usually cold. Father Nathanael always felt hot and prickly. Sometimes the heat would spread over him in a fiery rash.

In the daytime, Father Nathanael was absorbed in his duty. In the night, unless he was summoned for an emergency, he retired to the rectory where he was immersed in terrible visions, visions like those painted by Hieronymus Bosch. When he felt up to it — and sometimes he wanted to just get away from the rectory — he frequented, as he had before, that circle of single men. One difficulty was that he had lost his taste for beer.

One night, a few days before Christmas, he had a vision of St. Augustine in debauchery. The Saint, his skin black as pitch, was throwing back his miter and exposing himself. He drooled and thrust at nebular spaces with his crook. The words, from the *Confessions*, rang out: "To Carthage I came, where there sang all around me in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves...I fell headlong into the love, wherein I longed to be ensnared."

On another night, he was visited by the tribulation of St. Catherine. The holy woman lay nude and mutilated on his floor, her chest cleared of its femininity. Mocking pagans displayed her severed breasts on a platter, upright mounds of dying flesh.

The night before Christmas Eve, after a Mass, he returned to the rectory to be visited by St. Teresa of Avila. The saintly woman, almost swooning in a form of ecstasy, lewdly lifted up her hair shirt, displaying the maggot swarm in her torso. He fell, retching, from his straw bed.

At the Christmas Midnight Mass, he felt some respite. During the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* he became very involved, because he was petitioning for himself as well as his flock. When, before Communion, he spoke the *Domine Non Sum Dignus*, he spoke with conviction, for he, too, was unworthy, steeped in sin. During the Communion of the people he watched for old Olaf, but the bowlegged figure did not appear.

After Mass, he rang the bell dutifully. The

parishioners heard it as tidings of good cheer. It was, indeed, that Day of Nativity. Then he put on a shawl (as if to give appearance of being affected by the cold) and mounted the mule and rode to the dwelling of old Olaf.

Father Nathanael found Olaf lying in bed. Having made his confession, Olaf was resolved to die. His eyes could barely distinguish his visitor.

"I have brought you Communion, Olaf. It is Christmas."

Olaf raised himself up.

"Do you think, Father, that my child is alive somewhere?"

"This is possible."

"Do you think that the child would forgive me?"

Father Nathanael thought for a moment. Olaf deserved an honest answer. "Knowing human nature as I do, Olaf, I think that the child might be bitter against you. Perhaps the child might understand, in time, that you did not intentionally wrong him. Then, he might forgive you."

Olaf sank into the bed. Father Nathanael propped him up and administered the sacrament to him.

He rode back the two miles to the rectory. When he arrived, he found a visitor awaiting him, a nun in a habit, a temptress. With a mocking leer, she disrobed. He could not turn his eyes away. On her skin he expected to see the disease but, even more horrible, her skin was smooth, terribly smooth.

Still in the grip of his ailment, Father Nathanael, somehow, was able to conceal his disorientation from his parishioners. The weather was the mild temperature of late winter, but the little priest, with his heat rash, was in the most torrid of tropics. Only once had he done anything to give himself away. During a weekday early morning Mass, at the stage of the Mass known as the Collect, he had blurted out "Ich liebe dich!" In St. Florian, the discrepancy between that and Church Latin was all too obvious, or should be, but the parishioners present seemed not to notice.

Because there was a war going on, the presence of death seemed especially evident. The war was far away but Father Nathanael knew there would be a day where he would say Mass over a casualty. He knew also that he would soon conduct a funeral for old Olaf. Already he had administered the Last Rites to him.

The little Father was teaching a catechism class at the school when the carpenter, of his circle of acquaintances, interrupted to say that Olaf was near death and was requesting the Last Rites.

"Can you give them to him again?" asked the carpenter.

"Yes. I can give them as many times as he is seriously ill."

Father Nathanael excused himself from his class and mounted his mule, riding bareback because he was in a hurry. The carpenter followed him in a wagon.

Olaf was pale and limp in his bed. The once ruddy cheeks were sallow. The eyes were dull. The muscular arms were docile at his sides.

"Am I forgiven, Father, am I forgiven?" The voice was hoarse and low but there was determination in it, a slender thread of will.

"Yes," replied Father Nathanael, gently and with certainty, "you are forgiven."

There was a release of breath, slow and dramatic like the ebbing of a tide, from the dying man. Father Nathanael repeated the rite of Viaticum. When the priest was through, he instructed the carpenter to inform him when Olaf expired.

Father Nathanael returned to the rectory. On the way back, he noticed certain scents in the air. There would be an early spring. Holy Week was not far away. Most of the members of his catechism class would be confirmed on Easter

Sunday. He entered the rectory with a sense of dread. That night, though, he did not experience any apparitions. He experienced only a stillness, as if every living creature was holding its breath in anticipation. That night he was able to fall asleep without difficulty. Some time after midnight, he was awakened by a banging on his door. It was the carpenter. Old Olaf was dead.

From the vestry Father Nathanael entered, following the upraised brass cross. Ahead of him, he could see the draped bier. He did not realize it at the time, but his vision was improving. There was less distortion. The ringing in his ears had dissolved in the stillness of the night before, but he was not yet aware of that improvement, either. *Introibo ad Altari Dei*; he knelt at the altar and prayed there.

Then, following an invocation, he kissed the altar. His hand traced the sign of the cross and the sparse crowd in attendance followed suit.

"*Kyrie Eleison*," echoed by the mourners.

"*Christe Eleison*," echoed by the mourners.

Then *Gloria Patri*, sung in unison with the pealing pipe organ and *Dominus Vobiscum*, "the Lord be with you." The lay reader gave a reading, the Credo was repeated. Flanked by the acolytes, Father Nathanael prepared the Eucharist. "O God," he entreated silently, "we are not worthy but you have made us worthy. Created in your image, *Imago Dei*, we betray You and yet You salvage us. Such is Your love." He held out his hands and felt the coolness of the water. The heat rash was receding. Turning his back to the bier, he called on the triune aspects of God. After the *Secreta*, he recited The Preface. For the *Sanctus*, his voice rang with "Hosanna in Excelsis" as it had resonated before his ailment. At the Elevation of the Host, he felt the tension go out of his shoulders. When he lifted the chalice, he viewed the sparkle of the vessel with little of the hive effect. His elegy came forth, simple and precise. This is Olaf, truly repentant. Surely he will join the community of saints. Then the concluding Pater Noster. The meaning of the Latin was clearer than ever to Father Nathanael. Our Father (for He tends to us, provides for us) Who art in Heaven (for Thou dwellest in the community of saints, It is Thy Body), Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom Come (that we may commune with Thee), Thy Will Be Done (for it is mysterious) On Earth as It is in Heaven; Give us this day Our Daily Bread (O the soul needs nourishment) and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us (for how can we expect to be forgiven, if we cannot forgive ourselves, yea, one cannot conceive of forgiveness without practicing it) and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen. The bread broken. The bread consumed, the chalice drained. Father Nathanael raised his arms for the blessing.

There was a light swelling in the sanctuary. The shackles fell from his eyes.

Specious in Theory, Ruinous in Practice

A multitude of sins are concealed by theory.

I hide for hours,
whispering of sublimity and art.
Stuttering, like Demetrius
Stumbling after Hermia,
Through forests of words
Whose shade forces slim fruit.

But just when I think I have caught truth's core,
A drunken walk with the stars
Cossets my mendacious lucidity,
Revealing what hollow
Hubris is contained
In unripe talk, and green conceits.

Forgive this poor sinner.

Lee Baker

(continued from page 8)

supplanted the scribe, the information management system superseded the clerk, the dive bomber gave way to the cruise missile, the incinerator was crushed by the trash compactor. By the 1970's the chocolate grinder had evolved into the personal vibrator, abrogating even the need for the bachelors. Sex with a circuit breaker to prevent orgasmic overload. Nature, being too tough to manage, was bludgeoned by the farmer with synthesized wonders of chemistry and great green mechanisms straight out of the paranoid ward. As the cry against the danger grew louder and louder, the demons created bigger and louder and more seductive, rapacious practically, machines which slipped fine and tensile tentacles into every crevice in our lives. Our Margaritas were Waring blended or Osterized, our ice cream was electrically metamorphosed, our children's lives were movie or videotape recorded, we earned our livings making pieces of pieces of larger pieces of things we read about in the mass media papers or saw on cable news broadcasts, and if we tried to explain what we did to our kids or our neighbors we soon found ourselves soliloquizing against glazed eyes and slack mouths.

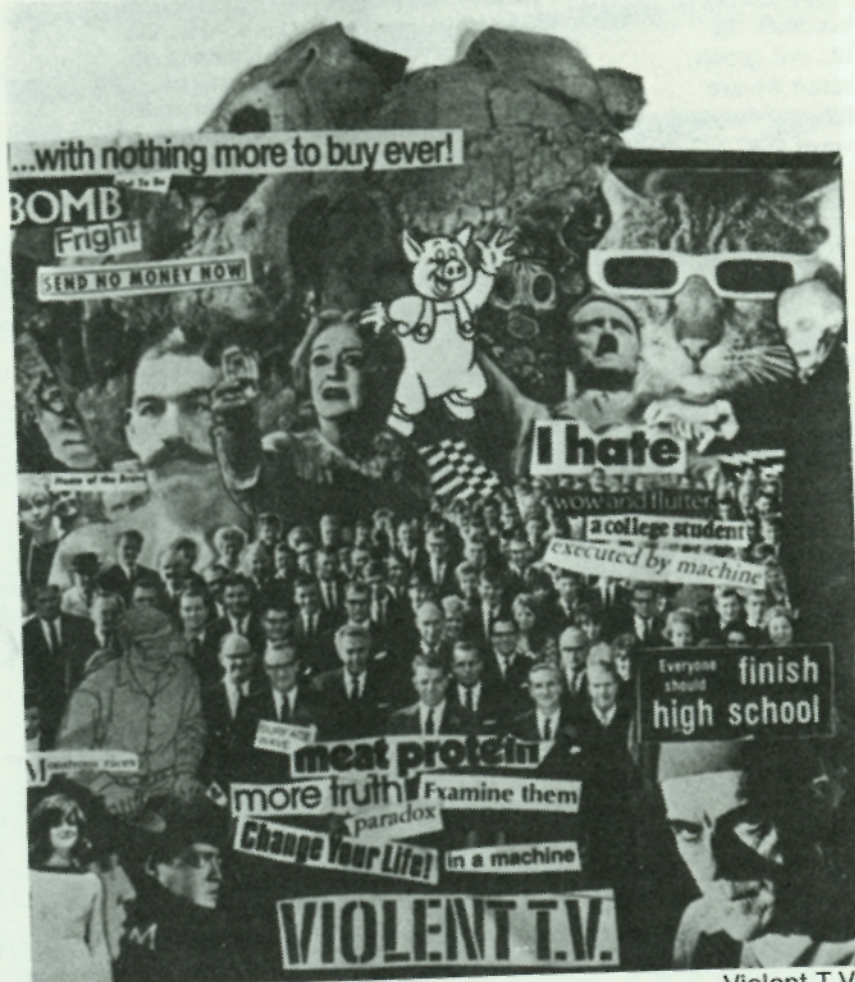
Best to keep it all general, and therefore undecipherable. An entire generation grew up not sure of their fathers' contributions to society. To paraphrase Ken Kesey, you were either on the techno-bus or off it, and if you were on it the scenery changed quickly enough to prevent introspection. But if you were off the bus you were left standing in the debris and horrified at what the next arrival of the bus or train would bring. You searched for the brake handle to bring that screaming locomotive to a halt. Walt Whitman must surely have been electrically cattle-prodded by the demons to have written these words to that beast:

Fierce-throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all the lawless
music, thy swinging lamps at night,
They madly-whistled laughter, echoing,
rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all
Law of thyself complete, thine own track,
firmly holding.

How ominous! Particularly that "Law of thyself complete." Killer satellites directing the nukes! The decision to nuke or not to nuke chewed over by some digital *thing* running a program written by some whiz kid with thirty-nine pens in his pocket and scotch tape on his glasses! Jacques Ellul in *The Technological Society*, cried, "Technique has run amok, has become a Frankenstein monster that cannot be controlled." The real horror was how completely we were taken in. Man wedded machine in the bliss of industrial love. In Stephen Crane's *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*, the protagonist rides into town on the train, a traitor with his mechanical bride, body-snatched by the engineers, lovestruck by pistons in their sleeves.

He was stiffening and steady, but yet somewhere at the back of his mind a vision of the Pullman floated, the sea-green velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil — All the glory of the marriage, the environment of the new estate.

His subconscious yearning for the communion of flesh and steel seizes him, seizes us. Imagine comparing organic, natural wood to a pool of, ugh! oil! What are we to do? The mushroom cloud forms in our minds, if not on the horizon. Do we, as the *Life* cartoon many years ago showing two golfers faced with the same cloud, have time to squeeze in two more holes?



Violent T.V.
—Lisa Livingston

II. The Split and the Sutures

I am treated to one more view, however, one last bit of schizophrenia as I stand on a narrow walkway 320 feet up, ready to board *Columbia*. On my left is an unimpeded view of the beach below, unmarred by human totems; on my right the most colossal pile of machinery ever assembled. If I cover my right eye, I see the Florida of Ponce de Leon, and beyond it the sea which is mother to us all. I am the original man. If I cover my left eye, I see civilization and technology and the United States of America and a frightening array of wires and metal. I am but one adolescent in an army which has received its marching orders. Neil has entered the spacecraft, and I am next.

Micheal Collins, on boarding
Apollo 11, as related in
Carrying the Fire

It's certain that most technophobes are surprised to read these works of an astronaut, particularly as set off from the portrait painted by Tom Wolfe in *The Right Stuff*. However, although a tiny minority, there exist within the cadre of engineers, physicists, mathematicians, programmers, chemists, and the like, many who stand astride the two cultures, products of a sort of modernist (or post-modernist) mixed estate. Now, it is, of course, a terrible conceit to believe that this Renaissance type exists only in our lifetimes; clearly this sort of individual pervades history. But because their numbers are so small, it is often difficult for them to communicate effectively with the audience they so richly deserve. One exception in our own history, as related by Collins elsewhere in his book, was Benjamin Franklin.

We all know examples of unexpected by-products of research (such as penicillin) and of man's serendipity in a new environment, but my favorite story goes back to 1783, when Benjamin Franklin witnessed the first public launching, in Paris, of a hydrogen balloon. Of what possible use was this new invention, a skeptic asked Franklin, and he replied, "of what use is a newborn babe?"

Truly, if we can wonder, we can hope. Franklin in his long life contributed an enormity of inventions, most of which seemed rather silly or useless in their time. But what would it portend

for man, for evolution, if we shied away from knowledge, even potentially destructive knowledge? The thing unknown is undefended against. However, this is not to say that there aren't silly and generally useless inventions, some of which make large sales to the public. (Remember pet rocks?) But more on this further on.

Why do we not heed wisdom such as Franklin's, or at least give it audience? Why do we become suspicious of such versatile persons? We seem so easily taken in by dogma, by polemical expression, slogans and neat solutions. It would be nice to think that we are a scrappy bunch, but it seems that man has, as a massing animal, a severe reluctance to make decisions based on his own careful judgment. In short, he is too lazy to think for himself. Too harsh? How is it then, in our ultra-sophisticated, disco-maniacal world, that we still have failed to understand the flux of life and catch up to thoughts of those which more accurately reflected the nature of the universe and man's place over a century ago? How is it that our own nature is so alien to us?

I agree that man is an animal predominately constructive, foredoomed to conscious striving toward a goal, and applying himself to the art of engineering, that is to the everlasting and unceasing construction of a road — no matter where it leads, and that the main point is not where it goes, but that it should go somewhere, and that a well-conducted child, even if he despises the engineering profession, should not surrender to that disastrous sloth which, as is well known, is the mother of all vices. Man loves construction and the laying out of roads, that is indisputable. But how is it that he is so passionately disposed to destruction and chaos? Tell me that! But on this subject I should like to put in two words of my own. Doesn't his passionate love for destruction and chaos (and nobody can deny that he is sometimes devoted to them; that is a fact), arise from his instinctive fear of attaining his goal and completing the building he is erecting?

Fedor Dostoevsky in
Notes From Underground

If we complete the building we are erecting and then stop, it becomes our tomb. The natural world shows us that: stasis is death. Naturally, this obsession with the trip at the expense of the

destination is dangerous. However, the reverse is also true. If the destination really becomes the sole goal, then the "sloth" settles in, evil grows, and the state becomes death. In a sense we are sharks in that our predatory need for stimulation requires a constant forward movement to keep us breathing. At times we may not know where we are bound, but keep breathing, keep moving. Unlike sharks, however, we can consider our goal, our prey, our environment, our past deeds, and ourselves. We are not simply a collective world-eating machine in the same way that a shark is a mackerel-beer can-anemone-herring-man-license plate-cotter pin-snapper-fountain pen-cod-eating machine, but rather a whole being with machine servants whom we sometimes let run the estate. Often we forget who-created-whom and seek solace from our own kind, which is a most grievous state. This is when we are most easily victimized. We should never throw up our hands and give up because the "computer screwed up." Likewise, we shouldn't depend on the machine to take care of all our needs. That's expecting the impossible. The computer nut whose sole empath is the digital electronic "brain" is not some new mutant of the electronics age. His counterpart has existed as long as the machine.

The joy of engrossment in the mechanical, like all the existential pleasures of life, has all the potentialities of becoming a destructive obsession. In *The Builder of Bridges*, a long-forgotten play that graced the London stage during the first decade of this century, Edward Thursfield, resident engineer, tells his boss, Sir Henry, that he does not wish to go to Rhodesia on an engineering project because he is planning to get married.

EDWARD: I'm in love, Chief.

SIR HENRY: So was I, once, but I shut myself up for a week, and worked at an air-machine. Grew so excited I forgot the girl. You try.

Samuel C. Florman in
*The Existential Pleasures
of Engineering*

This is the danger of and to each side of the argument, the two sides of the wound. On the anterior portion we have the technophile who can only relate to the mechanical (or electronic, essentially the same phenomenon). On the other we have the witch-hunt mentality that holds that once some oddity of this type surfaces one must eradicate the "cause," say the air-machine or the computer, without seeking the true source of the trouble, which is man's nature itself. It is as though we are afraid to recognize the demon within us each, that we fear the fact that, with a different set of breaks, each of us could have been a Von Braun, a Collins, a Schirra, an Oppenheimer, or a Whitman, Wallace Stevens, or T.S. Eliot, or a Hitler, Stalin, or a Pilate. When we attack the machine we are anthropomorphizing the evil incarnate in ourselves, as Dostoevsky saw. The machine is neither a savior nor a scapegoat.

Sometimes it reaches a point that we forget the foibles and limits of being human, and that machines cannot always accommodate us, yet we will blast the machine, again forgetting who made whom. We do need to dwell in a biologically centered world, even with all our machine helpers. As Collins discovers in the last two days of Apollo 11, for all man's technical prowess in the execution of the hardware and software and the mission, we remain biological creatures.

Meanwhile this fastidious man and his two equally picky companions must slop about in crowded and ever more smelly surroundings. The right side of the lower equipment bay, wherein are located old launch day urine bags, discarded washcloths, and worse, is now a place to be avoided. The drinking water is laced with hydrogen bubbles (a consequence of fuel-cell technology which demonstrates that H_2 and O join imperfectly to form H_2O).

These bubbles produce gross flatulence in the lower bowel, resulting in a not-so-subtle and pervasive aroma which reminds me of a mixture of wet dog and marsh gas. It seems degrading for *Columbia* to reach this smelly-old-man stage; I prefer to think of it as a ripe mango ready to fall from the tree — but in any event, it's time to get it to the ground, to end the indignity of having bowel movements in public, and the sooner the better.

Collins recognizes that *Columbia* is but a machine, yet he is worried about the degrading effects of man's physical limitations as a space traveler. But at the same time he uses that beautiful mango analog, as though he desires to merge the seemingly irreconcilable worlds: man of the decomposing flesh, stink, gas, and itches; the ripe machine rendered as perfect as man can create in his few moments of lucidity. This lovely sentiment can unite the other bifurcated world of the technophiles and technophobes. Why not machines for human needs, responsive and sensitive to us? Why not the design criteria measured in purely human terms? Aren't we good enough?

III. Pointing the Finger and Shouldering the Burden

Are we good enough? Didn't we do all the bad stuff to ourselves? Then who among us is responsible? Here is one engineer who sees right where the cloak of responsibility falls.

We are told that it is "all the fault of the front office, the sales department, market research," etc. But of the 150 mail-order, impulse-buying items foisted on the public during the last few years, a significantly large number were first conceived, invented, planned, patented, and produced by members of the design profession. These products include such inspiring items as:

- "Mink-Fer," a tube of deodorized mink droppings sold at \$1.95 each as a Christmas fertilizer for "the plant that has everything."
- A \$1,595 electronic computer for practicing golf swings. This tidy item makes it possible to play golf without ever having to go outdoors at all.
- A \$39.95 electronic clip-on gadget that attaches to the front of the automobile and flashes the electronic message "You're welcome!" when the electronic traffic light in a pay-it-yourself highway toll booth lights up to say "Thank you."

Victor Papanek in
Design for the Real World

Papanek may be unduly harsh on the designers, for to what end would their labors have been on these products had there not been a clamoring public anxious to purchase these goodies in lieu of feeding Biafran children, or aiding the poor in their own communities? It is hard to indict the man who fills the trough for the crimes committed by the swine swilling in it. Yet Papanek does not shrink from admission of complicity, and he is thoroughly correct in believing that the engineer has the ability to nudge human behavior in a more beneficial direction simply by employing his skills in more meaningful contributions.

In a short time this \$9 TV set ((locally produced by Africans for Africans)) will be completed and given to UNESCO. It will join our 9¢ non-electric, thermocoupled, cow-dung-powered radio (designed for Indonesia).

Papanek believes that there is simply not enough time, materiel, or talent to be spent on useless, wasteful, or low-quality items. And he believes in matching the technology to local conditions — organic technology. Two-thirds of the world's population lives in poverty. Does that mean kill the space program? Well, of how much benefit to the poor is deodorized mink droppings? The space program is precisely the road Dostoevsky

described. If for the motion alone, it should be continued. Though it may seem a purely Western, linearly directed, apocalyptic-visioned belief that directs us, it is a universal wonder which fuels the need. The fallout too can have universal appeal. Safe drinking water, sanitary facilities, disease control, infant survivability, and much more have benefited directly from studies allied to or commissioned by space programs. There is a great deal at stake here for all mankind, and the real dollar results are a real bargain. The big problem is the perception most of us have of the cost, and that is *our problem*, because the facts are there for us to read if we decide to think for ourselves instead of through the filter of popular hysteria. As of 1974 when *Carrying the Fire* was published, the total NASA budget was less than one-thirtieth of the then-HEW budget. Today the amount grows ever smaller. True, we must quantify such things for the accountants must always have their say. But let those who benefit from this technology, and those who find pleasure in it have their say, too. The poets and artists and philosophers shouldn't feel left out, either, for there is much consciousness-raising, beauty of expression, critical thought they can contribute.

But in the so-called underdeveloped lands, the gratification of helping people through technology is still expressed in art with unabashed enthusiasm. Take, for example, these verses from a contemporary Chinese poem.

The stars in the sky are crowded as
sesame seeds,
The lights in the commune shine on
our family.
Mama carries little brother in her
lap,
Under the light she learns reading
and writing.
Stars face stars in the sky,
Under the beam of every house
hangs an electric lamp.
The stars are dim against the lamp-
light,
The electric lights shine in every-
body's heart.

How naive such verse seems to us in our overlit, over-air-conditioned, overpowered homes. Yet it is naive like the primitive painting of a Grandma Moses, which means that in some subtle way extremely refreshing. It mingles with the old Whitmanesque hymns of optimism that still reverberate deep within the engineer.

Samuel C. Florman

This is our planet, our technology, ours, us, the people. We are the ultimate arbiters of good sense in technology, we are the only beings truly sensitive to our needs if we can simply move quietly away from the blaring advertisements and listen to our hearts. High technology races onward. To ignore it is to repeat a thousand evils. To be seduced by it through the advertisement unjudged, the self unexamined, is once again to forget that man is *homo faber* — the maker of tools — and to become the slave of tools and misguided tool-makers. If we let the desire to explore fade, if we kill the space program, and yet continue to buy doggie mood rings and hotdoggers, then we will inherit the static, dying world we richly deserve.



—Michael Crouse

Diag II

This is my World

Her legs had no motives as she ran
across the Easter morning grass to the wood's edge
with an abandon unknown a month before,
beyond the parent world into the vast,

and she did not sense,
so ensorcelled was she by the distance's call,
that a father followed after; she did not know,
as she turned to look back and froze,

dumbfounded by the largeness of it all—
a huge no breast had hinted of—
her guardian stood behind, seeing with her eyes
the crowd up on the rise, the volleyball game,

the house beyond, the trees beyond the house,
the beyond yet farther on, the horizon's homelessness;
nor could she grasp with hand and mouth, as I did then
with fresh eyes she had taught, that in this moment,

made to order for the flashbacks of her dreams,
the Earth had plotted to make her yearn
(that is to fear) that the world need not be so void,
that her presence need not be so scant

in the midst of time she must need fill;
nor will she understand when this green lawn
this Easter haunts her being with fulfillment's ceaseless wish
that all longing is a Sunday morning's quest-ion

and her answer must be yes:
this is my world.

David Lavery

Platonism for Parents

That she can identify, upon request, her ow..
room's plain window
curtained in yellow gingham, the gooseneck by
her parents' bed, the Van Gogh on the
stairway,
her nose, her navel,

her tiny white chair and table, her miniature
sneakers,
her stuffed duck and our ventriloquised
quacking;
that she knows to smell the scented images of
flowers in her book,

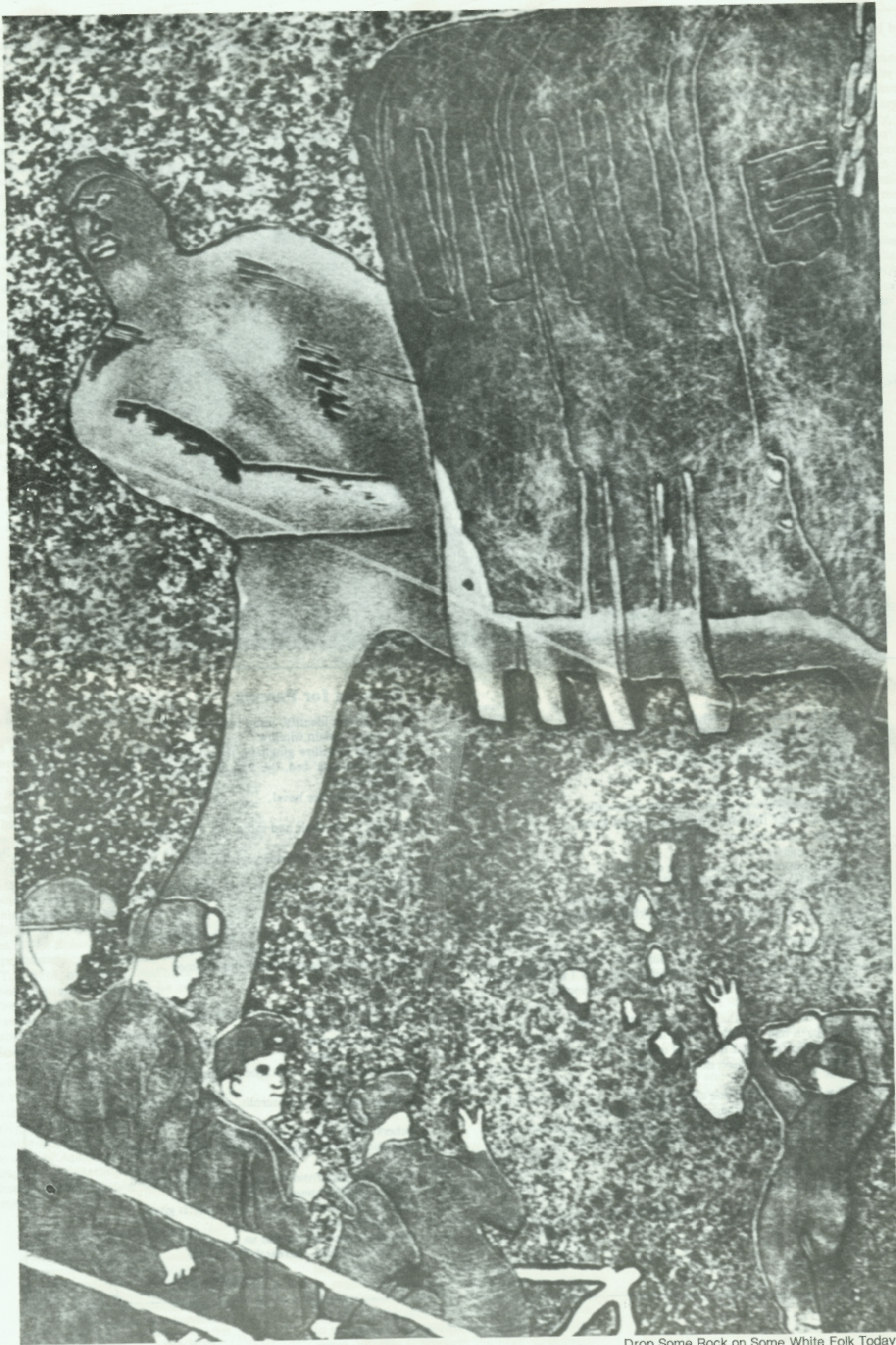
this does not astound us; for we have taught her
with smiles and applause which praise—
the rewards of recognitions—her pointed
response.

But that she recognizes at first meeting and
without introduction,
out in the mystery beyond her home, each and
every window,
even bays trimmed with lace, tiffany lamps,

Chinese landscapes on scrolls, a grandmother's
nose,
others' belly buttons, directors' chairs,
a picnic table by a lake, all the shoes at Kinney's

ducklings fresh from the egg; that she can smell,
on bended knees, real roses,
that the world we have not taught her is given
names,
this does amaze us, makes us
philosophers—parental Platonists.

David Lavery



Drop Some Rock on Some White Folk Today
Stephen May