Road

One is the old drivers way south
none Ninety Five eats fast
cars, tolls a truck feast.
Still, shuddering wheels ground both.

Mike Kilgallen

Beauty and La Bete

Envy's eye
wrenched from its socket
by the pure strength
is stomped, crushed
kicked furiously
and told:

Truly, compared to
Beauty you are but the
tiniest least expressive
segment of a shadow.
You are as a mole on
the cheek of a
seductress—only
enhancing the beauty
you feebly attempt to
destroy.

If you were the
deepest darkest
shade of black
you still could not
dim the brilliance
of one single tear
wept for Beauty's
sake.

Mike Kilgallen

Simply

Once or one hundred times upon a time,
There was a little boy named Anyone, who lived nowhere on
something with animals and things. Anyone was a human and always
he found himself grappling with life. Always his results seemed tired,
weak. He was sad. None of the other animals saw fit to honestly play
with him, although deep within themselves they really wanted to.

So one night even though he was afraid, little Anyone, eyeing a
horse who was just there, jumped down on its back and ran, and ran,
and wept, and came back, just to make all the other shivering human
animals stop and be with him and be his friend. But they didn't see
or didn't want to see, and Anyone was alone again as always. It was
probably just as well for Anyone, because he was a human too, and
all human animals are afraid to be friends.

So Anyone went and sat in a dusty corner where he always went
to think and to be alone. And he thought until it was dark and cold,
and the moon was even hidden by clouds. Then he got up. He walked
away, thinking until it was light and warm, and the sun rose. He
looked up and he saw more.

He saw a human animal not far from him. He was crying just as he
himself had been. And Anyone felt sorry for him. He put his hand on
the crying human animal's shoulder, and the human animal turned
quickly around, and Anyone's eyes could not turn away from the
tear filled eyes of the human animal, nor could the crying human
animal look away from Anyone's. Their eyes realized.

After a while they sat down together in the sun, and spoke simply.
The human animal didn't cry anymore, and he asked of Anyone his
name, and Anyone said that his name was Anyone Anywhere. And
then Anyone asked of the human animal his name, and he said that
his name was Everyone Everywhere. And they were calm with one
another ... .

Charles J. O'Neil Jr.
for Jeffery

No Honor Among Thieves

Grey room, wooden, rectangle table, uneventful dim overhead
lamp —

Chairs, five people, cautious, pensive, hirsute card players, Stetson,
Wilberly, Oxen, Joseph, Spoils, names, progression, stern grimise,
smile, Oxen sneezes — a noticeable silence, octave of ticking clock,

Spoils smiles furtively — Joseph rises and draws his gun, fires at
Spoils several times — Stetson, Wilberly and Oxen fall and slump in
their chairs apparently dead — Spoils rises, fires at Joseph — Spoils
falls to the floor apparently dead — Joseph flees from the room.

Off stage voice: "git a doctor, somebody's hurt."

Michael Kilgallen

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Fish rainbow Christ
sailing and wave bluelost
colors are only not mine.
My father to zero
out on sorrow is below
keeping dead pain.

My mistress Death

All noise distills
in next-to-quiet drops
upon your kissproof lips
my birthtide squeals.

Michael Kilgallen
Mind rushing, hungrily I read the virtues:
Modesty
Humility
Meekness
Clemency
At once I could only think of Him.
Sorrowfully I cursed the world
and chided those with the power
for never looking to such a great man.
Shaking my fist out the window
my eye stopped at my reflection,
and I sank into my bed
in pensive shame.

James Triquet

Garcia Lorca was a poet of children. Not that he wrote concerning
unsophisticated subjects, for his topics ranged over the cost complex
of human problems; nor can one say that his manner in handling
these subjects was childish. Lorca was the poet of children for the
very simple reason that he realized that the answers to many of
man’s problems lie in the transformation of modern man’s per­
spective. The transformation of a jaded, convention-imprisoned
perspective, into the ever-wondrous perspective of a young child.

Thus, when reading his poetry one immediately notices the poems which
this man is creating are songs of joy, of liberation, of childhood. If he sings of modern man’s problems, of the way he has
lost himself; has lost his relationship with Nature, has lost his
relationship with mystery – it is never the chant of a dirge, un-
consolable, but the allelujah of a true Christian grieving over the
lost himself; has lost his relationship with Nature, has lost his

Michael Rybarski

The Echoes of Love

Pain is a partner in conjugal union
Adagio movement mid glorious song
The voice of a lover sings well its music
Each note is rung from the depths of his heart.

Sorrow and joy are bound fast together
Much like the mixture of water and blood
So close is their kinship they seldom stay parted
Both are the children, the echoes, of love.

Paul Gunther

The Grateful Space City Awareness Award

This story starts out in the middle of nowhere and goes absolutely
nowhere in return to the great bodiedness that whispers blue in the sky
of rattenham and thehe hethe hetelah that was essential that we
concentrate on the be bop song and how is it what is it and who
knows is it is what shit what shat shti hstai tshati tshshiaiaihsithzith

J. R. Huizinga

The Rape of Mary Black

"Of the white maggot, eat!" they lashed.
Shrinking she swallowed, screams to run.
By outnumbering white paws trapped.

"No!"
"No, please!" Thrown down.
"No!!" Knife.

The more the pleading,
The more her soft flesh gashed.

Writhe, quiver.
Beaten jellylike, burst.
Shudder bloody tears. Again! Again!

Mary left them;
They kicking white dirt over their murder . . .

Charles J. O’Neil Jr.

Words Only Fit for a Napkin

So they choose their weapons
and begin a fool’s war
After they finish
Their slashing and digging
They’ll halt in silence as their shallow reflections
reveal their inner worth.
In an effort to compete with some of the more visual magazines on the market today, (such as Consumer’s Report, and Popular Mechanics) and in keeping with our constant attempts to make this publication appeal to a wider audience, The Alembic is instituting, right here and now, the feature which should put us right on the map. — Announcing, The Alembic’s

PLAYTHING
OF
THE MONTH

written by Michael Rybarski
Photo — by Paul McNeil

In this upside down world, here’s a winsome lass with all her feet on the ground! The Alembic’s own Morning Glory, our Miss April, Glorious Gloria Liederkranz.

Yes, in most ways this world of ours is getting awfully confused. But for Gloria Liederkranz our April Plaything, life still retains many of its simpler aspects. Gloria who as one can tell from her picture is more than just an eyeful, measures in at a very natural 38-26-36. And her blooming flower of a body, especially the grapevines, high on the list of her gosh-O-gee favorite.

Being such an avid nature lover, Gloria does find that living in Woonsocket, Rhode Island does hamper somewhat her attempts at getting back to Nature. For her pollution became a very personal problem when she found that her favorite polliwog hunting ground had been turned into an open sewer. When I asked her what she thought about campus protests on behalf of ecology she slyly squealed, “Possibly.”

But our libidinous lily of the fields still finds time to get back to Nature, at least once a year. As a matter of fact, our Plaything Photograph was taken on one of these excursions, as our Woonsocket Wonder strayed far from home in her search for Nature’s glories. We see Gloria in one of her favorite pastoral retreats, New York’s Central Park. (If you wonder why our Plaything is looking away from the camera, it is because she became enraptured by Nature in action, her pet Doberman Pincher playfully taught a mugger his manners.)

But life is not all fun and games for our Miss April. She firmly believes that in this wonderful land of ours, Horatio Alger can still be a true story. (Especially if you get to be a Plaything of the Month, ha ha.) And although she does enjoy her free time she realizes that to be a truly well-balanced Plaything a girl needs the discipline only a rewarding and self-fulfilling job can give. So Gloria spends most of her time working as a car-hop at Flip-Flop’s hamburger stand and meat market. A consensus of the regular customers at Flip’s say’s that she is definitely the most popular dish, on, or off, the menu. When we asked her she handled overly flirtatious burger-chompers, Gloria responded flirtatiously “Why not?”

But Miss April is not all beauty; no dumb blonde she. (She’s a brunette, by the way.) She is at least as intelligent as she is gorgeous. In order to make the most of her cognitive potential Miss Liederkranz attends a fine institution of higher learning, The William Taft McKinley Junior College, and Wildlife Shelter. Although her forty-hour a week job at Flip-Flop’s (and for a girl with her talents there must be a lot of overtime!) prevents her from attending Taft McKinley on a full-time basis, she is able to make many of her teacher’s, uh, lectures, that is. In rounding out the academic sketch of this curvaceous lass, we should report that every single one of her teachers has passed her in her courses, with, and I quote “the greatest amount of pleasure.” When we finally cornered our buxom bunny rabbit on the subject of education, we asked her who some of her favorite authors were. She seductively cooed, “hamburger on rye.”

But lest our readers get the impression that Miss April is too intellectual to be loads of fun, we should make it clear that this is not the case at all. In trying to find out what Miss April is really like we went along on one of her fun-filled dates.

We met Gloria at Flip-Flop’s as she was getting off of work, and we noticed that her date hadn’t arrived yet. But this just shows how unsociable we all can be sometimes, for Glorious Gloria’s date was waiting for her in car right next to ours. Apparently, he had forgotten their date however, because Gloria had to remind him of their engagement by walking up to his car and calling gently, “Hey, Mac want some action?” (Mac, must be a fun-name they only use between themselves because all night long her date introduced himself as John.) I shouldn’t dwell on the opening formalities too long however, because the fun-packed evening was just beginning.

After we climbed into John’s 442 blown-hemi, posi-traction mean machine and had driven back and forth over the same half-mile for about two hours, it occurred to me to ask if Mac, I mean John, knew where he was going. John grunted something about what kind of act was I pulling, but I told him that I had really never considered the theatre, but thanks anyway. John did decide however, after about another half-hour that an art film would be a very nice way to top off his plaything’s date. As we pulled into the local establishment of cinema verite, The Seekonk Twin Drive-In, I noticed on the marquee that we were going to see a film by Feeelini. I couldn’t help but admire John’s taste. Once we got situated, John gracious hort that he was, asked if I wouldn’t rather sit in the front seat so I could have a better view. I thanked him and John and Gloria, and I changed places. Unfortunately for you readers, I got so involved in the film, a classic entitled, Les Femmes That Do, that I lost track of what John and Gloria were doing in the back seat. But I’m sure that they had an interesting and vital conversation, for I did overhear some rather emotional sounds coming from them.

Well, the day with our Plaything was over, and I’m sure you all would’ve enjoyed it if you could have been there in learing Gloria I asked her what she thought of being a Plaything and she cogently commented, (after first popping the bubble-gum she was chewing) “Okay.”

Well, Plaything reader’s you can see if you ever meet our Miss April, Glorious Gloria is truly one Morning Glory who has really blossomed. And I might add she’s just waiting to be picked-up.

Special Bonus to Early Subscribers: flesh-like
And inflatable water bed in the shape of either Jane Fonda, Brigette Bardot or Gloria Liederkranz. With optional heater and on-again-off-again bikini.
Send for yours
Now!
Religion
REV. PATRITIUS LAMBE
nuper pastor ecclesiae
sanctii patrii urbe
Providentiae obiit 2 de
Januarii MDCCCLXVI
Etas 41 anni.

Solid, massive, granite
in the center
block
upon
block,
a real pillar of the community.
Fr Lambe, man of God,
"Etas" a rock . . .
Don't feel badly, Rev. Peter's dead too.

Strength

"I shave with my knife;
No lather for me.
Hell, a little pain makes a
Man o' ya."

MCELROY HANNIGAN

Rough-hewn, wind-carved, elemental.
A trapper's slab? (I can't hear
too well on this one.)
No date. No family. No escapist, he.
Maybe he thought, if you're strong
enough,
No Death.

IN MEMORY OF
MARGARET McNAMARA
Daughter of William and Margaret McNamara
She Died
February 9, 1856. Aged 9 years and 9 mos.

Four feet, virgin-white sandstone
Glistens with a mothers tears.
Slab bigger, probably, than
you.

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Community

"Ellen! Where's my pipe? Lord, you'd
think that woman could manage to
keep some kind of order around here.
Ellen! the paper. Where's?
Can't you do anything?
That woman, she'll be the
Death of me, yet!"

She wasn't.

ERECTED BY
MICHAEL IVERS
In memory of his sister
Ellen.

Wondering down the path
Community-close, they're all here.
The children, the sisters, the church
too.
The silent gossip fills my ears.

"There's Father Pat!"

"What if I've been believing all my life and when I come to die
there's nothing but the burdock growing on my grave?"

Fyodor Dostoevsky
The Brothers Karamazov

Love
1856—" Land, you say, you're interested in land,
well you can have all the land you'll ever need,
right here,
cheap.
Nice view too. Got some real nice space over
there on the hill . . .
or, how about something under this old
apple , here. Nice and shady
Hot days!"
Films

AT PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

Sunday, April 25, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN plus THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD Two campy and classic bits of op Americans.

Friday and Saturday, May 7–8. ROSEMARY'S BABY 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Sunday, May 9. CHILDREN OF PARADISE (Marcel Carne, France, 1945) Lush and spectacular story of the love of two actors for a beautiful and enigmatic woman; set in the Paris of Balsac and Napoleon III.

AT BROWN

April

wed 14 BONHEUR (1965) by Agnes Varda / Cine 7:00

sat 17 THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (1968) with V. Redgrave / FH 7:00 & 9:30

sun 18 VIVA MARIA (1965) with Jeanne Moreau, B. Bardot / FH 7:00

mon 19 DAISIES by Vera Chitylova, plus JOSEPH KILLIAN — two Czech films plus lecture/discussion with critic Antonin Liehm / Cine 7:00

wed 21 STORM OVER ASIA (1928) by V. I. Pudovkin / Cine 7:00

fri 23 KAYA, I'LL KILL YOU (1968) by Vastrolav Mimica / Car 7:00

THE NAKED NIGHT (1954) by Ingmar Bergman / Car 7:30

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935) with Karloff, plus Flash / FH midnight

sat 24 UPTIGHT (1968) by Jules Dassin, with Raymond St. Jacques / FH 7:00

HIGH AND LOW (1962) by Akira Kurosawa, with Miou Miou / FH 9:00

MARRY ME, MARRY ME (1969), sequel to The Two O' Us / FH 7:00

RED BEARD (1965) by Akira Kurosawa, with Miou Miou / FH 9:00

wed 28 SOFT SKIN (1964) by Truffaut, with Francoise Dorleac / Cine 7:00

fri 29 BARRIER (1966) by Jerry Skolimowski / Car 7:00

THE SILENCE (1963) by Ingmar Bergman / Car 9:30

May

wed 5 SIGN OF THE CROSS (1932) by Cecil B. DeMille / Cine 7:00

fri 7 ECSTASY (1933) by Gustav Machaty, with Hedy Lamarr / Car 7:00

SHAME (1968) by Ingmar Bergman, with M. von Sydow, L. Ullmann / Car 9:30

SATURDAY, MAY 8

sun 9 To Be Announced

mon 10 LOVERS (1958) by Louis Malle, with Jeanne Moreau / FH 7:00

TENTH VICTIM (1965) with Ursula Andress, M. Mastroianni / FH 9:30

SINGING IN THE RAIN (1952) with Gene Kelly, plus Flash / FH midnight

tue 11 ULYSSES (1967) with Milo O'Shea / FH 7 & 9:30

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES (1943) plus Flash / FH midnight

wed 12 ULYSSES at FH 7 & 9:30

sun 16 MARAT/SADE (1967) by Peter Brook / FH 7 & 9:30

AT RISD

4/8 THAT MAN FROM RIO by De Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo

4/15 THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW (1964) by Pier Paolo Pasolini

4/22 THE DEVIL'S EYE by Ingmar Bergman

4/29 WILD HORSES OF FIRE (Russian) To Be Announced

5/6 THREE (1969) by James Salter, with Charlotte Rampling

Respite Finem

Book closed casket covered amen.
So quick after so long, so long after! . . .

Fear-dark he worded he was not happy.
Death the snarl him kept clawing.
A time in spark he spoke of once
Death the still, the pacific –
Weight-without, he felt aligned.

Jimmy! James Wait! Jim
How did you leave?

Charles J. O'Neil Jr.

Supplication

One lonely child, standing
Dwarved beneath the trees,
Glancing skyward—
As if to find the answer,
Rustling through the leaves.

Though too young now
To question why,
Feeling awkward—
She seems to sense what
Being unloved must signify.

For man's inhumanity to
Man, he must alone,
However wayward—
As until he does, this child
Stands by herself, but not alone.

Gary Ball

A Shadow's Life

For him, backward was facing straight,
And willow trees wept to the sky,
And sounds lingered only for no one,
And churches were built by sinners.

For him, sleep was the epitome of symphonies,
And rainbows were excuses for fun,
And time tolled its finite status,
And affection was superficial hatred.

For him, pillows hardened a nightmare's looseness,
And cups overflowed with emptiness,
And minds cried with disgust from abuse.

For him, hands thinned repulsively from freedom,
And as orphan's parents had already died,
And a beach's waters flowed from mountains,
And his God was facing backward.

Bob Slavin '73

Another Sunday passing, people awaiting a new day.
Glowing eyes from the holiday spirit; renewed strength.
Finished are sorrow of yesterday; cry nevermore.
Forget for now the Spirit of Darkness,
Crossing homes and highways.
No one feels his wake grow wider and wider.

Monday morning here already, slipped by me like a tune.
See the shining sun from afar.
Monday I fear you more then any dream; vision.
Light is bright, truth is blinding.

Dwarfed beneath the trees,
Rustling through the leaves.

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And rainbows were excuses for fun,
And hearing what you feel
is known to make you pause
(while standing at whatever tomb)
and give a second silent thought
to going back the way you came.

James Triquet

Oval Oracles

Silently, floating in their salty wells
The thick, gooey fluid supports their life.
And they, as a part of it,
Sustains.

Their oval oracles do deny me
For they incorrectly display to me the truth
I deny it, and laugh distrustfully,
Who are they for me to believe.

The light enters, pierces their black shield
The light essential for them to function.
As it scrounges around in the empty cage
Each finds its place and serves its purpose.

On to the mangled, distorted tubles, they streak,
Not from free will, but due to necessity.
To serve their purpose, nothing more
And they keep their mouths shut.

Paul Gunther

II est fine

And I turned and extended my hand,
finding the joy-sorrow of feeling the need
of more than I.

A Man Grown

A man once wept.
Then the man passed the tear.
Inert, he slept.

She saw.

The man was host to one
Who cleaved from weed, the grain.
Who to raise these seeds bled rain.
Who to cease the sleep breathed sun.
She fed him herself.
He grew to feed back.

The man before needed.
Only another to grow up for.

Charles J. O'Neil Jr.