

**THE GREAT LAKE REVIEW**

**NOVEMBER, 1974**

<b>CO-EDITORS</b>	JOE WIECHA MARK WAHL
<b>ASSOCIATE EDITOR</b>	DEBORAH DEACONS
<b>FICTION EDITOR</b>	MARILYN HABERSKI
<b>POETRY EDITOR</b>	CHERYL A. GRESSANI

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# THE GREAT LAKE REVIEW

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NOVEMBER 1974

## POETRY

Cheryl A. Gressani	<i>Nightfall of Nuance</i>	2
Scott Regan	<i>To Whoever First Thought of Death in a Barrell</i>	4
	<i>The Chill Factor in the Black Sky Current</i>	13
John Knapp II	<i>The Cage of Rue Morgue</i>	6
	<i>Mail Pouch</i>	7
Mark Wahl	<i>The Sorcerer</i>	9
	<i>Untitled</i>	26
Diane Shaljian	<i>Intelligencia</i>	10
Marga Gomez	<i>Untitled</i>	12
Joe Wiecha	<i>In the Old Wind Now Rises Your Spirit (or)</i>	
	<i>A Paleo Indian Bison Kill Adapted From Joe Ben Wheat</i>	
	<i>and Made Wider by Joe Wiecha</i>	16-21
S. Miller	<i>Love as Shoplifting</i>	24
Tom Lowerre	<i>Living Backward in Time</i>	28
	<i>Merz Atlan Sunset</i>	29
Donald Harrison	<i>Star</i>	30
	<i>The Mad Sister</i>	30

## ART WORK

Cover Design: Detail of Untitled Drawing  
by Al Blemmer

## DRAWINGS

Mike Murabito	<i>Untitled</i>	8
Jodi Bamel	<i>Untitled</i>	10
Joe Wiecha	<i>How Are You?</i>	16
Al Bremmer	<i>Untitled</i>	23
Jim Johnson	<i>Untitled</i>	27

## PAINTINGS

Kathryn A. Timm	<i>Pinking Shears</i>	5
Maria Tomaselli	<i>Self Portrait</i>	25

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Peter Kandilou	<i>Untitled</i>	3
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## PRINTS

Nancy Nevich	<i>A Love (Etching)</i>	11
	<i>Ants (Etching)</i>	15
	<i>Different States of a Single Moment</i>	32
Kay Kraushaar	<i>Untitled (Lithograph)</i>	14
Paul Hannon	<i>Untitled (Lithograph)</i>	22
Maria Tomoselli	<i>Dance Series # 1</i>	1
	<i>The Dancer (Lithograph)</i>	31

## *Nightfall of Nuance*

### **One**

We stand at this intercourse of design—  
in an abyss where devils  
hiss and snap their teeth.  
Tails struck from Lake shale plug escape.  
None aid this distress. They have shut the door,  
and, with sparkling pupils,  
blinded us.

### **Two**

Through passage within, sucking heard—  
their snarl a grimace we dare not regard.  
The floor grasps my belly. Your palms bleed.  
We swallow stench, feeling our stomach heave.  
Suction pulls spart sinews  
of muscular control. We are losing.  
Lost, in webs of capillary,  
we suspend.

### **Three**

Hole hurling spit, we extradite length—  
tails wrenched from sockets.  
Knocking humid walls of labyrinth,  
and choosing each other as victim,  
our retreat is procured.  
Twisting closses about swollen necks,  
we forge out of depth,  
leaping.

*Cheryl A. Gressani*



Pete Kandilou

*To whoever first thought of death  
in a barrel*

Try to enjoy the splendor of his fall  
Limp into black splashes in a rigid shell  
as gulls circled overhead  
like buzzards on a desert mocking

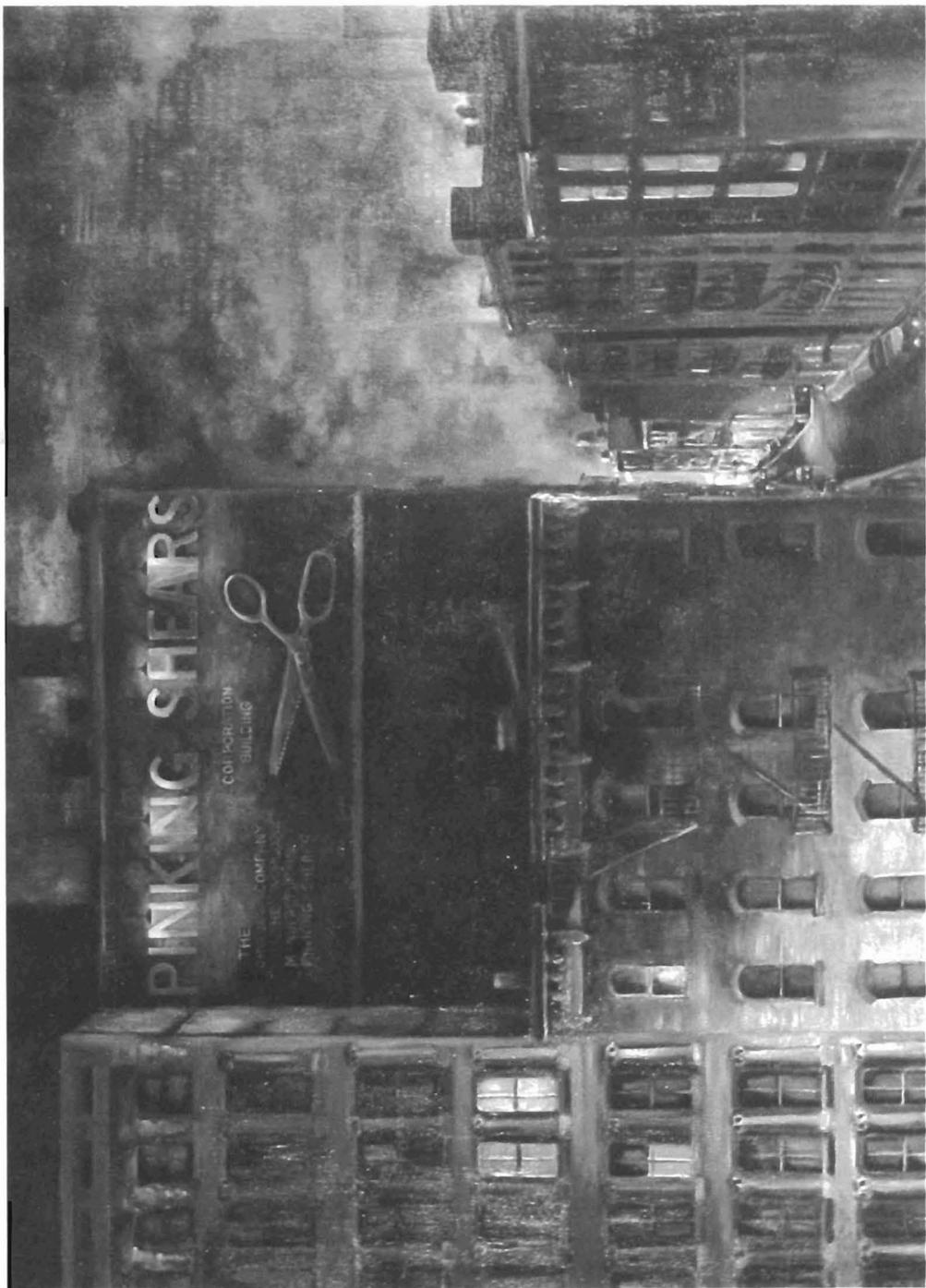
His rain barrel cell is splashless  
Undisturbed but by waiting and knocks on the wall  
muffled lovers calls from honeymoon rooms  
vantage points, and thunder from the Falls.

He must have heard the knock on his door, faintly.  
The oak staves dulling it and gulls diving  
headlong, crying mocks of suicide.  
The knocks he had survived to surface to obsession

with rooftop drips, and underwater solitude,  
haunts in his glass fish bowl world, pain  
slipped away without struggle  
like brandy on an idle afternoon.

Then, floating alone on the river  
the misty thunder muffled, distant,  
like a storm in the wind, he hesitates  
on an edge pool with the peace of birds chirming before a storm.

*Scott Regan*



"Pinking Shears"  
Kathryn A. Timm

Oil on Canvas  
3' x 4'

## *The Cage of Rue Morgue*

I pick fleas off my stomach for the polaroids  
locked into the outside. I have  
two score years to leap about my box,  
two rolling-pin trapezes  
to oscillate between  
and make dizzy little boys' eyes zig-zag.

The little boys wonder at the whiteness of my teeth,  
how far the eyes and hair go.  
They would enter all my dreams at once.  
watch me slip between the bars at full moon  
to jump the keeper of the pails,  
razor off his head,  
and stuff it up his chimney.  
(But if they catch me in this dream,  
I'll rattle my eyes at the judge like lemons  
    in one-armed bandits,  
tattoo his bench with four pounding little fists.)

On my bench I have forty years  
to watch the tigers chase their tails  
    into margarine,  
forty years to feel the wires of my thighs  
    grow stiff,  
and the window end of every giggling polaroid  
    in the world.

*John Knapp II*

## *Mail Pouch*

*For Robert Bly*

Everyone take a deep breath,  
the Surgeon General is recalling lungs.

Up the gravel road comes the rural carrier  
in a gray Cadillac. All the women solemnly wait on three-legged stools  
over pails and knives. Every sheet hangs on the line.  
At the sign of the flag the men open their shirts.  
The Postperson's strokes are deft and quick,  
the women rinsing his hands at every pause.  
Now, down the road he goes with all our balloons.  
Bluebibs never hung so loose.

"What's to be done?" the children ask.  
"Will they make them smaller and scrape them like toast?"  
"Or even as small as a golf ball, can they  
press them into brick to fire the burger?"  
"Or even yet smaller to sticks of lead  
so people could sharpen the ends and write?"  
"Would this be right?"

"To foreknow is to be forewarned," the mothers nod.  
Now there is wood to gather and cows to be milked.  
The skinny boys with birch in their teeth  
don't say much.  
They move to the old boots and climb in.

*John Knapp II*



# *The Sorcerer*

Watch

the sun,  
tumbling back,  
chases shadows  
into long rays of night.  
The haze of morning past  
wanes  
into frost, into sleep.

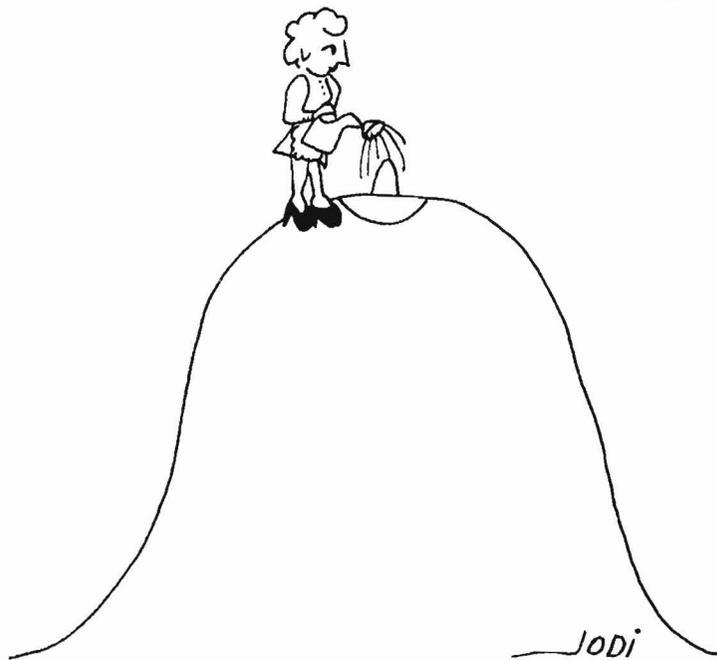
Rest here

in this blue abandon,  
beyond the perfunctory madness  
of time won elements;  
beyond the temples  
where breasts of infants  
nourish crumbling granite gods.

*Mark Wahl*

Mike Murabito  
*Drawing, Mixed Media*

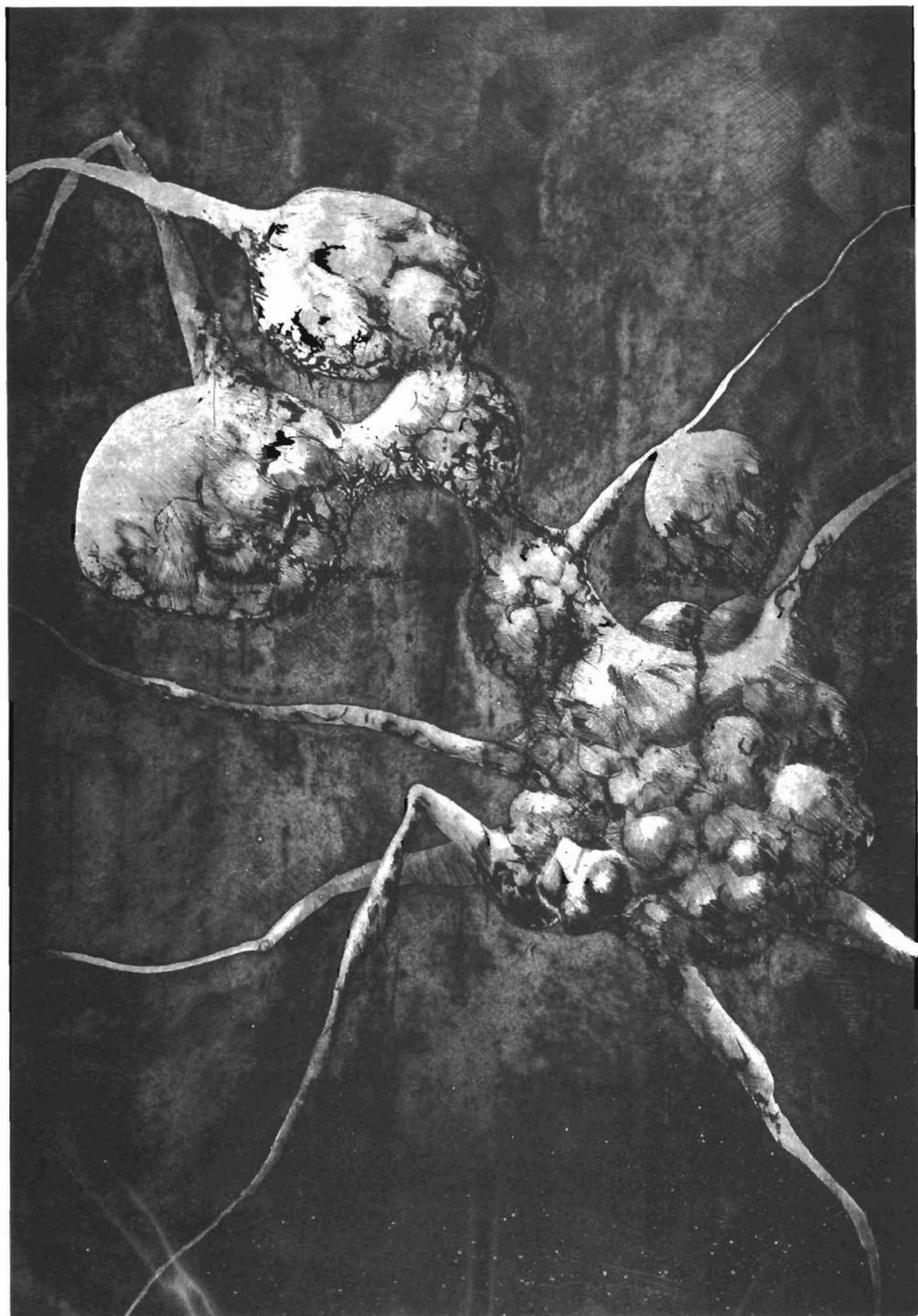
## *Intelligencia*



As if goaded by some swollen fervor  
hours are consumed.  
They are engulfed with extended pubic regions,  
lights dimmed, the eyes  
protrude with the redundant  
throbbing smirk.

To this the secular search.  
Catapults into linear liaison with  
the  
mundane.

*Diane Shaljian*



Nancy Nevich  
*Etching*  
17½" x 22½"

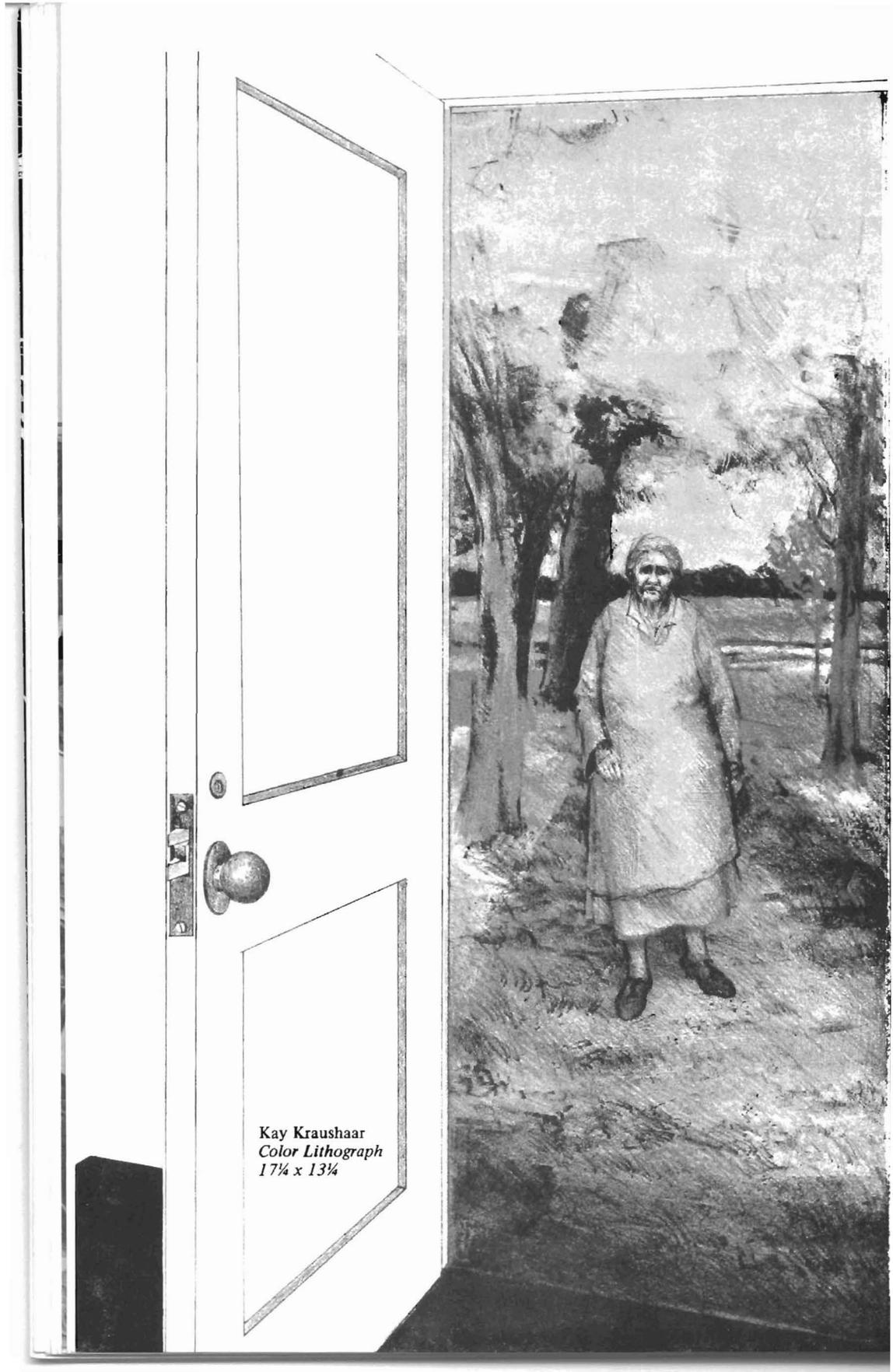
I am Miss Subways  
the eight'th Avenue sweetheart.  
I wear chewing gum  
in my eyes and  
every  
perfect  
tooth  
is an electric beam  
dancing  
from head to lowered head  
of my captive audience.  
Someday,  
I will marry a doctor  
or  
become a professional model  
but now  
I ride to Macy's every morning  
to sell underwear on the second floor.  
My picture is smiling at me  
a million people away.  
And just before  
every stop  
five fingers  
(giggling mostly)  
fly right up my shirt.

*Marga Gomez*

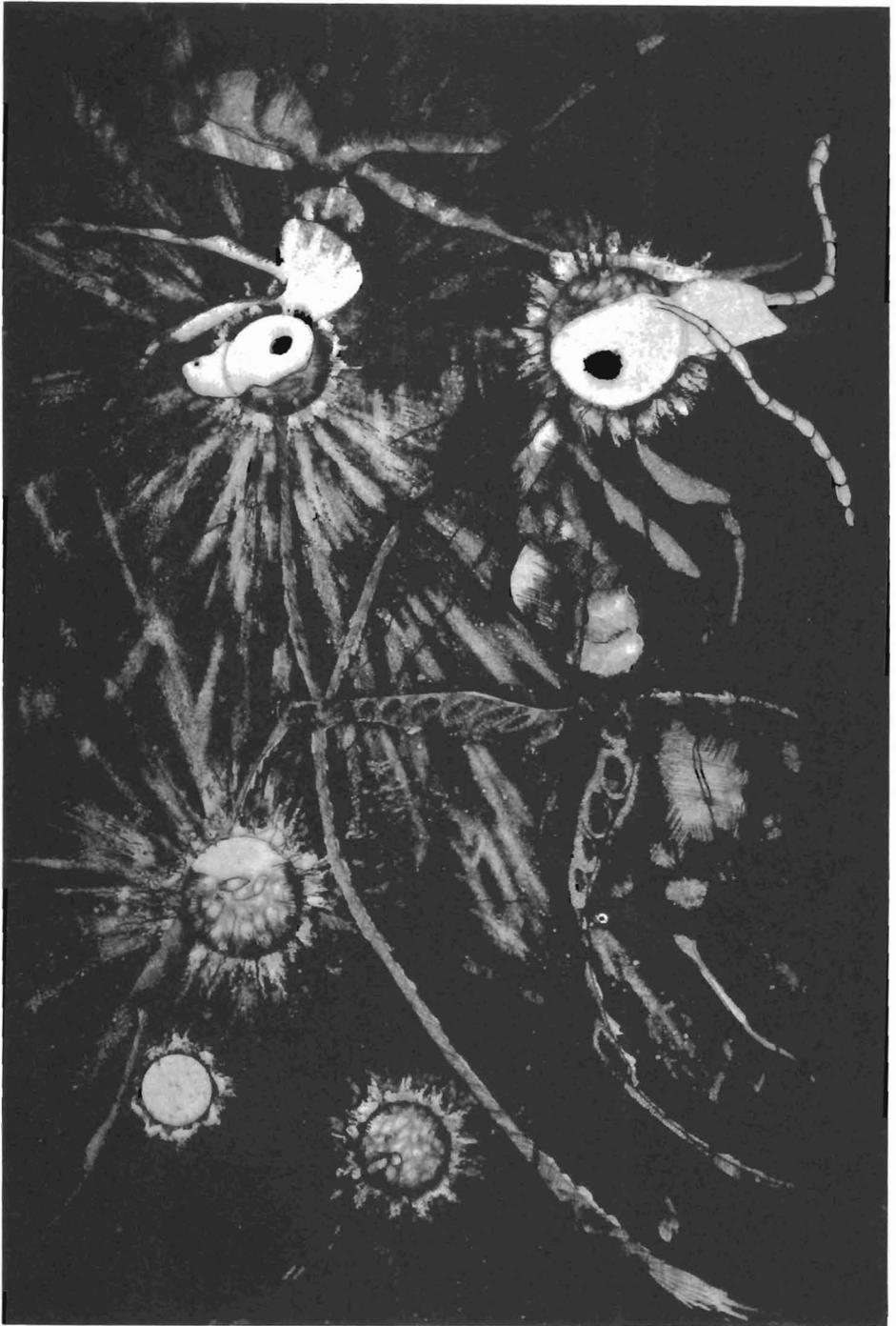
*To the chill factor  
in the black sky and current*

Churning, warning the unseeing wanderer of cold points  
And sharp steel surface pain, the black night water  
Gnaws at a shore of age and rock.  
What percipitants have fallen here? Below  
The alley backwash and parking spots, and  
Frozen fences of chipping paint.  
What dreams have drowned here? and  
Dreamers gone home alone,  
(Damned,) frigid spectors, to plod about,  
(Or) lie useless in terse, tempered sheets.  
What few survivors seem content!  
Being stabbed but once or less through  
Cloth and leather guise (besides the woolen  
Caps and winter wear!)  
I care to see their flash!  
To brush it against the burning river wind,  
Bare. Ripped and worn like cracking cement.  
Will they wonder why they dared?  
Or why anyone should care to burn  
In this tempest wind red faced,  
Hot, stiff and hurting  
In throbs and aching,  
Tension about to break,  
Naked,  
Face to face with the black, cold unfreezing river.  
It is a charitable pain that savors itself  
And spices the wounded with the want of wounding again.

*Scott Regan*

A black and white lithograph of an elderly woman standing in a wooded area, framed by an open white door. The woman is wearing a long, light-colored coat and a hat. The background shows trees and a fence. The door is white with a brass doorknob and a lock. The lithograph is mounted on a dark surface.

Kay Kraushaar  
*Color Lithograph*  
17¼ x 13¼



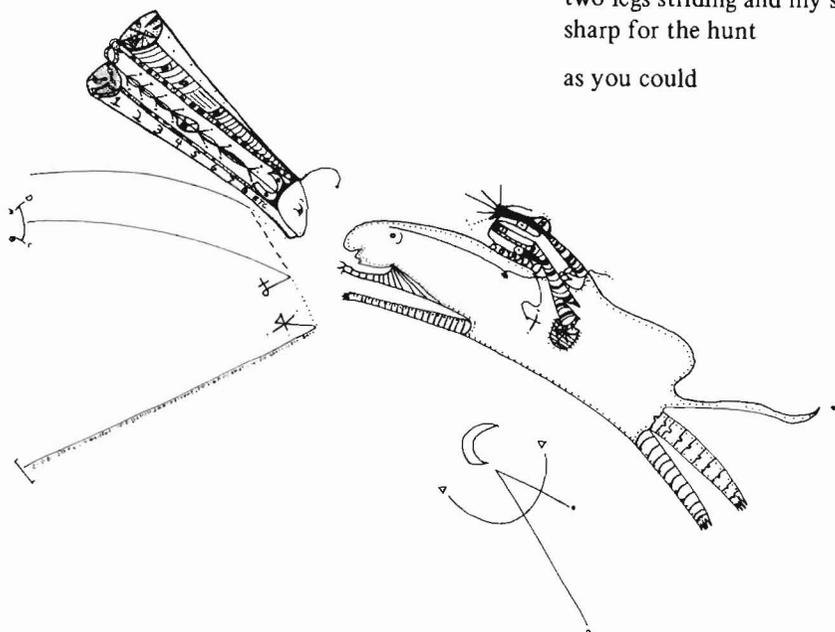
"Ants"  
Nancy Nevich  
*Etching*  
17½" x 11¼"

*In the Old Wind now Rises your Spirit  
(or)*

*A Paleo-Indian Bison Kill Adapted From  
Joe Ben Wheat  
And Made Wider by Joe Wiecha*

*NOTE*

In my time  
as in yours,  
I am with all  
the same parts;  
eyes, nose, mouth—  
my heart beating blood  
and my two feet stepping  
on this Earth just as you would,  
two legs striding and my sense  
sharp for the hunt  
as you could



*THE HUNT*

So I bring gifts  
to my woman and make my sons  
strong.

(Just as you would)

But also as you in your slow softness  
never could.

*This is a battle of my time only.*

(With your tools you have found  
the site of our great kill).

The kill of the Bison.

A gift to my people from the Good Spirit.

(With your good machines you have  
uncovered the flow of blood  
that white bone testifies to.

And you show your sons

the life we had here.)

The life we took.

*IN THE WIND ROSE THE DARK WARMTH OF THE EARTH*

You know by the words  
of your words  
that the earth will continue to speak  
for the dead.

For our spirits who linger  
above this valley,  
our lives that flowed so well down  
the little stream,  
south

to the big water. And you know that  
the trees were heavy with leaves  
under the warmth  
of the early  
summer sun.

*THE KILL BEGINS*

Out from the green prairie bottoms,  
up where the blue spirit  
waits with his clouds

throwing great shadows over  
all us below.

Us going quick on hard feet  
with weapons of the hunt,  
our spears tipped  
with the hardest of stones  
and sharpened slowly, surely

by good hands burned brown  
as faces, as backs  
and rippling calves.

As our steady eyes saw the herds  
grazing in small, comfortable  
bunches, then drinking of the little stream,  
cows nursing the young,  
young bulls testing their new strength,  
the old ones just feeling the sun.

In these strong  
herds lay our life. The blood rushing  
through muscle,  
    the strength of bone,  
the meat  
that would enter our souls as spirit.

So we lay still with the wind at our faces  
carrying the scent of our  
    tense bodies safely away  
and made spears steady, made the spirits ready.

*NOW SUDDENLY*

As the herd grazed  
part of our band approached  
from the north;

(silent like snakes in hot sand  
and so slow  
even the sun didn't know)

Then more came from the west,  
and more from the eastern slope.

The herd faced the pit. There was no escape  
but forward,

    trapped down into the  
empty river bed,  
    tumbling,

squealing, the roaring mass terrified  
by our mighty shouts

fell.

*THE KILL*

Spears sinking  
into huge brown bodies,  
blood so red  
that only blood can be  
and voices so horrible  
as only death  
can free the  
herd from this pain  
of the arroyo.

And still

The Great Spirit watched.

He shook the earth with the  
tumbling herd and filled the wind  
with the stench  
of their defeat

and our triumph rising flames  
up, up  
to our sons

and up, up to yours  
as this triumph will be repeated.

As our feast will continue for  
thousands of seasons and all Spirits  
will triumph with us,  
with,  
then, you.

*YOU MUST NOT FORGET*

It is this that I repeat:

my hands are yours  
as your data tests,  
my heart beats  
as yours and I die as  
you will, and love as  
you do.

My difference is that  
I am a man of the past,  
my monuments buried in sand--  
my works on the walls of caves,  
my life hidden by the spirit  
of the earth  
and her old companions.

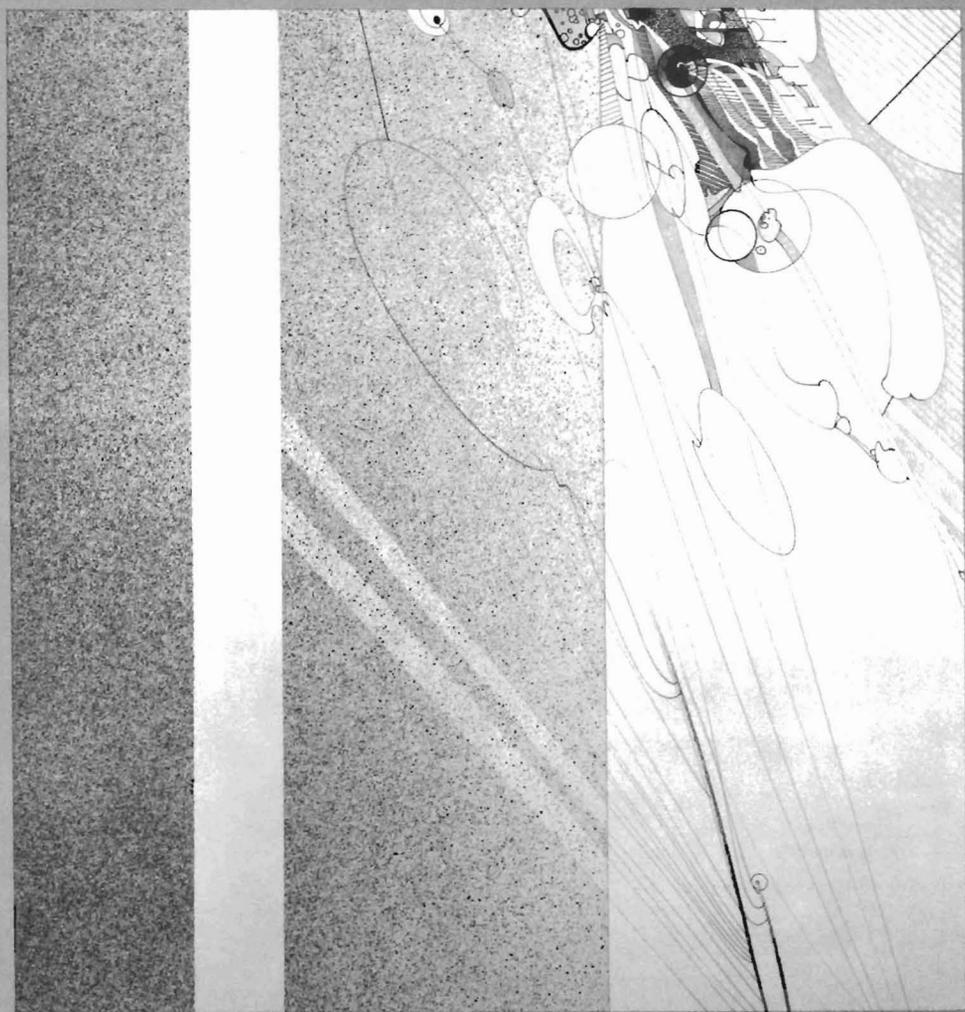
If you would know yourself  
then know me,  
know me by the earth;

go on your hands  
and knees as I did.

Look for me under the dust  
of years in the dirt of the good earth  
and hold your spears steady,  
I am waiting.

Paul Hannon  
*Untitled*  
*Lithograph*  
15" x 11"





Al Bremmer  
*Drawing*  
*Mixed Media*  
17 x 15½

## *Love as Shoplifting*

What are you doing out here?

Out here,  
Over the wet back of the street  
The rolling, reptile-back, cracked  
And gutted  
I swing  
I sway  
In my perilous perch.  
This little yellow light throbs on,  
Like the beat of a heart—  
Animal heart.  
Stopping, after flight at the brink of a hill shaggy with grass  
Eyes darting back to the underbrush  
Muscles in the neck twitching.

What are you doing

Out here,  
Hooded in the metal housing  
Tipping, tipping just slightly  
And the wire pulled taut  
I crouch  
I see  
Myself suspended

What

Slithering  
Stealthily out along the wire  
Inching to that little place  
There was nowhere else to go.  
You can run, and you won't get caught  
You can go through dark places and  
Animals find their way over rocks and  
People walk right out without paying  
Their pockets full, their pockets crammed.  
You can get on your stomach—  
(Right down on your stomach)  
And crawl right out.

What

What doing

What are you doing out here?

It dizzies me still.

*S. Miller*

Self Portrait  
Maria Tomas  
*Acrylic on C*



We have been offered peace  
within a small dark sphere  
knit with fraying cables  
once used to drag forward influence  
    at a safe distance

When the straining wires snapped  
and were spliced  
and again and again were trimmed and tied,

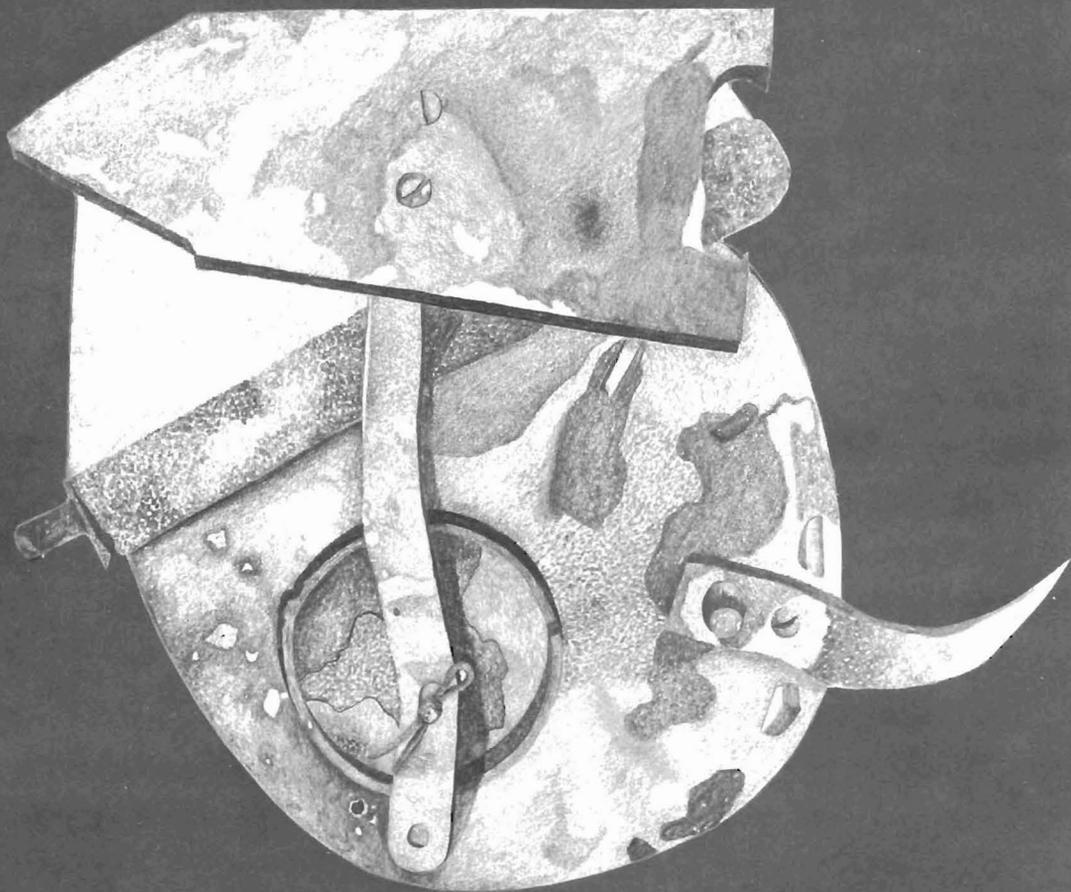
The distance became too short  
and you felt the heat of your persuasion

The knots were too manly,  
    too large  
and were worn like  
    jagged facial scars

So the wires were cut

They sprang loose twisting  
thrashing pain into a  
tangled, barbed wire calm

*Mark Wahl*



Jim Johnson  
*Untitled Drawing*  
Pencil  
12½" x 11"

## *Living Backward in Time*

*For Anne*

### I

I suffered this earth  
In the season of rut  
And lived with the salt of the sea in my blood by birth  
    I would never sing  
    I wore no rings

### II

We came down out of the skies on thunderpods  
We followed the rivers through foothills and fields  
We broke our feet against the ocean  
Lay half in the waves, our sleep unbroken  
By the reawakening of racial memory. . .

### III

The sea is the terrestrial womb.  
Entropy is the slow drift downward  
Past the amihos, where they sunder.  
The dance of the dioxides  
And the peptides, shot with lightning  
Shake off the enthralling chains:  
    Love is in the aminos;  
    In the white chains of acid rings  
    Life is the link between two lifeless things.

*Tom Lowrie*

## *Merz Atlán Sunset*

*For Anne*

She's sailed to High Himalaya  
And on to Alysinnian plains  
    With mortar of agate and alchemists stone  
    She draws gold from iron  
    And water, from gold;  
Of all lives distilled from her  
Water, none need make her old.

When a Terran takes a lady such as this,  
He asks more of the world than wife.  
As winds take ship's cloth into Merz Atlán sunset  
She took, and would not give me back my life.

Then, one night off Merz Atlán  
A thousand torches on the water;  
The many crying from the ship's prow  
To met landsmen on the waves below.  
Highlanders take the seaward roads  
And sailors break their bond with sea,  
    Flotsam kingdoms dry high in the sun  
    There will come many minglings of blood  
    Await upon the vernal moon  
    To stand again against the flood.

*Tom Lowrie*

## *Star*

She couldn't remember  
wether he said

à falling star  
or a shooting star

All she could remember  
was a line  
drawn across the sky

*Donald Harrison*

## *The Mad Sister*

I hear your song from the garden  
where they let you wander during  
the day. I hear your voice as you  
sing your beads behind this wall.

Child of our father, I know that  
thè tangles of vines within trip  
your feet, tear your skin and pull  
at you like a comb in twisted hair.

Among the weeds and thorns that  
surround your feet, you drop  
a bead at a time and cover each  
with a handful of soft dirt.

*Donald Harrison*



Dance Series No. 1 "Dancer"  
Maria Tomaselli  
*Lithograph*  
10" x 7"



Different States of a Single Moment  
Nancy Nevich

Woodcut  
23½" x 16"

## ***The Great Lake Review***

### **Sponsors A Poetry Reading**

Authors of works accepted for publication in *The Great Lake Review* will be invited to participate in our first semi-annual reading

January 1975. Date to be announced.