ECLIPSE

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY STATE COLLEGE
ECLIPSE
Spring, 1962
Published by the Associated Students of
San Fernando Valley State College.
Copyright 1962
Associated Students
San Fernando Valley State College
Northridge, California

Printed by
Tribune Printing Co.
Granada Hills, California

Cover design by Albert Warner
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## FICTION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Price Hicks</td>
<td>Thursday's Child</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barry William Riedel</td>
<td>Timeless the Wound Binds</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanley Chapman</td>
<td>Interview</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald S. Shaffer</td>
<td>Structure of an Affair</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Socher</td>
<td>Fobin Drum in Connecticut</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Chaussee</td>
<td>Welcome, O Mender</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherri Skei</td>
<td>Fragment from Good Friday</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tracy Gordon</td>
<td>Alone</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry J. Bende</td>
<td>Sorry, Ed</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwin A. Coleman</td>
<td>Two Haiku</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No Day</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Scott</td>
<td>Haiku</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward I. Brand</td>
<td>Burned on the Wing</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Three Nursery Rhymes</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara Starr</td>
<td>The Unconquered</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Travis</td>
<td>Radiant Shadow</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Hardstark</td>
<td>White Man's Magic</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Burrs</td>
<td>The Ballad of Celin the Fair</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Linville</td>
<td>Mothyrhythm</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Anderson</td>
<td>Ode to a Wino on a Crate</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeff Drake</td>
<td>disciples of yesbut</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alan Marenstein</td>
<td>Waxen Curse</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Travis</td>
<td>Day Gaming</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katheryn B. Leonard</td>
<td>The Awakening</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Haiku</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spendthrift in Eden</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Two Haiku</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## POETRY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Chaussee</td>
<td>Welcome, O Mender</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherri Skei</td>
<td>Fragment from Good Friday</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tracy Gordon</td>
<td>Alone</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry J. Bende</td>
<td>Sorry, Ed</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwin A. Coleman</td>
<td>Two Haiku</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No Day</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Scott</td>
<td>Haiku</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward I. Brand</td>
<td>Burned on the Wing</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Three Nursery Rhymes</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara Starr</td>
<td>The Unconquered</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Travis</td>
<td>Radiant Shadow</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Hardstark</td>
<td>White Man's Magic</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Burrs</td>
<td>The Ballad of Celin the Fair</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Linville</td>
<td>Mothyrhythm</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Anderson</td>
<td>Ode to a Wino on a Crate</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeff Drake</td>
<td>disciples of yesbut</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alan Marenstein</td>
<td>Waxen Curse</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Travis</td>
<td>Day Gaming</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katheryn B. Leonard</td>
<td>The Awakening</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Haiku</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spendthrift in Eden</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Two Haiku</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## NON-FICTION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Diran S. Topjian</td>
<td>Teiola Le Atua</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ART

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice Charlasch</td>
<td>Ink Drawing</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Kay</td>
<td>Ink Drawing</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Warner</td>
<td>Design</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Seltzer</td>
<td>Lithograph</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## STAFF CREDITS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ADVERTISERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The Staff wishes to acknowledge the contributions which, for various reasons, could not be printed in this issue.
THURSDAY’S CHILD

PRICE HICKS is an Art major living in Northridge. A Special Student, she is a graduate of Alamaba College for Women.

“Monday’s child is fair of face,
Tuesday’s child is full of grace,
Wednesday’s child is full of woe,
Thursday’s child has far to go,
Friday’s child is loving and giving,
Saturday’s child has to work for a living,
But a child that’s born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay.”

We were sitting around on my front porch reading Nancy Drew mysteries and drinking lemonade with ritz crackers and peanut butter when I got to feeling all hot and sticky and wished someone would take us to the river to swim. No one would though. It was already after three o’clock and there wasn’t time to get there and back before suppertime, even if somebody’s mother wanted to.

I dropped Nancy Drew and the Mystery of The Squeaking Door on the floor without marking my place. I like to do this because someone always says, now you’ve lost your place; and I say, I never use a book mark; I just remember the page I’m on. To tell the truth, I forget lots of times, but my older brother Harley told me once that if you couldn’t remember a simple thing like a page number you were pretty stupid. I don’t really think it’s stupid, and I hate Harley about half the time, but he seems to be right about a lot of things, especially since Daddy died, so I practice hard on remembering page numbers.

I looked down at my legs and thought they looked pretty cruddy and wondered if Mother would get after me if I shaved them. Actually, I didn’t think she would say anything because she didn’t seem to notice much of anything about me lately, but I was pretty sure that Jane would have a couple of snotty things to say about how I’m always trying to act older than I really am. Jane happens to be my older sister, older than Harley even. She’s real plain and won’t even wear lipstick and always has her saddle shoes polished and keeps her things in little boxes all lined up in her bureau drawer. She hates having to share a room with me.

After figuring out how I would snitch Jane’s razor when I took my bath tonight, I looked over at Mary Payne. She was all curved down in the green striped canvas chair with her legs stuck out in front
of her half way across the porch. Mary Payne has this awful habit of scratching her head when she reads. I don't mean just now and then like everybody else, but all the time. If she sits around for three straight hours reading, she's scratching her head the whole time. She's probably scratched away at least half her scalp by now and today it really irritated me.

Her legs are long and brown and smooth and look terrific in shorts. She's been having a lot of trouble with her skin though, and has to keep this green stuff all over her chin and forehead. I guess Mary Payne is just about my best friend, except for Sybil Underwood. I really like Sybil best because we don't argue very much and she's a lot of fun; but my mother and Mary Payne's mother played together when they were little girls, so now it's kind of like we're relatives instead of just friends. Maybe that's why we're so hateful to each other a good bit of the time. It seems like lately I never can tell what kind of a mood she's going to be in and we can't seem to get through a single week without a big fuss over something.

Finally Mary Payne quit scratching her head and looked up from her book. Sometimes I stare at people for ages and they always look up after a while, like they thought someone had called them.

"Whaddya want?" She sounded teed off, like I'd snatched the book out of her hand or something.

I looked surprised. "I don't want anything . . . I didn't say a word, did I?" I stared out into the yard like she was out of her mind or something.

"Oh never mind." She looked at her nails and cleaned out what she'd scratched from her head. I looked away. Mary Payne has these awful habits.

"Let's do something." She picked up a little coin purse from under her chair and started sucking on the end of the zipper. She's always chewing or scratching or sucking on something. She really irritates me sometimes.

"Whaddaya wanta do?" I asked. Since we were already reading and it was too late to go swimming I couldn't think of anything else. That's all we ever do when school is out in the summer.

"I don't know . . . let's go down to Kessler's."

"What for?" I asked. It embarrasses me to go into a store just to look around. Clerks always know that kids our age aren't going to buy anything and they sort of hang around giving you fishy looks. It isn't so bad in the five-and-ten, but in a place like Kessler's you only go with your mother to really buy something.

"Oh, nothing in particular . . . just looking." She was still chewing on the coin purse and I noticed it looked pretty bumpy. Maybe she would set us up at Cooper's drug store later and it would be worth the hot walk downtown. I had a quarter, but I was saving it for some new Big Little books.

I got up and picked up our empty glasses and the box of crackers and the jar of peanut butter. "Well, O.K. . . . I'll tell Mother we're going."

I went back to the kitchen and put the glasses in the sink and ev-
erything back in the cabinet. Going down the hall to Mother's bedroom where she was resting, I passed the big mirror and got a look at myself. In the dark hall I didn't look so skinny and my hair just looked sort of shiny instead of all streaky from being bleached out in the sun. I decided I wouldn't take the time to change into a skirt.

I knocked easy on Mother's door. "Mary Payne and I are going downtown, is it O.K.?

"Well, all right . . . just be sure you're back here in time to go up to Uncle R.B.'s for the milk, it's your turn tonight." Through the door her voice sounded funny, like she'd been crying. It made me feel awful and I wanted to go in and see if she really was.

"Mother?"

"What is it honey?"

"Can I have a nickel?" I didn't want to take a chance on Mary Payne deciding to be generous. She can be an awful stingy-gut sometimes.

"I guess so. Come on in and get it out of my purse."

The bedroom was dark because the shutters on the big windows were closed to keep out the heat. I opened the top drawer of the bureau and found her purse and felt around for a nickel in the little change compartment.

"What time is it?" She was lying on top of the spread, all dressed except for her shoes, with one hand across her chest and a wet cloth on her forehead. My mother's never sloppy, even when she doesn't feel good.

I looked at the little clock on her bedside table and told her it was three-twenty. "I didn't know you had a headache . . . I'll stay home if you want me to; I mean, the phone might ring, or somebody might come to the door or something." I was just glad she hadn't been crying again. I never can figure out what to do when a grown-up cries.

"Oh no. You run ahead. I'm feeling a lot better and I'll be getting up in a little bit anyway." I knew she meant it; when she says something like that she never has this whiny tone in her voice that makes you feel like you really ought to stay around. I mean, she really makes you feel like a bad headache isn't anything at all; and that it's lots more important for you to go on skating or to the picture show or something.

I stood there a minute looking at her. "Well, all right; if you're real sure?"

"I'm sure. You go on now; just don't forget about the milk."

"No ma'am, I won't." I managed to close the door quietly and went back down the hall. Through the screen door I could see Mary Payne still stretched out in the chair in this silly pose like she thought she was Hedy Lamarr or somebody. All of a sudden I wanted to kick the chair rung out of its notch and make her fall flat on her fanny.

I whacked the door open and let it bang shut. "I got a nickel for a coke . . . I think I'll have a cherry one. Hey, Mary Payne, let's go by Sybil's house and see if she can play out tonight. If she can and you can, then I know Mother'll let Harley and Jane and me."

She finally managed to get up out of the chair and gave me this
hateful, stuck-up look. "Who wants to play baby games every night for heaven's sake?" I started blushing. All summer she's been making me feel like I'm about five years old every time I mention doing something fun we've always done. Besides, I'd rather play out than anything in summer, except for swimming and reading like this afternoon. Nobody has to go to bed till nine o'clock so we all gulp down our supper and go up to Mary Payne's and play Kick the Can or Sardines or Piggly Wiggly. Sometimes, when it gets dark enough, Clarence Mitchell tells us ghost stories. We all sit around on the wet grass getting chigger bites and grass stains on our clothes while he scares the daylights out of us, until somebody's mother starts calling to come on home. I can't imagine anybody not wanting to play out, except grown-ups.

"What's 'baby' about playing out I'd like to know! Since when are you too old to play Kick the Can... I'd just like to know! You're just six months older than me, remember?" I never can think of anything really smart to say when I get mad. My voice just gets trembly and I think I'm going to start crying.

I straight-armed the screen door and went down the front steps three at a time, letting the door slam right in her face. All she did when she caught up with me out on the sidewalk was give me another dirty look. Mary Payne really has a rotten disposition.

Outside, the heat from the sidewalk and the streets made things look all blurry. I like being out in the middle of the afternoon. Hardly anybody is around and everything sounds kind of far away. All the mothers and really little kids are inside resting, with the shades and blinds closed and the colored girls are sitting in straight chairs out on the back porches, waiting for everyone to wake up. When you go into anybody's house at this time of day everything is dark and cool and about all you can hear is the refrigerator humming out in the kitchen.

We stayed on the shady side of the streets so it wasn't too bad going downtown, but I was glad I had a nickel for a coke. Once, I stuck the nickel hard into the palm of my hand to see if it would stay there when I turned my hand over. It didn't. I bent over to pick it up off the sidewalk and when I straightened up I felt dizzy, like the top of my head weighed about a million pounds.

"Are we going to Kessler's or the drug store first?" I asked.

"I don't care. Let's go to Kessler's."

Hardly anybody was in town. We passed Cooper's and a lot of business men were standing around the cigar counter drinking cokes and laughing. They'd get all bunched up together and one of them would talk real low for a minute, then all of a sudden they'd start laughing like anything and Judge Harris would whoop out real loud and slap his knee. Once I asked Harley what they were doing and he said I was stupid.

I was kind of nervous about going into Kessler's, but I'd figured out that I'd pretend I was looking around for a new blouse, because that's all they have out on tables that you can look at without having a clerk pull things off shelves for you. I can't stand to have someone fuss over me when I know I'm not going to buy anything.
Kessler's is the only really nice store in town. It has great big display windows out front, and inside it's all carpeted and quiet and you can see three sides of yourself when you're trying something on. The only trouble with this is, no matter how good a dress you have on when you go into Kessler's, it always looks old and tacky next to everything they have. Mary Payne went in first and I followed her, wishing I'd put on a skirt instead of wearing these ugly old shorts.

Mrs. Kessler was behind the jewelry counter and gave us a look over her glasses. "Can I help you, girls?" Mrs. Kessler is real gushy when she thinks you're going to buy something, and I could tell right away she knew we were just going to poke around. I sort of stayed behind Mary Payne and looked over toward the blouses, wishing we hadn't come in.

Mary Payne stuck her chin up in the air and walked straight up to Mrs. Kessler. "Yes, I'd like to see some lingerie, please."

I thought she'd lost her mind or something. We never even looked at Mrs. Kessler unless our mothers were with us. I didn't know whether to stay with Mary Payne or sneak off toward the blouses.

"Right over here, dear." She moved toward a counter where they had slips and panties and things on little frames sitting around on the glass top. "Now, what is it you need, dear? Panties, or a new slip?"

She was talking to Mary Payne like she was a grown-up, for heaven's sake.

Mary Payne didn't bat an eye. "No, not today. I need a new brassiere."

A brassiere! A new brassiere! Like she had about a million old ones at home! I knew for a fact that Mary Payne had never owned a brassiere in her entire life. I almost giggled but saw that Mrs. Kessler hadn't even cracked a smile. She just looked real sharp at Mary Payne's front and squinched up her lips and said, "Well now, what size would that be?"

"A thirty-two, in white I think." She sounded like she'd been buying one every week for a year. Mrs. Kessler laid two or three out on the counter and Mary Payne picked them up and turned them over, and they talked about cups and support and comfort and things, and finally she picked out one with a little pink rosebud on the middle part of the front.

While Mary Payne was fishing her money out, Mrs. Kessler looked at me and said, "What about you, dear? Anything today?"

I started to blush and folded my arms across my chest. I didn't want her to see that I wasn't anywhere near needing something like that.

"NO! No ma'am . . . not today, thank you." Mary Payne got her package and picked up her change and we left.

Outside, we didn't say anything and started walking back toward Cooper's. I felt kind of miserable and dumb and wondered why I'd left a perfectly good book just to come downtown in all this heat.

We sat down at a back table and ordered cokes, but it wasn't much fun. We didn't talk any until finally I brought up the subject of play-
ing out again. "Let's stop by Sybil's on the way home and see if she can play out tonight, O.K.?'"

Mary Payne finished pinching her straw He-loves-me-he-loves-me-not, and leaned back in her chair, pretending she was Lana Turner or somebody, I guess.

"Well ... if you must know, don't bother. It so happens that Sybil and I are going to the picture show tonight."

I felt all funny inside for a minute. Sybil and I had been going to the show every Saturday afternoon for ages, and right now it was the middle of a Flash Gordon serial. "You and Sybil? She can't! We always go on Saturday ... besides, she doesn't have enough money to go twice a week!"

"Well, for your information, some of us don't like to waste our time and money on that kid stuff. Sybil and I are going to see Rebecca at the early show tonight, so there."

For a minute I thought I was going to start this dumb crying so I looked over toward the magazine rack, squinting my eyes hard like I was trying to read the printing on one of the magazines. All I could think about was who I would sit with on Saturday. Harley would die before he'd let me sit with him, and I'd die before I'd sit with Jane. I hated Mary Payne so much I couldn't look at her.

"Well, drop dead then! And for your information, maybe some of us don't like to waste our time and money on a bunch of grown-up junk either!"

She didn't pay any attention to me, so we finished our cokes without talking any more, and went home without stopping by Sybil's house. When we got to my house I just said "I'll see you," and didn't even ask her to come in.

Mary Payne had left her book under the chair, so I picked it up with mine and went through the house to the kitchen.

Mother was standing at the cabinet patting out biscuit dough, looking fresh and cool, like she was feeling all right.

"What did you go downtown for?"

"Oh nothing. Just a coke." I went out on the back porch and picked up the empty milk bottles. It was cooler now that the sun had started to go down, and everything looked all gold and clean. Inside, I could hear Mother cutting out the biscuit on the metal cabinet top. In the bright sun I took a good look at my legs. They really looked terrible.

"Mother, how much does a razor cost ... ?"
WELCOME, O MENDER
FRAGMENT FROM GOOD FRIDAY

VIRGINIA CHAUSSEE is a Junior English major residing in Van Nuys.

Are you here now?
They said you'd come.
The room I have is right
For your kind of work.
No one goes there,
Not even I.
Your artistry,
What does it require?
The scar tissue
Is all laid out.
I knew the size
By heart.

I danced on the hill in the newborn morn
Betrothed to the flesh of the gilden rose,
Caressing, and not aware that the thorn
Had pierced. High on the hill I struck a pose
Arms stretched. And welcomed the wind to lash and merge
With me in spiraled embrace of delight.
Obscure, indistinct, the breath of a scourge
Sang low on the air, a spirit of night.
I broke from the wind, entranced with the dance
Of the morning mirth. Enraptured and kept
I felt not the thrust of the phantom lance.
No prelude of pain could tell why I wept.
But the rose, stripped bare of its gilden dross,
Came red; and fell by the foot of the cross.
We die alone
alone
alone
We live alone
alone
alone
With God alone
alone
alone

There is a world outside of me
And people there outside of me
But I may see inside of me
And I alone know what I see

Self be known
alone
alone
Sins atone
alone
alone
Life be flown
alone
alone

There is the sun and endless sky
And people here beneath the sky
But I am I beneath the sky
And I am I and I shall die

Alone
   Alone
   Alone

SHERRI SKEI is a Freshman majoring in Journalism. Her home is in Thousand Oaks.
Ink Drawing by ALICE CHARLASCH.
In the somnolence of summer twilight
a Poe-bird splashes liquid lament
over desiccated fields
beneath whose undulations lie
the parents of that myth

The rain cleanses all
It precipitates on man
He is still dirty

Watch the night sky-glow
Gape at scope, lucidity
Earth's safety is gone
BARRY WILLIAM RIEDEL is a Senior Political Science major and a Special Student. He resides in North-ridge.

After a dying comes a waiting period, a time hanging quiet, unknowing ... the time in which the familiar ones of that cold thing once known as living wonder what change has been forced in them, forced in their order of life, yet forced so subtly that their grief doesn't at all seem like the proper sort, but rather like a more natural, cruel sort of joy.

Why this moment happens Paton Stillwell did not know, but he allowed it to possess him familiarly for a time, leaving him alone in a voluntary despair, grieving for the death of his father as he had once before grieved for those of his grandparents, mother, and his one brother: death was not all new to him. As his family had known fertility and happiness together, they had also known violence and sudden loss.

On his first knowledge of death, Paton had been led to touch the prepared body of his grandfather. “Say good-bye to Grandfather, Paton,” his mother had softly urged; but to touch the body was touching only a frightening cold unrecognizable corpse, lost of identity, no relation to him. Then he had realized that it was his grandfather and he had cried, and in his youth had vowed to grow up quickly and eradicate death from the world. Later he realized that by so doing he would likewise erase the possibilities of the Heaven offered by his church and promised by the Christ.

“He is among us, He is among us,” they cried in the darkened rooms of prayer at the youth camps in the summer. “There is One among us here Who is Unnamed, walking among us here. He is here, among us, tonight.” And chills went up his spine when he thought of this, and he carried it down from the camp with him, singing reverential songs loud in the shower and saying strange personal things to the packs of Scouts when he acted as chaplain.

Paton had believed there could be no death. He had refused to cry at his brother’s funeral, until they were lowering his brother into the neatly chopped hole on a cold rainy morning, and then he had finally realized that his brother, his only brother, was really gone from him and that the Heaven he had been promised was not true any longer; he had cried, shaking hot in the cold drizzle.

But now he felt immune to this death, the death of his father, perhaps because of the lack of anyone to cry to, or to console. Perhaps he lacked the sweet confessional of sympathetic blood relations. Yes, his
two sisters stood weeping by the flowered hole of the grave, impressing each other with the depth of their sorrow and loss, but they could never be close to him. Indeed, who was close to him now? Who was left?

Strangers came up to apologize; he felt strangely gay and wondered if someone should not come up to him and say, “Congratulations, it was a lovely affair. He really looked so good up there.” But they only came up and shook his hand, holding it tighter than usual, and apologized, “So very sorry... great loss... fine man... if you need any help...” And he acted according to the sound of his middle name: Manley. Paton Manley Stillwell. His father had chosen that; he had been a great admirer of Gerard Manley Hopkins:

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?

They had read that today, for his father had asked the priest to, just before... just before he had died.

It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

The old man had been bright right up to the last—except once. When he was in the hospital he had called Paton and had said that yes, everything was all right, but that he had mistaken a glass of urine sample on the table for water and had swallowed some of it. He had retched terribly and they had to change the sheets and give him a sedative.

* * * *

The funeral was over. He didn’t want to talk to his sisters; they had families to go home to, but later they would probably come back to his father’s house and fight over what each would get in the will.

It was a beautiful day; the funeral had roused him early and had given him the chance to appreciate the morning. But not the mourning? he thought. Never mind. The griever were walking briskly back across the dew-streaked lawn to their cars. And then? To work probably, worrying about being late; or to their homes to carry on their business of living. He had neither right left to him now: the work—he was on leave from the Air Force overseas and he had ten days left before he must return; and the home—it had been his father’s home. Now it was his, passed on from father to son, his genesis weighing down upon him to continue. But not yet. He would have this day free before he took up the responsibility of continuing the family name.

He walked down to the fence that enclosed the graveyard, past the heavy iron gates at the entrance, and looked back.

Tell me, father, what shall be the nature of my mourning for you, how shall I start to grieve? By forgiving? I will not. By remembering? I cannot. I remember only the irritations. But is that truly you, or do I remember only me: my reactions to you, your impact on me? Do I create my own father in my mind?

Oh father am I you one and the same?...

* * * * *
Brightstruck flowers chrysanthemums roses all color sunshape blooms shelved cool from the acute morning sun in the green awned florist shop with funeral arrangements their speciality.

There's organ music reminiscent in these soft petaled things smelling sweetly of careful cultivation in neat rows on a fogged hill over the sea with no semination but that dropped purposely by the hand of the caretaker caressing his artificial beauties.

—How much for these? Paton asked the man who came walking out from the back wiping his hands on his green apron.
—Which ones?
—These. Right here. In the bucket. He pointed to some yellow rose-like bunches advertised for $2.00 for two dozen.
—Just what it says. Two bucks.
—How about one dozen?
The man meditatively rearranged some vases of flowers on the shelf. —Buck ten.
Paton reached under his coat into his pocket and pulled out some crumpled bills and some change. He laid out the correct amount in change on the counter. The man took the flowers dripping from the pail and wrapped them in a sheet of green paper, swiftly finishing his familiar, efficient work, and handing the bouquet tied with a rubber band to Paton, the paper forming a peak like a pope's hat behind the display of yellow flowers.

He took the flowers and watched the man scoop the coins off the counter with one hand and start to count them carefully, dropping them clinking into the cash register.
—All there? Paton questioned.
The man nodded silently, smugly it seemed, wiped his hands on the apron and went back to cutting flowers in the rear of the shop.

Flowers dirtied with the feel of money; the flower merchant returns to his transaction of beauty. Wonder if they feel the same: green of money, green of stems? The merchant of flowers probably gets used to the smell. Smell? Fragrance. Anyway, gets used to it after awhile, no meaning then. Only money in the bank, more stems to buy, cutting, vases, blooms; no value in the ordinary.

* * * *

He carried the flowers with him as he walked past the other shops toward the center of town, passing various marginal shops and beauty parlors with pictures of women with coiffed hair in the dusty front windows. The hair; in one piece. I could probably lift it from the scalp in one motion, coming out at once, in a stiff mass, no individual hairs at all: the perfect appearance. The natural is the way things only seem to be. Of course. Naturally. A cosmetic reality is the appearance of truth: that is what is important. Of course. That is the natural order of things . . .

Past the alleys and shuttered side doors, dusty with disuse, neglected. Come once father, before you are at last free from my unforgiveness, come walk with me, allow me to lift you again to life and let us talk of living and of death. Tell me of murder. Tell me again, this time
truly, of her death: your wife, my mother. How did you let her die; how did you kill her by uncaring?

"A good man, generous though unrestrained in his moments, unsettled at times but compassionate. We shall all miss him . . ." The priest had talked quietly, surely of a man he had never known.

Did you comprehend the extent of the lie with which you nailed shut the casket, Father? No, my father. There are two fathers. My father. Not the priest. No. But what is the difference? I cannot tell between the two. I cannot see him, the two of them are one; I am losing him already . . .

How we hid from each other, meeting face to face. How we denied all relation, all — how shall I say it — love? A word with too much meaning for us. Its sound told us of our mutual wound. It meant too much to us to be recognized. I will become my own father. And what is left? The ashes of any possibility of understanding.

* * * * *

Dark midday sun piercing the commercial streets.
—What did you say sir?
—What?
—What would you like?
—What do I want? Oh—I don’t know . . . I, uh . . .
—Would you like to look at the menu some more?
—No . . . I don’t know. What do you have? Maybe I can find something. There was something, I know.
—Well, sir, we have just about everything: steaks, chops, sandwiches, malts, coffee . . .
—No . . . orange juice?
—Yes sir. Large or small?
—Is it frozen?
—No sir. The waitress paused, bored, and shifted her weight from one foot to the other. —It’s fresh.
—Oh. Well, then, I don’t know . . .
—We have orangeade.
—No. Thank you. I don’t think I really want anything.
The waitress looked carefully at him. —Nothin’?
—No. At least . . . I don’t know.
—Then why’d you come in?

Why did he come in? Paton looked about the cafe; something he could fix attention on, something he would want. Why did he come in? There was something he wanted. No, nothing: he couldn’t think of it, he couldn’t remember. —I wanted something. I don’t remember, though. I guess I just thought I wanted it.
—You don’t want anythin’ then? She looked amazed.
—No, I guess not. No.
—Then I’m sorry sir, we can’t serve you here. She scooped up the menu and placed it amid the sheaf of menus she carried in one hand.
—I’m sorry.

What did he want? Paton got up, abstracted in the question, then looked at the waitress, —Oh, that’s all right, he said, smiling straightly
at her. After all, it wasn't her fault.

He watched her move off, walking briskly, efficiently, purposively down the counter aisle and then turning smartly into the space between the counters, neatly depositing her menus and going on about her work. Nice feeling, working quickly, certain of your actions, watching yourself work surely in a moment; no, that was it: don't watch yourself at all; estimated time of acting, eight hours, with time off for realization of personal values . . .

time . . . do we escape through time? . . .

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon, but seemed even later. The day was tired and had sheathed itself in low, indefinite, oppressive clouds that seemed to drain everything of color. The day had aged too quickly. The landscape had become sterile, futile.

Paton drove his car, the car that had been his father's, drove it through the muffled streets in a haze of unrecognition. He drove mechanically, not understanding or questioning, but reacting, and reacting alone. He did not receive any impressions save those necessary to maintain his existence.

When he arrived at the house which had been his father's and now was his, he entered carefully, feeling that he had never lived here before, that he was entering a house given to him by a stranger. It was dim and cold inside, but he did not turn on the heat nor light a fire, nor did he turn on any lights; the cold indefinite light that came in from the windows made the rooms seem old, gray with neglect, and empty.

He found his way through the dark hall into the main bedroom and there lay down on the large bed. The sweet smell of the bouquet of yellow flowers by his side permeated the room.

He listened to the ticking of his father's clock on the table by the bed until the cold light began to darken in the window. He felt hot, and empty . . .

In his sleep he dreamt a great deal of people he had not seen for a long time; of friends he had lost and not seen again; and in his dreams people he had hardly known became close friends, and he was surrounded always by people. Toward morning he began finally to cry, crying for his father, and for the empty house, and for the long disuse of things he had long known, and loved.
HENRY J. BENDE, a Northridge resident, is a Junior majoring in Psychology.

Merry is the night when quivering hands
bring a cool glass to waiting lips
while mad music rises to meet the stars.
The hour is pleasure: the glass
holds nepenthe and there is no pain.
The night has passed,
and the chariots of the sky
that sweep darkness away
carry along a shroud
bearing the gloom of day.
The long shadow of the self
rises in pitiless light
and points a shaking finger
at glazed unblinking eyes.
Laughter becomes a scream
and secret illusions die.
Handsome is the harvest of small hands reaching, within a frozen land, for flowers. Handsome the harvest when the hand touches fields of snow and still doesn’t know all of the meanings of cold. Handsome the harvest — winter roses, rising from a sterile earth, watered with melted ice, melted with small, warm hands.

HAIKU

Hissing soft rain; little rings like simmering soup; the lake is still.
TEIOLA LE ATUA

DIRAN S. TOPJIAN (MAUALUGA PATELE UPERESA) is an Anthropology major, a Sophomore, and the only non-Samoan member of the Samoan Church (Congregational) in Los Angeles. He was adopted by the Uperesa family while stationed with the Marine Corps in American Samoa, February, 1941, to October, 1942.

Perhaps it is the lush vegetation of the fertile volcanic soil of our islands that provides us with taro, breakfruit, coconut, bananas, mangos, melons, sugar cane, and citrus fruits, or maybe it is the way that fish abound in our bays and along our coasts, or maybe it is the mildness of our tropical climate, or maybe it is all of these together that make us feel favored by God; then again, it could be the sum of all of this and more.

Many who are not familiar with us ask if we Samoans are Christians, and proudly we answer we know God. For over one hundred years we have known God.

We are not all of one sect. Most of us belong to the Samoan Church, L.M.S. (London Mission Society), occasionally still called Lotu Tahiti; it is Congregationalist. This is the church I belong to. The next largest church membership is the Roman Catholic, known to us as the Lotu Pope. Mormons, Methodists, Seventh Day Adventists and Jehovah's Witnesses jointly, make up the small remaining minority of our people.

In the days of our ancestors, before we came to know God, we had no formal religion universal to our islands. There was the atua or original god, who was a supreme deity and progenitor or other gods who were included in myth and legend. Tagaloa was the creator in my ancestor's story; it was he who found himself in space, for at that time there was nothing but cloudless skies and big rocks. He struck these rocks and they fragmented and became the Samoan, Fijian, and Tongan Islands. We of Manu's hold that the first two rock fragments were Ofu and Tau, our islands, for the family of Tui Manu'a can trace their descent from Tagaloa.

All of our ancestors, as far as we know, acknowledged the Atua and Tagaloa; but then, each village, district, or clan had their own special deities which, for some reason, favored them.

Next in line were the aitu, or guardian spirits. As we recall, almost every family had one of these. Even today some of us still see them.

23
Often they tempt us or confuse us; sometimes they merely surprise us or frighten us.

The only eye-witness account or description of a temple in written history was a sacred house in the village of Sailele. From written history and memory, we know of no priesthood or formal ceremonies. The word for temple in many other Polynesian dialects is marae; in our dialect, the word is malae, which in English would be equivalent to your village square or plaza.

Our traditions were formed largely through legends and myths. Even today we have certain places and objects regarded as sa, or sacred, that date back to the days of old. These are not revered as objects of worship, nor are they examples of our reverting to pagan days. They are sacred to us only as relics or remains of our heritage and past. The word sa in the ancient Samoan dialect had a meaning similar to the word taboo in other Polynesian dialects. Its present day use in our dialect means sacred; for example, aso sa means Sunday, and the words fale sa mean church house.

With this loose individual religion, it is no wonder that the missionaries encountered only slight oppositions. The Samoan people were converted in a relatively short time from the accidental arrival of a shipwrecked Tahitian missionary in Manu'a, and later with the arrival of Turner and Williams in the Samoan Islands.

Within a half-century Malua College had been established on the island Upolu to train Samoan Pastors (Fai Feau, the message bearers). Many of these pastors have served successfully as missionaries in Melanesia; the Bible was translated into Samoan, thereby providing a consistent example of orthography and grammar. Because little else has been written in Samoan, the Bible is read and reread until it is almost memorized by the majority of Protestant Samoans.

To the people of my islands, the church is the focal point of their lives. In the early morning, before the sun has completely appeared, we rise and pray that the Lord bless us for the coming day; we precede each meal with grace. In the evening, after the sun has set, someone in the village strikes with a short pole a huge, hollowed-out log called the bells. To us, striking the bells means the day is done and it is time for us to sit within our house and hear the prayer of our household chief. Silently, with our heads bowed, we sit cross-legged on the mats as he opens the prayer. His voice is soft and he uses the classical polite language of our islands. Perhaps prayer is the wrong word. In reality we do not pray to God nor beseech him; instead we converse with Him. We thank Him; we ask His guidance and blessing much in the same manner a child talks to his parent. We feel intimate with God for He is always with us.

Perhaps, because we Samoans live intimately with each other, we feel intimate in our worship. Our kinship system, our homes, bring everything close to us. Blood, marriage, or adoption, in our relationships, are equally binding. Uncles and aunts are fathers and mothers to us, and cousins are referred to as brothers and sisters; nieces and nephews are sons and daughters. Several families of generations all live in one household.
Our houses, with their thatched roofs, remind one of haystacks held up from the bottom by ironwood posts. The floors are slightly elevated and are made of crushed coral; over the coral we spread our coarse mats. We store our sleeping mats and pillows on the cross poles under the thatch. There we are, ten or fifteen of us, conceiving, giving birth, and dying in the same unpartitioned house; little is secret. This, probably, is why we feel close to God.

Even our speech reflects this intimacy. We do not ask, “Are you a Christian?” Instead, we ask, “Do you know God?” For we feel we know Him. In our thoughts He is living and ever present. He is loving and forgiving, even more than we. We Samoans do become angry, but seldom do we hate or bear grudges. Often our dislike for a person changes to a feeling of pity for him and his family.

Because we have seen the dead and the dying, and because of our belief in heaven, we do not hold any great fear of death. Naturally, we are grieved as others would be when any close friend or relative dies; our feeling is that heaven is a more pleasant place to be than earth. One of our hymns has the line “Tumu lalo nei,” which to us implies in translation, “Lord, it is crowded here with sin, and I am looking forward to a life in eternity.”

Although our church services and worship are very serious and formalized, our daily conduct, attitudes, and humor are earthly and tolerant. It is for this reason, I believe, that some critical writers have referred to us as paying only lip service to Christianity. This is not the truth. Because of our tolerance, and because little stress is placed on any one facet of conduct as a criterion for sin, we seldom feel a sense of guilt. We only feel shame and that is temporary.

By many standards we are too casual in our daily associations. However, we feel we cannot be good people if we are unhappy. We believe that if our heart is good with God, we can be happy as we go through life.

_Ua lelei_
_Ua uma lava_
_Fafatai i le Atua_
This sightless searing wind which whips our years
That rips unspoken words with mingled tears
Like feathers flying wet with cold and rain
These years will not return to us again.

Unnested birds harsh blown from barren tree
Young wings too frail to fly, the eyes to see,
Abandoned, dropped on sodden wintered earth
No memory of a past, no Spring, no mirth.

Some hardy birds do manage to survive
They think to fly but first to stay alive.
Alone, the sightless wind their only friend
No mother’s sweetened breast, no worm to bend.

The searing wind blows still on wings that fly
No kindness in this sullen wintered sky
Their sweet, soft tender flesh beneath the down
Bear iron coats of mail no fleecy gown.
You grazed my eye
The brown spud said

I just came up to see

There's feelings in those peelings
That your slicer sliced off me.

I shall wrap my dreams
In paper
Better bed them down
In wool
For the paper wrap
Will crackle
And a sheep's hair
Will not pull.

Are those billowed pillows
Hanging in the sky
Filled with weeping willows
Or just teardrops in your eye?
THE CONQUERED

BARBARA STARR is a Freshman Drama major residing in Northridge.

A midnight horse on a shadowed plain, a graceful mare with a golden mane;
A chestnut stud with a possessive cry rings out a challenge as he stands near by.

The midnight horse, without a sound, glides across the cold, damp ground.
His challenge answered, the Chestnut lord watches the Black crossing the ford.

Proudly, gracefully, nearer comes the Black; the Chestnut stallion will not turn back.
And then they meet on the moonlit hill, there to fight, to win, to kill.

The big Black rears, the Chestnut screams, the blood runs free like an undammed stream.
Slashing hooves, flashing teeth, gleaming eyes of fire, the Black never falters his attack against the gallant sire.

The battle lost on the moonlit hill, the chestnut stallion drops cold and still.
Alone he fought, alone he died, alone he lies on a blood torn side.
RADIANT SHADOW
WHITE MAN'S MAGIC

LARRY TRAVIS is a Junior majoring in English. A Brentwood resident, he is Poetry Editor of Eclipse.

furious firestorm
blasts a
radiant shadow
across high income sections
exploding marks of
high
personal attainment
into star-like sparks
to shower down
and make
really
very
distinguished
high
prestige
ashes
a really wild
and way out
witch doctor
sat tearing
a paperback edition
of white man's magic
into small
one
word
bits
then put
them into
an empty skull
to wait
for the wind
to blow
the little squares
of white
with bold
black
letters
out of
an empty
eye hole
and
land
on
the smoky
ceremonial grass
sifted
symbols

Design by ALBERT WARNER.
INTERVIEW

STANLEY CHAPMAN is a Graduate student majoring in English. He lives in Woodland Hills.

I sat at my desk. With a cigarette in his curiously jeering mouth, Joey leaned into the doorway.

"Come in, sit down, Joey — good to see you," I said.

"'Lo, Dr. Freeman," the boy said.

I looked at him intently; somehow, I thought, the cigarette looked out of place. Perhaps it was because, sitting here, Joey’s gangling frame looked much smaller; and his lean, sensitive face made you want to think he was younger than he really was. "Do you know why I asked to see you again?" I said.

"You want to talk ... To help me—," Joey said faintly. He smiled downward. One was startled by his narrow, pinched face; his eyes were brown and poked into darkly ringed sockets, and they created his small face; they were its core—like the eyes of a deer: big, searching, hungry, yet always startled, cautious, timid.

"How do you feel? Are you nervous?" I asked.

"No, I’m not nervous. I just feel a little weird." "How is that?"

Joey laughed quietly and nervously: "I don’t know . . . I just feel strange—-

"Why is that?"

He paused a moment. His eyes were following the smoke from the cigarette he now held on his right knee. "I don’t associate with people that much, I guess—"

"Why is that, Joey?"

"I just like to be alone."

"Why do you like to be alone?"

"Well . . . when I’m by myself I can think better—. I only have to cope with my own problems, not with the criticisms of others—."

"Why do others criticize you?"

"Because I’m different."

"Will you explain that?"

"Oh . . . I have my own technique of dancing . . . and . . . everything," Joey said; then sat quietly for a long time. I patiently waited for him to continue. The silence made him nervous. He took a quick drag. "You see, I’m a good dancer, really—. And good on the bongos—. I’ve got a feeling for rhythm." Joey stopped. He smiled his odd, tight-lipped, almost self-conscious smile. Deep wrinkles appeared around the edges of his dark eyes and aged his boyish face. "But . . . to be truthful . . . I’m sort of nervous around girls. You know." He paused and
looked away blankly.

"Why is that, Joey?"

"Because I was always so little for my age, I guess. So immaturity—."

"Is that why you think you are different now?"

"No—." He shook his head. "Other things. The way I comb my hair. And other things, too."

I looked at Joey's black hair: it was long, but well-groomed, and combed down flatly all over. "I was told you left Fairley Saturday afternoon because they were going to give you a haircut."

"Why do they have to give us short haircuts all of a sudden? Huh? Big deal, San Quentin! Isn't Fairley supposed to be a home and all that! . . . But it wasn't just the haircut. And Mr. Rose saying that I'd have to get it cut shorter and that if I was going to live at Fairley, I'd have to behave. He means conform. I don't want to conform, and I don't intend to conform. But it wasn't just that—I had to do some thinking. And you can't concentrate at Fairley. Are you kidding? No one can get anything done there—anything good that is. Thaine paints a lot. I don't see how he does it—with all the guys throwing things like little kids, and wrestling, and grabbing your ass every time you turn around! Yet Thaine paints all the time. He's damn good too. You ought to see the one he did called Peacock in a Rainstorm. It's got tremendous color and detail. He's going to make a name for himself some day. Just wait. I mean, if it doesn't get all knocked out of him—if they just give him a chance—."

"What do you mean, exactly?"

"I can't explain . . . It's just that everybody keeps trying to change you. Like at school. They keep pouring facts and rules and everything they can think of at you. Until there's nothing left. You're nothing. You've learned all they wanted you to, and I guess you're smarter, but in the meanwhile you've had to give up a hell of a lot . . . Guys like Thaine deserve a chance. Let them figure the world out for themselves. That's all I want to do. I guess that's why Thaine and I are alike."

Joey took a drag. He slowly read the certificates on the wall.

"In what other ways are you and Thaine alike?" I asked.

"Well . . . For instance we both use different words. I'm not a brain, don't get me wrong! I talk pretty good, though. I've got a good vocabulary. I don't always use it. Like now. Sometimes you'd think I was a damn kid. But I'm really a lot smarter than I seem. It's just that it's hard, sometimes, to use what you've got inside. You get scared I guess." Joey was silent. His shadowy eyes concentrated on me for a moment. Then he smiled and continued: "I sort of think different thoughts, too. I think good things, sometimes—when I'm alone. That's one way Thaine and I are alike. Nobody comes up with the thoughts we do. Some of the stuff we dream up is pretty crazy, though—I've got to admit that."

"What do you mean?"

"Well . . . like this one idea I had about this girl. I was lying on
my bed after school, thinking. I was feeling kind of low. Sometimes when I don’t feel so hot, I lie on my stomach and think. That helps. It’s like when you have a bellyache and lie on it. It doesn’t do any good, actually, but at least it makes you feel different. So I was just lying there, and thinking. . . . First I was thinking about this broad at school. She’s sort of fat. Not really. I mean, it’s just that she’s pretty well built. You know. Well, Mr. Leslie—he’s my English teacher—he was saying something kind of stupid, so I was looking at this dame. And she was nice! I mean . . . sitting there with her legs crossed, bouncing them—with half her thigh showing below that damn short skirt! . . . Anyhow, after school I was lying on my stomach and thinking about this broad, quite a bit. . . . Then I began to think other things. And—have you ever thought two things at once? I was lying there and all of a sudden I was thinking about this fawn . . . walking along the edge of this real dark woods . . . only the fawn was in bright yellow sunshine—everything around it was light and yellow, kind of like autumn or something. But this damn fawn was actually a young girl walking down the sidewalk! I mean, I couldn’t tell, really, whether it was a fawn or a beautiful little girl. It was both. And I stood there staring at her because she was so young and freckled and cute! I could see her as plain as if I could reach right out and touch her! And you know, I had the strangest feeling. She was so young and everything—with her sweater just coming to cute little points—and her bitchen knees and legs showing below her tiny pleated skirt, and,—this fantastic doll face! And you know how I felt? This may sound crazy,—but I just wanted to walk with her, and maybe hold her small hand, and talk. Nothing sexy or anything. Just walk and talk.

“And I could see her there, moving along the edge of this dark woods; and I was quiet as hell. But all the time I wanted to go toward her. So, finally, I took a clumsy step—and a twig snapped or something; because, suddenly, she looked right at me, then simply vanished into that damn woods.”

Joey shook his head gravely. “Wasn’t that crazy?” he said. “Not many guys think weird stuff like that.” He took a deep breath and eased the air out slowly. I waited for him to continue, hoping he would follow his own thoughts. He put his cigarette out in the ashtray on the desk; with the frayed filter tip and his fingers he swept the scattered ashes into a neat pile. He carefully placed the butt on the pinnacle. It toppled down. Joey looked at it a second, then smiled his remote, brittle smile, and quickly and nervously lit another cigarette.

“Where did you go when you left Fairley?” I asked.

“Well . . . You know how I usually go down to the railroad station . . . to watch the trains coming in and going out, and all the people, and everything . . . Well, I was walking and hitch-hiking, and thinking about the railroad station, and, suddenly, I decided to go to the beach! Just like that! And I was lucky, too, because I got a ride with this guy who was going right by the ocean. I was there in no time!

“And you should have seen it! The seagulls were circling all over
the place! You’d think it was a vultures’ convention or something. So I just walked across the sand a little ways and plopped down. All the time I was watching these damn seagulls. You know, I think I could watch them forever. They’re beautiful. They were all up there trying to see how lazy they could be. Know what I mean? They were all gliding in these big circles—trying to use as little energy as possible. The birds up real high only had to flap their wings every third or fourth time around. . . . And—one of them seemed to be way up by the damn sun! All by himself. And I never once saw him flap a wing. Never once. He was just coasting. Forever . . . Riding those damn air currents for all they’re worth—.

“Then I began to wonder why birds circle like that. Did you ever wonder? I mean, they’re always too high to be looking for food or anything. I don’t think they’ve got to practice flying—that’s all they do! I suppose it’s got something to do with sex. Everything does. But, you know, I’d just like to think they loved flying. And the guy way up there by the sun and the clouds simply loved it more than any of them. He just loved going round and round and round, experimenting in the currents—circling, banking, taking it easy—. Just flying because it was natural and good.” He paused.

“Anyhow, I was lying there, looking at the seagulls, and the sky, and the ocean, and I sort of got lost in them for a little while. Then I had this good thought. My first good thought in a long time. And it made me feel pretty fine, because I began to believe there was still hope, you know. I was lost in studying the waves breaking and everything, and I thought: the sea tumbles and runs upon the sand like some boy full of imagination. That was all. But I knew it was good, and I began to feel glad that I’d cut out.

“Then I looked around. This family was parked up to my left. There was this guy with sailor tattoos all over, and his fat wife, and a bunch of little kids. Then I looked over to my right. There sat this really bitchen blonde! She was nice! She was sitting there in a pink bikini with these sexy ruffles all over—only she had a yellow towel coat on too. I remember, because it just sort of hung there loosely. She was about the best looking broad I’ve ever seen. I sat there staring at her, and thought—I’d rather see most dames all dressed up fancy and everything. That’s the truth. There just aren’t very many girls who can wear a bathing suit, that’s all. Anyway, this blonde was one of the few who could. She really could! She wasn’t young or anything—in fact, she was with this old guy who looked kind of like a monk—only he had this scruffy little goatee. I guess he was a college professor. Anyhow, this dame looked young—not the old guy’s daughter, but well preserved, I guess you’d say. And she just sat there with the full length of those slender damn legs sticking out from her yellow towel coat—, and I could just get a glimpse of her little tan belly—, and, well, I could see almost everything upstairs—. Was she proportioned!

“And she just sat there looking cute, and reading this book, and smiling as she read. That killed me, right off. I mean, reading the book. I can’t help it. When I see a girl sitting quietly, and looking
cute, and reading a book—well, that really gets me. I always fall in love right then.

"So I lay there staring at her for a real long time—about as long as I dared. Then I had to roll back the other way and watch the sailor for a little while.

"He was down by the water playing with one of his kids—a tiny white-headed guy. And this kid was horrified by the waves! Anybody could’ve seen that! So this sailor snatched his arm and yanked him out into the water. The little kid was petrified! He started to scream like hell. He really yelled. But his old man just kept dragging him out. He pulled him out till the damn waves were really swamping the tiny guy! The waves were breaking right over his damn head! And all the while the kid kicked and screamed and cried—scared as hell! Finally, he kicked his old man in the groin or something, because he really flinched! The bastard. So all of a sudden he started dragging the little guy in. He pulled his arm like it was a leash on a damn dog or something! Then he slapped the kid down and shouted: ‘Ya stay on this blanket, ya hear! Don’t ya dare move!’ Damn, it made me furious! I got all tight inside. I wanted to slug that swabby so bad it killed me! Right in the mouth! But I just choked up, and didn’t do anything. The little kid lay on the blanket blubbering away, trying to bury his head in the sand under the blanket; and I just sat there watching him—till, finally, I had to cut out! I just took off. And, you know what?—there sat this fantastic blonde I was telling you about—only with the book dropped down in her lap—and crying like a baby! She must’ve seen the whole damn thing too. I went right by her, and, gosh, she looked magnificent with all those damn tears running down her beautiful face. I just had to love her. I couldn’t help it. She made me feel weaker than hell, and my eyes got all wet. ‘What a hell of a world!’ I said. And you know, for a minute I forgot all about that sailor and the kid. All I could think about was this beautiful dame crying in a damn pink bikini.

"Anyway, I kept walking up toward the road. Then, all of a sudden, I felt starved! Damn, I had more than three bucks, so I ran all the way up to this little cafe. Don’t ask me why I ran. I just felt like it. I almost felt like running forever.

"After I got inside the place I didn’t feel so hungry any more—such a lousy, little, greasy joint—with only a couple of small, broken-down booths and a few stools. Everything smelled kind of worn out and putrid too.

"This old waitress gave me a greasy menu and a glass of water with all kinds of biology specimens in it. I read over the menu. Nothing looked good. Finally, I almost decided to get a bowl of chili—only this fat slob—one of those guys with a gut so big that when he sits down you wonder where the hell his organs are and all—, anyway, he had a big bowl of chili and was slurping away, really slurping, and all of a sudden I didn’t want chili, either. So I ordered a piece of banana cream pie—hell, I could see the flies all over it!—but you have to eat something, you know, and I love banana cream pie.
“So the waitress brought me a slice and this lousy bent fork. I took a bite, and it wasn’t bad. As long as I didn’t think about the flies. Then this little blind boy with a newspaper bag slung over his shoulder came in, and I had to stop and watch him. He stumbled around a bit, but finally edged onto a stool. At first I thought he was about twelve! He had this big fluff combed in his hair—like you only see kids having—, and he dressed like a kid, too. But one look at his face and you could see he was a little old man! He was all wrinkled up—and had this nervous twitch with his eye muscles.

“The old waitress gave him a glass of water and a menu! Some people, huh? But, hell, she’d probably given everybody a glass of water and a menu for fifty years! She just stood there, waiting for him to order. And you know what the little guy did? He started to get up to leave! So I scooted down next to him and said: ‘Wait a minute, buddy, let me help you.’ . . . He skittishly reached into his filthy jeans—he was all twitchy and shaky—and dug out a few coins. ‘What can I get for this?’ he said with a smile. He gave me the creeps!

“The old guy only had about seventeen cents. I said, ‘You can get some chili.’ The chili was thirty, but, hell, the guy needed it! And he said, ‘I want coffee. Can I get some coffee?’ And I said, ‘Sure.’ The old guy was probably conning me, but I didn’t care. Anyway, I slid back to my pie. Only I couldn’t finish it.

“So I got up to leave, and dropped a half a buck on the counter for the pie and the old waitress. She was alright. Just probably ignorant, you know. Fifty damn years in a hole like that and anybody’d get a little ignorant.

“That was when I went back to Fairley. It was getting late—about four-thirty. I knew because I’d just looked at my watch. I’ve got this old Big Ben pocket watch. Well, it isn’t exactly old—I mean, not an antique or anything. But I’ve had it a long while. I don’t know why I keep it, except it still runs good and I’ve had it so long. I was just a little squirt of about eight or nine when I got it. I guess my Dad was still around then. But he didn’t buy it for me. I remember I was working at some old lady’s house—cutting her lawn and everything. I don’t remember what she looked like, except something like a witch—real old and white and skinny, with big blue veins! I kind of got sick every time I looked at her—. But she made the best damn crab-apple jelly in the world. Anyhow, I worked for her and made this money. I guess it was the first money I ever had. We were poor as hell. I remember I used to take a couple of cold pancakes to school for lunch. I’d have to hide in a damn corner someplace to eat them. Anyway, I had all this money, and you know what I did? I cut out for the five and dime! I wanted to buy something right off! Know what I mean? Well, after a hell of a lot of looking around, finally, I spotted this pocket watch. I guess I thought it was about the greatest thing on earth. It only cost around two bucks, but I think that was damn near all the money I had. And I’d worked my tail off for it, too! But I bought it anyway. And I remember it came in this damn tiny box. Little boxes like that just crack me up! I think they’re bitchen.
"And you know, I wasn’t even sure how to wind the watch. I knew you had to wind it, and I could’ve done it, but I just didn’t want to take any chances. So I waited and showed the watch to my Dad. He acted real serious. He could see it was a big deal. And I said to him, ‘Will you show me how to wind it?’ Just simple, like that. And he said, ‘Well, son,’ still looking real serious, ‘there’s two ways to wind a good watch. Some say you wind it all the way to the right—clockwise.’ He twisted his finger and thumb together, showing me. ‘And others, and I, say to wind it back and forth like this.’ Then he wound the watch. And it was final. ‘Now you take care,’ he said, ‘and wind it like this, and not too tight, and this watch’ll last you a long time!’

‘And damn, I guess he was right, too! It sure has lasted.’ Joey took the watch out of his pocket. ‘Look how scratched up it is, will you? I don’t know why I still keep it. The plating’s all off the back and everything—.’ He stuffed the watch away. ‘I’ve got to go,’ he said abruptly. He quickly crushed his cigarette in the ashtray.

‘Joey—,’ I said. ‘One question before you leave: do you think Fairley truly helped you to solve anything?’

‘Oh . . . I don’t know. It doesn’t really matter anyhow. In the first place, I’m beginning to wonder about all the things I’ve been thinking . . . For instance I only had one good thought all Saturday afternoon—that was about the sea tumbling and everything. And you know, that wasn’t real. That was just my imagination. I don’t see things like that, actually. At least any more. I see real things. I see real boys playing in the sand.’

‘Joey—.’

‘Don’t worry, it doesn’t matter—.’
THE BALLAD OF CELIN THE FAIR

MICHAEL HARDSTARK is a Freshman English major. His home is in Los Angeles.

Once was a Moor of ancient Spain,
Known as Celin the Fair;
All praised the fire in his eyes,
And blackness of his hair.

Now Celin loved a northern maid,
Of Christian royalty;
A voice heard in Granadan nights,
"O maid I worship thee!"

From a north domain glad tidings came,
To ring thru Islam's land;
A mighty knight who sought a bride,
Would take the royal hand.

Then Celin called his brothers four,
To bid them mount and ride;
"Before the sun sets in the hill,
I'll be at my lady's side."

One hundred men of chivalry,
Ride north to see the king;
A wedding feast awaits for them,
And joyful bards will sing.
Five horsemen reach the mountain pass,
Held by a hundred lords;
"Though odds are great, my love is strong,
O brothers, raise your swords."

Five horsemen lie 'neath northern sky,
They died for a maiden fair;
A bride upon her wedding night,
Sleeps without a care.

MOTHYRHYTHM

MOTH meandering over dusty sill
Halts as my hand moves near;
Wings of brittle brown shivering
As I lightly touch a wingtip.
ODE TO A WINO ON A CRATE

Having absolutely nothing
to do with truth being
beauty or vice versa.

JIM LINVILLE, a Van Nuys resident, is a Junior majoring in Journalism and an Associate Editor of Eclipse.

And an old man
Dreams of flesh.

What means
Mother?

When was the bay born?

Do the blind
Care for colors?
... and neon?

Where was I he asks,
That only her perfume
Lingered

While I cried ...
Unobserved.

Only the perfume remains.

Then it too is gone.

A large grey Rat

Spits at my feet and
the moon laughs as I
Balance upon a crate,
And dream ...
MICHAEL ANDERSON is a Sophomore majoring in English, and lives in Van Nuys.

disciples of yesbut
and whylings of because
try unknowledgingly
to touch God's dream
by climbing mere illimitable stars

the Answer walks on
baby's feet
toys with his mother's fingers
patters gloriously along a
warmwhite pathway in tumultuous greenling
spring:
love

Lithograph by RUTH SELTZER.
This great pasturage of waving
Vapid candles, listless white,
Rods of fat together raving.
Swarth slavers of my flight.
A thousand twine plumed tallow
Whine in ivory fever
Of fetid drippings, shallow.
Wax studded verdict of forever
   Look to a goblet, glazed
   Lifting the incense of nectar thick, pale.
Of petals whose blood raised
A crimson fume, a thin mist wail.
Tis the urn of blossom liquor,
Round which, the tapers flicker.
Black arenas
Striated with filth
white
paint.
The oily blank cries
Of fatheads and yellow hairs.
Heat emanating, roiling
From the court of animal.
Cubs, pups snap, grapple
In sauce of odor.
Teeth too short to
Rip clean,
Inflect, shallow the fragrance of,
Defile the flower loin,
My be-lost christ.
Field, carbide shriek
Of endless dement
Hath held sway.
Wince well,
Who did not game.
It was like a gray deserted building, a building that had barely survived the abuses of its recent tenants. Inside there were piles of broken plaster, a few rusty beer cans and an old newspaper lying scattered around the floor. On the walls were a few faded photographs of forgotten men with handlebar mustaches. There was a large gaping hole in one wall which light flickered through playing with flying dust. Dust swirled around ever so slightly by a sometimes refreshing wind, and through the broken wall, an awareness of height with a panorama of fields and trees and distant mountains. But the room was forlorn and sadly empty.

... he was alone when he awoke and he immediately felt relieved. He had lost something during the night, a pressure had been removed from the structure of his soul. He looked around himself with a new-found curiosity and he saw the sharp glare of the sun reflecting off the enameled walls of the bathroom and he heard the street sounds below.

the curtains rustled with a slight breath of April, bringing with it the buoyant expectation of spring. And he got up and dressed slowly, enjoying the quiet comfort of familiarity.
and the telephone jarred him.

(and he swore softly under his breath)
Hello.
Hello, dear. Did you miss me last night?
Yes, dear.
(and he could lie to her now)
I missed you too, dear.
Will you have lunch with me?
Now? It's only 10:00, dear. I just got
out of bed.
Pretty please ... with sugar on it.
Well ... OK, I'll meet you in half an hour
at Mickie's, ... dear.
Good, good-by love.
Yes, good-by.

and the phone was dead. He put his coat on uncon­
sciously and went out onto the street. When the full
force of the sun hit him he felt almost intoxicated
and he skipped down the street, being very careful
not to step on the cracks in the sidewalk. When he
got to Mickie's she was already there, sitting in
a booth.

Hi!
(and he sat across the table from her)
Hello. I've already ordered for us.
Thanks. You look nice this morning.
It's the early morning sunshine that did
it for me.
What did you order?
Ham on rye.
Goodie!
Don't you like ham on rye?

(he smiled)
Let's not argue about the relative merits
of ham on rye versus ham on white. I really
don't care.

(and demurely)
I'm sorry Jack ... did I make you mad?
No, today I can't get mad.
Why not?
It's too nice of a day and I'm going to
the beach anyway.
But, my folks are coming down today and
I want you to meet them.
and the sandwiches came, and they ate silently.
Dear, this is the first real nice day of
spring and I'm going to go to the beach and
drink beer.
Please, Jack. My folks want to meet you.
Some other time.
Please...
I made a date to go with George.
(he lied but it came easy)
I'll call him and tell him you can't go.
and she got up and started for the phone booth.
No, damn it!
and she sat down, resigned. She looked at him and
her eyes filled with tears.
and they ate quietly for a time, he with deter-
mination and she sadly toying with her food.
Please... Jack.
and she was sobbing now. And he became confused.
Oh, Mary, I'm sorry. I didn't want to
make you cry.
Please, Jack. Will you meet my parents
today?
and he quivered slightly as he answered.
OK, Mary.

the whole structure quivered for a moment as some
bracing was added outside. The hole in the wall was
bricked up and the sun no longer played softly with
the ever changing dust. But the old tenants didn't
return, nor did any new ones move in. Everything
was dark, quiet, and empty...
A man awoke while others slept
and though all the world was wrapt
in night
He saw the all exposed, through
infiltrating sight, and thereupon
he laughed

They locked the man that saw away
and the blind world sleeps on.
KATHERYN B. LEONARD is a Mathematics major. A member of the Senior class, her home is in North Hollywood.

Vague needs,
Violent and controlled,
Guided the passion
Of thrusting fullness
Plunged into happening!
Among partial readiness,
Lay the whole of desire
Freeing itself on a rumpled bed
Immense, complete,
Leaving nothing for regret.
Captured tenderness consumed,
No longer tempted,
As sighs were spent.

West of the darkness
And east of tomorrow-land,
Many dreams for sale.

Droplets on window—
A swiftly flowing river
Coaxing your return.
Under some sort of G. I. bill (not to be confused with the illustrious Soldier Bill, 1854-1876), he was studying to be an engineer, being entitled to this education because he was a Korean War veteran. He changed from one school to another because he could, because he was a veteran, sort of stayed up to standards, was an American white protestant and such.

He became disgusted and took a Greyhound bus fifteen hundred miles to a place in Washington where he met an aging, drunk barber who, for a little money, taught Fobin Drum how to cut hair on the head. The old man was a good teacher, even though he shook with continuous muscle spasms.

The state of Washington, not to its discredit, gave Fobin Drum a barber’s license. He cut hair for four months, then bought a jeep and toured the eleven Western States.

Now in the town of Creel, Nevada, there is a detention home for bad and worse boys. This institution hired Fobin Drum to cut bad and worse hair.

One day a sociology major from UCLA named Sally came to work with these misunderstood kids. She was a negro and she had left UCLA because her boy friend was always playing bongos (very badly) and talking like an old southern preacher because he said that they (the negroes) must retain their culture.

Now the Creel Correction Home was surrounded by a fourteen volt fence. Sally said to the superintendent, “I cannot rehabilitate these children with that fence staring at them.” And the superintendent said, “I cannot rehabilitate them if they’re not here.” *

So Sally quit and Fobin Drum asked if he could drive her anywhere in his four-wheel-drive jeep. She said, “Yes,” and they drove to Connecticut where they lived in a cottage by a lake for six years. They had a son and Fobin Drum started to think about mathematics.

He walked out of his house one day, thinking about mathematics, when a green 1952 Oldsmobile drove up beside him and dragged him in. The men in the Oldsmobile were Russian spies who were convinced
that Fobin Drum was mathematically driving at something; but actu­ally the Russian spies were driving the Oldsmobile into the lush Connecti­cut forest.

* apology to M. Sahl.
STAFF

Editor     Michael Burrs
Managing Editor  George van Duinwyk
Associate Editors  Jeff Drake,
                 Jim Linville
Fiction Editor    Gar Smith
Poetry Editor     Larry Travis
Non-Fiction Editor  Don Pawlck
Art Editor        Rich Heimanson
Advertising Manager  Virginia Clements
Sales Manager     Henry Weiner
Asst. Fiction Editor  Sheryle Groff
Asst. Poetry Editor  Tracy Gordon
Asst. Non-Fiction Editor  Barbara Bruce
Asst. Art Editors    Arlene Ballonoff,
                     Albert Warner
Faculty Advisors  Saul Bernstein,
                 Wallace Graves
Graphics          Harold Schwarm
PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTISERS

PRINTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY

LETTERPRESS — OFFSET

10730 White Oak Ave.       Granada Hills, Calif. — EMpire 3-8733
For Campus Transportation

See

NORTHRIDGE CYCLERY
FRANCHISED SCHWINN DEALER
THE WORLD'S FINEST BICYCLE

Dickens 5-1547
Repairs on all makes

8922 Reseda Blvd.
Northridge, Calif.

Bridesmaid Dresses
Formals - Sportswear
Millinery - Lingerie

FAIRLADY
FASHIONS

8926 Reseda Blvd.
Northridge, Calif.
DI 5-5060
9:30-5:30 daily

KAPPA DELTA PSI
Members and Pledges
Salute the Eclipse

ALFRED & FABRIS STUDIO
and Camera Shop

Complete Photographic Service . . .
SPECIALIZING IN WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHY
IN LIVING COLOR.

8915 Reseda Blvd.
Northridge
DI 5-5351
KIMI'S FLORISTS
For all flower arrangements
Weddings, Funerals, Corsages
Special 10% discount to Students
8902 Reseda Blvd. DI 3-5070
DI 4-1064

Joe's Italian Groceries
8770 Reseda Blvd.
Under New Management
Specializing in Submarine Sandwiches
All types of fancy delicatessen meats
Wines & Beer — We deliver Catering to the home
For delivery call DI 2-9754

BETA SIGMA PI
Extends Greetings & Wholehearted Support to the First Literary Effort at V.S.C.

THE SENTIMENT SHOP
GIFTS — DINNERWARE — CARDS
OFFICE SUPPLIES — STATIONERY
Wedding Invitations and Announcements Personalized Stationery — Paper Party Goods
8820 Reseda Blvd. DI 3-3964
Congratulations to the Eclipse Staff for its initial effort in producing a literary magazine for our campus.

The Associated Students
SFVSC COLLEGE BOOK STORE

GREETS AND APPLAUDS ECLIPSE

Our management and staff are here to aid you as an integral part of college life.

Hours: Monday-Thursday — 8:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m.
Friday — 8:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.

ANN'S WORKSHOP

For all your clothing & sewing problems

DISTINCTIVE CUSTOM TAILORING & DRESSMAKING
DESIGNING, COPY'S, RESTYLING & ALTERATIONS
20 YEARS EXPERIENCE GERMAN MASTER DEGREE

8958 Reseda Blvd.
Northridge, Calif.
DI 2-1491