

sense of the "sacred" by the end of the novel. In effect, he argues that Pynchon is a religious novelist whose use of the term *revelation* is anything but metaphoric. His argument strikes me as ingenious and somewhat strained.

<sup>14</sup>Henkle, p. 214.

<sup>15</sup>Raymond M. Olderman has made a similar case against the literal existence of conspiratorial agencies in *V*. See *Beyond the Waste Land: A Study of the American Novel in the Nineteen Sixties* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1972), pp. 123-44. Olderman seems to believe that the conspiracies in *The Crying of Lot 49* are "real," however (see p. 144).

<sup>18</sup>Annette Kolodny and Daniel James Peters, "Pynchon's *The Crying of Lot 49*: The Novel as Subversive Experience," *Modern Fiction Studies*, 19 (Spring, 1973), 86.

<sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*, 80.

<sup>18</sup>Thomas Pynchon, *V*. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1963), p. 468.

## The Penguins

the penguins  
 loiter about their pool  
 like vagrant nuns  
 killing time between prayers  
 but with an air of confidence  
 the other cloister lacks  
 taking miracles for granted  
 in a world  
 where fish fall from the sky  
 everyday at 2 p.m.

Greg Simison

## The Coastal Organization

the crows run things here  
heavy henchmen  
buried beneath tattered black overcoats  
guard their territory well  
brutally ensuring themselves  
first choice of the sea's garbage  
relegating usurped gulls and brooding storks  
to bone-picking operations  
throughout the sandy slums  
where they were once the Dons

and one can only speculate  
on the years of bloody war  
that left these old Capones so subservient  
pilfering the occasional fish head  
greedily gulping it down  
between furtive glances along the beach  
while  
not far behind  
the sneering black enforcers  
launch themselves from the tenement trees

Greg Simison