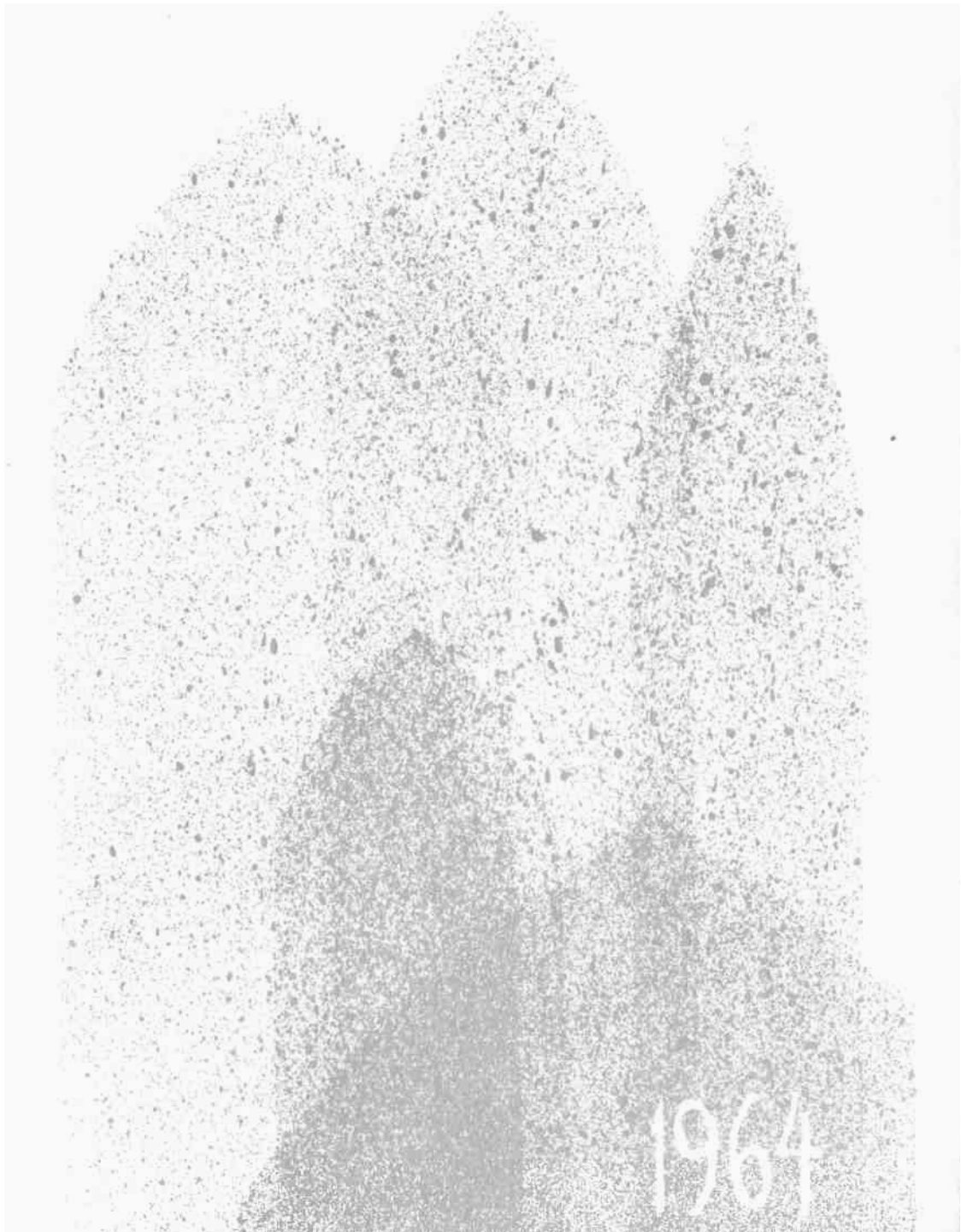


# EVERGREEN QUARTERLY



Editor-in-Chief	Stuart Schoenfeld
Associate Editor	Robert Quirk
Staff	George E. Bell Henry Farkas Dennis Keating Phillip F. Lieske Bernard Vondersmith George Wise
Art	Stanley Brull Colin Delpi Wade Emmett
Photography	Richard Kraft Daniel P. Whalen
Senior Editor	William Gardiner
Faculty Advisor	Vincent Genovesi, S.J.

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*The Evergreen Quarterly*



VOL. XVIII, No. 2

SPRING, 1964

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## *From the Editor...*

INCLUDED IN the middle of this issue are photographs of the winning entries in the 1964 *Evergreen Quarterly* Art Exhibit. The best in both quantity and quality to be held on this campus for the past several years, it has received much favorable comment. The credit for the exhibit's organization and management belongs to two seniors, J. Alan Blake and Charles Thompson. The staff of the *Evergreen Quarterly* would like to extend to them our sincere thanks for the time and energy they spent in directing the art exhibit and also our congratulations on its success. We only hope that those running the exhibit next year will do such a competent job.

Recently there has been a great increase in literary activity at Loyola. Writers and staff members for the *Evergreen Quarterly* have multiplied. In order to capitalize on these fortunate developments, the *Evergreen Quarterly* announces that it will accept articles during the summer for publication in an issue of the *Evergreen Quarterly* scheduled to come out in September. Because the staff will not meet on campus during the summer, submissions should be sent to:

*The Evergreen Quarterly*  
c/o Stuart Schoenfeld, Editor  
3103 Taney Road  
Baltimore 15, Maryland

# *Ghosts*

I saw her this morning,  
Some noise of persons passing  
And I did not even look  
For she would not have been there.  
It came; it went: the vanishing  
Of a face flashing across the mind  
Some noise of persons passing  
Some footstep strange upon a tomb.

She sees the sun somewhere  
While her image has been rotting  
These many years upon the plain  
Of my dark brain.  
I had ceased to see her there,  
So decomposed she had become.  
I had ceased almost to feel  
The sense of absense and of passing,  
The passing away of what was once  
So turbulent, so passionate and real.

How is it so  
That I saw her this morning?  
Do not tell me that she was not there,  
That the feet of persons passing  
Made merely a familiar noise,  
For I know already and knew then  
That for me she was no more.

We put a memory into the earth  
And heap the passing days upon it.  
We avoid the morbid act  
Of exhuming the dead,  
And so no longer really believe  
That the corpse lies beneath the stone.  
Yet they say it remains there  
Mingling with all the subsequent earth,  
Somewhere, always, deep down . . .

• William Gardiner

# *Reverie*

• John C. White

JOSEPH HOWARD just glanced at the morning paper as he sat at the breakfast table. The food was tasteless and the coffee was bitter. He rose from the table and shrugged into his jacket, hesitated a moment, then took his light raincoat and folded it over his arm. Gratefully he left for the office.

The morning was warm and the sky was clear, with perhaps just the faintest threat of an afternoon thunder storm. Even at eight o'clock there were many people on the street, most walking in groups of two or three. Still many walked alone, seemingly preoccupied, or in such a rush that they did not realize their plight.

Joseph Howard stepped onto the pavement, and his body became one with the human current. He strode briskly, sucking in his breath and throwing out his chest, but no one looked at him, and, as always, he soon gave it up and returned to a gentle shuffle. Furtively, he glanced at the people around him, moving with him, nowhere in an endless flow, the faces one in anonymity. Joseph Howard sighed in a resignation formed by



many years of solitude in a city of millions. He still had his office and his apartment to blot out the blank faces. Then he saw her.

She was tall, with dark brown hair gathered together in an old fashion knot, and while not beautiful, there was some peculiar fascination about her. She was smiling, a smile that broke the strong lines of her face, leaving a curiously mixed picture of warmth, kindness, and strength. It was a familiar smile, but he couldn't remember where he had seen it. Saying nothing, she fell into step with him, and together they moved through the current of bodies. She carried the scent of lavender and home cooking, and she made Joseph Howard feel like a little boy being taken to school. Suddenly, he was afraid. He wanted to reach out and touch her, to see if she was real, but he did not dare. Too many times he had reached out for something, only to have it disappear in a puff of smoke. It was better to keep walking. Soon he would be at the office where there was no need to question reality.

Something inside him made him turn to face her, but she was gone, just a morning phantom that appeared and disappeared like a fleeting wish. There was nothing more to it. Yet there was, for Joseph Howard began to remember. That one ghost of light, touching him so briefly, illuminated all of his life. He saw himself, boy and man. He saw the gradual fall of Joseph Howard, and with these thoughts, there came to his mind a picture from a long, long time ago, a picture of an old house, and a strong woman, and a terrible loss. There, in the midst of the morning rush of a great city, Joseph Howard cried like that child of so long ago, "Momma, momma, where are you?"

# FRONTIER GARRISON

When the vices and the license of the haughty Roman knights,  
Bred inner wasting vicissitudes in Rome's abating might,  
There stood upon the arid grits of vanquished Punic lands,  
The long-forgotten cohorts guarding precious Roman sand.

As wanton maudlin senators gorged pompous revelry,  
And sold the Tyrian purple into endless tyranny,  
Stalwart as the pines they watched, the lonely legions stood,  
Rusting in their vigilance in guarding Roman wood.

Down the line of princes from the pinnacle of might,  
Commodus led the motley mob, malignant was his blight.  
For eons in their solitude, they stood with time-worn swords.  
As steadfast as the polar star, they fought barbaric hordes.

The tyrants came, the tyrants went, the purple lost its hue,  
The innards of the great domain neared their death long-due.  
Within, the armies of the field were locked in anarchy,  
But begirt the realm, the gendarmes hung in hopeless apathy.

The goblets filled, the blood did spill in endless civil strife,  
But loyal sentries stood their ground preserving Roman vice.  
It has been wondered now and then and will be evermore,  
A nut with such a stubborn shell and such a rotten core.

• Vincent P. Hauber, Jr.



# *Pop*

## *Poem*

### *# 1*

Hold my hand, together we will go  
to join an evening movie show.  
(Pardon, Pardon, please excuse;  
I didn't mean to scuff your shoes.)  
Worn carpeting, faces worn and haggard as they leave  
And we will take their still-warm seats  
And smell the popcorn left behind  
And we will wear the faces they have worn.  
(Smile, Smile and turn awhile  
Let us be the seers and the seen)  
Smile, Smile enjoy this paradise of celluloid and plush  
And imitation leather on the arms  
Smile, Smile the curtains draw.  
See the people on the screen,  
and turn to meet my faceless face,  
And join the other actors in the place.  
(Your hair flickers with the screen  
Like silver embers in a silver light  
Your eyes two dark and silver stars)

A       The butler will be at fault

H       The ranch cannot be bought

A       The thief will soon be caught

          The kids cannot be taught  
Well, well, well, well, well, wellwellwellwell WELL  
Who ever would have thought  
The butler was at fault,  
The ranch could not be bought,  
The thief be quickly caught,  
The kids could not be taught?  
(I never would have guessed your arms could silver so  
And silver marble in a silver glow)  
And life is fading fast before our eyes  
And curtains close the momentary paradise  
          And all the faceless actors go  
          (And you have lost your silver glow)  
I didn't mean to scuff your shoes  
Pardon, Pardon Please excuse.  
To join an evening movie show  
Hold my hand, together we will go.

• Donald Weber

# *Decision's*

## *Dawn*

Deeper, deeper, deeper still, they will fall  
Who know no table but stimulation.  
Down, down, down the ladder they will advance,  
Knowing what is next only by perchance.

Each step, an ill, to be cured by the form,  
Which, if new, by nature is always the same.  
And yet, the vast we say we are the tame,  
Realizing the rain and not the storm.

The great flood now seeks to rage and engulf,  
And drown in the depths the strong and the soft.  
Will some, realizing, prepare the fight,  
Or will both fade into the crimson light?

• **George E. Bell**

*Dream:*

## *Nineteen Sixty-Four*

• Stanley Brull

HE SAT looking at the drawing and was glad to be finished; the day was over. At last he could go home. Putting his tools away, he thought of Miss \_\_\_\_\_, how he despised her pedagogical attitude—it was her fault that he was like he was. Outside he saw her in the sky, gray and darkening, the old mahogany of her face framed in the regularity of hundreds of window panes. It was late. "Finish cleaning up and go home," he thought. But the barren January sky, the dusky mood of the clouds made him pause, slowing his actions with their hypnotic morphine.

Finally, he grabbed his things and walked toward the door. Opening it he faced the endless maze, the arteries of the

building, halls and stairways—catacombs of polished terrazzo.

Walking down the hall the clatter of his footsteps was magnified by the emptiness. Hollow, clattering sounds drowned out his thoughts. He realized that the more he heard these steps, the faster he walked until he was completely engulfed in the endless clatter of sharp, stiletto sounds.

He felt again that he was alone, that he could not breathe in this noisy world lest the very sound of his breath suffocate him. Wanting a fast way out he turned left down the east hall toward the elevator. Five flights of metal steps would be more than he could take. Practically running he saw three colored girls at the far end of the hall—then the red glow of the signal light. The scraping voices of the girls annoyed him. The hum of the elevator combined with the other noise to bring it to a pitch. He was running wildly, desperately—

"Wait! Wait!" he heard himself crying. "Please don't close the door."

He ran into the elevator. The girls were huddled in a group in one corner, clattering away. The elevator was already moving. Red figures flicked before him; he felt as though the elevator was falling from under him. He was in the elevator but his feet weren't on the floor. Gravity pulled him down but the elevator fell faster. He wanted to scream—

The elevator was gliding down the shaft now, and he continued to fall with it, sick and giddy with the helpless feeling that he was caught in this flying thing and had to go where it went. The girls, still huddled in the corner, were incessantly chattering, louder and louder. "They're twins," he thought, looking at them. "The two short ones are twins." He felt he couldn't bear the noise any longer—the noise, the noise . . .

Gliding smoothly to a stop, the elevator reached the ground floor and heavy metal doors clanged open. He looked up and saw the rows and rows of red buttons. Now the cage was opening and the outer doors were folding back.



The first floor was not so hollow, he felt, as the others. It seemed to be filled with life, an overflow of life that filled in the lonely spots. For here the day outside looked brighter, but the hell of noise still hung over him like a shroud, choking him and at the same time filling him with activity.

He checked out now, looking casually about at the familiar scene of the office. Despite the late hour, typewriters were pounding away and voices rose one above the other into a crescendo. He knew he could run out now, but he didn't want to. He drank at the fountain, lit a cigarette, and headed for the lobby.

As the door closed behind him, he felt himself freed and relaxed, bathed in a sort of balmy repose. The sky above was still grey; the branches of the few trees looked barren; and the grass was brown. Far ahead he saw the three girls walking together, much quieter now, and the distance made them seem smaller, much smaller.

The lines in the concrete flicked by. He walked mechanically with his eyes to the ground. He noticed that the noises of the city around him did not bother him at all now, not now. A group of children were playing, laughing, and screaming wildly; a large truck shifted gears; his feet tapped a steady pattern of noise on the concrete.

The trees would soon come into leaf, he thought. The laziness of summer would come. Sound, activity, birth, becoming.

But now for him there was dying.

# Footnote to "America"

Yes maam  
No maam I'm sorry but  
Your left-handed kanitalin pin  
For your right-handed hootnaney is  
And you'll have to leave it  
I know you can't live without  
Yes Mrs. or is it  
What difference does it  
Make Miss take  
Your business elsewhere if you don't like our

America I don't give a damn about your trouble  
You don't care what I need  
You love yourself so why should I  
America I've been reduced to three nerves  
In my abdominal cavity  
I don't dare show you my real self  
I don't trust the whole female population  
America you've legalized off-track petting  
America you're a nice place to visit

Stand still when I'm talking to you  
Can't you see there's been a great loss suffered here  
America you're full of emptiness  
Not to mention the holes  
You don't even know which end is up  
You just know which end  
Somehow I get the feeling you're just like me America  
Only you're not letting anybody know

• **Tom Concannon**

# A PRANK

Donne's death dies,  
but the  
Predator of the predestined  
prevails;  
Neither Knowing  
nor  
Nearing Nothingness.

Every Existence Inevitably  
Ends,  
save  
such  
Whose Whole Weal  
Worries and Withers  
WISDOM.

For  
Fewer than Few  
Fail to Follow  
The Favor of  
FATE.

• David M. Schroeder III

# Childhood

Snowman  
made  
by immature hands  
loved by immature minds  
then  
after a short time  
left alone  
and little  
cared about;  
thus, he dies  
never again  
to be  
a snowman  
but perhaps—perhaps  
later  
to be  
remembered.

• Phillip F. Lieske

**1964 Evergreen Quarterly  
Art Exhibit  
April 8-April 10**







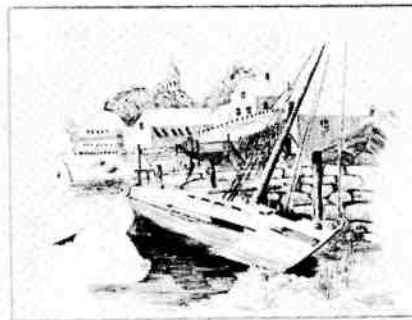
*Above:* Second place painting by Stanley Brull

*Left:* First place painting by Stanley Brull

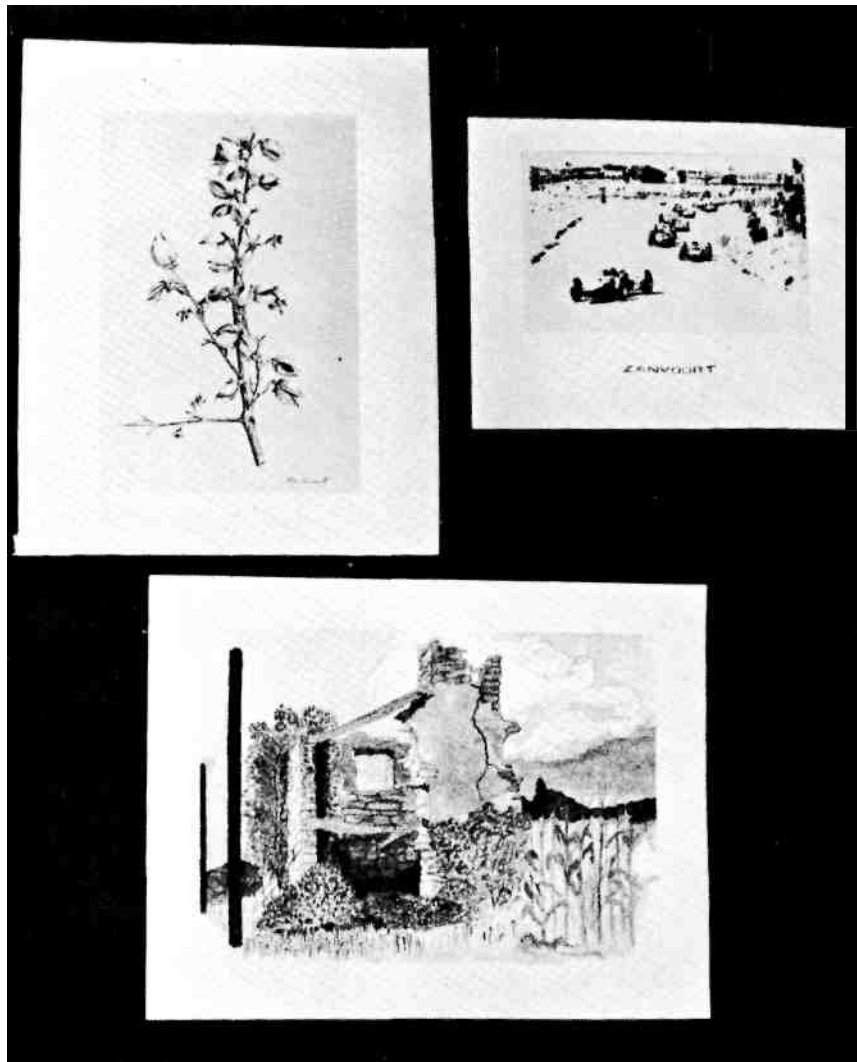


Third place painting—P5 by Charles Thompson, P12 by Dick Fleming,  
and P14 by Rodolfo Zea





First and second place sketches by Wade Emmett



Third place sketches—upper left by Wade Emmett, upper right by Colin Delpi, and bottom by Wade Emmett



First and second place photographs by George Wise



Third place photograph by Robert Santoni

Due to technical difficulties the first place sculpture by J. Alan Blake could not be reproduced.

# From a

## Poetry Workshop

During the first semester a number of students participated in a poetry workshop under the direction of Dr. Kinter. Each Wednesday at 11:00 a. m. they met in Millbrook House to discuss each other's poetry. In this informal manner serious poetry was produced with an intensity rare to this campus. On the next few pages are some of the results of the workshop, left untitled as they were written, but numbered for easier reference.

Those members of the workshop represented are Richard Kraft, James Traglia, and Gary Atkinson.



Where winter's lash whips o'er the earth  
And strips the land of living warmth,  
I shivered near the phony hearth  
And felt a million miles from home.

When icy rasps of Northern blasts  
Had burned my face to deep blue-red,  
I prayed to God to help me last  
Out there, a million miles from home.

On one dark night the gale blew wild  
And screamed across the frozen plain,  
I thought I heard a crying child  
So many million miles from home.

It was no child of flesh and bone  
That cried to me on that dark night,  
Yet I felt no longer alone  
Although a million miles from home.

A quiet peace o'er came me then  
Despite the cold and raging wind  
I knew the child had come from heaven  
To take me back to my distant home.

• Kraft

## 2

Tobi awakens  
and is covered with snow  
and he is sure that he will die—  
and yet he is not afraid.  
And so he lies there,  
and doesn't move,  
and only thinks of shooting stars—  
and wilted flowers—  
and autumn—  
and the fate of yesterdays  
which even he has forgotten.

Tobi speaks to those who weep

Tears are enough if  
tears help you; for  
tears move me but little.  
Tears neither melt the snow nor another's heart; and  
tears only turn to ice in the lonely cold  
tears of ice to increase the snow:  
tears help the snow  
but not my memory.

• Traglia

### 3

Complete  
in ultraviolet ecstasy resounding with cosmic echoes of  
wailing silent  
howling moans of quiet,  
Two bodies  
wrapped in truth lie glistening naked in overwhelming  
darkness  
straining pushing sweating blood and warm tears of joyful  
pleasure pain  
Sweetly violent savage beauty.

Praising Creation  
hands touch trembling life and Time  
for once  
is Now.

Body and Spirit in both united in themselves and to the other  
and to the  
Other but to no other save these.



Only once am I, too, he who am and not just God  
Only once is darkness light  
Only once is nothing seen yet all is known complete by smell  
and touch  
and taste: revolting in its transcending mystery sweetness  
Only once is social religious empty commands and fraudulent  
adoration  
of zero entwined with everlasting fear and hate  
replaced  
by neverending prayer and praise juxtaposed with joy and  
love  
Only once is Truth replaced for social happy hysterical  
bromides  
marijuana of the mind  
Only once is conforming non-conformity lost to poetic  
unpublished  
manuscripts etched on poetic unpublished minds  
Only once is thermonuclear raindrop nightmare fantasy  
Only once is anti-social society, anti-Christ Christian religious  
prism  
harangues and grasping groveling gangster givers and takers  
lost in  
obscure non-existence, lost in zero, lost in themselves  
And  
Only once is hygienic sterile glaccine-wrapped life submerged  
in Life.  
  
Blessed souls but once  
two bodies He glistening naked in overwhelming darkness of  
neverending  
Light.

• James Traglia

## 4

How swiftly,  
    but with agonizing  
    slowness,  
Time passes.

Gone forever,  
    yet living in our  
    memories,  
So childhood.

Maturity,  
    the unwanted but  
    welcome,  
Has arrived.

Life is here,  
    to be lived to its  
    fullest,  
At last.

• R. Kraft

## 5

The withered hand of doom  
Touching my shoulder  
Bid me follow down the crooked path of now,  
Led me past this budding age of then  
Towards the dwindling days of when.  
On the way I sought from her reply  
For my always present plea of why?  
And she knew but could not tell  
That answer must be sought in Hell.

The withered hand of doom  
Touching my shoulder  
Bid me follow down the crooked path of now,  
Led me past the budding age of then  
Towards the dwindling days of when.  
Blindly stumbling I pleaded why?  
But my host would not reply.  
He knew all things, but could not tell.  
That answer must be sought in Hell.

• Atkinson

## 6

Crawling up  
From the cobwebbed dungeon  
Of a ticker tape heart—  
A Beast-  
Grasping, clutching  
To its blue chipped body,  
Young men, cardboard men,  
Nodding men, grey flannel men.  
Pushing them up paper ladders-  
No erasures;  
Cramming their Dow-Jones minds  
With ant-like marching figures;  
Urging them to buy, sell-  
Die;  
Forcing their penthouse gazes upward,  
For deities dwell in high places;  
And at last breaking into pieces,  
The Beast entered each soul.

• Gary Atkinson

# 7

Endless Stardust  
falling  
escapes the net I hold to catch it.  
Unperceived before perception  
unimaginable until known  
*seen* only for that moment at which it is perceivable;  
it escapes.

External existence my perception imparting  
yet I can but remember it distorted  
in the light of that Stardust  
falling

Endlessly  
from everlasting unknown Soon  
to reality through me Now  
to the land of distortion Once  
Stardust falls and escapes the net I hold to catch it.

• Traglia



# Where *Do* the Ducks Go?

• Stuart I. Rochester

IT WAS cold outside. A cab wound its way through the park, casting an eerie shadow on the light-sprinkled grass. The figure in the back seat squirmed uneasily. Holden was restless. A solicitous query interrupted the deafening silence: "You know those ducks in that lagoon right near Central Park South? That little lake? By any chance do you happen to know where they go, the ducks, when it gets all frozen over? Do you happen to know, by any chance?" . . . No answer . . .

Holden tried again. "Do you happen to know, by any chance? Do you happen to know . . .?"

There is no immediate solution to Holden Caulfield's perplexity. The path of revelation is a lengthy one, obstructed by delusion and indecision. But as Holden traverses the path in *The Catcher in the Rye*, delusion gradually becomes perception, and indecision, resolution. And with this prospect, the original question concerning the whereabouts of the ducks reflects a complicated and consequential issue from which Holden's ultimate realization concerning the relationship between childhood and adulthood proceeds. An investigation of Holden's inquiry into the destination of the ducks entails an examination of the museum and carousel episodes. The three segments—the pond, the museum, the carousel—shed light on one another, and together illuminate the evolution of the revelation: the barren lagoon, where the ducks no longer dwell, poses the question; the museum, where a disparity between reality and his idealism is discovered, allows Holden to come into direct contact with his problem; and the carousel, where the revelation is made, solves the problem.

Holden unknowingly presents his own problem when the desolate pond prompts him to ask the cab driver whether the ducks which previously inhabited the area have been taken away by a truck, or have flown south. Upon actually returning to the pond, he remembers the ducks from his early childhood days; as he has gotten older, the ducks have similarly undergone the cycle of life, and now are nowhere to be seen. In observing the lagoon, Holden subconsciously considers his own basic problem—that of correctly evaluating childhood and adulthood, or in his mind, innocence and phoniness. He is a very perplexed adolescent who does not want to become an adult, lest he should acquire the inherent phoniness which he associates with adulthood. While seeking to retard his own approach toward adulthood, Holden also tries to impede

his little sister Phoebe's natural development; hence, the "Catcher" image arises from the attempt to rescue youth from the adult field of corruption. One means by which the attainment of adulthood can be permanently prevented is through dying during childhood, as his beloved brother Allie—the eternal child—had. Thus, in pondering the whereabouts of the ducks, Holden actually subconsciously contemplates disappearance or death as the means of achieving his perpetual childhood.

It is true that Holden constantly fails in his efforts to communicate with society; however, his desire to compensate for this lack of communication by traveling elsewhere is really a manifestation of his longing toward disappearing into a stable environment—a kind of pilgrimage "south," like that of the ducks. This lack of communication is evident in the forms of Holden's numerous uncompleted phone calls, his undelivered messages at Ernie's and at the Wicker Bar, and his reluctance to communicate equally with Sunny, a prostitute. Realizing his inability to communicate, but still not conscious of the primary force motivating his desire to disappear, Holden considers several paths of escape. However, even running off with Sally Hayes, becoming a ranch employee in Colorado, or becoming a deaf-mute gas station attendant (a notion which perhaps best exemplifies his sense of total lack of communication with society) obviously will not satisfy his needs; he must find another means of fulfilling his quest for perpetual childhood.

Holden tries to find such an avenue of escape by prematurely anticipating death. His thoughts of committing suicide and his feigning bullet wounds after Maurice, the elevator operator, strikes him are both indications of Holden's thinking about attaining a state of eternal youth. This attitude is also evident in Holden's almost hopeful anticipation of dying of pneumonia near the pond, and subsequently becoming the



center of attraction for the throng of adults at his funeral; this particular notion is tempered by the realization that little Phoebe's unsullied innocence might be tainted by her presence at the ostentatious proceedings.

The museum situated in the park provides Holden with still another way to withdraw from society. Very confused and unable to truly confront his problem in the transient, hectic world in which he finds himself ensnared, Holden perceives a sort of refuge in the museum amidst the unchanging forms of embalmed mummies and encased pictures. Ironically, the museum serves not as a refuge from bewilderment and irresolution, but as a medium of confrontation with the problem. While Holden wants time to cease so that he and Phoebe "and the other kids" to which he refers may never be subjected to the transition from childhood to adulthood, he first becomes profoundly aware of the concept of change and progression in the museum. He initially observes that in contrast to the unmoving, seemingly unchanging figures in the museum, only the people who visit the museum, including Phoebe, change. However, later Holden notices that even adjacent to the ancient Egyptian mummies are marked changes in the form of present-day obscenities. Just as vulgarity has pervaded the pristine forms of the museum, so adult "phoniness" will penetrate the pure, untarnished veneer of childhood. Thus, Holden gradually is nearing the ultimate revelation that time cannot stand still, and that change must inevitably occur, even in the museum—that time cannot be imprisoned, or innocence captured, in glass cases.

The profound realization fostered by the observation in the museum is yet only on a subconscious level. When Holden notes in the museum the two sets of ducks, both apparently migrating south, he is again confronted with his question to the cab driver about the destination of the inhabitants of the lagoon. His rumination as to whether any of the ducks "fall"

in pursuing new environment reflects his concern for his own future, and recalls the "fall" of which Spencer, his professor, had warned. Ironically, Holden is to transcend the gulf between childhood and adulthood, in making his revelation, by essentially "falling"—that is, by removing himself from the control of Phoebe's destiny, and thereby committing a kind of suicide.

The series of incidents immediately preceding the carrousel episode give rise to the revelation. When Phoebe shuns the red hat, a symbol of Allie's red hair, and tells Holden to leave her alone, Holden has reached a complete impasse in communication. Rejecting the red hat, Phoebe discards the cloak of perpetual youth embodied in the person of Allie, who is in turn embodied in the form of the red hat. Holden's complete rejection, complete solitude, generates an emergence from the "cloud of unknowing." Holden laughs rather than vomits at the profane language of the two men delivering a Christmas tree. His admission of "I don't know why" in regard to the new sensation he experiences while observing the incident indicates that he has a conscious awareness of the change overcoming him but as yet cannot explain it. As he progresses down the street and finds himself strangely "falling" off the curb—the "cliff," so to speak—he summons Allie from beyond to cure his anxiety, to prevent his disappearing like the ducks. Holden proceeds further toward his revelation in his admission that every "F—k You" sign can neither be obliterated, nor concealed from the virginal vision of children. In the walk to the park following Phoebe's rejection, Holden is totally alone. Appropriately, the problem is illuminated in the darkness of his brief solitude. In effect, the revelation has been achieved at this point.

When Holden allows Phoebe to reach for the gold ring on the carrousel, it is clear that the realization is complete. Holden has at last discerned that Phoebe is not the eternal

child, that he can no longer protect her innocence, and that she must be exposed to the "phoniness" and corruption which confront all who make the inexorable advance on adulthood. The presentation of Holden at the end realizing that the red hat cannot protect Phoebe, just as the hat cannot shield him from the rain, is a firm conclusion to a skillfully cultivated revelation.

The three significant symbolic elements involved in the development of Holden's revelation—the pond, the museum, the carrousel—have been seen to be intricately interrelated in the interpretation of the question, "Where do the ducks go?" All essentially deal with the cycle of life. Holden's revelation in itself is an acknowledgment that one cannot possibly control the cycle of life. The pond is not completely uninhabited in the winter, but it is "partly frozen and partly not frozen," sustaining life continuously. The museum cannot defy change, but must also undergo some degree of evolution. The carrousel, the merry-go-round of life, is not dormant in the winter, but attracts children throughout the year, affording them the opportunity to grasp the gold ring. Similarly, Phoebe is unable to remain the eternal child, but must proceed toward adulthood. And, of course, some ducks will journey south in the winter, and some will subsequently return in the spring. Thus the significance of the question "Where do the ducks go?" does not lie in its answer but in what it affords by analysis—an illumination of the problem confronting Holden Caulfield and of the resolution of the problem in the form of the revelation at the carrousel. Though Phoebe is the immediate instrument of revelation, it is Holden's original query that subconsciously but persistently beacons the way through the darkness of delusion to enlightenment.

# Vibrations

Grey and somber, overcast  
 Snarled bare branches  
 last  
 leaves are left  
 few and lonely  
 Brown with age  
 geometry  
 of windows cage  
 Shiny-bright invented gauge  
 See the vibrant sage!  
 Winding web of uncurled nature  
 Glorious, augustus freed  
 Count  
 Septum, octum, nonum, decum  
 Delve into the depths of  
 power  
 Shower  
 the clock  
 See the twelve  
 the seven and sixty  
 Ruin the bastard child.  
 Against a web  
 Vibrations seen  
 Violent clash  
 of sky  
 of green

against the artificial block  
the clock  
Of mortal creatures vain conceit  
Open the hapless lock.  
Bars of reason  
crumble  
Crash.  
Ageless giant flutter  
flash  
Dashed against the ancient  
Rocks of ash  
broken brittle bars  
lie smashed.  
Save the metal, save the child  
dead  
is the unbred syncopation  
but save the nation of fools.  
Melt the broken  
bastard  
Pieces  
Char the bars and bricks of  
hate  
'till syllogism ceases.  
Love-temper raw red molten liquid  
Hammer with understanding  
Cease demanding  
symmetry  
Let bars  
bend  
and move  
be free.

• Stanley Brull

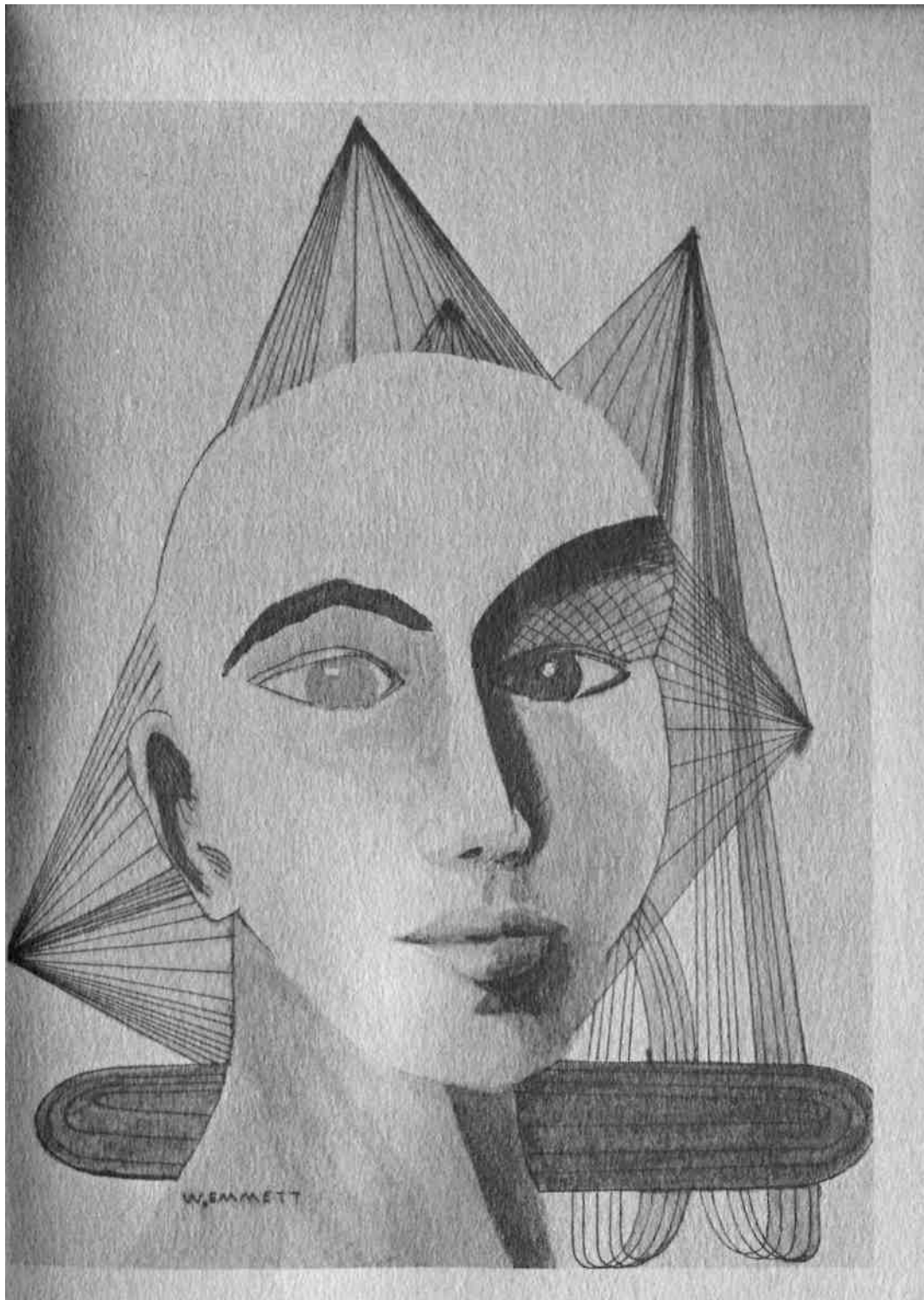
# *This Dignity*

Wear thy stigma well and walk straight  
For noble birth means more than this.  
Sum of difference and misplace  
Stand firm upon decision's race.

Carry thy cross, let none miss it.  
Spit, stones, and spite all hurled at once  
Did not stop that Chosen Banner.  
Carry thy cross, let none miss it.

Motionless, think of destiny,  
For lofty thoughts expel the foul,  
And another's age will firmly say  
This was man's epiphany day.

• **George E. Bell**



THE UNDISCOVERED SELF

