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.

14 Henkle, p. 214.

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).


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