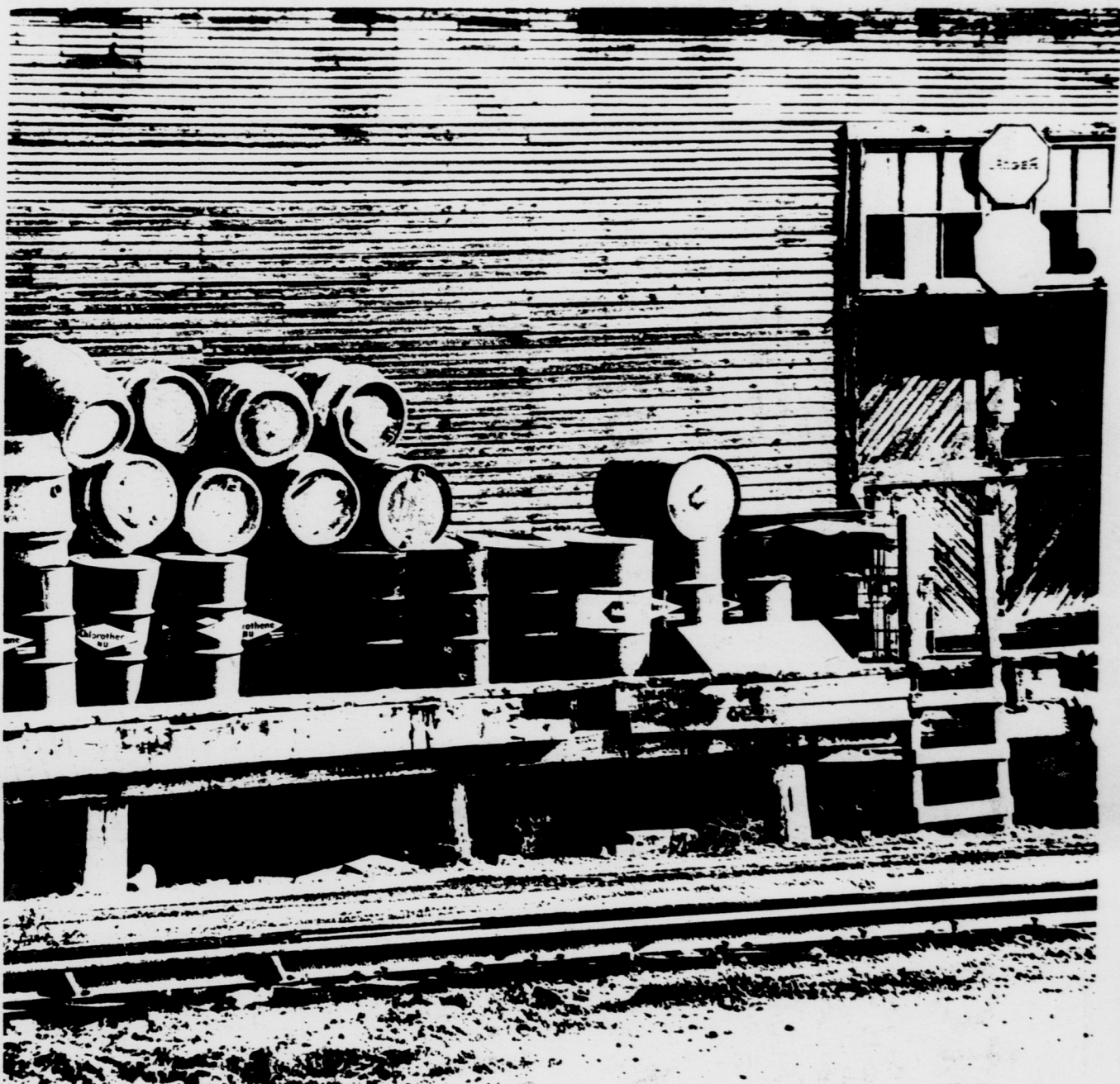
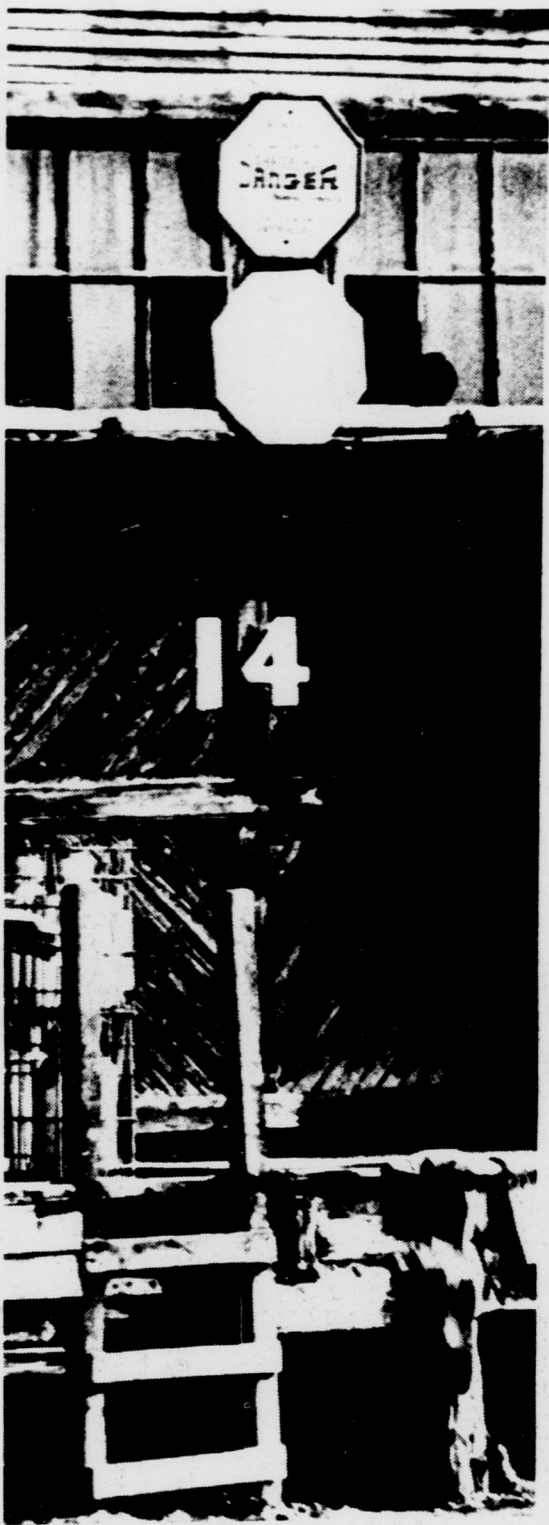
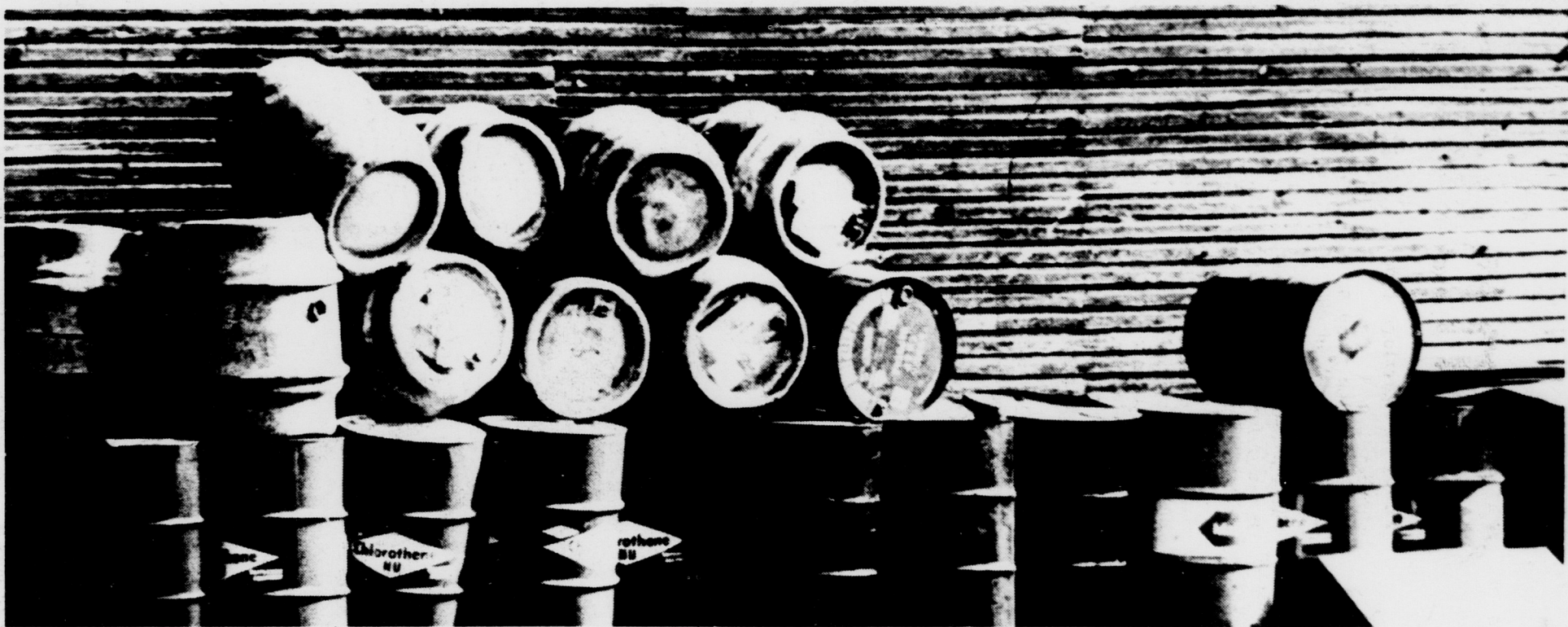


March 10, 1971

TUESDAY



photographs by Roger Hill



poetry / daryl jones

Daryl's poems often speak through personal experience but, unlike the work of many contemporary poets, they do not lapse into obscure personal brooding. Grounded in an awareness of himself, they move outward, conscious in a larger sense of the emotion inherent in persons and incidents — yet each place or individual is always defined within the context of immediate human experience.

In many of these poems human life is existing or slowly dying beneath the "surface" — out of touch with light, air and spirit, the mind and senses muted in the suspension of old age, the depths of water and earth, the imperfect suspension of love, the perfect suspension of death.

Image and language derive directly from their source in the person or incident which concerns them — but each personality, each object can be sounded beneath its appearance. It is below this surface of existence that the poet functions, deep in experience and emotion, exploring the world he knows at new depths where people and things widen to larger statements about themselves and our lives. Among them the poet must quickly choose, carrying back what he can to construct the poem. More follow — deeper breaths bring longer dives, a new vision slows and opens, one becomes at best "conditioned" to the process . . . one can never master it.

Daryl Jones is a graduate student in English at MSU. He has published poetry in several little magazines and is currently the coeditor of PREVIEW (a campus literary magazine). In his spare time Daryl is completing his dissertation on the cultural significance of the dime novel western in 19th century America.

— Dennis Pace

MOLLUSKS

Their history is the sea's:
a slow stirring
in darkness; a silence
hardening to lime. Clenched like fists,
they languish in dark chambers, tossing
on the sea's unsettled bed.

Some, like the blood clam,
bivalved,
or pearl-bellied oyster,
muscle into sand to thwart the moon.
It pulls at them like starfish,
sucks them clean.

Others, like the periwinkle,
storied,
or spined queen conch,
hide in spirals to outwit the sea.
Its rhythmic urge, loosening,
courses deep in jellied vitals.

Sometimes, after storms, we find them
drying on the lip of a barren beach
like delicate pink cloisters, upturned faces
shining like a spinster's ear —
in each of them, something murmuring,
in each of them, something of the sea.

THE MINES

for my Grandfather

i.

All day the inexhaustible blue vein
runs before his headlamp's narrow shining
down into the black depths falling away
from his feet. Teeth and eyes
glance yellow, disappear, and muscled picks
bite and ring through the glistening shaft.
Soon, a weary figure cut from anthracite,
he will rise to the light, the red sun
resting on the slag heaps, heading home.

ii.

The earth, laid open like a scalp,
receives him, gives him back each night
to the woman framed in the pale light
spilling from the porch, cave-ins
deepening her eyes. It does not change.
Soon she will kneel on the kitchen floor
behind the steaming tub, his lean body
slowly soaking white, and gently touch
the blue veins throbbing in his temples.

CARP

We know them as logs,
shadows drifting under slabs
of darkness. They are large,
and weave through hanging cables
of sunlight, sunken cars,
and broken bottles — slowly,
a life among sharp edges.

Often, in roiled water,
we mistake a sunstruck can
for their dull flash. We seldom
really see them. They live deep,
almost beyond our seeing,
armored with the green-gold
fingernails of drowned men.

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photography by Dennis Pace

STILL FISHING AT NIGHT
for Mac

i.
Remember? The lake still
weedless in early March,
the season not yet opened, and we,
anchored beyond all law, our reels
singing with illegal bass?

ii.
Though cold, it was
windless, a night of
silver, the silver
of fat bass flashing
in the net, the silver
of the unexpected
frog I hooked, the fat
moonbelly shining
silver in the silver night.

iii.
In the far darkness clear
across the lake, geese
poised invisibly. Bold
with spring, their calls
somehow were near to us.

We sat imagining
the slow wobble of silver
through liquid dark,
the infinite
deceit of lures
quivering gently in our hands.

iv.
When you moved,
in darkness a deeper
shadow, I moved,
our rocking lives
balanced.

v.
Remember how we dreamed,
rowing home, of beans
and burnt black coffee?

Even then,
as each muffled oar
dipped into stars,
we were leaning
toward today.

SINCE WINTER'S COME

He spirals to the cellar once each night.
Perhaps it is the way the flashlight looms
through mason jars of last year's jam
delights him, the dusty shelves in bloom,
the rows of apricot and grape, the plum,
the marmalade like sunlight under glass.

And he keeps odd hours, stays up late
stretched out full length on the flowered couch.
All night reading the *Farmer's Almanac*,
paging through predicted snow, the sleet,
the somewhat warm, he arrives at Spring.
He tells no one. His neighbors say he drinks.

NO SURVIVORS

It's said men live for days beneath the sea
in great air bubbles trapped between the decks.
Close air, and damp shirts clinging to their backs,
they do not speak. Some weep, some silently
resent the measured breathing at their sides.
But all, grieving, dream of far horizons,
sunlight on blue water. They would rise up
from many fathoms, swim to future lives,
had not their separate deaths at some far place
crossed here, and tangled like sheets round their legs.



Not By Bread Alone

a story

by Ken Pituch

Uncle Walter didn't have baker's hands. Aunt Millie's hands were plump and rosy white, like a fresh pastry. Uncle Walter's hands were narrow and bony with large blue veins that ran like mountain ranges between scars and freckles.

My father once told me that when Uncle Walter was a young man in Poland he had been a fine guitarist. Along with three cousins he had formed the favorite band in the town, the band that played for all the weddings and holiday celebrations. But after coming to Chicago he had never played again. Marrying Aunt Millie and starting a bakery left no time for music. They settled down to the business of making a good life for their family.

So the guitarist's hands worked in flour and dough and eventually achieved moderate success for Petrinski's Bakery. Uncle Walter wasn't rich. Any money he saved he usually gave or lent to some needy relative or friend. But he was very proud. During the '30s and '40s his bakery was the favorite of the Polish community.

Sunday mornings after seven o'clock mass at St. Helen's almost the whole parish would stop in for a half dozen rolls, a loaf of rye bread or sometimes just to talk Polish and English with each other. I remember one such Sunday when I was very small. I was behind the counter trying to sneak some kolaczki without Aunt Millie seeing when Father Tomazewski, the pastor, walked in with a smiling old priest in a black topcoat. The bakery quieted as the priests walked toward the counter, the old one smiling serenely at the men and women and patting the small children on the head. I saw one old woman bless herself.

"Walter," said Father Tomazewski to my uncle, "I'd like you to meet your archbishop, Cardinal Stritch. Your eminence, this is Walter and Mildred Petrinski, two of our finest parishoners and the best bakers in all of Illinois."

The cardinal shook my uncle's thin hand. "God be with you, Mr. Petrinski." He turned to everyone and said in a soft, prayerlike voice, "It is a pleasure to be here this morning. This is indeed one of the finest parishes in the diocese. Your bakery, like your entire neighborhood, is an example for the entire city of Chicago."

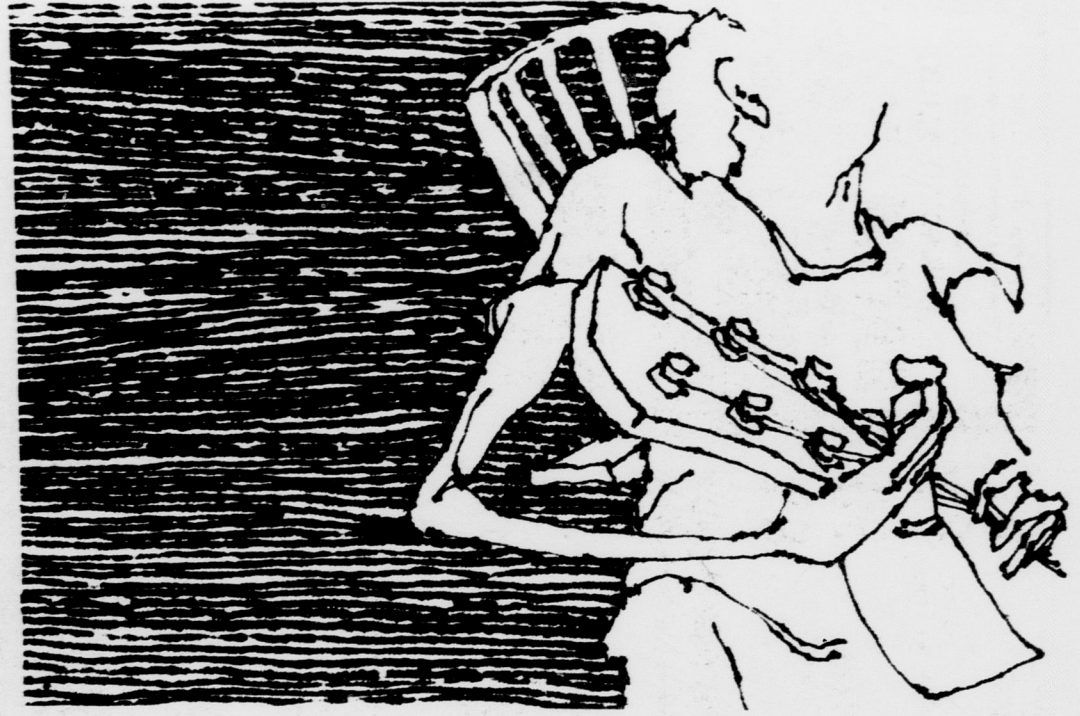
Tears swelled Aunt Millie's eyes. Uncle Walter smiled, then sold the cardinal a dozen paczki. The archbishop shook most of the men's hands, then quietly left. God himself couldn't have made them more proud. As we walked home that morning we could feel God's grace falling like dew on every tidy lawn of every neat brick house and apartment building. The Polish community had been blessed.

That was in 1949. My family moved to Michigan a year later and we began to lose contact with our relatives in the city. But when I grew old enough to understand, I started hearing about bad things happening to the neighborhood, the bakery and Uncle Walter.

Many of the old families were moving to the suburbs. Poorer people were taking their places: Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Negroes and others of Chicago's poor. Business in the bakery was bad. Sunday mornings were no longer special. Bums and winos would drift in begging for a handout.

My father received a letter from Aunt Millie asking his advice. The bakery was in debt and Walter was drinking. She asked if my father might help them start a new bakery in Michigan. Maybe they could sell the old one and start over. She ended the letter, "Walter feels very bad. There is no one left around here to help us. Please help us if you can. Your loving sister - in-law."

My father took me with him when we returned to the city that Saturday. I hardly



recognized the neighborhood of my early childhood. Dirty tenements seemed to have replaced the old neat houses and apartments. The once tidy storefronts were flaking and falling apart. Glass and litter covered the sidewalks and streets. And there were twice as many taverns as I had remembered.

Petrinski's Bakery was neither better nor worse than the rest. The window was dirty and the light over the door broken. We stepped inside. There was no smell of kolaczki, chruscziki or fresh bread. It smelled like the inside of an empty refrigerator. The shelves were empty, except for a few stale-looking crumbs. We stepped behind the counter and into the kitchen. Aunt Millie was behind the table, picking something off the floor. When she stood she saw us. She forced a smile and pointed to the stairs. "Will you go and see him?" Father moved for the stairs, and I quickly followed him up to the flat.

Uncle Walter was sitting in his straight-backed wooden chair staring at the bare lightbulb that hung from the ceiling. The shades were pulled, filtering out all but a dirty yellow light. His elbows rested on the arms of his chair but his hands were clasped together and moving. The bony fingers jerked over each other.

When he saw us his hands stopped. He picked himself up and walked to my father. "Michael, it's good you come home," he said slowly, reaching his hands to my father's shoulders. Then to me. "This cannot be Paul? You have a fine son." His hands grasped my shoulders. The grip was firm, the fingers seemed to sink into my flesh.

He returned to his chair and I sat down on the musty couch. My father went into the other room and came out with a bottle and two glasses. They began to drink together and talk of old, better times. Twice my father mentioned the bakery in Michigan, but Uncle Walter seemed not to be listening. His eyes were somewhere else, not focused on anything in the room.

His hands were moving still. Bony fingers crawled up and down his glass. He began to talk in Polish. I could no longer understand, but my father kept nodding his head, a sad, faraway look in his eyes, too.

When his bottle was empty, Uncle Walter got

up and shuffled to the closet. There was no other sound as the door creaked open and he reached up and pulled a large case from the top shelf. He set the case on the bare floor and knelt beside it. After a nervous glance at my father, he opened it. Then, like a father picking a new baby out of bed, he lifted the old guitar and stood. Returning to his chair, he began to pluck and tighten the strings.

First the low ones, then the highs, which seemed to cry out in pain as they stretched. But gently he brought them all in tune.

The left hand closed down at the neck and the right thumb strummed a long forgotten chord. He closed his eyes and let the hands play. First they played slowly, easing themselves into the old tunes, sometimes missing, sometimes hesitating, but never stopping. Father's eyes closed, too, and he rested his head against the back of the couch and began to hum.

One song led into another. Soon the fingers were dancing on the strings. I heard some familiar polkas, but most were from another world. I lost track of time; he may have been playing 15 minutes or an hour before I saw the thing on the guitar.

A black circle was moving on the dark wood just above the hole. Soon another spot emerged from beneath the strings; three more followed quickly, these crawling below the hole. I stared at them, hypnotized by the music and by their slow movement.

More crawled out. Now some were on the old man's sleeve. His arm moved briskly up and down but none fell off. Then one crawled onto the narrow hand. The last chord choked. Uncle Walter looked down and gasped. A dozen tiny spiders plodded over the curved body. With a horrible scream, he crashed the instrument to the floor, smashing it to splinters. The strings gave a final groan.

My father and I said nothing to each other on the four-hour trip home, and I didn't even turn to look at him as we drove.

Six weeks later Uncle Walter died and we returned to the city. About 20 people attended the funeral mass at St. Helen's. He was buried by the new pastor, Father Chavez.

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