

sensed everything that occurred — as if looking with a third eye.

— Look at me, Benino suddenly cried, look at me!

How could I when my eyes refused to turn? Someone else dubbed my voice and said:

— Take that gun, Benino, and shoot. I cannot look at you. You are alone.

— No, he pleaded, look at me just once.

I shook my head. Then he raised the gun and fired. He missed. His arms fell down at his sides, the gun swaying gently in his hand.

— Try it again, Benino, I said. Try it again!

The barrel of the weapon leveled tardily. An immense pressure filled my ears, squirting out of my mouth and eyes. Gasping like a hooked fish, I tried to win some air. The index-finger curved and I saw the barrel stagger from the explosion. The next sound was that of falling plaster. The bullet had struck the head of the Christ and had shattered it. The body, untouched, had fallen on its back. A Beheaded Christ. Voices whispered, people inquired with eyes and hands. I looked at Benino. His face was pale, his eyebrows drawn up in curves of aching wonderment. His eyes yelled of pain and unbelief. He stood in an arch, his feet in the dust, his hands on the counter — as if someone had disturbed his sense of balance. A comma of pain. Suddenly he glanced around. Anguish blotted his face when he realized that he was not alone. He turned around and began drunkenly to push his way through the crowd. Faster and faster he went, accompanied by the curses of the people he pushed aside. Finally I lost him in the whirling pool of bodies squirming over the fairgrounds. An anger stiffened me. All the senses were numb, legs were wooden sticks. A freezing blood pumped through my body.

Tears rolling down my cheeks, fell on the gun in my hands. Suddenly I threw the weapon against my shoulder. With savage jerks I emptied it at the headless body, crushing the plaster to dust. Now an icy wind swept through my bowels, slicing me in half. I broke. My face hidden in my arms I cried on the wooden counter. The smell of the wet wood was in my nose, the taste of salt in my mouth.

D. M. Beekman

DER SCHNEE

Der sanfte Schnee weht ueber die Strassen
Trauemend, unendlich.
Er singt ein weiches Lied
Von Ewigkeit und Goettertaten,
Ueberstroemend mit freudigen Stimmen,
Formlos und ohne Richtung,
Verwirrend.

Gibt hier mein Lied, Mein Geist?
Ausgespannt vom Anfang bis zum Ende
Seufzt der Schnee.
Er singt manche Lieder
Erzaehlt viele Maerchen;
Und irgendwo in seinen Armen
Ist meine Ruh'.

Richard John Jaarsma

TWO POEMS

Ah, how the wind blows this moonless night!
Whistles on the house-corners;
The house is plagued with death-mourners.
The cat on the hearth by the light
Of the fire is purring,
Not comfortably.

Today it started to rain.
Only a mist at the first,
Gently blowing and
Gently covering one's cheek with its dampness.
Bringing to everything a
Smell of cool wamps.

Small and distant thunders then
Come and the mists are gone;
The wind brings to the roof
The soft sandpaper sounds of
The first rain of spring.

Winter is a coldness
And a whiteness:
Winter is to touch
And to look at.
Winter is quiet,
But listen to Spring!

Strange I had forgotten:
I did not remember with emptiness
The sound of rain,
Of thunder in the potent spring,
Until, just this evening,
It rained again.

J. Michmerhuizen

FUGUE

JAMES MICHMERHUIZEN

Manuals

P

Pedals

First system of musical notation on page 50. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a complex rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, a middle bass staff with a simpler bass line, and a bottom bass staff with a single melodic line. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 4/4.

Second system of musical notation on page 50. The treble staff continues with complex rhythmic patterns. The middle bass staff has a few notes, and the bottom bass staff features a melodic line with a *cresc.* marking. The system ends with a *f* dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation on page 50. The treble staff is mostly empty. The middle bass staff is empty. The bottom bass staff contains a continuous melodic line with triplet markings.

Fourth system of musical notation on page 50. The treble staff is empty. The middle bass staff has a few notes, including a triplet, and a *f* dynamic marking. The bottom bass staff continues the melodic line from the previous system.

First system of musical notation on page 51. The treble staff has a few notes. The middle bass staff has a complex rhythmic pattern. The bottom bass staff has a melodic line with a 3/4 time signature change.

Second system of musical notation on page 51. The treble staff has a complex rhythmic pattern. The middle bass staff has a few notes. The bottom bass staff has a melodic line.

Third system of musical notation on page 51. The treble staff has a complex rhythmic pattern with a *ff* dynamic marking. The middle bass staff has a few notes. The bottom bass staff has a melodic line.

Fourth system of musical notation on page 51. The treble staff has a complex rhythmic pattern. The middle bass staff has a few notes. The bottom bass staff has a melodic line.

First system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves with complex rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

Second system of piano accompaniment, including a dynamic marking of *ff* and a fermata over the final measure.

I WAITED FOR THE LORD

Adagio LEANDER LING-CHI WANG

Soprano: I wait-ed for the Lord, I wait-ed for the Lord, I

Alto: I wait-ed for the Lord, I wait-ed for the

Tenor: I wait-ed for the Lord, I

Bass: I wait-ed for the

Vocal score for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, showing the lyrics and musical notation for each part.

wait - ed for the Lord, He in-clin-eth un-to

Lord, I wait-ed for the Lord, He in-clin-eth un-to

wait-ed for the Lord, the Lord, He in-clin-eth

Lord, I wait-ed for the Lord, He in-

First system of vocal score, including lyrics and musical notation for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

me, in-clin-eth un-to me.

me, in-clin-eth un-to me, *piu lento*

un-to me, in-clin-eth un-to me, He heard-

clin-eth un-to me, in-clin-eth un-to me.

Second system of vocal score, including dynamic markings like *dim*, *pp*, and *mf*, and the instruction *piu lento*.

He heard my com-plaint, com-plaint. I

He heard my com-plaint, com-plaint.

- my com-plaint, He heard - my com-plaint.

He heard my com-plaint, com-plaint.

Third system of vocal score, including dynamic markings like *mp* and *mf*, and the instruction *Andante*.

BLACK EYES

Black eyes abstracted me,
Spun me in and kept a prisoner.
Words as flowers, cradled by the wind.
Lips that sculptured thoughts
Out of the depth of my soul
Into my hands.
Concrete, so close and eternal.

Black eyes caught me in a web
Of lies. Unspoken, yet so loud.
Sculptures crumbled to their essence:
Smoke in wind.
And words were snakes,
Coiling, oil-smooth and poison-dangerous,
Up around my legs.

While cutting them away
The knife struck many times
The mortal, human flesh.

D. M. Beekman.

OPAQUE

Behind the fragrance of a veil,
Two precious stones were glowing
In their settings.
They promised, told of nights
Touching the edge of the cupola,
The margin of the seas.
Foamy inlets, deep and with strange life.
—A drunkard on a cliff—

The tree hangs on the granite rock,
Existing only by the timeless clock.

The stones were bought second hand,
And did not fulfill their promise.
An icy wind swept over an empty land,
Tumbling ashes around the sign of rubbish.

D. M. Beekman

HOMAGE TO KORZYBSKI

We roll in syntax as dogs in carrion—
Reveling in the deadness of ready-made reason.

I celebrate
 cerebrally celebrate
 the approaching demise,
 the burial
 of

Truth.

We are done Mind is dead Long live language!
Hail! Poetic paradox!

Hail,

divided

house.

J. Michmerhuizen

THE CLOCK

The clock strikes once, twice—and on 'til twelve o'clock.
The moon shines on the snow, a silver blanket covering the dark earth. The night is cold and still—everything is still but the clock, striking twelve.

A winter tree shivers and its cloak drops to the ground. Its naked branches rub together, moaning in sympathy. Then there is silence—a silence that settles like the blanket of snow.

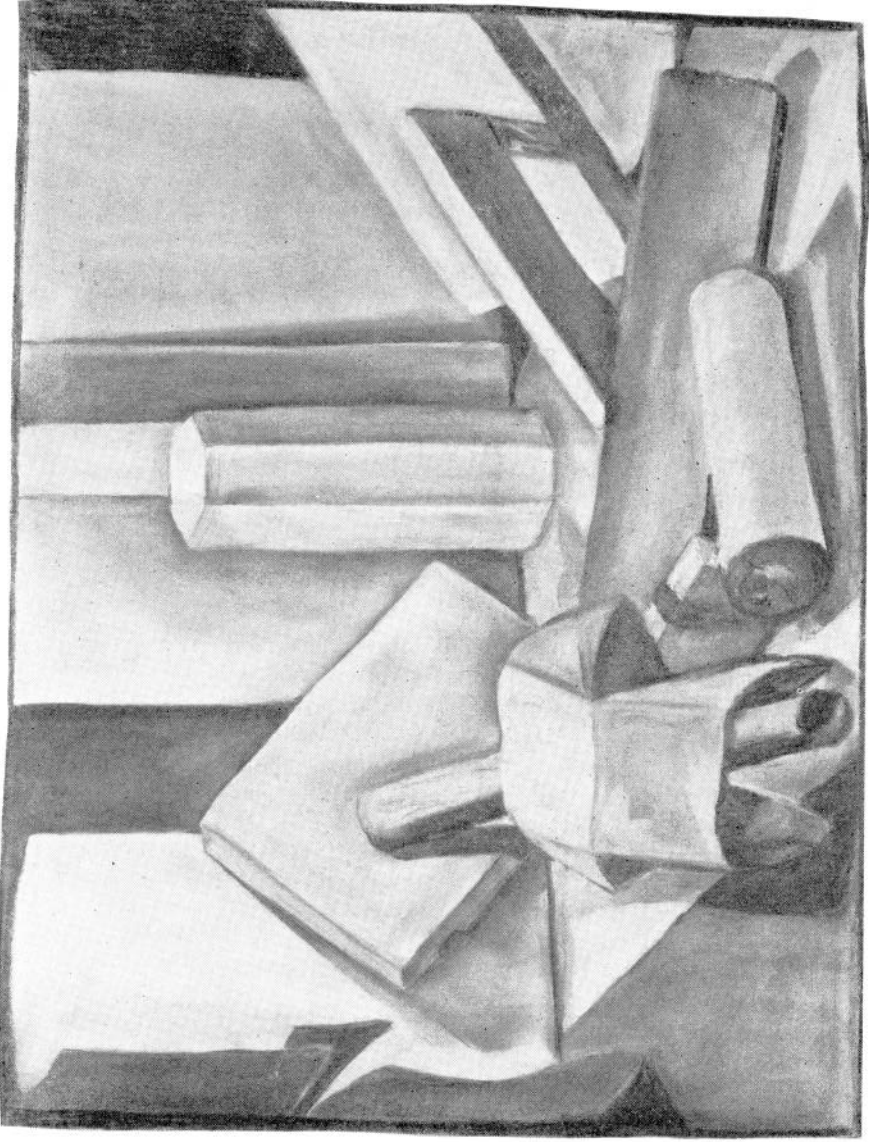
Loneliness comes softly, like a shadow, clutching the heart in its icy grasp. The chill of emptiness is within—and without, is the snow. Memory is a painful thing; it plucks a minor tune upon the heart strings. And the clock strikes one.

A car goes by; its lights shine on the fallen snow. The silver turns to gold for just an instant, then it is gone and the blackness returns. The whirl of the tires interrupts the silence—not for long. The night is cold. The clock strikes two.

Snow is lovely—the moon is cold. Eternity lies in the palm of night—velvet blackness with a silver border, forever. The night is now. But it makes no difference.

Jane Tomlinson

Charcoal Drawing
Muriel Roeth



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Colophon ~ *Opus '59*

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