

SEPT-63

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COLUMNS SEPTEMBER 1963

a literary periodical published by the students
of Drew University, Madison, New Jersey

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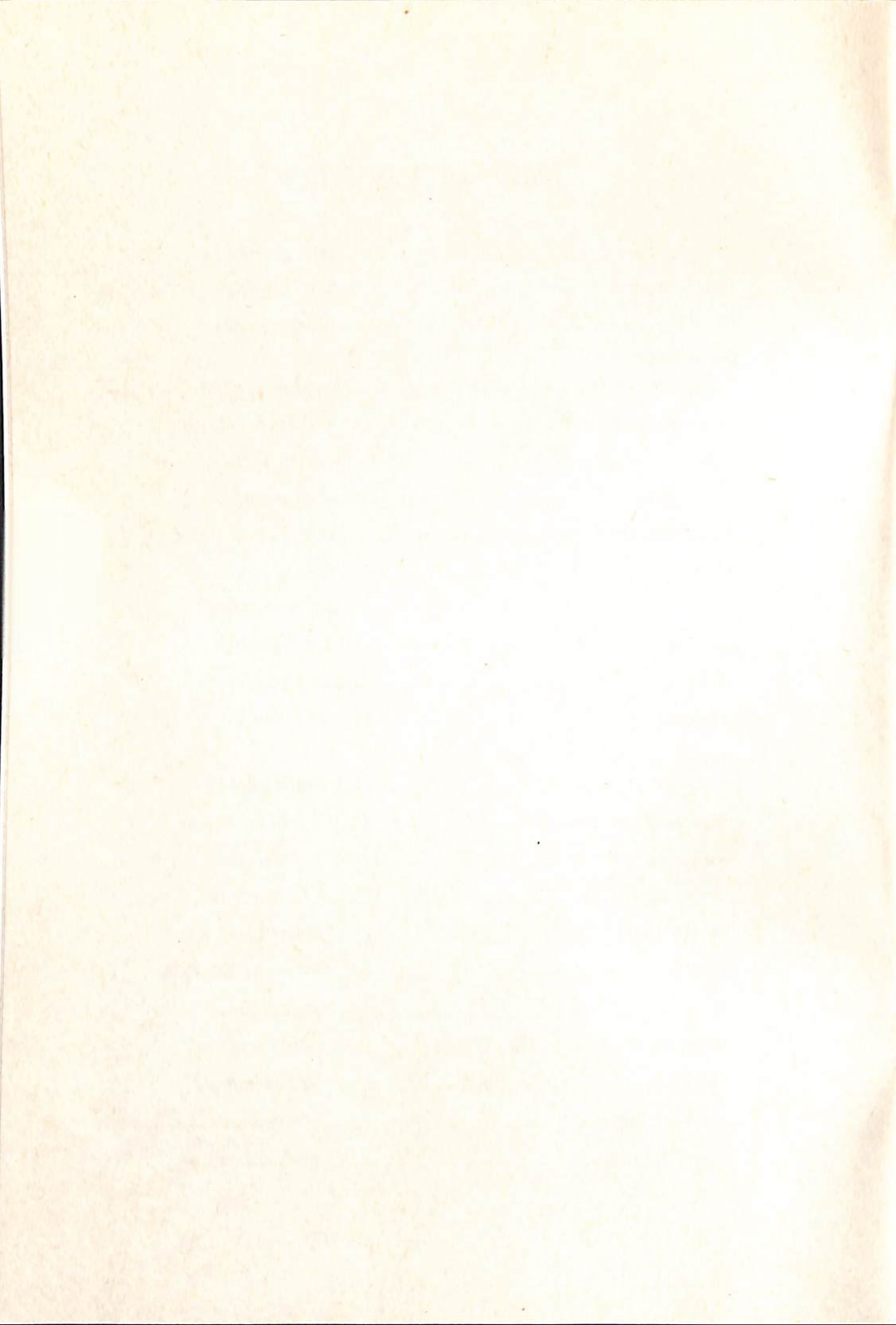
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The Spider-King

now that i know the secret

that when the candle is lit the dragon is alive

i will never let it go out

thru the round window
thru the blue mists

fuji

the dragon guards these moments
i know the spider in the crack
beneath the vase
watches with me

the shifting patterns
of eternal snow

for three seasons i have watched
and the many tender spiders
that moor their palaces to me
often watch

what did that mighty prince say?

come rule his land?

when i can share the palace of my friends
and watch the peerless mountain

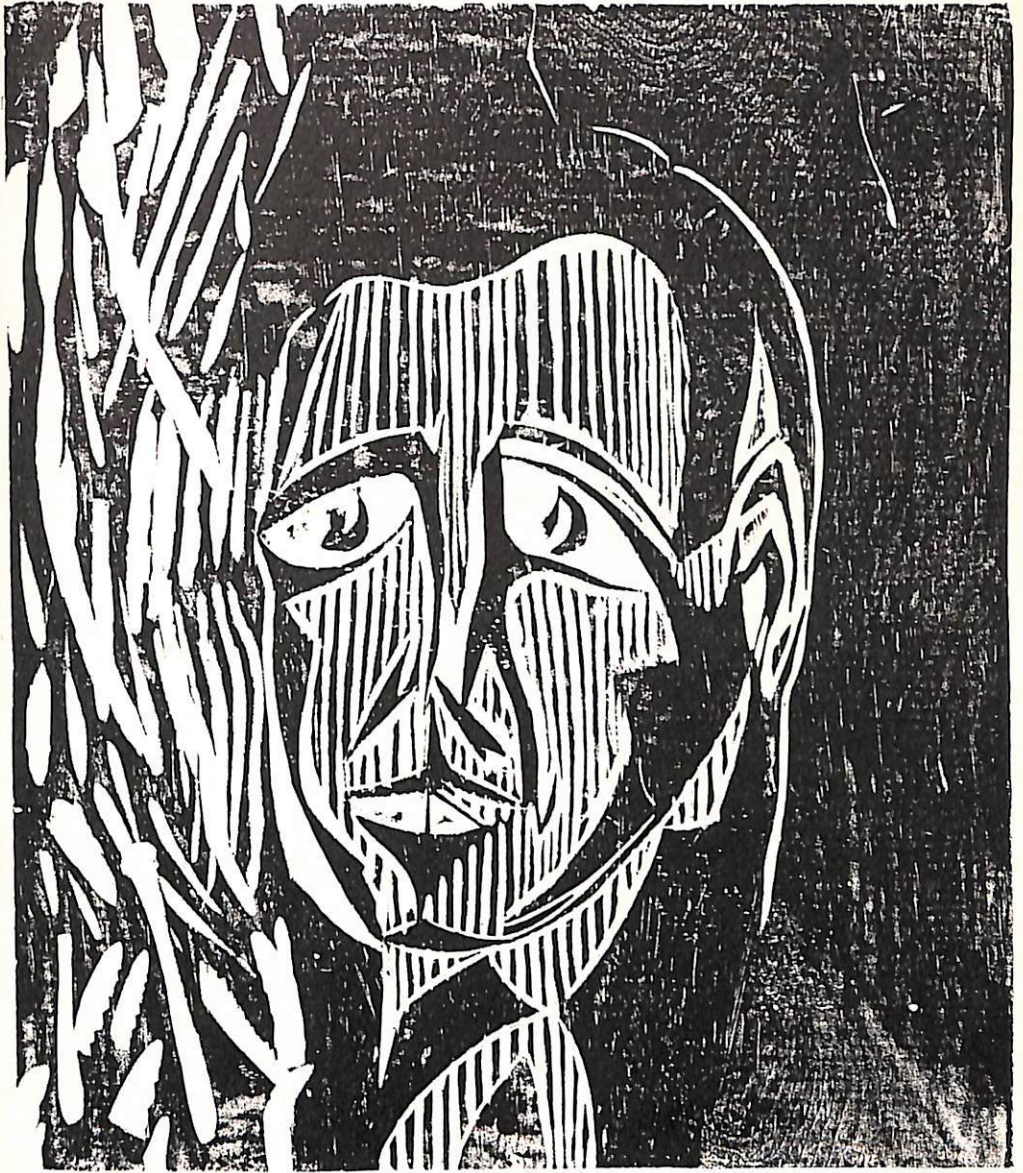
Neil Greenberg

This is Innocence You Yearn

this is innocence you yearn
like some lathing primordial
wanting play, the playing sand?
likewise intelligence,
ours too fallen with glee
into the academy of absurd
and only this remaining
from an ancient halidom of details
from gestures of shriek-children
pecking at continuance
in this furious conviction.

and then these bells that rush within
wrung without hearing
winnowing in flight
these pyrite bells
all dampered, slutted.
the children dumbled and deafen
now fumbling in mute sighs
no innocence on this pedastalic plane
we have not known those children
or the bells.
after all, after this modern man
now spasm, and the
playing sands.

L. N. Kendrick



FACE — *Robert Benner*

The Atlantic Still

(to Hart Crane)

This is the silence of the thing.
The water-tops break dead choirs
across the bending of the shore,
crushing gray palaces in the dawn.

A gull sport wind winds the spindled mast,
and a ripe rippled wave
tears the list and hollow heeled echo
of a steel-sided passage.

These are ungentle waters,
and the withered wave's
Sargasson clutch plods
even an ancient moon
across an endless sky.

Through corridors of a winter sea
the ghosts of dreaming
move dark moons across the crests;
The pace of the Atlantic still
whips the glinting green of a wind-raced dirge —
And a shell gathering sea
the minion of the moon.

Stephen Spiegel

to marianne moore

She rose
above the silence
of the thistledown
on a crystalline blade of light
shimmering sunwards,
in a redolent rain.

William T. Swaine

Wake

Wild one, know that we shall walk
The dark green silence of the night —
where mushrooms glow
And few ferns wave
To whisper with the stars:

Your lightest touch will guide my tread
Along the mossed and pebbled wake,
Below the clouded
Moon-shaped sky
Until your eyes seek mine.

Mickey Jones



LANDSCAPE — *Maryann Zolota*

What Each Man Lends

what each man lends
only the borrower knows:
a still glowing cigarette
tossed in unknown haste
to die in the eddying waste
is the catalyst of imagery.
a snowbank rainbow
pulsing red then white
thrown by some unseen light
from a growling car, soon gone,
is my weeping blood.
the flash of spun hair
in sunlight biting my eye
and leaving, not knowing i
would gladly hang in such curls,
the candy of my dreams.
Leave what you must without regret
someone will suck its life
and in such sucking thirst
give you back immortality.

Robert M. Davidson

No Words Can Tell

No words can tell
The wind who strokes the Night
With warm breath on her wrist
Melting green branches
Or you, born under a moon
Gypsy with music, and frosted smiles
For the night blinds in fog changes
And you with your people smile.

Mickey Jones

The Cellist

he lifted his lips from the nipple to watch the stranger walk by.

strange place for a nipple, thought the stranger, but he continued on the mossy path. He stepped out of Arden and fell reverently to his knees. He crawled deliberately to the center of the great hyperthral theatre, climbed the seven stairs and deposited himself at teller thirteen's window, claiming his two bayberrycandles reward.

He oriented himself (a simple operation) and his now slanted eyes faced the multitudinous mandrills who were standing on their seats wiggling their brightly colored asses in a blinding display of adulation.

from horizon to horizon a great mass of pastel-lipped furry patrons-of-the-arts quivered in unison expectation.

Despite the unabated cheering of the lanate masses, a decapitated fellow who was just budding a new head, but looked like his neck was blowing a bubble, handed the maestro his cello. All at once the quiet fell and unannounced a dolorous melody was wafted toward the bleachers by twentysevensacredvirgins with littleroundfans.

half the mandrills swooned in honest ecstasy and the rest most silently fornicated. One neglected adolescent sighed. maestro froze—

stared—
picked up his cello—
threw it—
and impaled the rude one.
writhing—
pinned to his seat—
he expired.

slowly the hysteria rose to 187 decibels, and on stage, the first amaranth faded.

Neil Greenberg

To j. w.

Part I.

i.

I woke
with more than self.
the sounds of my upended comfort
were the rank fill of water.
fell into lucid air
wrung past upwards, surrealisms,
clouds of pure perhapses.
inmotion faulted leaves
pointed the dilemma,
condominious abstractions.

ii.

now
in the pure perhaps
of morning
of hazes, of glistenings
of sounds blown before wind
you and I my friend
you moving and your shadow moving
why do you dream
of that compensatory returning
to night.
you who look as if
a fine rain falls gentlest
from your eyes,
the wind might have been
your sight.
why do you look
and in the great wheeling
of your crippled shadow
disappear?

iii.

of mornings and inviolate wakings
the purple is slow
the dews are slower
the caustic iterations of shadows
fallen closer
remaining the green limbs
black beneath trees.

hear,

it is the rising of shadows
against this compatability,
against this gentlest stain
of your hand-held violets
spilt in the shade . . .

let me only describe

here where it is not desert
here the temperate;
understanding of motionless.
here being is being lost
while weepings stir, the scene
is white
white veil and silent
the soft dropping of puffed spiders
past the leaned pines.

Part II.

i.

I was alone most
remote.
retracted
in silence too fast
wheeling in great rims across

the purple,
 heard singular the apples
 snarl in dinge at the root.
only the girations of nights
 the water the sound
 the Water, stun.
then I pressed whose lips down
to leaves?
at last the fruit mourned
and dreamed.

ii.

enigma of what wind
 do I rise and laugh?
again the consumate repetition
tolls being still.
the night is rainless
and you my friend
I think of how you dreamed
of one who was that fine rain
even before you felt
the afternoon and the afternoon
the night rainless . . .

remembering,
I am delivered into night
where black suns
tongue the wind warm.
I know
the comraderie of night-gatherers
yours;
the evenings, the mornings
when change is that thing peace.

L. N. Kendrick

With Lute Music

the tide lapped at her thighs
from the depths of the cistern
you know they are caressing

in the halfight you know the lute has no strings
the music comes from the cistern

the warmness of the breeze closes the
tallest flowers and then bends them
and then they crack

they have all cracked
all but the grass before the breeze

and in the cistern you know
that love is being born
like the air bears the petals
from the tallest flowers

the halfight has faded to otherness
and from the cistern you hear now his sobs

it must be ripped out
torn from him
his body shredded
like the tallest flowers
to bear love

he has failed

death does not come so easily
in the halfight
on a warm breeze
with lute music

Neil Greenberg



I LOOKED UP . . . — *Ward Landrigan*



THE WHITE CLOCK (AFTER CEZANNE) — *Robert Benner*

the natant breath

i

we sat by the beachback bonfire
the dwindling august constellations
mounted for copulation but really too tired.

or rather you insisted that you were so tired
and 'my-darlings' stuttered with the ocean grind
alliterating my latelove bauble with dissilient guffaw.

you deigned to inspect my vexation or whatever
but the bounding blood had settled with a burble
acerbating our moontime palaver nothing more.

ii.

the pas si ono flo
veva nish es dark lyli
keha wk boness aid they psywit
hher mid
nigh teyes whilei perspi red
withveneration.

iii.

lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.

in the context of the sea, light rattles at the poet's foot
and the gulls foot, and at the horns of the wind and the
gulls beak
chilled and voiceless. and there was no light.

iv.

but i am towing an hourglass
thru the ripples
of this rising noesis
and riddled nipples

bobbing in the ribbon of my wake
throw me no kisses.
nor do i expect the flake of the wind
to kneel to my image
following the shadows of the tide.

v.

in the sea's bloom
death sails dourly
and my silence is the song of celebration.
'la terre et ses daims noirs descendent aux
laisses de basse mer. et la mer à pieds
nus s'éloigne sur les sables.'

vi.

these were the omnipotent nights called back
again among the living beings. these were the nights
rolled over into white hatred.

and the abyss reached from the darkness of the
outside to the darkness of the inside. and all was
seasons of death drift back to the sempiternal womb.

and those of the sea came forth with a great
dehiscence of desire — driving at them incessantly
with the thundering surf behind.

and they scratched like chalk on the beaches and
lost their horny shells. and they wandered back into
the continent.

and the oceans and seas washed deep into the
heart of the country, and the constellations were like
brazen pestles and each being was unto himself his own
mortar.

and the forest shattered into glass.
and the winds lay deep in the grass
and were still.

vii.

a hounddog in a far off cottage
cought the leg of the instant
and i smiled with my teeth
reflecting the skyborn confetti.
we had a colligation then
remember you received my bearded apothegm.
or rather you coaxed me
to reveal the secret of humour in love
so i lit a cigarette impavidly.

viii.

the blind claw wishes
for the profund ebb it once knew
as dead as sand
straining violently on footwhite beaches.
and wishes for our teatless mewing
silent in the catches
of its whorny rain.
and wishes for the pleasantries of blood born
coagulated in a flood of sand.

William T. Swaine

Sea-Snake

How many times
my thoughts, that gathered beneath
the rising of the moon,
have scattered to the sea
and gull-lined shoals that stand sentry
to the dawn.

From granite cliffs
the screaming gull
trebles danger to my sullen heart.
But morning silence still of lapping foam,
speaks whispers of the sea
that surfaces the sun;
and grinning faces shine
the silver secret kisses
of the spring.

Stephen Spiegel

the martyr

i. the walk.

the sky-slate plays late-
ness upon my mind; the yellow
weeds hang down, down.
the tallen trees sing
in medieval length — they
gray, gray-white in the receding lightness.

ii. the inquisitor.

did you Dare?

silence

do you Dare?

i am alone

the conflagration is done

have you Spoken?

hear the leaves,

brown and milk-tan;

now wan in beauty.

have you Laughed?

a hawk falls in the sound

of my heart.

we are Friend

i am alone i am

i am alone i am

only memory

iii. the prayer.

demosthenes i share your fate

hanging lipped on this weed

my golden bird is singing

in the reeds; the tiger

is in the wheat and the flow

is water: the sound is near.

L. N. Kendrick



DREAM FUSION — *Robert Kaye*

Love is a Loom

love is a loom
a lilt of linger
a may or can
a promise of
whispers a
passage of pain
a waiting of
wonder a
meeting of moans
a loss of self
in hurting of
feeling of too
bitter a taste
of passion of
halting the start
of starting the
end of looming
always in unison
for
love is a loom.

Robert M. Davidson

To Watch

Do you remember the waiting willows
Who stood grey and silver in the light
To watch those who hunt for stars
In poppy meadows and long grass,
And those laughing in the noon who wove
Childlike, the twilight caves of branches
For their night, and who stilled their laughter
In the dawn when the stars faded . . .

Mickey Jones

49th Street at Midnight

*Dead my old fine hopes
And dry my dreaming
But still . . .
Iris blue, each spring.*

—Hosan

Casting for dreams of other things
And other places I do not know,
In the uncorrupted platitudes,
Desperate hopes and monkish lust
Of city streets mixed with dust.

My green-silent youth,
Remember other things:

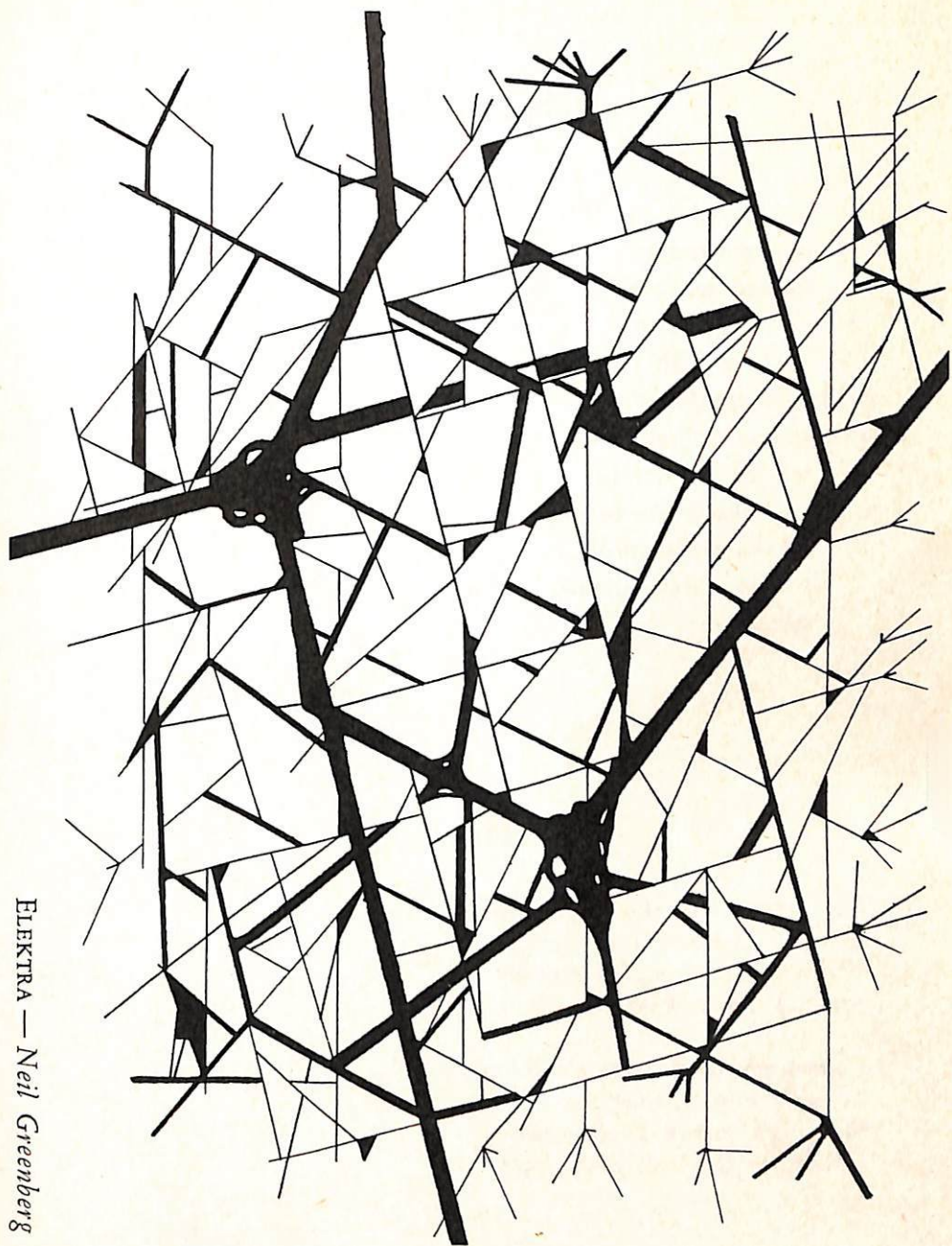
Eternal sigh of stars that wink
At ruined shapes and half-remembered
Silences. Yet hidden in a curious
Basement, the quick futility halts most
Secretly and afraid, here lost
Amid the skilfullness of night
The darkness covers all in dreaming quiet.
A sheaf of captured moon spreads
Lightly on a Persian carpet,
Memories from its silken threads.
And night closes very softly
In a new embrace.

Green-silent youth,
Remember other things.

Fusilade of tears
Moving into dingy bars beneath
The silvered castle-reach: here from
Season into season of listening hopes,
Shadows of a bending bough are lost
Amid the strident subway's tangent
Millipedes that carry us from
The tinder of day's silent every-death.
Those who would know, would hear,
There is no spring this year.

Stephen Spiegel

ELEKTRA — Neil Greenberg



cerebral ode

o preposterous
inhand sandaled
 hypostasis:
 we wish by
seldom seagulls sink i
pantomimicking enmasse
 we let the trickle
 beach our brains
 . nova nonsensical .
o immeekest dibbuk
exeunt/

William T. Swaine

Interim

Caw's crow bats the south-soft pelts
Hung with heavy feverstain,
Flapping's echo vaults the sky
Spilling out a broken strain.

Crow's caw knifes the sleep-gray wind
Leaning mist against the trees,
Slashing's sorrow tumble down
Filling up the brown-leaf seas.

Paul Zacharczuk



