

# The Angle

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## The Attempt

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## The Attempt

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"He walked down streets of neon light and pavement black, streets of infinite length whose dimension was limited only by weaving cracks and arresting curbs. Signs of metal and signs of glass were all about him, shrieking their pointed messages into his vacuum of dark and disorder. Everywhere and everything was a cacophony of noise and light, presented as a whirling, sound-filled kaleidoscope to which he clung with desperate tenacity. Night-light, car-light, sign-light, street-light; night-noise, street-noise, car-noise, man-noise. He read one sign that said bar and ladies invited and he walked in."

### Cover Page Footnote

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He walked down streets of neon light and pavement black, streets of infinite length whose dimension was limited only by weaving cracks and arresting curbs. Signs of metal and signs of glass were all about him, shrieking their pointed messages into his vacuum of dark and disorder. Everywhere and everything was a cacophony of noise and light, presented as a whirling, sound-filled kaleidoscope to which he clung with desperate tenacity. Night-light, car-light, sign-light, street-light; night-noise, street-noise, car-noise, man-noise. He read one sign that said bar and ladies invited and he walked in.

Hush! The beer clock wheeled above his head, each revolution a minute, each minute sweep of the second hand another lost moment. He passed by seats of red and silver, along the time smoothed rail, past silent backs of others that would bend and sway but never turn around, through the miasmatic air that seemed to envelop him in an aura of white smoke and cushioned sound. A vacancy, a break in the line of backs appeared and he sat down upon a seat of red and silver and ordered his manna.

A glass of beer was set before him. An exchange of faith took place: fifteen cents for a glass of hope. He sat and drank his glass of hope and saw nothing but icy dribbles trickling down his warming glass, making a patina pattern on the cool and condensing surface. And the wheeling clock turned above his head and the sweeping hand rushed majestically on its way towards the next hidden minute. Hum and a minute, hum and a minute; always a hum and a minute. Another glass replaced his empty one to fill the next minute and to forget the last.

He felt the icy cool of this goblet of peace numb his fingers, tingle and sting his lips, quench the awful arid dryness deep within him. He thought himself a giant desert, a great expanse of stretching, rolling, light-filled, thirsty void that began at the bottom of his red and silver chair and extended to the end of the world — no beyond — into the starry tumbling space he had seen on quiet lonely nights. And all of him, all of this desert was poised on the whirling humming clock above him, in the perfect unique balance of time.

Dark ringlets of forgotten and remembered dreams remained long after their creators had been removed, washed, and re-filled. He stared at the tattered battlefield before him and tried to forget the remembered. Slowly the sun went down on the desert and the shadows of the dunes lengthened and cooled the burning, tormented surface. Soon only a glimmer of light remained to parch the spongy sand, and then there was no-light and no-noise.

The clock no longer wheeled, the hum had finally stopped it, and the desert turned on its throne of red and silver and, in a poem of movement, stepped quietly out of heaven.