



**IIIosaic**



The Mosaic is the undergraduate literary magazine, published each year on the Marist campus. It is to encourage creative writing at Marist. It also accepts manuscripts from area campuses.

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"Works of art are of infinite loneliness and with nothing to be so little reached as with criticism. Only love can grasp and hold them and fairly judge them."

Ranier Maria Rilke

The problem of an introduction or criticism of any collection of art is infinite. Any preciseness of language or aesthetic theory falls before their feeling, and the problem in approaching them is their vagueness. They will not bear any irritable searching for precision and detail. They will not be condensed into any static phrase that seeks to define them.

This is my problem. I find myself talking around the poems and the pictures and the stories and never, never approaching them. I will talk of how Mr. Anello will give us a harsh, yet strong land to stand upon in "Russian Winter," the music of Mrs. King's liberty bell, childlike wonder in a dime, and the cryptic quality of Mr. Tillson's haikus. They all lack a clarity of reason, yet holding that clarity of feeling that is warm and comforting.

I will call all these things works of art. They are lonely things, like Rilke says. They stand above joy and despair, alone, with a frail breadth of vision that affirms beauty with yes.

Frank Furlong

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## WE STAND IN THE ROAD

The diesel sings to me when it is ready  
sings that today we must let loose,  
today and no other  
is the day we will be free of all this.

Outside my window roll the boxcars.  
My window wakes me as ordered,  
excited and anxious for me to show them.  
But weeks of planning have drained me.  
I'm tired  
today I am less sure  
it was easier when it was all emotion  
it was easier in disgust.

My window is silent it senses my doubt  
clouds above fidget about self-consciously  
something tells me  
to send the diesel on its way.

The air is moving gracefully along  
to show me what it is  
and she stands in the road  
her hands reach through doubt  
and we stand in the road.

---- Thomas Plante

## RUSSIAN WINTER

by Ray Anello

### I

I walk the ground beneath smoke clouds,  
strong man in the land.  
My father's land, my land.  
My battered land.  
The nights at home  
close walls, warm wool,  
brittle windows smoked.  
Winter outside ravishing.

I can hear the thunder on the plains.  
Unnatural thunder. Choking machine.  
See a villager quick fall; his silenced face.  
See him as an angry brother  
frightened brother, see him fall.  
I fall  
Am afraid of ravishing winter.

### II

I carried you a  
sunset and bunched leaves  
Because of love. And innocent  
I swirled beneath your hair  
at night and lost the fears  
I earned on blinking ground  
before the noise of guns.  
I carried you one, total, sunset  
many gentle leaves  
and dropping them I left; remember please.

The life that banishes the gentle minds  
to quiet homes and reckless fields,  
that quiet lays its palm priest-like  
upon some boy,  
is carried not believed.  
I carry it like you, I carry it.  
And walk this street  
beneath smoke lamps  
while winter pounds these questions  
in my mind.

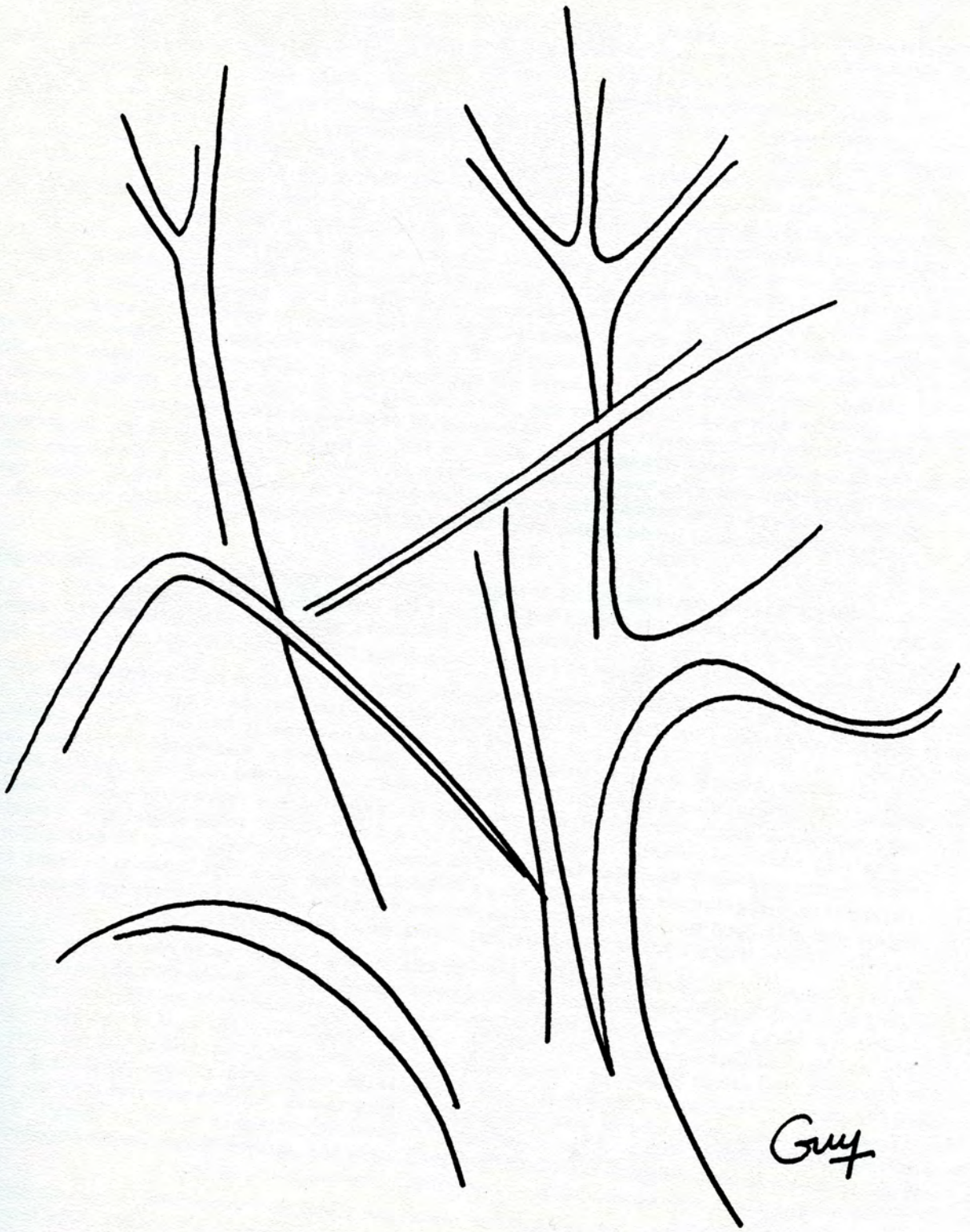
The clear raindrops touch  
The branches gently. Can my  
Fingers soothe your tears ?

Eagerly the earth  
Hungers for seed. My heart is  
Fertile ground for love.

---Guy Tillson

Threads of a spider's  
Silken web - I thought your hair  
Brushed against my face.





## PATICHE

by Bill McGowan

It was horrible and I would wake up at 4 or 5 am. My mother and Father no my father did not care either way. My father he just made noises and my father would yell but I always was able to go down anyway. It was so quiet and still fairly dark i like it that way. I was really alone i mean alone with no one. But there were others or rather another because of the dew in the field yes especially the field because it was such a long walk from the road to the stream through that long field of high grass and stepping on a stone hurt. But those crickets and grasshoppers were wierd being up and playing when the whole world was asleep. And I would reach the stream finally anyway and before you saw it you heard it and the crickets and stones and the wet dew on your legs itched and made you scared and you wondered if you were really going to be afraid. But the sound of the stream gurgling and falling and moving taking with it everything that would move and that which wouldn't would eventually anyway although you didn't know it then anyhow. It was nice to reach the stream and see it but you had to get scratched by the trees and the bushes with the thorns and you were afraid your mother would yell and you looked in the water but there were bugs in it so you turned away to your plastic warm box and then you had to find a clean stick to set thatworm on your hook because you hated to touch him wet and sickly like your insides your guts like when you cut your finger deep really deep and your mother wouldn't fix it because after all she had told you never to take a knife from the kitchen not even to make a bow and arrow like the brave indians but grandma wasn't afraid to touch it and clean it and to put the bandage on it and maybe you would be like grandma someday in a fire engine or in a gang in the Daily News grandma was good she let you have the deposits from the ginger ale bottles after the parties when you would hear the noise and you were afraid even though you knew everyone. Mr. McGrath was good because he gave you the money f or the bottles. Why? I saw the boy take the sugar and candy but I couldn't tell even though Miss Mullen said you must always tell.

The monster.

The worm would wiggle and squirm and the yellow stuff came out onto your finger. Put your finger into the water. There was sand by the water but it wasn't the beach there were bigger pebbles in it and it scratched. You'd get the worm on and drop it in the water and watch him wriggle and sink. No fish. Were there really fish in the water i never caught any what would I do if I did. Don't think.

The clay pit the pit was on your left side and it was ugly. Once you stepped in it and couldn't get out and it hurt under your arms as he lifted you but he smelled of beer from the party. My cousins were smart but I didn't like my uncle Tommy and I didn't like anyone because it was my stream and there was too much noise and parties should be at night anyhow. Sometimes a fish would come near the worm but he ran away as soon as I saw him do fish get afraid too. And the clay was good to make bowls and jars like the Indians. Margaret was good but she yelled if you touched her stuff. John had to be shown and told what to do all the time and he was afraid and scared to do anything and would hold my mother's coat when we went shopping in a crowded store. The trees bent down on both sides of the stream and reached together in the middle so as to keep the sun out i didn't like it because I hated the cold and the sun was good warm Yellow is nice but my canaries died so soon but my father would always get another from Hartz i hated television but Hartz gave us canaries.

The wind could whistle like Captain Midnight's jet sometimes did but I hated it when I was alone but I liked it when I was with my mother because her hand was warm and she would talk about nice things but she didn't know that I knew she did it to keep me was she afraid from getting scared. The tree was big and old and half was dead. The half in the clay was dead. The half in the clay was dead and it was horrible because of those big lumps all over it and smelled dusty and it was so dirty the roots were the worst. They were like the trees in the swamps in the magazine uncle George got. Big and they grew above the ground maybe they didn't like it there under the dirt why did they put Uncle Willie under the ground that's where the worms were. i hated it and would never go there. The catfish lived under theroots they were in the water and they were the ugliest things I ever touched one when I was swimming there and I shall never go swimming by the roots again.

He would come and just stay where he was and not move and I wouldn't dare turn to look at him because I was scared and he was the ugliest worst thing that ever lived but I would not move. why not move no I can't and then I would move my fishing rod just a little or see the sun or a bird or hear something moving in the water and then I knew he was gone and I could go home. But I musn't let my mother know or I wouldn't be allowed to go the next day.

The fledgeling sparrow cries in fear,  
love lies no further than the lilacs.

---Kevin McArdle

A smile and a tear in the eyes of a liar,  
expressions etched in stone.

---Kevin McArdle

COMPOSITION: TO SOMEONE KIND

The statue I brought you  
was like the fingers of a  
young man who refused despair;  
Some anxious man who'd leave himself  
inside his work, then sigh at night because of  
time, because the world  
refused an artist's fingers  
and would rather stay unshaped.

The statue I brought you  
was like sad, slim fingers  
reaching for good dreams.

---- Ray Anello

My true love lives in a liberty bell  
Down by the singing sea  
He dines on squid and salt cod stew  
And serves me rose hip tea

He carved me a ring out of quohog shell  
Down by the singing sea  
A hornpipe he danced in the morning mist  
And vowed he'd marry me

O a fishing net I tied for a veil  
Down by the singing sea  
I gave him wine made of beach plum broth  
And he kissed me lustily

Where saltgrass grows with my love I dwell  
Down by the singing sea  
And every dawn when the flow tide runs  
He sings a sea chanty

---Madeline King

by Frank Furlong

The winter came on the last day of October and with it came the cold. It was very early for the winter to come but the old man and his wife did not argue with the winter on the plain.

The old man and his wife lived in a rectangular house ten miles from the river. The river flowed in the shadow of the mountain which was two miles farther to the west. About one hundred feet from the house there was a small building that housed one horse, a plow that the horse pulled in the spring, and some small garden tools with which the old man's wife used to work her garden in front of the house. The garden showed mostly cactus. There was a rare orchid cactus, a Death's Finger, and a star cactus off in one corner of the garden were some roses. Roses were very rare in the plains.

From the house a road led to a village. The village was not really a village, but a cluster of houses that lay on a small hill on the bank of the river. The village's name was Tatum. The road also extended past the house farther into the plain, but it was not used. It had faded into brush and tumbleweed. Only once had the old man gone further into the plain and that was only because he was curious to see how far the road extended. That was a long time ago when they had first moved into the house from the village. They had moved because they wanted to be alone. They were solitary people and simple and they liked their life on the plain.

The first day of November, the old man rose soon after sunrise and prepared to start for Tatum. He did not go into the village often and when he did he only went for supplies. The day before he had noticed that the wind was entering the house through the walls and ceiling and he knew that he must fill the cracks before the snow and the colder weather came. Through those cracks he would lose much heat and that was precious in the winter. Wood was used to heat the house and there was a sufficient supply of wood stored in the small cellar for five months. Having to use more wood would deplete his supply quicker, and when that was gone there was nothing left to fight the cold.

It was very cold that day. The sky was empty of clouds and the old man feared a storm might rise before he returned home that evening. He had never trusted a clear day because one summer two ruinous dust storms had followed after such a day; The small field that fed him and his wife was full with crop. It was destroyed by the storm, as was the small garden with the frail broken stems and blossoms lying in the sand.

He was dressed in a great coat that clung about his knees. On his feet were warm, very worn boots. He had owned them for five years and they were made of hand-sewn leather. He had bought them in town before he left. They were good boots and he had worked many days on the plain in them. On his head was a woolen cap, and gloves on his hands which were made by his wife. Tucked under his arm was a cloth sack in which he would carry the supplies home.

The old man had a wrinkled face and it was rough with stubble. He had not shaved in two days. His eyes were gray and they looked ahead to the village as he began to walk. They were determined eyes that looked for the village and did not find it for it was ten miles away.

He had started out very slowly towards the village, but soon he had quickened his pace, firming it, and he hoped it would not snow 'till he returned home. He walked tall against the flat land and in front of him lay the river and the mountain. And the mountain was strong like the old man. He had always wanted to test his strength against the mountain. He wanted to climb it or something - just conquer it. He had conquered the land, but there was always the high mountain and even that seemed part of the land, though it was a little different. It was the only part of the land that held against him, and by doing that he was not yet completely in control.

The old man's thoughts turned to the village for he could now see the smoke from the tops of the houses, rising, in the village one mile away. Tatum was small and in it lived less than one hundred people. Rising over Tatum was the mountain which was good for climbing. But none of the climbers that had come to Tatum to climb the mountain had reached the peak. There were other peaks around the mountain, but none as tall and majestic.

When the old man arrived in Tatum he went to a small restaurant, for it was noon. It had round, wooden tables which were able to seat three people comfortable. They all had brown-and-white checkered tablecloths. The interior of the restaurant had little adornment. The windows were draped with yellow curtains that were bunched at the side, always open so that the light could come through in the day. In fifteen minutes his meal of barley soup, western sandwich and strong tea were brought to him.

After he had eaten, he noticed the sky was completely covered now with clouds. They had been approaching over the mountain when he arrived in the village. Now, as he went to the store for his supplies, he thought that it would begin to snow before he arrived home.

In one store he got everything he needed which was some nails, some plaster, flour for his wife, and a special treat of peppermint candy which she liked very much. He did this every time he went into the village and when he returned his wife would be surprised and happy though she knew he would bring it. It was a very regular thing between them. They were good together, he thought. She was a good wife and he loved her very much.

The clouds that hung low in the sky were gray and had come from the west. "It will be a big storm," he thought. It would start before he arrived home and he would have the snow and the cold then. Three men had died on the plain one winter when a sudden storm arose. The search party had found them and brought them back to Tatem in shrouds. The dead bodies were stiffened in grotesque positions. One was frozen, knees to chest, like a foetus five months in the womb, as if to try to keep warm.

It would be hard to walk the plain back to the house now but he was strong. He had walked the land before. He would beat the snow and the cold and he would beat the mountain. The mountain had sent the snow and he would beat the mountain. It was three in the afternoon when he left Tatum and began his trek. The temperature had dropped and it had begun to snow very gently.

The ground was hard, and it did not yield to the old man's weight. You could hear the old man's boots scraping against the ground harshly. And as he walked with long steps, he thought how it was like a family sometimes: the land and the wife and he. It was like that in the summer. He worked the land and the land yielded. It was like a child you had to chide and care for so that it would be healthy and grow to be strong. Even the mountain shadowed the sun in the early morning so he could get the hardest work done in the shade. In the afternoon he would rest away from the sun. In the evening he would sit and watch the land.

In the winter it changed. And she had been stronger the past few winters and he could feel her strength and it was like she wanted her freedom. It was like she did not want the old man. It was beginning to snow harder now. He was about three miles from the river and if he looked back he could see the tracks he left in the snow. But he looked ahead hoping and waiting for the house and he knew he must get there soon before it snowed harder. The light was going and now a wind began to blow.

The wind blew from the west and it seemed to hold the old man. It pushed him and it swirled the snow and he could not see very far now. He thought that he might stray off the road and then he would be lost. He dropped the sachel and stopped and looked about himself.

It was dark and the snow was coming hard now, and he thought of going back to the town. He could stay the night and start again in the morning but he couldn't do that because he would be stranded in town and would not be able to return for a few days. His wife would worry.

He did not want to do that also because of the land and the challenge. He was still strong. He had much strength in his arms and legs to get himself home. He was six miles into the plain now.

As he continued, so did the storm. The wind increased and it did not seem to come from any direction now. It came to him and around him. It fought against him. Around his feet the snow was deeper and the farther he walked the higher he had to step to pick his feet free of the snow. It was almost to the top of his boots now.

He bowed his head into the wind now so that the snow would not get inside the coat at the collar. He was going slower. It was blowing very hard and as the man thought he began to feel the cold.

He did not feel the cold on his face which was exposed because the years on the plain made the nerves very tolerant to the biting wind. He felt the cold around his feet and his hands. It crept up his ankles and his wrists. That was the way the cold worked.

He had always come cold off the plain in the winter. He would arrive at the house and it would be warm. There would be a fire burning and his wife would say: "It must have been a hard day and very cold; warm yourself by the fire." He would go to the fire and stand there rubbing his hands together. He would put on dry, wool socks. He would get warm slowly. It was very much like being cold, but different too.

As he walked he thought he must be near the house if he had been walking in the correct direction. He squinted into the wind and searched for the house and the lights that would be coming

## STORM

by Frank Furlong

from its windows. He guessed he was fourteen or fifteen miles into the plain but there were no lights.

His arms were numb and he had no feeling in the hand that held the sachel. It was frozen in that position. He could not move it. His other hand he had put in the pocket of his coat and it was a little better. His feet were heavy and the boots were a burden because of their weight.

He was beginning to wish that the wind would stop and the wind would stop. He felt like crying to them to stop and just let him be very warm. But the snow only fell harder and the wind still blew.

He saw a light to the south now. If that was the house he must have strayed to the north during the wind. He did not see the light anymore, and wondered whether he had actually seen it. He would be taking a chance of being hopelessly lost if he went in the direction of the light, but he decided to take the chance.

He saw the light again and he knew it was the house now and it was less than a quarter of a mile away. He was tired now but his pace quickened as he got nearer the house.

When he reached the door he was not able to use his hands to open the latch so he butted the door with his shoulder. His wife heard the noise and opened the door quickly and helped him to the fire where she helped him with his frozen clothes.

The old man went to sleep quickly and when he awoke the next morning he moved about slowly, not talking. He would look out the window and see the cold whiteness drifting in the plain. In the distance was the mountain tall and strong against the blue sky. And the old man thought that he was old and he felt tired. He did not escape from the storm for there was a severe limp now in his left leg and his right hand was weak.

He would not fight the land anymore, and after he had stood at the window he went to sit and the fireplace and sat thinking about the fire and its warmth and the storm outside.

The sun is hidden  
Behind the clouds. I did not  
See you smile today.

---Guy Tillson

Swiftly the waters  
Carry the fallen petals  
As time steals my years.



charles washington johnson  
(or as his mama called him  
"charlie-boy")

alternately  
skipped/bounced

d

o

w

n

the cracked concrete sidewalk  
on black sneaker feet  
and corduroy legs  
with his hands

s

i

tting

in his pockets  
and his chocolate-brown face  
half buried in the wool neck  
of his jacket  
which was why

he saw

THE DIME

it was a

real

silver

DIME

ground into a

mud slit

between the

broken

sidewalk slabs

his radar eyes

peeped about

and

when he was certain-sure

no one

was watching

his hands walked right out

of his pockets

and scooped up

THE DIME

the sun shone  
brighter  
the sky was  
bluer  
charlie-boy had a  
DIME

charlie  
skipped / bounced  
past an old man  
ragged and unshaved  
sunk in a rotted wood-framed  
door-way  
and held up his  
DIME

the old man peered at  
charlie  
and nodded  
charlie had a  
DIME

he  
skipped / bounced  
d

o

w

n the street  
until  
it grew late and  
street lights  
mercuried the sidewalks

suddenly  
from nowhere  
he saw it  
a chrome-trimmed  
a beautiful  
candy machine  
into which  
charlie d

r

o

p

p

e

d his DIME

it made a  
GORGE-ous  
clink  
as the machine  
swallowed  
charlie's DIME  
which finally came to rest  
in the machine's  
aluminum intestines

charlie reached u<sup>P</sup>  
and caught the  
bright red handle  
and  
    pulled  
        it  
            down  
but the machine  
with a grin of its gaping  
mouth  
spit  
nothing  
into an outstretched hand

it was late so  
charles washington johnson  
(or as his mama called him  
"charlie-boy")  
with his hands  
s  
i  
tting  
    in his pockets  
and his chocolate-brown face  
half buried in the wool neck  
of his jacket  
  r d e  
t u g d home

---- cliff melick

## THE LOST ONES

by Richard William Gorman

"Well, where in the name of Heaven would you be going?" Nowhere! Mrs. McClinton. "Oh yes, you'll be telling your mother that, but I know better I do." Nowhere! "Went and slammed the door he did."

Come on Lost, here fella. I'll bet you think I look like a guy who is going to run away. Do you know why I look like this? Because I am running away. I'm getting the hell away from the old lady, old man and this lousy block. Yep, momma's little blond haired, blue-eyed mistake is making tracks now. And he's not coming back. I've been waiting for this day since my seventeenth birthday — come here! Ah huh, the only thing I wanted for my seventeenth birthday was to be eighteen so I could split — legally, that is, and all I got was you to take care of for a year, you screwy mutt. But now it's the right time. My birthday present has arrived and baby I'm leaving the Square for good.

I'll bet you're looking at my hair. You like it? The hell you do. Hell if anybody does. In history class old bat Mrs. Dale used to pretend she didn't notice anything different about my strands than anybody else's. But she did. Everyday without saying a word she'd think to herself that I looked like a horse's ass. I know she did. And more than that Lost, she'd call on me knowing that more than half the time, I didn't know what the answer was. ("Mr. Barron, Mr. Barron, what was the date of"). Oh God, she pissed me off. But how would you know? You didn't have to sit in that stinkin' class.

This is Getty Square. It's the shopping area. And all these people you see, they are just visiting. Yeah, that's right, and not like to see friends. They come down here to shop, so that they can fill their fat faces when they get home. A d here's Bickford's Cafeteria where all the bums hang out. I mean pass out. Did they ever kick you around? Like this lousy place is their home. Just look at them Lost, they're lying around with their bottom lips hanging down, looking real stupid and sick. They look like you. Oh Lost I, going to hitch out of here. Yea that's right, close your mouth and listen with those floppy ears of yours. I'm breaking free you know that; away from my mother, excuse me Lost, our mother (the bottle) and pops who gets fired more than that lousy oven we have. Oh yea it's funny. You think it's funny Lost? I don't. Close your mouth so you don't look like you're laughin' at me. Ah what do you care. You just a dumb dog anyway.

You can't piss there. Get, get!. Oh what the hell you can get away with it. I'll bet you don't much give a damn. Piss when you want and you don't need to jump behind a door to do it. Sleep or roam all day too, if you feel like it. Huh, Lost, huh? You got it made.

"Hey, Teddy, are you really going to skate?"

Shut the hell up, willya!

"Oh, don't get all hot about it man.

They are gonna know about it by the time suppa comes around. McClinton will spill it for sure." They won't give a damn either way.

"It ain't all that bad, Teddy, is it?"

Hang in there, Joe, don't worry about a thing, Lost!

"Hey, Teddy, don't let any of those queer babies pick you up."

Come on, Lost, come on. That Joe is a good guy but he's got a big mouth, so the faster we walk the better off I'll be. He could pop up again anywhere screaming about everything that can get a guy in trouble. I should have told him to say "good-bye" to the guys for me. Ah, what the hell, he will anyway, but I feel shitty about not saying it myself.

"Hey, Ted, hey, Teddy, wait up man. Teddy, get this goddamn mutt down. He'll dirty up my pants."

Shut up, I should get you away from him.

"What are you walkin' so fast for? Oh, that's right, you just told me, the trip."

Joe, say Good bye to the guys for me.

"You know Ted, you kill me. That's why I ran after you, Buddy, to ask about that."

I'm hip, Joe, thanks a hell of a lot.

"Well, anyway, Good luck, huh Ted."

You know it Joe, you know it.

Now, Lost, if we can just get past Simons, without catching a mouthful of his crap.

"Well, if it isn't the Barron. I've got something for you."

Excuse me, Lost, while I turn around. I don't remember seeing any silk-dudded royalty, did you?

"Don't get smart, Teddy, don't get smart. Your old lady called."

Watch your mouth.

"Your old lady called and she wants you to bring home some groceries. I have the stuff made up, and tell her I want the money by the end of the week; not next week and not when you old man gets a job. I want it before I die....Not even Lost is getting any more credit."

Get him, fella!

"I'll call the cops you little s.o.b. They'll put him away for sure."

Alright, come on out. Lost, Lost, come here. You'll have to bring the package yourself. I won't be going home tonight.

"Barron, you've got a case, if you think....."

No I don't, Mr. Simon, you do. I said I'm not going home now. So long, Mr. Simon.

And where the hell are you going with that suitcase?"

You know, Lost, he once kicked me in the ass just for coppin' a box of candy. What do you think about that? You don't. Well, that's good then, boy. It's time. I guess this is the best place to catch a ride. Go, fella! Go, Lost, Go away!

Let's see, there's three cars by the light. One of them should stop. I'll give them a big smile. Lost, go away, will yah!. Come on, give a guy a break. Yea, you too, you crumbs. So what's three cars? Right, Lost? Lost. (It's gotta be this way).

"How long have you been standing here, young man?"

Too long, Mister. Oh, no. Oh, God, get, get out of here.

"Is that your dog?"

Hell, no!

"I'm not taking any dogs in the car."

There, head toward the Thruway. I mean, are you heading toward the Thruway, Mister?

"Yes, and I think that dog is too. The fool thing will get itself killed running in traffic."

Drive a little faster, O.K.? Drive a little faster, please. (I've gotta do it.)

"Young fella, I can drive."

I meant, so you wouldn't hit him.

"I am driving to Albany, now, son. But I know you're not going all that distance. Why you're probably going to a friend's house. Of course, that doesn't make me out to be a very good guesser. Why would anyone be starting out for Albany this time of the evening?"

(The old man is real jolly. If I tell him I'll take the ride to Albany the shock will probably kill him.)

"Well, what is it going to be, young fella?" I am going to a friend's house. You can.....

"What did I tell you? That's just fine, son. Oh, excuse me for interrupting you."

Right by the Thruway is good. My friend lives by, eh, Tuckahoe Road.

"Fine. You know I always thought dogs had more sense. Why, that animal was running like someone had shot him in the rear or something. As I said before, that fool thing will....."

Right here is perfect! Right here by this candy store will be great. Thanks.

"Well, that's o.k. with me. What about your suitcase? How long are you staying at his house? This thing is heavy."

A week, eh...a week, I guess.

My mother, she's real sick.

"Oh, oh well, then take it easily."

Yeah, sure.

(I'll get a poster and make a sign. It's dark, I need a sign. Store's closing. I'd better move.)

"Can I help you?"

I want a poster and a magic marker.

"Surely. I'll get the poster and you can pick out whatever color marker you'd like from

the display counter over there to your right."

Yeah, I see it.

"Are you making a sign for hitching back to college or something?"

(What's going on? Everybody wants to know everything. And they think they know the answers anyway.) Yeah, that's right. I go to school in Buffalo.

"What school?"

Strutlege College of....eh....fine arts.

"I never heard of it. Is it a big school?"

Yeah, how much do I owe you?

"Sixty-three cents. Twenty five for the...."

Thanks.

"Good-bye now."

(I hope this lousy poster idea works out, or I'll be hurting. That's funny--me a college kid. Huh, that's close. The closest I ever came to college was that time I went snooping around Elizabeth Seton that night with the guys looking for some grins. Snobs, they're all snobs anyway. It wasn't worth the grief. I wonder if this dude in this sports car will stop..Alright, good man.)

"I am going as far as New Paltz, that's the best I can do."

That's all right with me, Buddy. I'm going a hell of a lot further thanthat.

"Yes, I see, Buffalo. You go to school up there?" "Put your suitcase in the trunk, here's the key."

(Why should I lie to this guy. He's about my age and he'll know I ain't in college.. And besides, I am me whether he likes it or not.)

Yeah, I don't go to school. I mean No, I don't go to school, do you?

"I go to school in New Paltz --- New Paltz State University. Excuse me. Ticket please! Thank you. Well, as I was saying, I'm studying to be a teacher there. The name's John; what's yours?"

Teddy. I just quit working and I'm cutting out of here.

"By way of thumb and all."

You hit it, and the farther the better.

"I take it you don't care for this area too much."

Nope, I just want to get away on my own, nab me a job ... live a little, you know?

"That sounds funny to me. Because I've got my own apartment and to be honest, there's no cooking like home cooking, or living too for that matter. Keeping house is a lot of work."

Yeah, I know, but it couldn't be any worse than it is now, goddamn it. And who said anything about an apartment.

"Well, where will you live then?"

Say, how much do you pay for this thing? (Poppy baby probably bought it for him for his birthday so that he wouldn't have to walk to school on cold mornings.)

"I take it, you mean the car. Well, it cost me one whole summer's work. It was \$625. But with the insurance it was darn near a thousand. So I saved up all vacation and here it is. Do you like sports cars?" (I'm a winner. I almost had him figured out. Ah, so what?)

What? Ah, not that much. This guy 'round my way has a G.T.O. Now that's the kind of car I like the best. These things are too small and besides the pick up isn't good enough.

"Well, I like it. Sports cars handle better and they're economical to boot. Tell me something, what are you going to do for a place to sleep tonight?"

(Hey, Teddy, watch out for those queer babies!) Oh, God.

"What was that?"

I'm saying that I think I'm just going to hitch through the night. I want to get as far as possible tonight. Tonights possible if it....

"Say, if you want to sleep, at least sit back a little. If I had to stop short, you'd be riding out on the hood."

You're right, thanks.

"You know you can stay with me if you'd like. I've got an extra cot. You're welcome if you don't mind a little light and the clicking of my old typewriter."

Yeah.

"Fine then!"

Wait, I mean no. But yeah, you said you wanted to be a teacher. What the hell do you want to be a teacher for? You'll wind up spending your whole life in school if you do that. Hell, I couldn't go that route for anything. Hey, watch out for the truck!

"I once thought it was a sick profession, but after having gone through three years of college, I've had my change of heart."

What makes you think you'll be a good teacher/ The teachers I had didn't know "ding" about the kids. Everything was the lesson, the golden lesson.

"I know what you mean, but I'm going to take an interest in the students as people. I hope I can be able to help them out in some small way; in more ways than one."

Oh, man, that sounds real to me. My guidance councillor talked like that.

"Did you like him?"

He's dead. Yeah, he got in a bad car accident. Made me feel bad, lost in a way. He'd never yell or scream at you. He'd just talk about things and let me talk to him.

"Then you did like him a lot."

That's right, I liked him. He was hip, you know.

(Teddy, go all the way if you're going toward something. If you're going out to work, work hard at it. You'll be better for it.)

Mr. Hurst was his name.

"What school was this?"

Yonkers High. What's the word, how far is it to New Paltz?

"Why don't you sleep awhile?"

How far is it?

"It's a two hour drive. Let's see, look at the time marked on that ticket. Not there, on the back, to the left, to the left."

Yeah, we took off at 10:30.

"Well, it's about 11:30 now. We should be at New Paltz in an hour or so."

That's good. I want eats.

(I want something to fill me up for late... "well, where the hell are you going now. You're always going out. Comb your crummy head. Why don't you stay home, with your father and me.")

"That's a laugh. Quit yelling at the kid, he's gotta get the hell out or else he'll be come a sissy or something." "What do you know anyway? You're always...."

"Excuse me, do you want something to eat? Or would you rather sleep in the car for a while?"

What the hell is going on? What the ... We're here now?

"That's right. Are you going to grab a bite?"

Yeah, sure. Is this the place?

"This is it."

It's a real small town, that is, if this is the town. There's nothing to it.

"What did you expect, New York or Chicago?"

"We can sit in a booth, it's a lot more comfortable."

Do they have high prices?

"Not in this place; look around. It's not a hole in the wall, but it's not the Copa either. You have money, don't you?"

Hell, yeah, and I didn't ask for all that. I just wanted to know if the prices were high, that's all.

"All right, I didn't mean to offend you. I'll have two burgers, Tony, with fried onions and an order of home fries. No! Not coffee, I'll have a coke instead, thanks."

"And what about your eh, your friend?"

You can give me ste that is, if you have it in this place.

"Ted, what's up?"

Don't try and act cool about it. You know what I'm talking about. He looked at me like I'm a kind of bum or something. I don't go for that shit.

"Tony's a nice guy, I don't think...."

No nobody thinks anything, do they? What the hell does he think he is looking like that?

A stinking little store and right away he's cool.

"Take it easy, all right, please?"

Sure, I'll take it easy.

"Listen it's not worth it to get so angry as that. You shouldn't let anything like this trouble you."

Thanks for the ride, I'll go eat somewhere else.

"Well, hold on a second."

"Where did he go? I've got the steak he didn't think I had on the grill. I figured the grimy guy for a bolter. You said he was a friend of yours, John. You're not serious."

"I picked him up in Yonkers on the way back from seeing my cousin. He's running away from home, for good he claims. I think he's really an o.k. kid though. He has parent and neighborhood problems. I wish there were a way to reach him. Something inside is ...."

"Ah, come on. Loads of kids have those problems. What makes him so different? You're letting that teaching bit run away with you. Well, the hell with him, I've got some orders to fill. What'll you have?"

---

"Well, take care, Tony; see you soon."

"Sure thing, John; don't bring me any more bolters."

"Don't rub it in, Tony. So long."

Psst, psst, I need the suitcase. Just give it to me, will yah? and I'll get out of your way. I'll give it to you, but I still think you ought to stay somewhere and sleep. It's getting cold."

I don't have enough money for that. And, even if I did, they probably wouldn't give me a room, me looking like this and all.

(Don't sweat it; he don't care.)

"I said before you could stay at my place. I'll be up writing for a while. But a little noise is better than this cold air and wind."

(He's giving me a line. I think I'll call his bluff. I'm beat to hell.)

"Here's your suitcase. All I can say is 'good luck.'"

How far is it from the Thruway?

"What, the room? Just a mile."

I guess I'll go with you then. I can leave for Buffalo in the morning.

"Then give me that and let's go."

I'll ride with it. You said it wasn't far from here.

"No, just down the road."

---

"We'd better be quiet about this. The landlord's a real nice guy and I don't want to disturb him."

I wasn't thinking about singing any songs. What do you pay to live in a place like this?

"Oh, it's not such a great place actually."

Come on, what do you pay to live in here?

"About ninety-five dollars a month. My father pays half, though, because I only have a part-time job and I couldn't afford to pay for it all myself."

(The old man pays; that's something. Yeah, but he ain't a bad guy.)

This ain't bad really. I like it. I'd dig living here. Up these stairs, too?

"No, this is it here. Before I got this apartment, I had visions of having a little cubby hole of a room ten flights up; with an alcove and...."

Huh, what?

"I meant, I'm glad there aren't too many stairs to climb. I hope you don't mind sleeping by the window, it's a little draughty."

I don't care much. I just want to catch some Z's and then get moving.

"Excuse me while I get some coffee."

Are you really going to sit up and do work now?

"Yes, but it's o.k., I won't have to be up too long. You want some coffee?"

Nah, no thanks. Say, where's the cot?

"In the closet on your right by the john."



Oh yeah, ... this is a cot?

"Ha, ha, it's an army job; my father lent it to me. He got it from the army."  
My old man was in the army, but he got thrown out for going AWOL all the time.  
'you mean AWOL. I'll be right there."

"You sure you don't want some? Have a sip; it will warm you up."

No, I don't want any. You have to do homework and stuff like that now, don't you?

"That's not so good, what you said about your father. Did he have a hard time getting a job? It's a shame. Is that why you left...."

Knock it off. I asked you a question, didn't I?

"I was just talking about it because I thought you wanted to talk about it to someone."

Well, I don't. You're sounding like a priest all of a sudden.

"I'm sorry."

"In answer to your question before, I am going to stay up a while and try to finish this thing up."

What thing?

"Oh, I'm just writing a short story about this novice...."

What?

"About this young guide who goes off on a wild journey into the North Woods."

And shoots himself with his own gun?

"No, no. You see, his father was a very well known guide in that same area for many years, and when he died, Vic was just a young boy."

How young was he? I had a friend whose father died when he was seven. ... Yeah, I still remember that.

"Wait a minute. Don't you want to know the rest? ... Well, when Vic got older, he decided that he was going to make a trip across the upper North Woods into Canada about the same time his father had tried to do it years before. Unfortunately, though, it was right about this time; in the middle of winter."

Why would he want to do it just because his old man did it?

"Because he had to prove something to himself."

And what was, and what was....

"Why don't you go to sleep?"

What did he have to prove already?

"Oh, just that he was a man."

Ha, couldn't people tell by looking at him? What was he, a sissy or something? My friend Joe hates those guys.

"Don't be funny about it. This sort of thing happens with a lot of kids. It's something to talk about."

(It happens with loads of kids. What's so special about him?) What are you bugged about?

"Nothing, nothing. I was just thinking about something. Are you really going to Buffalo tomorrow?"

Yeah, I'm really going, why not? Ah, what happens to Vince or Vic or whatever his name is when he tries to make it?

"Everyone tried to warn him not to go off. This went on for a while 'til he bolted off one day in a rage; without all the things he needed. One of those things was a compass."

Ah, give him a compass.

"So now Vic's in the midst of a snow storm and ..."

So what do you call it?

"What?"

What's the story called?

"The Lost One."

Oh, yeah, well.

"Something bothering you now?"

I'm sleeping.

("I wish I could stop him from going away. He's not going to get anywhere running like this. I just wish I could. ... I can.")

---

You're a bastard. I knew I shouldn't have trusted you. GET up. GET up! Where did

you put it?

"God almighty, I didn't...."

So you did do ... you took my goddamn wallet.

"No, you're wrong, Ted. I'm no thief, believe me. Listen, take it easy. If you wait around here a couple ...."

Don't give me that shit. I want it. If I don't have it, I won't be able to get any farther than this crummy place. You bastard.

"Go ahead, I wouldn't put it in there ... I hope you find it. Really, I don't have it. Ah, ah, what's so bad about going back anyway?"

Sure, that's great. You're studying to teach. You'd love it, wouldn't you?

"I'm sorry you feel this way, really I am. I was good enough to you. Gave you a lift, and a room to sleep ... look, if you want me to lend ..."

Never mind, goddamn it. I'm so stupid, I could even have dropped it maybe. This screws the whole deal. Hey! Can I get me a place to work here?

"Gee, I couldn't tell you. Maybe ..."

Maybe, my ass. I'm gonna split. If I go back, my old man is gonna blow a fuse. Oh hell. If you took it, I'll ...

"Ted, I wouldn't do it. If you want a lift back I guess I could cut some classes. I really shouldn't."

Give me a lift to the Thruway and don't talk anymore.

"Ted,"

Forget it. Just let me off and forget it. I don't need this crap.

(Wrecked. This bombs the whole...)

---

This is good enough.

"Wait, I'll turn around here, it will be easier for you."

Good bye!

"Take care, all right?"

Hah! Take care...

(I'm glad he didn't find it no matter how he feels. It's safe.)

---

"Good evening, Mr. Griffin."

"Hello, John? What was all the noise about this morning?"

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Griffin."

"Don't be sorry. I was down in the basement, but it sounded somewhat noisy."

"What can I say?"

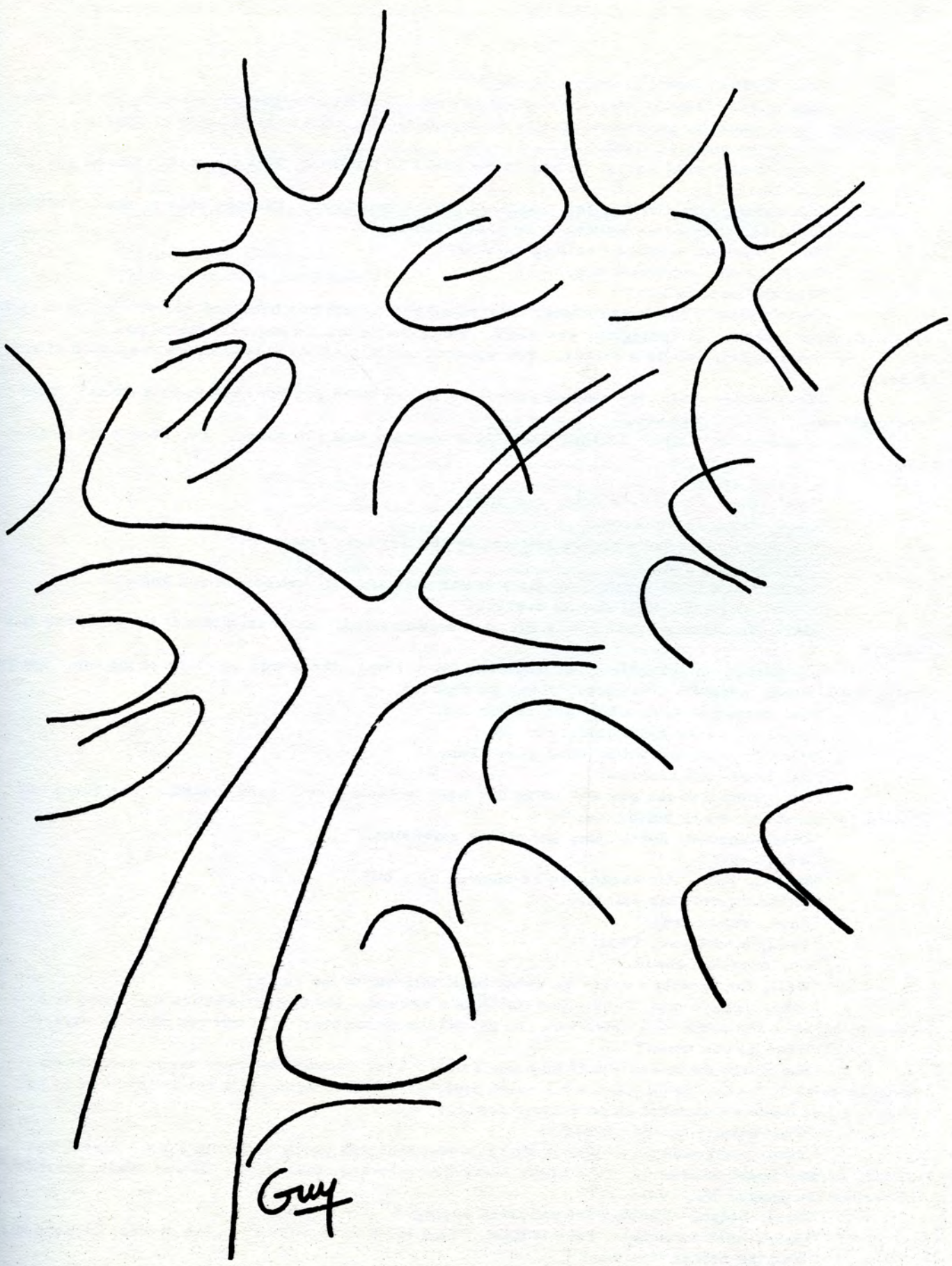
"How were classes today?"

"Fine, just fine. I'll see you later, huh, Mr. Griffin."

"Sure thing, John ... Listen, I'll be up to fix that floor in the morning.

Allright by you? Well, he'll be surprised then.

(I wonder what he's doing now. I hope he made it back. I'll bet I didn't do the right thing. Ah, it's probably going to be all right. He'll get back and his family will be glad to see him. You know, Yonkers isn't that far. He made it there for sure .. if he went there. He's probably in his house now or something, catching a good lecture. No, that couldn't happen. His parents are probably crude. He's getting a good beating. Oh, no! ... It's o.k. That's o.k. He will learn that they really want him. No, it won't be like that. He'll just lie. Right. He'll lie and tell them he stayed somewhere for a while. I've heard of that before. It's not untenable, as Professor Durkin always says. It's within the realm of possibility. Right. That's right. I'll be thanked for it someday. Some day real soon he'll come by and thank me. I wanted to help him, and I did. It was the only way for me to help him and he will be reimbursed. I will wait a couple of days and send it to him with a lengthy explanation. Ouch, that's right, burn yourself, john ... He must have been starving. He didn't even take some coffee last night, but he will not starve---he's not in the North Woods or anything. I'll go to bed and forget about it, what the heck. I can finish the story tomorrow after class, and ah, it's alright...what the heck. I can send him the wallet tomorrow. Tonight I'll leave it where it is... it's safe.)



"Mr. Griffin, how's everything going?"

"One of your friends must have left it behind. If it was the guy you were yippen to, maybe when he comes back for it, you can holler some more. We need to have some excite..."

"Give it to me! A friend lost it."

"John, that's what I said. It was in the break in the floor, by your desk. Maybe you didn't want that fixed."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Griffin, for snapping. Had a tough day. I'll take care of this.. Thanks. Well, see you later. I've some writing to be done...to do."

"Boy! Alright, who'd be calling me now?"

"Hello, John, you nasty boy!"

"Who the heck is this?"

"That's nice. That's very nice. She asked you to call her back and you didn't. And now when you have a chance to apologize, you don't. Well, that's big. I say real big of you."

"Carl, Carl, you're a pisser. You sounded like a girl, or a reasonable fascimile at any rate."

"Remember, John, my mother asked you to call when you got back to New Paltz? That was two nights ago, you naughty boy."

"Knock it off, Carl. Tell my aunt, your mother, that I'm sorry. But I had a bit of an experience."

"Oh, got a little?"

"Carl, listen, I'm not kidding now buddy."

"Okay, lay it to me brother."

"I picked up this kid who was hitching by the Thruway entrance."

"I'm listening John."

"He looked a little tough; long dirty brown hair and all, but honest you know?"

"To you anybody, well almost every..."

"Carl, so anyway I gave him a lift, and he was tired. So I asked him if he wanted to stay over."

"Oh great! In Jerusalem, or whatever town it was, there was no room at the inn. But you John, have room...right? I'm sorry, John, go ahead."

"We stopped to have a bite and he ran out."

"Hey ma, so the kid bolted. Ha, ha."

"Don't be so damn quick, wise guy. Tony"

"Who? He had a friend?"

"No! Tony was the guy who owns the diner in town here. Tony looked at him funny and Teddy got insulted. So he bolted out."

"Wait a second, John. Ma, get off the extension."

"What's up?"

"Skip it, John. Go ahead, we're running up a bill."

"He'd forgotten his suitcase."

"Case, what case?"

"Teddy's suitcase, Carl!"

"Oh, okay, go ahead."

"Well, for brevity's sake, he came back with me to the room."

"John, excuse me. I'll let you finish in a second. My mother swears that there is a chance that it is the same kid, Ma, will you get off the phone now? I'll tell you what he says."

"What do you mean?"

"She wants me to ask you if this guy Teddy - your roomie the other night, went south when he left?" "Hello, John, Carl's his usual smartalec self tonight. It's not as involved as he says. I just made a comment about a coincidence."

"What coinc...go on, finish."

"John, you sound interested. Why it's just that this young bot from Pier Street was killed, or was found dead at any rate in the river this morning, face down. It was really horrible."

"Give me the phone, Ma. John..."

"Carl, finish. Finish what you were saying."

"Okay, hold on buddy. Take it light. This kid was found dead in the river. Gleason was."

"Who the hell is Gleason?"

"He's a middle-aged sentimentalist, who writes editorials. He said that there was a witness, who saw this guy running towards the river, yelling after a dog or something. It sounds crazy, I know. Well anyway, you know it was a real blizzard we were having down here. He just ran into the river somehow."

"My God."

"Yeah, it's sad, but...well they found his suitcase and all. He must have dropped it to run or something."

"Oh my Jesus Christ!"

"John, John...He hung up!"

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#### THE LOST ONE CONTINUED

It was cold, and it was dark, and Vic could not have noticed what lay just ahead. He was desperately trying to stick close by the river in order to maintain a sense of direction. But the snow had been a white blind.

... The footprints were close together in the deep, soft snow. But a print could not have been made, beyond the shagged cliff that left not a trace of what had splashed into the thick, dark river below.





Brother Kevin Carolan