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Moorhead State College

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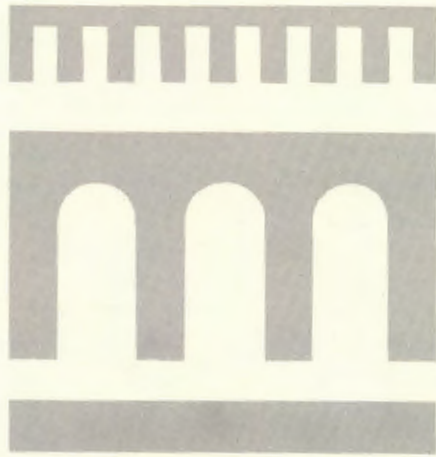
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CONVIVIO



A FORUM FOR IDEAS
MOORHEAD STATE COLLEGE
VOL. V NUMBER I WINTER 1967



CONVIVIO

Winter 1967

Volume V, Number I

*FICTION, POETRY, ESSAYS and ART
BY STUDENTS, FACULTY and ALUMNI
Moorhead State College
Moorhead, Minnesota*

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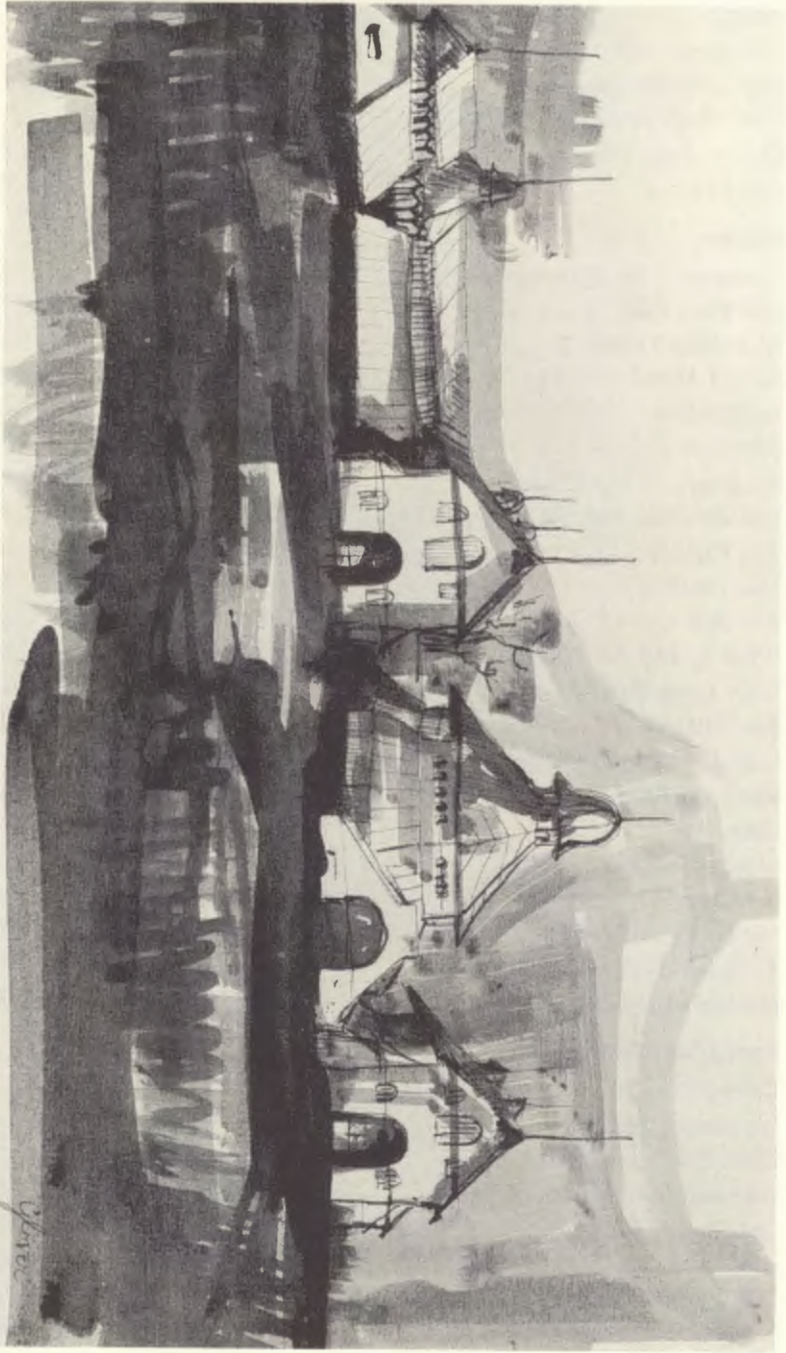
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Helen Glover, "Landscape," Septia, 7" x 11"

The Windmill

John van Zyl

Shifting restlessly in his wheelchair, the man tried to imagine what it had been like before. In his grandfather's day. Before, for instance, the shrivelled, miserly springbok bushes, inhospitable and inedible, had taken over the veld from the juicy, sweet redgrass. Before, for instance, the dry, caked and peeling mudbed had replaced the spongy, oozy pan, pitted as it must have been with the hoofmarks of thousands of springbuck and blesbuck that moved like a tawny landslide in that fertile cup. When the warm wind blew, the waves of grass must have crashed softly against the buttresses of the kopje.

He spun the chair round impatiently and surveyed the extent of the farm that had belonged to his father. Thirty-three thousand morgen it had been. Not the stone-velde of the Karroo or the sand-velde of Bechuanaland, but thirty-three thousand morgen of the sweetest, most nourishing grass-velde in the southern Orange Free State. Even when the British soldiers camped there in 1901 (and there were still enough rusted bully-beef tins and broken plates with Queen Victoria's face on them to prove at least that THEY had been there) the buck must have come down from the kopjes to drink at night like brown leaves blown by a gust of wind.

There was the kopje, right across the depression for him. Skietkop. Seen from this angle a blue-grey battleship. Seen from the De Brug end three identical, conical hills. The farm had started just beyond that hill, and had continued to Ferreira's mountain in the east, swinging back to Wolfkop in the north and finally cutting back across the stream from the fountain that fed the pans, back to Skietkop.

Of course, the farm was still there. That was the funny thing about it. Only now it belonged to fifteen or twenty people. All strangers, except his brother who retained fifty morgen near Wolfkop. Even the boundaries of the farm were still dotted out by the original stone-hacked fence-poles. Like chewed-off stumps of cigars they marked out the extent of wasteful consumption. But yet the buck had gone, the grass had gone, the water had gone, and the farm had gone.

All that was left was a five-morgen plot, still bravely named Ta-aibosfontein, as the greater had been, and an old man who felt the blood racing through his body, seeking a way out through the porous veins.

The spindly windmill behind the house turned hysterically for a few minutes as a gust of hot wind shook it, and he worried vaguely that it appeared to be running so freely. He now noticed all the windmills that had sprung up on the farms, and worried about them as well in a proprietary way. "Bloodsuckers!" he muttered under his breath. All that water being pumped from the earth, for the sake of a few, paltry beds of cabbages and turnips.

The wheel chair had been parked in the shade of the only trees on the plot. Three threadbare bluegums that had their trunks rubbed smooth by the five cows, and had retaliated by exterminating all the grass within a radius of ten feet of the bole. But bluegum leaves do not cast very much shade, and the man scuffled uneasily in the chair, churning up the powdery dust into a nightmare course for the caravan of ants that were carrying away the few grape-skins that he had spat on the ground.

What could a man do on a five-morgen plot? The plot reminded him of the fowl-run, which the fowls had turned into a arid square of ground as they rushed from one side of it to the other throughout the day. They had worn out the ground, just as he had worn out the ground before his sickness. He used to walk from one fence to the other, from the lucerne-patch, a dirty green pocket-handkerchief, to the corrugated-iron stable. Backwards and forwards, unable to keep his eyes off the farming operations on the farm. Cronje was busy ploughing. Two tractors now. Must have made a success of the ground-nut crop. But then, he had a spray irrigation system. Money makes money, they say.

The way some gardeners had green fingers, some farmers had golden fingers. One would have thought that the eight thousand morgen he had inherited, covered with sweet grass, taking in nearly half of the spongy pan, and with four hundred head of blesbuck, should have been enough to keep the wheel spinning.

When his father had died it had seemed like a dream come true. At last he was the owner of his own land. Money makes money. Money grows. Money gets kittens. He had bought the Piper Cub aeroplane so that he could attend all the auctions. Speculating. That was his father's standby. A question of buying at the right time and selling at the right time.

The sound of the windmill impinged on his consciousness again, with a higher, shriller note. He was sure it was running too freely, and found he was tapping his foot to the "clank-thump, clank-thump" of the stroke, and breathing unnaturally fast.

Eight thousand morgen. But then that severe drought came, and the crop was a failure. His father would have pulled the herd of cows through, because he had the grazing, the capital, the money. But the dam dried up and he had to sell the farthest corner of the farm to pay for feeding for the cattle. It was the worst part of the farm, and he had thought he was well rid of it. How was he to know that the National Road would be redirected through it and that Coetzee would sell it at a healthy profit?

Still, that had left him with six thousand morgen, not really enough for speculation, and he had to get rid of the Piper Cub, and still, there was always the holiday at East London in December.

Then he had to send his son to university. Not that he begrudged his son a university education, but he knew, he simply knew, that once the farm was running smoothly, there would be more than enough money to keep everyone comfortably.

Money was like that. It healed the sick, it kept dry grass alive, it fed the man without a university degree. It was like those earth-worms that you cut in half — both halves grew strong, and multiplied and worked for you.

So? What had gone wrong? The restless drumming of the blood through his arteries and the surging of the pulse in his temple obscured the facts, confused the facts. Careful! Don't over excite yourself, your body is like a sieve, your blood is too thin.

He shifted the wheelchair closer to the trunk of the tree as the sun was nearly overhead. This brought the ploughshare at the gate with the plot's name painted on it, into his vision. "Taaibosfontein." The only fontein that remotely lived up to that name was the irritating little windmill with its three-inch cylinder that delivered five hundred gallons an hour.

For a moment the man's face lit up as he recalled the stream of crystal, sweet water that used to gush from the four-inch pipe that led from the centrifugal pipe on the fountain at the old farm. Nine thousand gallons an hour filling the huge reservoir in next to no time. In fact, when you opened the delivery valves, you could hardly empty the reservoir. Sweet water rushing along the furrows into the lucerne fields. The herd of glistening, fat Friesland cows, so charged with milk that

when they heard the rattle of the milkcans at night, the milk would spurt from their swollen teats. They walked heavily, dropping strong calves in springtime, mostly heifers. The pigs lived in a riot of skimmed milk and overripe peaches and pears that fell from the trees before his mother had time to can them all.

In that he proved his point. The cows gave an abundance of milk, this fed the pigs, that fetched a good price on the market; so his father was able to lay in a stock of concentrates in case the crops for the cattle failed. Which they never did.

The harsh creak of the windmill, as the tail swung round in the listless wind, brought him back to the present. The spindly sails of the twelve-foot wheel somersaulted slowly and then began to whirl persistently, so that there could be no doubt that the windmill was not pumping water.

Not a drop of water fell from the narrow pipe that projected over the side of the corrugated-iron dam. He could clearly hear the rattle of the broken cylinder-rod as it beat against the sides of the pipes underground.

"Johannes!" His voice was querulous with exasperation. What was the use of keeping on a boy, as the doctor had ordered, when he was never around when required. He could not be expected to look after the windmills, when he was suffering from high blood pressure.

"Johannes!" No reply.

"Maria!" This he aimed at the kitchen.

"Yes, Hendrik. I'm coming." The flyscreen scraped open, and his wife appeared, the arthritis of the winter still hanging over her. "Yes, what is it? Is the sun too hot?"

"No, it's the windmill. You must brake it. The rod will fall down into the hole any minute."

"Where's Johannes? You know I haven't got a girl."

"I don't know. Sleeping somewhere, I suppose."

They used words as sparingly as water. The woman shuffled towards the windmill, but before she could reach it, a dustdevil, whipped into a frenzy by the afternoon sun, tore at the mill, and the madly spinning wheel had snapped the remainder of the rod, which fell with a hollow clank a hundred-and-eighty feet down the borehole.

"Did you hear it fall, Hendrik?"

"Damn! Damn! Damn! Impotently, rocking his chair.

"Who will repair it? You know Johannes knows nothing about spanners, and Kosie . . ."

And Kosie would be engaged in his practice, and in any case you do not ask a lawyer to repair a windmill, even if he is your son. And his brother would tell him he had his own windmills to fix.

"I will fix it." For a moment even his blood paused in astonishment at his decision.

"But the doctor . . ."

"I will. We need the water. The fowls can't die of thirst."

"And the coffee water . . ." The woman almost smiled.

The man rose recklessly from the chair (daring the bit of life left in him) and pushed it back to its place under the vine, which still bore a few, shrunken grapes. He banged open the flyscreen, and shuffled through to the bathroom where he kept the toolbox on top of the linen chest.

The toolbox was a magnificent affair, fully equipped with a complete set of box-spanners (both Continental and S. A. E.), ring-spanners, micrometers, carpentry tools, pressure gauges, feeler gauges, torsion-wrenches, in fact, any tool necessary to repair a car, piece of furniture or machinery. The chances that he might have to use any of the tools more than once a year were remote.

Yet, since the doctor had forbidden him to exert himself, he had channeled all his energies into buying tools, and then oiling them at night, or just touching them. "Playing with them," some people would have said. For he would take up the micrometer screw-gauge, for instance, and measure, with the utmost care and precision, the salt-cellar or the tomato-sauce bottle. However, he had started the habit of collecting tools, the moment that he inherited the farm.

"A farm must be well equipped," he said expansively. "I must be fully mechanised to keep up with the times. This lathe I have ordered from Germany is a model of precision. With it I shall keep all machinery in tip-top condition."

Even the box he had decorated with a fine, red-hot wire, until he found he had run out of space. He took down the box, and selected the spanners he needed, and then went out to the garage for the block-and-tackle. This, too, was oiled, and the pulleys ran smoothly. He gave a grunt of amusement as he thought of his doctor's horror should he see him straining at the ropes, but at the same time a shiver of fear flicked across his back as he realized the possible consequences of his action.

"Johannes!"

This time there was an immediate answer.

"Ja, baas."

"We must pull up the pipes. The rod has fallen down the hole."

"Must I go and call Petrus and Gideon?"

"No, Johannes, we will do the job. It's not such a big job."

"No, baas, it is not such job, but I think I will go and call Petrus and Gideon."

"Johannes, don't you think I can work any more? Don't you remember how the two of us fenced in the vlei-camp by ourselves, and in one day?"

Johannes looked at the man with suspicious sympathy. Yes, they had fenced in that camp. And he could think of a few other times when the two of them had worked side by side, digging up potatoes or cutting lucerne, competing with, yet not outstripping the other. Sometimes this old man could work. He could lift bags of mealies like a black man. But now. Look at his veins on his arms and on his forehead!

"Why do you look at me like that, Johannes? I won't fall down dead. Even if I do, I'll tell the missus to give you first choice of my shoes."

Now that just was not funny. Even a white man, with all his doctors and white ambulances and pink medicines, should know that you do not joke about death.

Very quietly Johannes picked up the block-and-tackle and walked over to the windmill. As the man followed him out of the coolness of the garage, he felt the sun strike him like a stream of hot lead. One could almost hear the rays hissing as they struck the earth. But the hissing was merely the cicadas driving themselves mad in the grass, and in the holes in the sand the antlions were slowly frying in the traps they had so carefully dug for their prey.

The two men sweated. No matter how hot, one always sweated, and any tool left out in the sun soon became too hot to handle.

Jahannes climbed up the framework of the windmill, and secured the wheel with a piece of barbed wire so that it would not turn against the pressure of the brake and crush the hands below.

Having watched Johannes haul up the block-and-tackle and secure it, the man looked down and felt his blood surge sickeningly from his stomach to his head so that the mill leaned over him and the earth ran away to the horizon. But then it passed and he could clamp the first pipe below the socket and attach the chain to the pulley.

Johannes came down and they unscrewed the first length of piping. This had been well greased and came apart easily. The man breathed more easily as they laid the pipe on the ground. This had been the first bit of physical exertion since the doctor had forbidden him to "lift anything heavier than a ten-rand note, ha ha!"

But now came the real strain, especially if the pipes were still full of water. The rope felt rough in his softened palms.

"Come on, Johannes, let's pull. Slowly, don't jerk. One, two, three, HEAVE!"

Perhaps they had half-hoped that the pipe would be empty, for it did not move, borne down by the dead weight of half a ton of water. Johannes read the doubt and defeat in the man's eyes.

"Must I fetch . . .?"

"No, we will lift this bliksem ourselves. Pull!"

The pipe creaked up four inches.

"Pull!"

Another four inches.

So the pipe slowly inched its way out, and Johannes could hear the man's blood swirling through his body as they sank down on their haunches with the effort of pulling. They dug their heels against the few tufts of quick-grass that lived off the spray of the windmill, and gouged them out as their back-muscles contracted.

Eventually the first pipe emerged, thin, corroded, still watertight, though worn dangerously thin through the action of the rod inside. They unscrewed it and welcomed the splash of water as the two sections parted.

Then the next section was hauled up painfully, although slightly lighter. And the next and the next. Only two lengths to go. Then man felt a sort of exultant delirium come over him. Perhaps the doctor was mad. Perhaps he wasn't ill as he had thought. Perhaps with a small loan from the Landbank . . . Letting down the pipes would be child's play, and the last two pipes would come out clean as a whistle.

He caught the chain round the neck of the second last pipe, while he loosened the clamp and hurried to help Johannes pull. He caught at the rope and in his hurry and frenzy he jerked at it and the chain slipped.

The pipe dropped half-an-inch, caught, slipped, and then slipped through the chain and into the hole like a frightened snake.

They could hear it clanking and thudding as it buckled and bent at the bottom of the hole.

It was very still in the sun, except for the insects. Johannes kicked softly at a patch of desiccated cowdung. The man could hear the fowls clucking for water in the run. A tuft smoke hung above the chimney as Maria fired up the kitchen stove for supper. A pain in his right hand caught his attention, and he saw a large blister across his palm.

“Johannes, the only water is in my hands.”

He laughed.

But Johannes still kicked at the cowdung.

He became annoyed. Did Johannes think he could ignore him just because he had dropped the pipes in the borehold? Didn't he hear him?

“Johannes, look here! It's no use sulking now. We must fetch a grappling iron and pull out those pipes.”

A panic swept over him. He desperately wanted Johannes to hear.

“Go and ask baas Frikkie if we can borrow his irons. And ask Gideon and Petrus to come and help.”

Johannes started to expand like a balloon. It was really too funny. He rose up above the man, and the windmill above him, and then he turned into a huge face.

Everything was cool and moist. It was raining. Drops fell on his face and from his face to the ground. Huge drops that raised splashes of dust, that fell like silver bullets. Cool, living rain that spat into his mouth. There was no frenzy, there was no oppression. The rain had come, and everything was cool and fresh.

He heard thunder. He raised himself easily to his feet and looked out across the pan and through the rain and saw the great ripple of the herd of springbok moving towards the rain, hundred and hundreds of springbok moving in a red, tawny landslide after the rain and leaping and thundering as they moved across the pan and the farm.



Gloria Cooper, "Lined Judy," Intaglio, 18" x 23"

One Dancer's Dance

Ken Warner

"O body swayed to music, O brightening glance
How can we know the dancer from the dance?"

William Butler Yeats

He felt surrounded by an unknown constant in the darkness and his footsteps seemed to be beating out a defiant cadence against it. However, his nerves began to knead his flesh when he realized the danger latent in such a defiance. He became terrified, for he was certain that this constant would avail itself of him in an instant, detached fury, if this rebellion continued to flay out against the night. Yet, he had no control over it for it existed in an extension outside his power to influence it. All he could consider in the light of this fear was the irony in the fact that his voice had become stricken. He was thus incapable of uttering any sound and therefore could not voluntarily ally himself with the clatter of his footsteps, even had he been predisposed to do so.

A strange, surly, physically imposing man walked from beneath the oval glow of the lamplight on the sidewalk a short distance up the street. The man's movement from a stationary position and out into the dark was immediately menacing. This new threat angered him because the man was an objective phenomenon and his threat was tangible. His senses railed against this new assault. In the dark space that quickly diminished between them, he sought to take a license with his eyes that he could not take with his tongue. He stared into the face of the stranger, hoping to neutralize by force of his person the threat he felt the man posed. His action was simply born of the desire to strike out at this, the only real element that truly threatened him, but even the hard gaze of the stranger intimidated him and his own eyes — now washed in tears — emptied their counter-threat out over the sidewalk.

* * *

The night had driven him indoors and he was seen later in the evening at a bar, sitting at a dimly lit table with his back to a corner. He was remembering. Remembering in terms of images — images of smells or blurred images — or simply in terms of the aura of things, as they occurred in time as events. He found a significant distinction in the order of this remembering, that is, images occurring in time be-

came events as opposed to the correlative of events creating images in time. It was essential to his nature that he or any one who had ever heard him hold forth on this topic should ever confuse this distinction.

He was penciling a poem on a scrap of paper. It was an attempt to recall, as an "aura impression," one of his "events." To be exact the "aura impression" which was the subject of his remembrance was that of the stairwell of the troopship in which he had returned from Europe. Aside from rendering this aura impression he had a secondary notion and that had to do with the ineffibility of the color — and he knew he had little hope of describing it — of the light of that early morning at sea. He hoped its, the light's, situation at that particular time and space would convey the color as he remembered it, and after it had been rendered in this fashion the color would prove itself to be as truly ineffible as he remembered it.

As he wrote he was pleased with himself, for he was convinced that he must have been the only one in the bar who concerned himself with the ineffibility of color. He began to re-read the text of the poem to himself after making a few corrections.

"Up the gray stairwell
beneath the bare bulb
where the grates of metal
open beneath
to the corridors below.
Forcing the hatch
to a burst of lead light
as silver and lean
as a knife cutting night."

* * *

Later on in the evening an old friend happened on him sitting at his table and sat down for a few drinks. They eventually became very drunk. The following conversation took place.

"No one could figure out why the poor bastard could never pull off what he intended," his friend was saying.

"Intended . . .? What do you mean intended? How do you know whether he intended at all? And since you don't know this it would be impossible to know what he intended. It's pretty presumptuous to presume any such thing," he answered.

"Well, he was acting anyway and I don't see why it's presumptuous to say so. Besides isn't everyone's sad little act only a projection of what they intend?"

"Not really, because the real question isn't, is it an act, but is he acting? An act is the identity, an acceptance, an acceptance not of

things but of a way. But the life . . . no . . . I should say the living is in the acting. While the act is only the acceptance and is therefore static, the acting is dynamic and remains in motion. There is a process inherent in it. It is almost impossible to criticize acting. It is essential that you distinguish the act from the acting, then perhaps you can get at this intending. And I mean to stress the word **perhaps** because it is all so uncertain . . . Then there is another thing . . . There is your suggestion that he is a **bastard**."

"What?"

"His being a bastard."

"You know he's not a bastard."

"Literally?"

"No!"

"Figuratively then?"

"Neither."

"But you used the word."

"So what!"

"Well since you used the word **bastard** I might accuse you of the same thing you accused him of."

"What's that?"

"Of **intending**."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, You used the word **bastard** as just a word and worse yet, more as a name . . . and to compound the absurdity, as if using a name were not bad enough, the name has no meaning in this case because it doesn't apply."

"If it doesn't apply, then what significance has it to our argument? If it doesn't apply toss it out. I couldn't be accused of intending just because I used an insignificant name."

"Yes you can, because it's a habit with you. A habit of toughness, an attempt to harden an idea by vulgarizing it. It might be better if you tried to create hard ideas in the first place."

"But aren't you saying that I am intending things, then . . . the same thing you caught me doing and the very thing you are taking me to task for now?"

"No, because I gave you a hearing and the benefit of the doubt."

He was very sensitive to what people intended because he saw it as their only defense against that constant in the night, the same constant that brought him into the bar and pinned his shoulders against the verging wall that was its far corner and loomed at his back.

The Visual Revolution and "Help"

John van Zyl

Within the last five years a revolution has taken place in the mass-communications media. Audiences are being involved in problems and are accepting experiences that they would have rejected a decade ago. The manipulation of reality which the mass-audience laughed at in the Surrealists, they now accept sympathetically and unselfconsciously in magazines, films, television, and "glossy" magazines.

Dick Lester, director of *The Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film*, *It's Trad, Dad*, *A Hard Day's Night*, *The Knack*, and *Help*, is a genius of a popular entertainer because he has transmuted many of the diverse strands of contemporary life into the film medium, and broadened the scope of the film-goer's powers of perception.

Lester's visual sense of humour must inevitably derive from radio comedians called the Goons, for whom he first directed two films. And the Goons (Sellers, Milligan, and Secombe) themselves added an extra dimension to aural humour, and extended the limits of what was commonly thought to be the proper confines of broadcast humour. They introduced the element of space into broadcasting, so that their sound-picture had a near and a far, as well as giving an aural equivalent of their surreal concepts. "That was the sound of a wall travelling at 60 m. p. h., folks!" Their non-sequiturs, puns, accents and sound-effects all have an affinity with Lewis Carroll, Lear, Joyce, Queneau, Mack Sennett, Chaplin, Keaton, Tashlin, Bunuel and the Surrealist painters (like Magritte). All of these seem to be genuine innovators because they work on the borders, the periphery, of their forms of expression. By pushing these as far as they can go (hence the tendency to obscurity or In-jokes) the media impinge on one another. For example, Calder's mobiles are sculpture pushed towards mechanical engineering, and Pop Art is painting pushed towards advertising.

The Goons furthermore used the abrupt jumps in location of television, or the absurd juxtaposition of characters and events to be found in fashion photography: elegant models perched on rooftops, or photographed in junkyards, or else photographed in distorted perspective.

Wide-angle lenses bend the models out over the page, in many cases actually defeating the purpose of advertising the clothes, but it is all accepted calmly by the increasingly sophisticated audience.

In fact, the Goons and other innovators illustrate the concept "bisociation" that Arthur Koestler uses in his **Act of Creation**. This is the bringing into contact of two previously unrelated planes of experience, or the perception of an event or situation in two habitually incompatible associative contexts. There is an abrupt or startling transfer from one train of thought, or one pattern of behaviour, to another, which is governed by a different logic.

In **Help**, Paul plays at being a matador in front of a black, puffing little train. This visual pun refers to the man with the red flag who habitually ran in front of trains, and also to the puffing, snorting bull in the arena. The transfer from train to bull is made by the red flag, and the resulting "bisociation" results in an explosion of laughter.

Allied to the visual revolution and the Goons, is the first appearance of the Theatre of the Absurd in Britain. However, the most absurd fact about the British Theatre of the Absurd is its tardiness. Jarry had sowed the seeds in his **Ubu Roi** in 1896, and Beckett with **Waiting for Godot** (1953) and Ionesco with **The Bald Soprano** (1950) had cultivated them. Pinter, in **The Room** (1957) initiated the movement in Britain, following **Look Back in Anger** which had started the "New Movement" the previous year.

But Pinter followed the Continental dramatists who demonstrated the Sisyphean futility of the human condition as they saw it by creating absurd parables — people growing rhino horns, people living in dustbins, a choir of weighing machines, men acting out their fantasies in a brothel. Fortunately, the taste and tolerance for this predominantly visual drama (Ionesco's **The Chairs**, for example) had been created, and it, in its turn, expanded the limits by the use of "non-dialogue."

Another important influence on **Help** is undoubtedly the comic strip, and the animated cartoon. The comic-book convention has perhaps carried to its furthest extent the difference between "seeing" and "understanding visually" with its vast iconography of dialogue-symbols, noise-symbols, selection of poses and pertinent situations, and variations in draughtmanship. Furthermore, the characters in a comic-strip or animated cartoon, are virtually indestructible, possibly because they have no other frame of reference except the medium in which they are drawn. Therefore a chalk-drawn cat being chased by a dog made from a piece of string, can escape simply by cutting the string. Which seems to me to be utilizing the medium to a far greater extent than the fairly anthropomorphic Tom and Jerry cartoons.

The captions in **Help** ("A TIGER") and the hollow numbers that preface the assaults on Ringo recall the captioning of comic strips. In fact the Superman-Batman comics arranged on the keyboard of the organ in the apartment are more than just a clue. They determine the narrative style (Ringo caught by his leg on the snow-lift) and the colour-range — vivid, sensational colours.

The influence of the Sunday supplements and the "glossy" magazines may be seen in the peculiarly recognizable photography (shooting against the light, big close-ups, distorting lenses and, again, startling use of colour-filters). One feels that visual values have almost become THE criteria for aesthetic pleasure. This is, of course, an accurate reflection of the contemporary craze for ornamentation, not only in interior decoration, but also in fashion, typography and magazine lay-out.

The visual revolution has also brought about a difference in the way we receive information. Obviously information received from print is going to differ from information received from pictures, and the scope and nature of the information is going to differ. Literary forms seem to be better able to transmit moral values, and literary criticism is slanted towards this angle.

Pop Art and Op Art have no moral values, which might perhaps be applicable to all abstract art. **Help** certainly has no moral values, it might only have cinematic values, since it can only be understood by reference to other movies. It is a total chase film, like de Broca's *That Man from Rio*, it borrows from Science Fiction films (*The Incredible Shrinking Man*) from *Dr. Strangelove*, *Goldfinger*, and from the work of the silent comedies.

Lester seems to find it difficult not to be funny, which is perhaps the reason why the Alps sequence is the best, since humour and lyricism are combined. The notes on the telegraph wire, the piano in the snow, and the black figures in the snow are visually ravishing.

Finally, **Help** with its affectionate reference to Wilkie Collins' *The Moonstone* and the lyrics, "When I was young and so much younger . . .," seem to look back at a simpler time before the Beatles were accepted by the Establishment ("Should I wave, they seem to expect it?" says one old dear to another) and when *The Moonstone* could be enjoyed simply as a thrilling story. The present is not disparaged, sunken beds and shining vending-machines are enjoyed, but Lester and the Beatles seem to have caught Baudelaire's words on modernity "that which is ephemeral, fugitive, contingent on the occasion" and celebrate them, albeit with nostalgia.

Cogito, Ergo Sum

Jack Nordby

He came to feel things, sense things, wonder at things.

He was smallish, and basically circular, but now he somehow felt different, felt better than that. His shape was incidental now to his sensing of things.

He came to call himself Kak.

It came about that he grew tired of pulleys and gears and shafts and going round and round all the time. Now he wanted to be something else, something other than ugly, black, and greasy most of the time. It would be better to be a pipe, he thought — a heavy lead one would do nicely: blunted and bent at one end, perhaps, one that made good deep thuds when it hit the ground outside and left dents in it. One that echoed thickly, massively, on the cement floor. A good, strong, vital, impressive, heavy lead pipe. What a fine thing to be! Solidity, mass, adequacy; certainly a pipe could stand up and make himself known, his force felt. But what of himself? What was he but an amorphous existence, pushed and pulled so that in turn he could push and pull, unable to exert force in any one direction of his own? The efficacy of a pipe couldn't be denied. But what of Kak? An ineffective, innocuous, circular existence, signifying nothing.

One day he started coming off the pulleys, and he wouldn't stay on no matter what. The hands gripped him again — no, just one hand this time: vectored movement, a sudden stop, and then, nothing.

Giacometti: An Apocalyptic Vision

Ken Warner

Lacerated figures stride
starkly under
a hollow sky.

Predatory space kneads
the natural lines
of slender limbs.

A cosmic rust erodes
the drawn planes
of narrow cheeks.

The gleam on clenched eyelids
implies a
sightless vision
They float in a mystic progress,
glowing, mournful
and serene.

You can see through
to the space behind
outside of history.

The sea anemone washed ashore
in ages of damp and dry
pull with the strength
of clocks
rooting their feet
to the earth,
while all around
their charred heads
halos of nothingness
burn against the air.

Humidity

Tom Sand

Mada could no longer move and stayed propped against the tree thinking: "Rather interesting . . . the effects of excess humidity."

He was staring at his watch. It had stopped shortly after the second sunrise and the humidity had taken over. The fungi had gurgled out of the movement and after spilling down over the stainless steel band it split into two forces. The first drifted out over his wrist, up his arms and down over his fingers, devouring hairs as it went. The second army bore directly through the skin consuming flesh and fluids on its way to the bone. When the two armies were reunited the limb would fall. For a time Mada had hoped that the meeting armies would give him new strength. At least enough to brush away the drenched mass and insects which constantly fell from the tree. It was a hope long forgotten.

His curse was inaudible. He cursed at the sunlight — the light from the second sun — but there was nothing to shield him from it. The ants had seen to that some time ago. They came filing past in what seemed an unending parade, eating everything green except the slime. When they passed Mada they paused long enough to take his sunglasses and his right eye. His left eye remained focused on the penetrating light, the light he didn't want to see.

He couldn't understand why or how the light could pierce the constant rain. All he knew was that the combination had rotted his clothes and was beginning to turn his body into the same wet debris that covered him. He was slowly slipping and blending into the steaming mire.

His only hope was the destruction of the second sun and the drying heat of the first. But the second sun was fed by the humidity and the humidity would win.



Sharon Boyum, "Yearning," Woodcut, 18" x 24"



Bob Johnson, "Can do it," Collage, 10" x 14"

Dry Rain Kills

Rick Vierzba

Sense, yet no effect
 it falls endlessly straight
 musical tapping
leaves catching each note
Shuttered portals
of a fetish origin.
Falling everywhere near
 the same rain touches
 and snuffs the flame
of a once happy life
now cringing in pain.

At Simple Things

Harold Tysver, Jr.

A whisp of dust
 Danced to
Warmth of radiator
A crooked crack
 Driven to
Baseboard hiding place
A dusty bulb
 Reheated from
realms of endless day
A strand of web
 Strained to
Catch a swinging broom
A tinted pane
 Colored the
Room that inherits words

Once I Heard . . .

Ken Warner

Once I heard a circle touched
it's curve gave way
as a petal
to a girl's kiss.

There is a way of saying love
when the o becomes soft
and the rage of broken teeth
and the fury of blurred images
crystallizes.

In the face of this vowel
her vowel
the hands settle
the grain of the sidewalk
turns to sand on the beach.

It blows from the lips
of the lovely mouth
of a lover
of lovely things.

Who eats oranges
because they are pungent?

She peels them with
a little girl's
clumsiness.

With a quick flash
of her wrists

she is often
overwhelmed by
a gentle joy.

Then she is
a hazy child
and painful to see.

I want to give her a gift
for she loves balloons.

Those circles
without severity
that toss
in the wind.

I have seen her
play jacks
yet when she weeps
she makes gifts
of oranges.

So in the sad mist
of a morning
I see only
tossing oranges
in the sweeping
moisture
of the molecules
of a love.

Supplication

John Gidmark

Your too-small windows cast a glare
That headaches mind by straining eyes
Of spirit, till the mind can't bear
The outside freedom distance buys.
Admit the naked stranger here
Who renders freedom still confined
To ease his pain, his eyes to clear;
and wholly captivate his mind.

Margo Warner

Reindeer pause upon the tundra.
You stare at me across a table worn with ashes, ugly hands
And dirty glasses.
The band will pin the forest to the wall and night will fall
Even darker than the eyes of deer in colder places.
Evening faces will not pause for laughter,
Though you sprinkle starlight on a thousand empty places
Such as this.
The reindeer hold the tundra from the spring.

Eonglass

Dennis Lien

Time moves slow, and life stretches its length
Through years composed of wasted moments
Then the sand dimples; months pass
Like shattered bits of seconds
And the bored child
Awakens toward
Death:
Again awakens
To more of the same
Endless dominoes of eons
Fall into dunes of flowing sand
To spires composed of jaded forevers
Life lives no more, and eternity moves slow.

The Aardvark And The Platypus

Dale Olson

The Aardvark and the Platypus set up mast
On a beautiful pea-green chev,
To sail to worlds present and past
And learn just how to live.

The chevy creaked and sprung a leak
Not five minutes on their way;
The water poured in like a deluge of sin
And in it the two did lay.

The Aardvark bailed and bailed some more
Until he near was dead,
"Come now please and help me pour,
Or tis sure we'll sink like lead."

The Platypus said, "Have no fear,
For tis certain we're both alive,
And if you'll hold God so dear,
He'll help you to survive."

They finally fixed the hole in their craft
Much to the Aardvark's relief,
And for many hours they laughed and laughed
Never questioning their belief.

For seven days and seven nights
They sailed upon that sea,
Sailing toward the Northern Lights
Singing "Nearer My God To Thee."

On the eighth day to their dismay
They were hungry, but, ah well, alack,
In the Platypus's hurry and in his fury
A lunch he had forgotten to pack.

"What now" cried the Aardvark perturbed
"What will we ever do?
Most of the problems I had curbed
But the lunch I had left to you."

"No worry" said the Platypus quick
As calm as calm can be,
"For the birds around are flying thick
And there's many a fish in the sea.

But what? The fish were flying in schools
Over that blue-green sea
And all the birds were playing pool
To the left upon the lee.

"Now there's a sight," the Aardvark said,
As he gazed upon the scene
"Yes" said the Platypus scratching his head
"You'd think they'd be more keen."

The sun rose high and down it beat
Until the Platypus cracked,
He sat on his seat and began to eat
The lunch he hadn't packed.

The Aardvark looked and looked again
"He's been affected by the sun"
But the Aardvark too was going insane
"Til the Platypus said "Have one."

"Thank you so much my very good friend,"
Said the Aardvark to his mate,
"I thought for a time my life would end,
And that food would come to late"

So they ate nothing and nothing
"Til their stomachs both were full,
But for one to get something from nothing
Is a very good trick to pull.

The birds play pool upon the lee,
The fishes still fly in the air,
The Aardvark and the Platypus still sail that sea
With their stomachs full of despair.

The Children

Rick Vierzba

Broken sleds with rusted runners
screech and scrape,
as they pass over, and around
the frozen, encrusted mud
and rocky water.

One lagging, behind,
pulls his wooden duck,
waddling with a cracked wheel.

Clucka — clucka — clucka

Fall in:

Hut one . . . two . . . three

Left face.

Parading past,

a window between us.

Parts of piled lathe transformed—
to swords.

The battle begins while
nurses aid the wounded;
a victor presses his heel.



Stephen M. Zalusky, "Landscape," Relief print, 12" x 13"

The Circus

Tom Howard

They were giants with goatees
Not exhibitionists with repartees
Full beards have sprouted in no danger.
Each modern cap-gun Texas Ranger
Measures his steps on timely lines.
On a foundation of past funerals
A gaudy spire is raised,
Only to be consumed slowly
By a dew called the excrement of time.

The Ball

Rick Vierzba

A heart's truth told by a sphere
 if false: blindness, no word spoken
love — hate — life
 all said by this orb
not optic only, shouting
 interception, perception
seeing all — telling same
watched some, avoided others

What Is This, So Wildly Beautiful?

Nancy Leah Berg

Over the horizon of the hill
a field of blown dandelions appeared
white sheep hovering in a green field
stars fallen from the sky, transparent
Silken parachutes grown from a brown seed
grasping green leaves milked the pod
silver cobwebs in the sunlight
wound the soft silky forms round
Down beyond the wonder rushed
a small tumultuous waterfall:
white wet waterhorses galloped
headlong up a blue black wall
Green and yellow water lapped
between temporal black lines
in the downing sunlight
the gentle water-toes tripped
quickly to the mud shore
Swooping dark silhouettes
flickered against the sky
and dived for bugs and played
dumb freedom with wet wings
Night cool and river in its bed
dandelions dying into form
when the wind drove sparrows
back to their warm nests

With Long Hair

Mike Moos

With long hair
And nudity,
But not of mind.
I lie in the house
Of who am, who is.
On a bench
Not a chair.
I wait in my lair
To smoke the wool
From the sheep,
That wander past.

Two Haiku

Jack Nordby

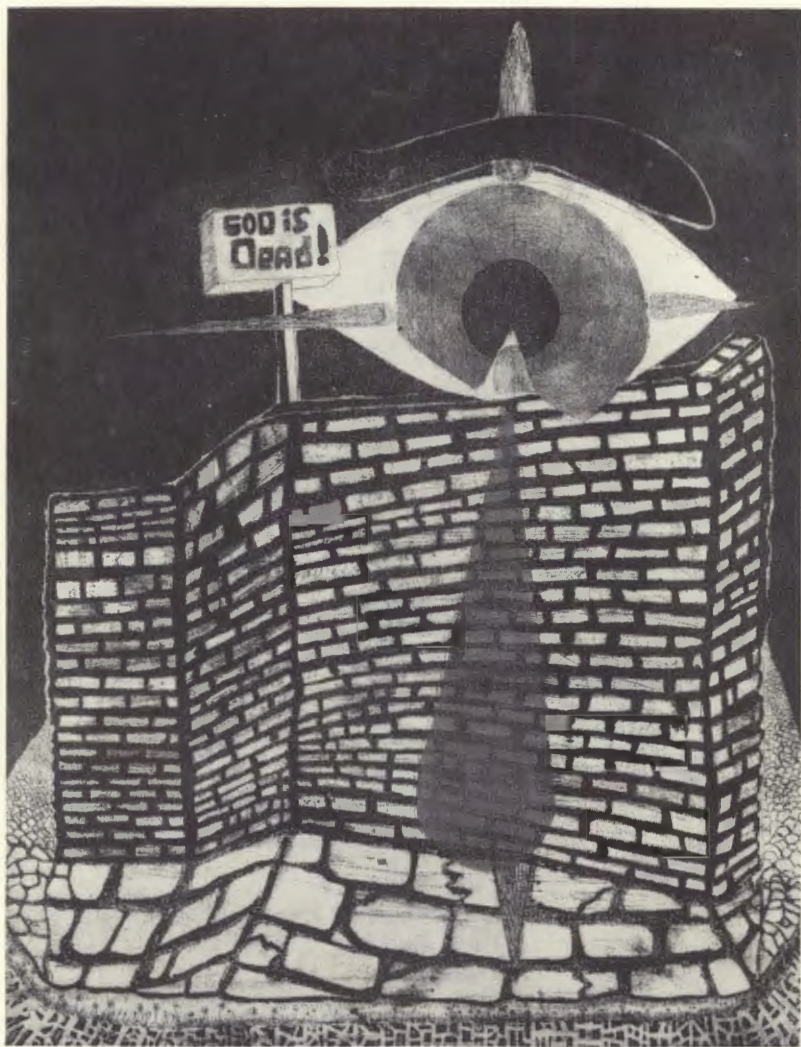
Cold wind in the pines—
Clear night — Ah, the Pleiades!
How warmly they shine!

The moon grows icier, brighter, higher.
From deep in my brain
The insistent hum of high-line wires.

Closed As Usual During Alterations

Dennis Lien

Having packed yesterday in yesterday's mothballs,
Pickled my passions in analytical alcohol,
And stuffed in the killing bottle yesterday's ideals,
I peer through this amber and into this amber,
Satisfied. "The age of ruins is past;" I now
am free to shape and select, to make of me
Tomorrow's being with tomorrow's dreamings
Slate invites graffiti. I shape tomorrow
With old thoughts in new dress, refill my peddler's pack,
With the very best butter, old and rancid.
You can't leave home again.



Tom Hilber, "God Is Dead," Etching, 18" x 24"

Merry-Go-Round

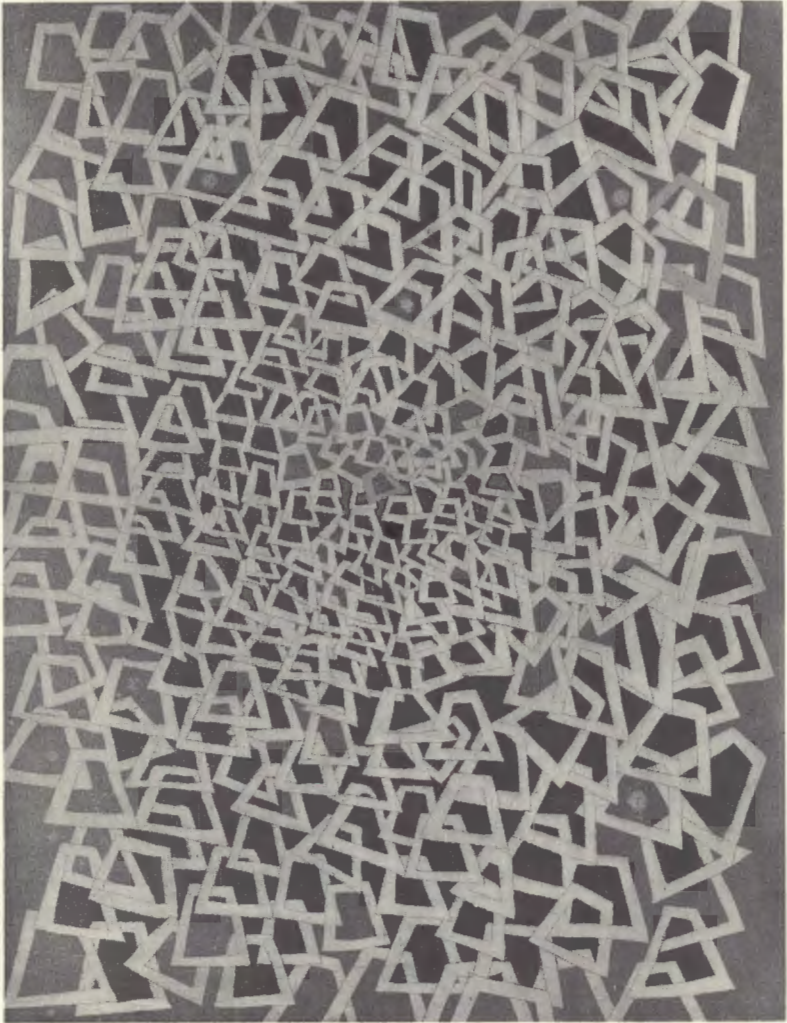
Nancy Leah Berg

A hundred wooden horses
their faces frozen
in stares of amazement
wildly plunge
into a circle of color
A decrepit organ
having constantly played
for sixty years
pumps and wheezes
a frantic song
Tiny feet in tin stirrups
jog along happily
urging their steeds
to surge ahead
the many colors
of painted bulbs
dance in broken mirrors
The carousel carries
all my wonder
heedless of danger
four hundred hooves
trample wildly
Blind to my flesh
and my illusions
the wooden hooves
trample my dreams

Design

John Gidmark

Unitended (as I started)
What was acted never ended,
But continues; for in fact it,
Without doubting, forms the sinews
Of existence, which, though sprouting
Without reason, foil resistance.
Ventures current surely season
future actions and are parent
to behavior. And retraction's
non-existent; for to save your
soul, it's hopeless, (though persistent
your endeavor) since scope is
too eternal. You may never
flee the constant, firm, infernal
rule of influence, in an instant
once imparted.



Dennis Holm, "Untitled," Aquatint Etching, 18" x 23"

Ideas Of No Geometry

Ken Warner

The slender shafts of weeds assume
gentle parabolas outside our room.

A green haze yellowing in time
can not delineate their faulty climb.

A wide window sprayed with grime
opens abruptly into his mind.

Around and through the dusty smudges
his arrogant sight
alleges
a case for his fantasies,
vision of whole ecstasy.

While on the inside of his knowing
on the carpet
roundly rolling,
their baby traces spastic curves.

Kicking lustily
in innocent fury
spawning ideas
of no geometry.

Revelation To Anguish

Richard Callender

Today I helped a cripple walk;
Tomorrow my day will be filled
with goodness, generosity, and mercy.
Perhaps the next day I shall rise and slowly
leave my delicious bed, my pamperer,
to help some poor lost waif who needs a friend.

As I strive for all humanity
a brilliant inner hearth light floods my soul.
Then I realize that the downhearted
do not share this light, for I gloat with
satisfying comfort. And now the light
begins to wane; in its ugly dimness
I see myself a jackel in the slums.

“Hurry-Up Please, It’s Time”

Harold Tysver, Jr.

So the blue came
And there alone
Was the man who could
But didn’t.

Later, as ice softened
And lights grayed
One sat penciling with paper,
Dying softy—
Then the white fell
And he said,
“For the minute has been
So melt.”



Janett Matthies, "In the Garden," Etching, 10" x 12"

A Piping Calliope Of Flowers

Nancy Leah Berg

In a December of red balloons and green orphanages
I discovered a wonder
and undertook a great adventure
carrying a butterfly net of words
and how could fire be gentle I asked
and set myself upon a stone to ponder
but catching the phrase of a wandering child
overheard on the lingering wind
a pilgrimage began
Where the human window opens
there I travelled
behind the blue and blowing curtains
blood and laughter
and one another's song together
sung to a melody of laughter
catching myself in a swoon
I fell under a wing of fire
and it passed over with feather
daringly gentle



Robert C. Cobb, "Break Through," Aquatint Etching, 15" x 24"

Hunting Story

Margo Warner

I want to write a love story, but I can't, it's early morning.

To describe hair close to ears and the beauty of faces at close range
but not touching.

Touching. Casually brushing coat sleeves

While we stop to watch the geese across the morning wind.

Purposely, when you lean to kiss me on the cheek. Bird's wings flutter
Soft, cool.

Hands, firmly holding arms, right above the elbow.

Boots, large and smaller, touching in the backs of early morning, made-
over

Ambulances gone hunting.

We lie against the earth this little time, waiting for birds to fly over.

I, my face hiding against the damp grass, you, resting your arm across
my neck.

50 Cents