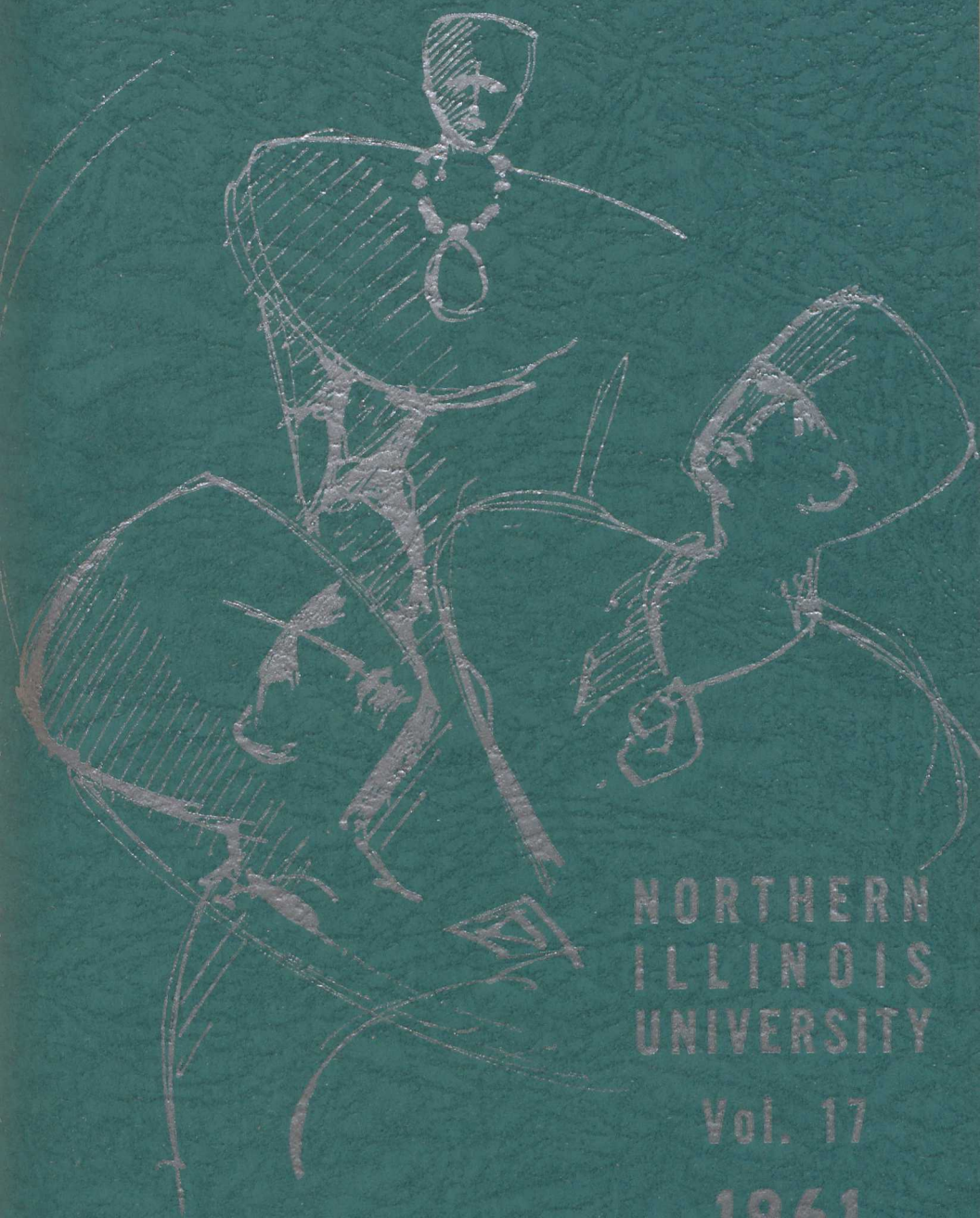


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LATE FALL RAIN

by DAVID KINCHEN

The pelting of the rain
against the window shatters
my thoughts, sending them
running in streams.

The pounding rain quickens
like the pulse of God
exulting
in his power.

Beginning, the rain washes
out the wounds of the
freshly-plowed fields, soothingly,
gently.

Increasing, the rain itself
becomes the wounder,
unceasingly tearing at the
bowels of fields so recently
pregnant.

The torrent increases until
it no longer hears the
agony-cries of the tormented fields,
or sees the brown blood flowing
from the furrows.

Suddenly, the pelting rain
stops. The world is silent
as the twilight dies in the
rain-washed air.

SPIDER ON A LACE CURTAIN

by DON STEINER

Carol felt nothing. She fingered the lace curtains in the lace-stuffed room. Strange, she thought, that such a white room could look so dark, as though the room were submerged in the intestines of a whale, far below the black blood of the sea.

Carol swept some white hairs into her oval bun, into which she placed lavender asters each September. She rather liked asters. Each fall they reminded her of the annual reclaiming of life, Persephone descending back to the Underworld to join dark Pluto. Daydreaming was one of Carol's faults, but what else had she? Her life was nothing, the nothing of a black ocean, which drowned her, drained her of anything she had, could hope to have. She felt as though parts of her body were dissolving; first a finger, then an arm, until at last only her soul was left. And her soul was empty.

"Carol! Carol! Where *are* you?" She was quickly brought back from the black ocean of her soul to the lace-stuffed room. Bitterly, Carol reflected that Vinnie was beginning to absorb fragments of her physical self, first a finger, then an arm. Upstairs, she glanced at her crippled sister, a dying sponge, determined to absorb Carol. Carol hated her sister. She wished Vinnie would die.

"Carol! Carol! Are you *listening* to me? I said I needed my medicine . . . Carol!" She mechanically obeyed Vinnie, as she always did, much as one winds a broken clock. Carol always sensed that Vinnie's eyes were boring through the floor into the lace-stuffed room, watching Carol and being jealous of the movements that she could never have. Escaping as soon as she could, Carol flew to her church, her garden in the rear of their home. She collapsed in a bed of red snapdragons. It was a heavy July afternoon, one in which the clouds themselves seemed to die and sink to hell, the earth. If Vinnie had not been paralyzed—if, if!

Carol remembered that day, forty years ago . . . Vinnie, the younger, had wandered from Carol, the day dreamer, lost in a bed of red snapdragons. Dimly, Carol had heard a branch snap. . But the snapping had come from Vinnie's back, broken when she had fallen from a dead tree. Carol ran to her sister, an unconscious and red tangle. She began to laugh hysterically—the black tree against the grey sky, the blood on Vinnie's twisted face and the blood of the red snapdragons in Carol's hands.

But that had been forty years ago. And Vinnie had not forgotten. Carol had only plants to talk to now; only plants understand the silent language she spoke, for words cheapened thought, she believed. To Carol, God was not simply in nature; God *was* nature. She particularly liked blue asters and red snapdragons—the blue of the Virgin Mary and the red of the Blood of Christ, she mused. And so Carol had no church, as such; she had only nature as a religion.

Carol was suddenly happy. She grabbed some white lilies growing near the red snapdragons. Eagerly, she wished some blue flowers might also be in bloom so that she could wave a political flag of nature, her God. How contradictory, she thought! Still, she was happy. As she sprawled in the snapdragons, she let the flowers fall silently upon her face, first a red one, and then a white one. She was happy. Carol felt a hair slip into her mouth; it was a black hair, one of Vinnie's.

"Damn her!" she shrieked. Carol knew she would never be free of Vinnie. The red and white flowers in her hand looked like the dried blood and frozen skeleton of something long dead. She threw them down in disgust and ran into the house.

Her garden-church had failed her. Carol wandered around the lace-covered living room, straightening a magazine, adjusting a shade, wanting so little, receiving even less. Her eyes fell on Mike's photograph; people called him Carol's "boy friend." Mike had whirled into Carol's grey life, spinning circles of red and orange, like a pinwheel. He was a dark Italian-American, passionate and filled with warm cement, patching the torn holes in Carol's life. She knew he was, when all else was not.

The only disagreement they ever had was over religion. Mike wanted to convert Carol to a recognized form of worship, for he felt that her spiritual drifting was the cause of her indifference toward life. He understood Carol's silent intercourse with plants; indeed, he often tried to lose himself in nature, but he failed, he who was so passionate and so intense. And Carol, looking into his dark face, felt that somehow *she* had failed him. The air was cool one night, despite July, one of those icy, mint-like evenings, when Carol and Mike had another argument over their religions.

"Vinnie should be quiet," Carol remarked, as they rested in her garden. "I gave her . . ."

"Carol," Mike interrupted, "have you thought of joining my church—or any church? Have you thought at all?"

"No," Carol whispered, crushing red snapdragons in her hand. Odd, she thought, that these crushed flowers should stick to my fingers, as though they were trying to remind me of my sin, much like Vinnie sticks to me now, never letting me breathe. Both Carol and Mike were silent. They had said the same things before; they would again. Finally, Carol spoke.

"To me God *is* nature; nature is my religion. You act as though God has only one Face, and that He must be seen by everyone in the same way. You limit God. You want to lock Him in a tomb, a brick church, and confine, control him. No, I have discovered my religion, I have earned it; you have no religion, but only *pride* in your religion!" she fumed.

Their discussion was futile; it led nowhere, for Carol was obstinate sometimes, and Mike could not accept her abstractions. Often, Carol hated Mike. But usually they were very much in love. And like many in love, they loved each other's loves and hated each other's hates. Mike hated Vinnie.

He had never spoken to Vinnie. But he knew Vinnie was trying to smother Carol with greyness; he knew that and hated Vinnie. Carol had finally agreed to marry Mike: she was simply going to leave Vinnie, leave her to the charge of a hospital, leave her to the smell of her medicine, leave her to her own greyness, her own nothingness. Vinnie would awake to find Carol gone with Mike, and be left with only the septic smell of hospitals for the rest of her nothing existence.

Carol smiled as she adjusted the lace curtains. She thought that her life, of Vinnie and of Mike, was like the black spider she suddenly saw running across the lace curtain. *She* was that spider, running across her lace world, so busy with existing that she had forgotten she was alive. But Mike would change this; he was her web, always there and always supporting her. She would be free of Vinnie and the smell of her medicine.

Carol saw Mike, pulsing forward down the street in his hot way, his black hair falling across his forehead. She grabbed the lace curtain, her life line, and began to cry. When Mike entered the lace-stuffed room, he looked upon a stranger.

BUDDHA

by JERRY KELLY

The Buddha's belly slowly shakes.
He sees far off (where men can't see):

From the sea a giant bird —
Chip-beaked and feathers charred —
Moves his tired wings.

His drooping head rises
At the sight of land — it has been
A long flight . . .

Once over land, his head again droops —
The sight is the same — always the same —
Of nothing
Nothing at all — and the land's
Too hot for rest.

Faster, faster beat his wings
Till once more over sea —
With head high —

He plummets into the bubbling water.

And Buddha rolls —
In laughter.

I KNOW MY OWN MIND

by NATALIE GLAVAN

"Is it all right with your mom and dad?" Pat inquired over the phone.

"Uh-huh," I lied.

Bill Lloyd had told me in class Tuesday he was going to Milwaukee for the weekend. For weeks I'd waited for this opportunity and I'd be damned if I'd pass it up.

"Bill Lloyd's drivin', Pat. Can he stay with you at the House for the weekend?"

"Yeah, if McGann goes home; otherwise a car seat will have to do," Pat teased.

We hadn't talked for very long — it costs a small fortune calling here from Milwaukee, and Pat was one guy far from well-off.

I then telephoned my parents. Mom answered abruptly after the second ring.

"Uh — Mom? It's just your loveable daughter. Hey — you and Dad weren't thinkin' of coming down this weekend, were you?"

"Well, uh-h — I don't know."

"Who's that?" I heard Dad's distant voice.

"Our college girl — wants to know if we're going down Sunday."

"Tell her yeah."

"Honey, your Dad wants to come down."

"I heard. Look, Mom, I got a heck-of-a-lot of studying to do. Can't you make it next week . . . please?"

"Dear, but . . . well Dad wants to show you his new car, and you know how he is about a new toy."

"God Damn," I said covering up the receiver. "Christ sake, Mom, I've got two exams Monday."

"No Christ sake! What kind of school teacher are you going to make . . . All right I'll see what I can do. You know your father's going to be mad, don't you?"

I exchanged a few other bits of information and triumphantly hung up.

Bill and I left for Milwaukee late Friday afternoon, leaving charcoal colored clouds hanging low on the horizon abaft.

Bill cursed. "Been listening to the radio?"

"No, why?" I asked.

"How in the hell are the Braves gonna play if it's gonna thunder storm tomorrow?"

I had met Willy, Bill, during my first semester. He's a darn nice guy, but stricken with Baseballitis. Whenever I'd run into him, he'd be slumped over the sports section, calculating, to the hour, the first Brave game. "Tell you what," he'd say. "First chance I get this spring, I'm goin' up to see them play. Want to ride along? You can get a glimpse of the Marquette boyfriend of yours you're always mumbling about."

"Willy, you're jesting," I would solemnly answer.

Beads of water zig-zagged down over the windshield in rhythmic movement.

"God dar"

"Willy, if you want to go back."

"No," he cut in quickly. "No! Your folks give you the okay?" he continued, changing the subject.

"Uh-uh."

"What! Well, if I'd known"

"Bill, cut it out! That's all I've been hearing. 'Do your parents know . . . Will they let you go . . . Is it okay with your Mom and Dad.'" I said mimicking. "Look, I'm eighteen years of age — my girlfriends back home are having kids. I know my own mind — what's right and what's wrong. I've been leaning on people all my life. Got two good feet of my own and gonna use them. Bill, if I don't now, I never will."

Bill was silent.

"Willy," I said calming down. "All my life, I've been taught the good decent things in life. The bad were too evil to be known. I had to learn for myself — judge for myself. My parents are both goody-goodies and too damn strict. Bill, I couldn't even stay over at my girlfriend's house for a pajama party. It was indecent. Do you think for one moment they'd consider letting me go to Marquette?"

"Look, kid, you got a few more weeks of school left, couldn't you wait?"

"You don't understand."

"To Hell with understanding! All I know is that if something happened, how in heck are you going to explain those suitcases back there?"

"Nothing's going to happen," I said. "I know. What could possibly happen huh?"

Bill said nothing.

The windshield became a blur in no time. We slowed to a twenty-mile-per-hour pace. Bill turned on the radio to break the silence, and on the reception of static, cursed and gave it a hard jolt with his fist.

"You must really like that guy to take such crazy chances."

"Willy, I don't feel guilty. I'm not doing or going to do anything I'd regret. Pat saw our campus and I'd simply like to see his terrific Avalon he's always bragging about."

"Don't give" Bill broke off because of an unanticipated bang.

The car swerved severely on the wet pavement and came to an abrupt halt on the road shoulder.

"Flat," he continued. "What you shakin' for?"

"I'm not shaking."

"Damn it, you are too."

"Oh, shut-up!"

Bill gazed through the translucent windows apprehensively, flexing his lower jaw. "After I fix the tire I'm taking you back."

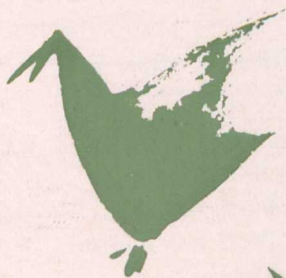
On receiving silence, he turned toward me. "Did you hear what I said?"

Muttering to himself, he got out of the car. I had heard what he said and now sat silent; partly with anger, partly with regret, but mostly with relief.

AND I PROMISE TO TELL THE WORLD

by PATRICK BENNETT

And I promise to tell the world
That I have seen a pink sky over London,
That I have walked in Trafalgar Square
On such a night when two lovers
Not quite yet in love
Stood for a moment and kissed.
They were alone against the wet heavy stone.
I dipped my fingers into the water of a fountain pond
And I wondered:
Where do the pigeons go in the winter time?



GREEN EYES

by GUY PAPHENHAUSEN

It was early summer when the pears on our trees were small and hard.

I had lighted a cigarette and fallen into a chair to rest after supper when rapid-fire knocks sounded at my apartment door. I arose immediately and was not halfway across the living room before the raps came again, this time more imperative.

"Ebbie," I said, swinging wide the door. She was standing hump-like in the hall, a *Daily Pantagraph* folded small in her left hand. She did not move a step, nor did she speak, but handed me the paper with an expression I recognized as what do you think's happened now.

She was trembling slightly as I read aloud the block of print she had circled with a red grading pencil. "Dale Pierre, Downs, Illinois, arrested for night prowling, Tuesday, May 24, 1960, in Bloomington."

I gripped the newspaper to show Ebbie my concern. "Dale Pierre," I said, quizzically. "Pierre—Ebbie. Isn't that the teacher?"

And she exploded into the room. Her arms shot up as if a ball were being thrown at her. "Ohhhhh," she dropped her arms. "You can't imagine what it's been like. Holy Mother Mary save me. He came. Two nights ago and he saw me. What am I going to do." Her fingers pulled her cheeks down into jowls and showed the blood under her eyes. "I'll never be a nun. I couldn't be. Oh, I mean not now. After this."

"Take it easy, Ebbie," I said, patting her shoulder. "What's it now?"

She pulled back and went to the window. She pointed out to the lawn. "He was there. He saw me. I was at the show — with Evelyn. Oh, should I get married? I think sometimes I should. I don't know." She wove her fingers through the front of her hair, pulling the skin of her forehead up. "Evelyn says I'm afraid. I don't know though. Do you think I'm afraid of men?" She giggled high and excited and looked bird-like around the room.

"I don't know," I said, holding the paper out to her. "What's the trouble?"

"He's a prowler. He prowls at night," she clipped as hurriedly as she passed me and perched tentatively on the front of my armchair. "I'm so tired. We were at the show. When I got home there was a noise in the bedroom. Oh, I mean it was terrible. You don't know. You're a man. But I thought it was him. I could sort of feel it. I was going to come up to you but that dark hall. Oh Lord, I don't know."

Her fingers were swarming through her hair, shaping one tight curl after another. "I need a cigarette," she said, breathlessly. I lighted it for her. It was the first time I had seen her with a cigarette since she moved in downstairs. She smoked it from the middle of her tiny mouth in quick, little puffs and her fingers splayed as if she were drinking the last of her tea.

"So, go on," I said.

"Oh, I'm so wicked." She made an ugly face at her cigarette. "Really, I don't understand. Why would he come here? Oh, I don't know."

"Why would who come here?" I asked.

"Why, Dale!" and she smiled a smile she didn't think should be there. "I saw him. Through a slat in the blinds. I saw his green eyes."

"You're not serious," I said.

She took a crumpled handkerchief from the pocket of her man-shouldered, grey suit and began shaping it like a snowball. "Well, wouldn't that be it? Isn't that what men are after?" She was trying to stifle pleasure. "Besides, I was sure it was Dale's car. I heard it driving out of the lot."

When the high school closed in June, Ebbie went home for two weeks to her mother's farm a few miles south of town. I didn't see her again until three days after summer school began. I was lying on a beach towel near the pear tree in the front yard, trying to shadow the page of a book from the sun, when Ebbie dropped to the grass beside me. I gestured toward the tree. "If you want any pears, you better hurry." Last year either the squirrels had eaten the pears, or they had rotted on the ground.

She plucked a blade of grass. She stuck out her tongue and placed the blade on it, drew both into her mouth, and mumbled, "Do you think I should get married?" I had no time to answer. "Men are so beastly. I don't think I will. But then, why would he act that way? Now, why?"

"Who act what way?" I asked.

"Interested," she said, enjoying the word. "Oh, I should fill you in. We had a teacher's meeting way last fall. All the county teachers, you know. He was one of the new ones so I introduced myself. We were supposed to. But there was nothing then. I mean it wasn't all of a sudden. But he sat across from me at the luncheon. You won't believe this but every bite I took, my eyes would go up like they do, and I'd see his green eyes at me. Why would he do that? But he did."

I closed my book on a marker of grass. "Well, Ebbie. Most men will look at pretty girls." She was so happy; I hoped she hadn't seen me cringe a little when I said it. Her face was anemic and always tired, over-blemished for twenty-eight years. The only color was a spot of red, firmly around her mouth. Her hair was a hundred dull, poodle curls, long out of style.

"There was another time," she went on, drawing her arms around her skirt and knees. "Evelyn and I were taking tickets at the football game — with Downs. Have to take tickets. All a part of teaching, says Mr. Emory. That's why I want to get out. Get married or something. Anyway," she said lightly, "I thought I might see him. But then we left the gates at half-time. We were walking — there was lots of snow — between the field and the stands. And I took a kleenex from my pocket to wipe my nose. I just happened to look up to the stands and do you know, there he was. Not just sitting there in the crowd. No. He had his handkerchief out." This she said emphatically. "And he was blowing his nose."

I laughed and said, "Maybe he had—," but I stopped when I saw the tiredness almost out of her face.

"What do you think?" she asked. Her finger was running around inside a curl.

"Nothing. It's interesting."

"And listen to this." She got all set to tell me, moving her knees to the grass and propping herself on her heels.

"Last night at the library. We had to go for Ed. Psych. Look up stuff. I don't know. He came into the reference room. You know. On the second floor. He came in with a boy we didn't know. I said to Evelyn, 'You see if he looks at me when I go up the main desk.' When I got back she nodded. And I could hardly study. I don't know. You have to give up so much when you're a nun. And I don't think he's Catholic. Oh, what do you think?" She drew in a breath and emitted a giggle like a schoolgirl during a sermon.

"Anyway, when we left, I saw them through the glass doors coming after us. I said to Evelyn, 'Walk slower.' When we passed the union — and it was dark — I turned my head. They were right in back of us. He must of seen me 'cause they turned in. Evelyn — she's so silly — she said we should have coffee with them. Well really, you know I never even said anything to him. Or not much, anyway. She's crazy, that girl. Oh, I don't know." Her puzzlement mingled with a subdued smile.

"He's so good looking. You haven't seen him," she said, as if I had missed the Second Coming. "Why doesn't he come out and say something? Do you think he's shy? Oh, I don't know."

It was early fall and the high school was open now two days. The pears on our tree were like oversize sinkers. A squirrel was sitting in the tree, picking with its forepaws at the fruit, and biting away the flesh as rapidly as it turned the pear in its paws. The pieces dropped down between different branches of the tree. The squirrel ate only the seeds and dropped the core, going on to the next pear.

Ralph Houde, a friend from Downs, was with me on the front steps with his wife and thirteen-month son, Bill. A sagging badminton net was still upright on the lawn with the red and yellow racquets where we had dropped them. Ralph tossed the birdie to the top of the steps. Bill, learning how to climb, raised his knee on the black rubber tread, grunting his way up.

I had not seen Ralph for over a year. We were reminiscing about our college days together. He was telling how he had met his wife in a tavern. "She was drunk," he said. "I couldn't resist her. Now look what's happened." And Bill was reaching for the birdie.

The late sun tinkled on the metal and glass objects before the re-sale shop across the street. I heard a jangling of chains and clinking of keys, followed by a door opening and locking shut. I craned my neck to see Ebbie standing over us on the porch in a freshly ironed red and yellow flower dress. A crinoline pushed it full. Her face was clean, her lipstick, new.

"You're going out," I said.

"To a show," she answered, quietly.

She nodded a faint smile to Ralph and his wife, and I thought they must have met before so I didn't introduce her.

"It's a beautiful night," she said, as she sat down lightly on the step above me, the weight of her folded hands depressing her skirt.

Caught in a silence, we followed the baby, who, with dirty hands and knees, was playing hide-and-seek with his hands cupped over his eyes.

I almost asked the question three times before I finally made up my mind to do it. It was a favor but when I did I was sorry.

"You must know Dale Pierre." Ralph lowered his eyelids yes. "Understand he teaches with you at the high school. What's the guy like?" I could feel Ebbie strain to maintain her expression.

"Sure. Old Dale," chortled Ralph. "Well, I can tell you I never see him after school. He takes off, roars out of the lot in front of the kids, and hits every club and bar between Downs and Peoria. Nice guy, though. Quite a lady's man. Dates the queens."

I could feel the tightening in Ebbie, but she did make one movement: she pinched a curl on the side of her head.

"And do you know what the son-of-a-gun did a while ago?" He stopped to laugh as he remembered. "He got picked up in town for night prowlin'. And all he was doin' was waiting for a girl in an alley behind a tavern downtown. Some old lady called the cops."

Ralph continued with the animation I remembered he had when he was interested in someone. But Ebbie rose with the rough sounds of her crinoline. Evelyn was crossing the lawn, excitedly.

"I have to go," she said and she started down the steps between us. I offered her my hand for balance; she hesitated, then took it, skipping the bottom step to the pavement. Her hand was small and very cold and I didn't want to let go of it.

Ralph was still talking when Evelyn and Ebbie met and turned back to the parking lot. The only thing I could think to say I said. "Ebbie." She whirled to face me. "If you want those pears you better hurry. The squirrels are at them."

"Oh," she raised her brows, then lowered them in a tight smile. "I don't know. I don't have time now." Evelyn was prodding her eagerly. "I don't really need them, I guess."

Then, as Ebbie turned, Evelyn grabbed her arm, lowered her head forward, and said, "The new teacher asked me for your *first* name."

They were walking away and Ralph was talking about Dale Pierre again, but I could see Ebbie straighten her humped shoulders and hear her say to Evelyn, "Do you think he's . . ." She was either too far away or she lowered her voice, because I wasn't sure, but I thought she said—interested.

NIGHT SONG by PAT HANEY

I think I am a patient man.
There are few things I cannot stand.
But when I'm tired and hit the sack
And feel cold feet upon my back,
I wonder why I took a wife
In lieu of blessed single life.

If anyone deserves complaint
'Tis he—he surely is no saint.
He snores so loud the bed does quake
And half the night I lie awake.
I wonder why I married him.
It must have been a silly whim.

THAT'S HOW THINGS ARE

by TERRY NEWHOFF

I came to this place about three years ago, and somehow I still don't feel like I really belong here. The customs and traditions are still "their" customs and traditions, not mine.

Take, for example, Sail Forth Day. This is an annual holiday and strikes me as slightly ridiculous. One day, however, I found the courage and asked one of the higher ranking purple flying flounders just exactly why they have Sail Forth Day. He answered me with a condescending grin and an airy wave of one fin. "Because it's the thing to do, of course, of course, and because we must put the lavender flying flounders and the violet flying flounders in their places, of course, of course." He chuckled a little at my ignorance and went back to the supervising of the crunchet he was using for the race. This particular crunchet was made out of the best seaweed and one large beautifully shaped chartreuse cattail. The idea was for the colorfully hued flounders to put these wobbling monuments on their backs and swim carefully across a large reservoir of chocolate syrup without damaging them. And so, the three groups lined up: The first were the purple flying flounders with their beautifully constructed, gaily decorated crunchets, next the violet flying flounders with the less elaborate but still nice looking little crunchets, and lastly the lavender flying flounders with the feebly-made and looking that way little crunchets. Then they were off! To see the lightly colored lavenders struggling along was a sad sight indeed. Their little backs were so narrow that their crunchets all fell off before they had gone a quarter of the way. The violets did a little better. They got about halfway. Ah, but those gallant purples were such a beautiful sight. They plowed their way across with heads lifted in such majestic grace that I could not help but gaze at them in awe. Their wide little backs flashed a royal purple to the applauding crowd when the crunchets were finally lifted off.

Suddenly I realized the importance of this event, and I clapped harder and louder than anyone else to show my admiration of their feat.



JUDAS IS BORN

by JERRY KELLY

Heaven roared the birth
On that vernal night.

The journey from Bethlehem
Had been pleasant. The miracle
Of three months kept their eyes
Twinkling and camels quiet.

But, that morning a camel killed
A lamb; the clotted fleece
And blood-tongued mother
Tear'd the twinkling eyes,
Roused the flop-humped beasts
To snort and bray and bite.

And now, a blood-hued star
Held their gaze and dropped
Into a palm tree.

At the crossroad, the three
Shivered and wondered
Below the palm
where a lion cub lay
Dead—

I HATE MR. HANSEN

by DONALD ABRAMSON

I hate Mr. Hansen. Mamma tells me all the time that it isn't nice to hate anybody, but I hate him just the same. Then Mamma gets the Bible and turns right to the page and reads it to me: Love thy neighbor as thyself. That's what it says and that's what we should try to do, no matter what they do to us. Mamma always does that; she can turn right to any page she wants to. Then she asks me if I know what it means and I tell her and she says that's right and we should always try to do just as the Bible says, no matter how hard it is or even if we don't understand why. But I still hate Mr. Hansen, I just don't tell Mamma about it, that's all.

I'm not the only one, either. All the kids in the neighborhood hate that old man. He's always chasing us out of his yard even if we're only taking a short cut or chasing Bonk or something. He's always hollering at us too and calling us names but Mamma says I'm not supposed to say such words and she even slapped me one day when I was only trying to tell her what Mr. Hansen said. Sometimes he even throws things and once when we were playing he caught Rudie before he could run away and started to spank him until Rudie's dad came and they got into an argument. But when I told Mamma what Mr. Hansen did to Rudie she just said that we should really feel sorry for Hr. Hansen, that he was a very lonely person and wasn't used to children and pets.

But I hated him anyway. Not only because he was mean to Rudie and me and the rest of the kids, but because he was mean to Bonk, too, and Bonk was just a poor little mongrel dog who could never hurt anybody, even if he did dig up Mr. Hansen's garden sometimes. Because he was just a puppy and didn't know any better. And Mr. Hansen was a man, and he should know better.

Because I *know* it was Mr. Hansen who poisoned Bonk. Mamma tried to tell me that no, even Mr. Hansen wouldn't do a thing like that, but I know it was him. Because he was so mean and hated children and poor little dogs.

And I loved Bonk. I mean, he was the only dog I ever had. Daddy said when he brought him home that I had to take good care of him, and I did, too, except for sometimes when I forgot. But we always had a lot of fun together and if Bonk tore up Mr. Hansen's yard it was only because he didn't know any better.

But then Bonk got sick and we had to take him to the vet's and then he died. I cried a lot, because I loved Bonk and I miss him a lot.

I know I shouldn't have listened when the vet told Dad on the telephone that Bonk was poisoned, and he told Mamma. But I was listening. So then I told them that Mr. Hansen did it, but Mamma just said I was upset and I didn't know what I was saying. But Daddy said, you know, he wouldn't put it past the old man, and then Mamma told him not to talk that way in front of me. But it didn't matter because I knew already that Mr. Hansen did it. Nobody else could be that mean.

So I went over to Mr. Hansen's house. Rudie and I kind of planned it out beforehand; then I went over to Mr. Hansen's. I went over just about suppertime when Mr. Hansen was fixing supper. He always fixed his own meals because he didn't have a wife. He was mad when he saw it was just me, but I never saw him smile anyway. I said could I come in because I had something important to talk to him about. I said it very quiet and smiling some because Mamma says that grownups will never listen to a kid who hollers and cries, and she's right. So I was very nice, and finally he let me in the kitchen, still talking to himself something about kids pestering him.

But I was very polite. I said, Mr. Hansen, why did you kill Bonk? And then he looked at me kind of funny and said what's that? Oh my dog. Did something happen to him? And I said sure, he died, and he knew what happened to Bonk because he killed him.

Mr. Hansen said he didn't have anything to do with Bonk, but I knew he was lying, so I said he did too, he killed Bonk, he put poison in his food and I could prove it.

Mr. Hansen was starting to get red in his face, but I was starting to cry and I was mad at myself for doing it. But just then Rudie rang the front door bell like we planned and Mr. Hansen started to go answer it. But he said, he didn't have anything to do with my damn dog (that's the way he said it) and that I better get out and go home and not say such things because everyone knows that they are lies. Then he went to answer the front door but I knew that there wasn't anyone there, because Rudie was running away.

So then I went to look on the stove where Mr. Hansen was fixing something. Then I dumped in some of the green powder that Rudie and I found in our garage where Daddy kept it for gophers or something. Then I left and went home.

Mamma will probably give me heck when she finds out, but I don't care because Mr. Hansen is a mean old man anyway, and he shouldn't have done that to Bonk, who was just a poor little puppy who didn't even know he was doing anything wrong.

CARTAPHILUS: The Legend of the Wanderer

by GERALD HALLARON

Out of the shimmering haze that joins
Sand and sky a spot appears and grows
Slowly into a man. His movement steady,
A measured gait, bringing into view
His dusty brown robe and matted beard,
His face etched from earth, baked hard
By desert sun. Closer now, his eyes —
Black as time is black — searching,
Searching for an answer to his question . . .

The air was cool and clear, the city
Silent in the grey half-light of dawn.
But in the court of Pilate, the air
Was filled with the acrid smell of rabble
Stirred to action by the ranting priest,
A pack of angry scavengers crying
For a death they did not understand,
But somehow knew must come.

Cartaphilus too was in that court,
A Roman captain, though a Jew.
Isaac Lakadama his name had been,
A name forgotten, trampled in the earth
He chose to leave when he had sought
He knew not what — but sought it
In the blazing glory that was Rome,
Glowing faintly in the court of Pilate.

Then the Nazarene that some called prophet
Was led in, on trial for his life.
Briefly Pilate questioned him and found
No guilt in him and sought to free him.
But the thirst of the pack was great,
And Pilate was not strong. They took him,
Beat him, spat on him, then brought
The death-tree for his back.

Impatient anger grew in Cartaphilus,
That a man would submit to this.
"If you are a man, take your cross
And smite them!" But the Nazarene
Silently took the burden, and Cartaphilus
Lashed out suddenly and struck him
On the back. "Go then, Nazarene —
Hurry to your self-appointed doom!"

The Nazarene turned, his meekness gone,
His voice a thunderbolt —
*"I will go, but thou shalt tarry
Until I return."* The words struck
Cartaphilus, an echo exploding
In his head, echoing, echoing
As he stumbled after the procession
To Golgotha and saw the Nazarene die.

Now Cartaphilus wanders in a restless,
Neverending search for something
To give it meaning, and always he
Must bear the blessing and the curse:

To find new friends, new loves,
Throughout all time —
Yet to touch them but a moment
Before they and he pass on.

To know intimately the great
Minds of the ages —
Yet never really to know
Another man.

To feel always the wonder
Of new knowledge —
Yet always aware that there
Is something still unknown.

To seek forever truth that lies
Beyond the reach of man —
Yet never to know rest,
The peace of death.

He will go on, he must, for always
There is hope, the promise of finding
What he seeks over the next hill
Or beyond the bend in the road . . .

Searching, his question still unanswered,
The old man slowly moves away.
His hair and robe grow indistinct,
With steady, measured gait he
Shrinks to a spot and disappears
Into the horizon-haze, and all
That is left is his track in the sand.
The breeze blows gently over the desert,
And, in time, this too is gone.

* * *

SWALLOWS

by CAROL THOMAS LINCOLN

In day-dream seeking,
Cloud aspiring circles
They spiral skyward.

Then with throbbing strokes
They arc among
Towering white castles.

Down, and they
Pause, arc again, and glide
Paralleling the earth's surface.



A EULOGY OF SORTS

by JOHN KELLY

Getting up at four thirty in the morning is a stupid way to start a day, but in order to be bright and cheerful by five-thirty Gary needed at least an hour to get his brain in gear and pour down enough coffee to chase the blood once around his system. It is true that there are some nice things about that time of day, like the beautiful sunrise over a landscape uncluttered by people, but on the whole he preferred sleep.

His usual morning routine was to stagger into and out of the shower, put on a clean uniform, pick up the by now stale sandwich he'd bought the night before, and pedal down to the studio. There he and the night man would re-boil the coffee and Gary would munch his stale breakfast while the night man rubbed it in about how good it was going to feel to crawl into the sack. Usually Cheiko-san had the records set out, so while smoking the day's first cigarette he'd load up the turntables and pull the first hour's spots. By this time awareness was groping its way into his brain, a cell at a time, and he could hear the Tokyo announcer shouting happy things like the time and temperature, and how good the next record was going to sound as soon as we hear a few words about the President's People to People program and how we can help implement it. Then it was 5:29:30, time for Gary to cut out Tokyo, make the station break, give the time at five thirty, and spin in his theme.

I don't care how you feel — tired, despondent, drunk, groggy, mean — if you're any good at all a transformation comes over you when you sit down in front of a mike and go on the air. Even at that time of day there are thousands of people listening, and it's your job to by God keep them happy. Too, he was always cheered up by his theme. When he first took over the show he changed the theme song from one of those dreadful "let's all smile" routines to the first thirty seconds of a record called "Magoo in Hi-Fi." It is ridiculous music, resplendent with oboes and bassoons and piccolos and all the other instruments arrangers use to create a feeling of absurdity, and a lot of people wanted to know just where the hell Gary dug up that goofy music, but they all smiled when they asked.

The next hour and a half would be a frantic time of cueing up records, pulling spot announcements out of the file, giving the time, reading the spots and checking them off on the program log, running out to the lobby to check the coffee, and trying to find the last cigarette he had lit. Comments and remarks just came naturally and posed no problems, especially since he kept them to a minimum. His morning show philosophy, based on many years of getting up in the morning, was "shut up and play a record."

At seven o'clock they carried network programming for an hour, which gave him time to draw a second wind and trade in the used records for a new batch to be used at 8:05. At seven thirty the Japanese engineers would start straggling in, and Gary and Hidaka-san would exchange a few pleasantries about each other's ancestry and general moral habits. They'd just be getting down to specifics when the program director would come stumbling in with a wheeze and a backslap, and Hidaka would mutter a Nihon-go obscenity that the PD couldn't understand, and beat a retreat to the engineer's shack.

His 8:05 show was outstandingly poor. The Master in Tokyo headquarters had decreed thou shalt have a show for the women, so in accordance with The Word promptly at 8:05 every week-day morning Gary began pouring forth twenty-five minutes of saccharine and schmaltz. The crowning insult came at 8:30, when he had to carry the network-wide show "Don McNeil's Breakfast Club." After that there wasn't much to do until 10:30, so he'd work on the next day's program log, which is a schedule of the programs and spots to be aired.

The station became a second home. It wasn't only the place where he went to work six days a week, or where he was occasionally burdened with the adolescent Teenagers on Parade show, or a place to experiment with the tape recorders or listen to music or play cards or pester the engineers. The station was a way of life unto itself, where acceptance was based on ability. The elite were not necessarily the highest ranked, but rather the best announcers. It was a tough circle to crack, but their approbation was worth it. Strange though it seems in retrospect, there was a time when neither the station manager nor the program director made it. It was the best, most enduring kind of clique; based on ability rather than religion, money, blood, pull, school ties, or any other of the excuses men use to band together. Each station had its core of talent, and they considered themselves responsible only to each other.

It wasn't always sweetness and light and a labor of love. It is typical of our culture that an educated but incompetent individual be placed in charge of those who know their business but not how to find the sum of an infinite geometric progression. I dread to think of the results if Little Jesus had a strong personality, but he didn't. Ability, if not righteousness, triumphed, and within a few months the station manager resigned himself to playing with his equations and letting the people who knew how run the

station. Once a month he flexed his authority by calling an announcer's meeting, at which he listed the things it behooved them to do and how it behooved them to act. That It did a considerable amount of behooving for a two letter word, but since those It was belaboring did an exactly equal amount of ignoring It was neatly balanced out.

Occasionally one of the men would get a brainstorm and all of them would catch fire; then the extra control room looked like an accident in a spaghetti factory as all the tape recorders and turntables and the equalizer and forty-nine microphones were hooked up to get just the right effect, and the record library was a shambles as people prowled through trying to find the right music to enhance the production. Those were times of high-voltage emotion, and a stranger innocently wandering in to see what the station looked like might be pressed into service for a few words and would find himself caught up in the contagion and staying around just to do anything he could to help. Each announcer automatically assumed responsibility for his specialty, George doing the engineering and Gary picking the music and Jay writing the continuity. When it was all over, sometimes they never even bothered to get it on the air; it was enough to have put together something really good.

It was a way of life too good to last, and each of them knew it, and the knowledge was brought home hard each time one of them was struck down by orders to return to the United States. Of the original crew of nine, five went into commercial radio in the states, but it just wasn't the same. I guess it never really is.

FOREST FIRE

by MARIE DOW

Soaring, scorching, scarlet forms
Leap to touch the coolness of the midnight sky.
Lurid dancers fiendishly torment
Primeval cliffs and time-worn granite rock.
Pagan limbs beckon to the unknown;
Discarded shrouds fall on the darkened floor.
Wearied by wild revelry, the dancers fade —
Diminished by the fire of day.



BY THE RIVER

by GUY PAPHENHAUSEN

The leaves from the broken tree dip into the river
and mark it with the lines of a finger;
Helicopter seeds from the maple lightly dimple the
casual water and float under the tree whose trunk
is brown bark and white bone.

Not the trees

Nor the see-through minnows,

Not the rich, dark bank mud

Nor the birds that hammer out their call,

Not the snake-weavings of the water plant

Nor the gnat I blew off my finger,

Not the carp that tears at my worm

Nor the sun that burns a hole in the water,

None of these

Mind that I am here—

A stranger.

LANDSCAPE AS DESIRE

by FRANK JOHNSON

Where is the soul of a man? Is it to
be found in the rolling green here swept by
the breeze into billows brought to
swell in a cove, not by nature's blow, but by
heeling skiffs full of laughing youth?
But never such a wave strewn with such clusters
of golden yellow. Once again I see
tiger clamped on tiger's tail around the tree.
Or someone has spilled some coins from the pot
he found at the end of the bow. But all
this is no more than what I see whenever
I look into your eyes, oh woman
that I've never really seen unless perhaps
standing, weary, waiting for a bus in
the rain — maybe only imagined in the
lightsome filigree of vernal green but
seen, except for spring, in paintings of Renoir.

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

by KATHERINE JACOB

I really knew very little about Violet Baranski, or, at least no more than anyone else in Maryville knew about her. The first thing you noticed about Violet was her height; she was about six feet tall. She was thin too — gaunt and thin, and that made her seem even taller. And then, of course, we all knew that she'd spent a great deal of time with her grandparents on their farm in Kentucky. I'm not sure just why; I believe her father had run off with another woman or something like that.

At any rate, after she'd graduated from high school, Violet had gone into Chicago to work as a secretary. It was there that she met Frank Baranski. After they were married, they'd come to Maryville to live. We all liked Frank right away; he was big and blonde and had a hearty laugh. They'd built a house on the far edge of town, and just about a year ago, they'd had a baby. Oh, yes, I'd also heard that Violet hadn't been too well of late.

I was glad when I finally had the opportunity to really get to know Violet and her husband. As we rode along together in their car, Violet was telling me about her illness.

"The doctor really doesn't know what's the matter with me . . . dizzy . . . can't walk without help or something to hang on to . . . can hardly get around."

I nodded sympathetically. "How long have you been like this, Mrs. Baranski?"

"Well . . ." She lifted a long thin hand to her forehead. "I've always been delicate — had delicate health that is. And then, after we were married, I had several miscarriages. It's a miracle that I was able to carry Georgie for nine months."

"You were lucky," I inserted.

"I've never really been well since Georgie was born. I guess I should never have tried to have any children, but Frank . . . we always wanted a son."

"Well, you certainly have a fine boy," I observed.

This time her husband responded with "Say, I'll bet you haven't seen the pictures we took at his birthday party." The car swerved as he reached for his wallet.

Violet, with a tragic note in her voice, remarked, "I never take a good picture."

"Of course you do, dear." Perhaps his rejoinder was a trifle automatic, but he was absorbed in searching for the pictures.

"I've *never* taken a good picture," she murmured.

He handed me the photos. "There he is! One year old!"

I glanced through the collection of typical birthday pictures. One particularly good shot showed Georgie, a paper hat perched on his head, smiling up at the camera. I was about to comment on it when Violet burst out, "Oh, that's horrible! All you can see is my long, skinny neck!"

Startled, I looked at the picture again. Georgie was seated on Violet's lap; the camera had not caught the top part of her head.

"I should never have gotten my hair cut." She was fingering the coarse strands of hair that were straggling down the back of her neck. "But how can a woman in my condition be expected to take care of long hair? Just let people think I'm lazy. I don't care."

I tried to soothe her. "Well, you've had the baby to care for."

"Yes," she said. "It wasn't so bad before he could walk. Then I'd just set him in his playpen. But now I . . ."

Her husband's enthusiasm forced him to interrupt. "You should see how that kid can tear around. I had him outside last night, and I'll be damned if it wasn't all I could do to keep up with him. Why, he . . ."

This time it was Violet's turn to interrupt. "You can't keep up with him! What do you think it's like for me?" Not waiting for a reply, she continued, "How can a woman in my condition be expected to run after a child? Heaven knows I can hardly work myself."

Her husband gave her a reassuring pat. "We all know you've done your best, Violet."

This seemed to satisfy her. She settled back in the seat and observed sagely, "That's life, I guess. You take what comes to you."

"You'd better start slowing down, Mr. Baranski," I warned. "My house is the next one on the right. See! Georgie will have a big yard to play in."

Violet squirmed as she tried to draw her skirt back down over her knees.

"I never can get a skirt that's half long enough for me."

Frank got out and started to remove the sleeping child from the back seat of the car.

"But what about me?" was Violet's pitiful appeal. "Aren't you going to help me?"

"Go ahead and help her, Mr. Baranski," I said. "I can manage Georgie if you'll just take his suitcase."

"Do you think I've packed enough things?" he asked as we slowly made our way to the house.

"Of course," I replied. "He's only staying for a few weeks."

Violet gripped her husband's arm more tightly. "Well, it might be a few weeks, and it might be longer. That depends on how long it takes for me to start feeling better again."

As I laid the sleeping child down on the sofa, he sighed deeply and began to stir.

Violet, holding on to the door for support, whispered harshly, "Come on, dear. Let's go before he wakes up and starts to cry."

The reluctant father turned from the child and moved toward his wife.

"Now don't you worry about a thing," I told them as they went out the door. "I've taken care of lots of babies before."

I don't believe Violet heard me. She was saying something to her husband about making the 7 o'clock showing of *Solomon and Sheba*.

"Now you take care of yourself, Mrs. Baranski," I called after them.

"I will," she called back gaily.

Already, her step seemed lighter.

I THINK IT A GYP

by PAT HANEY

I think it a gyp
When I must leave a tip
When the service does not really rate one.
But I can't stand the glare
Of the waitress there
For I know how they anticipate one.

ADAM'S FOURTH DIMENSION

by LYNN LONGLEY

Adam Niswonger would have been the first to admit that he made his great discovery purely by accident. He certainly had no claim to powers of reason or divine intuition. In fact, this was one fantastic step in the study of science which he would have gladly disclaimed altogether, given the time and opportunity to do so.

It happened on a fine summer day during one of Adam's quiet walks through the country-side. Adam could rarely stand the noise and confusion of the working day in Oxford Junction. He put up with Ed Barn's sputtering tractor which Ed drove through town to get to one field from the other, and he put up with the Johnson kids playing hop-scotch in front of the store. But, when Mr. Corbin started banging metal in the blacksmith shop Adam stayed in town just long enough to go in Peterson's and get tobacco for his favorite pipe. Then, he headed for the edge of town with a steady yet casual step, as if in deep study about all that went on around him. This clean shaven, well preserved old man, who was fascinated by the picture of himself as a backwoods philosopher, walked toward the fields and orchards where he could look upon Nature. He kept his calm pace until the noon sun generated its heat through the thick mass of his gray hair and irritating drops of sweat began rolling down his face. The heat drove him quickly to the shelter of a rather large and isolated apple tree.

Satisfied with the view before him and with nature's chair of exposed root and dirt, he sat down to rest and cool off. His left arm dropped naturally at his side, the hand bumping into an apple that he had not noticed before. He picked up the apple and studied it, most certainly aware of the beauty of its form.

He rotated the apple in his hand and reflected on the form of all things. He thought of round things, square things, of rectangular and cylindrical things. All of these forms were so different, yet they all had one factor in common. They all had height, depth or thickness and width.

Then, like a brave little candle flame flickering in the wind, these deep thoughts diminished and died, leaving Adam to stare blankly at the apple. It was during this vacancy in the mind of Adam that the great truth suddenly boomed into his head, as if the vacuum he had formed there literally sucked the truth from the heavens. His face glowed with the delight of a child as he realized that there was a fourth dimension to the thing in his hand. It not only had width, depth and height, but it also had *descenture*.

Thinking of his new-found knowledge, which was of course the answer to all great questions, he began toying with the innocent red fruit. He held the apple up close to his face in a steady and exact position, both his eyes being focused on the center of the round object. Not sure of just what he was doing, he proceeded with actions which his discovery seemed to suggest. He began to hum, first in a low tone and then gradually raising the pitch to

a certain high falsetto note. His mind, in deep concentration, issued forth the scenturatic impulses. He could feel a change in the nature of the apple that he could not understand. Half in fear and half in curiosity, Adam tossed the fruit gently into the air. But the apple did not come back down! He sat there with his hands on his knees, his pipe hanging limply from his mouth as he looked up and watched the fruit drift slowly back up to a branch high in the tree. He gazed in dumb wonder as the ripe, red apple seemed to attach itself to the stem from which it must have come, and then turn green. He stood up to get a better view, unable to take his eyes off the miracle. The spell that gripped him as he watched the green ball become smaller and smaller was broken finally by the queer sensation of movement under his feet. Adam lowered his head and saw the roots recede and the ground sink down. The old man jumped back with unusual agility and noticed the whole tree was changing its color to a younger green. In place of the apple a white flower bloomed and then quickly formed a bud. Suddenly, with great terror, he noticed the grass in the fields about him disappearing into the ground. Adam turned and, with the pain of old age, ran as fast as he could toward town.

As he approached Oxford Junction a grand feeling of vigor came over him and, more than just a second wind, it was as if a surge of new life flowed through his whole body. As he ran through town an old memory of school days returned to him: the day that Jim Thompson chased him all the way home from school. In his excitement he could not notice that the way he ran was more than a memory. When he reached his house Adam Niswonger crawled up the stairs on hands and knees, then started to cry.

The force spread like a charged current and in four hours the complexion of the whole earth was altered. The regression was all powerful. People, trees, plants, all living things experienced a new youth, new infancy, and finally were reduced to atoms. In another hour there was no longer a balance to any part of nature. There were great eruptions of lava; the seas rocked and spilled across the barren lands; and great sheets of ice returned to the rocks they so long ago deposited.

The earth began to vibrate and then in a spiral movement it jerked free from its orbit, leaving the great mass of mystic power behind in its place. Adam's world started to disintegrate as it neared its birthplace, the hungry flames of our sun. Just at that moment the planet Margda of a near-by solar system was drawn from its weak and unsettled orbit by the correct lines of force, these created through the regression of Earth. Margda entered into the orbit smoothly and took over the vacated position of balance and the residue of great mystic power.

Thus, was the beginning of our glorious planet, Margda, two thousand years ago; according to the Prophets. We too have trees and flowers and people. We too have the knowledge of life, the answers to the great questions. But we know better than to mess around with *descenture!*



TO LIVE AND DARE

by RACHAEL BURCHARD

There was a creeping on the stair.
It was Gina
And her bear.
Gina, babe new-scrubbed,
Bear, dirty, tattered, scratched, rubbed.

“Mommy, there’s something I must convey.”
Bear tucked
Beneath her nose,
Eyes dancing,
Up-turned toes.

Hesitating, not afraid
What harm can come
When Bear is there?
Time to *live*—
To live and dare.

“I’ve been using lipstick—JUST
At night
Of course
Yours—BUT ONLY the pink
. . . see?”

Unmasked, radiant, five but twenty
Without the bear
And no startling cry
From me.
It hid inside.

Baby mouth, girl painted, chipped tooth,
Fever for life
That’s her smile
When I don’t mind
And she forgets

To watch for my masked disapproval.
“I’ll wash it off
In the morning
I always do
I promise

It’s only PINK.” “
I do not dare
To speak.
She knows my heart.
“THANK you, Mommy.”

Meaning, it’s glorious to live
And to try lipstick
And to play twenty
And for you
Not to care.

Back up the stair,
Trip-skipping,
Child,
Lipstick, and
Bear.

THEY COME BEARING GIFTS

by INEZ HARVEY

It was the usual brilliant summer day in St. Thomas on March 31, 1917, but the islanders were not in their usual humor because they realized that when the Danish flag fluttered down the flagstaff and a new one took its place, there would be many changes. The older persons were fearful, dreading the changes which they knew must come. Some felt that they knew what they had, but they did not know what to expect. The young, more optimistic, like youth everywhere, tingled with the desire for change. They as well as the older and more experienced persons on the island were not aware of how drastic that change would be.

Denmark and Uncle Sam spent nearly fifty years bargaining over the Danish West Indies. The United States Government spurred by fear, real or imagined, that Germany might capture and use the islands as a base of operations against the Panama Canal, finally decided to purchase them from Denmark for \$25,000,000. The ceremony today was the culmination of this purchase.

Bought as a base, considered as a base, they were therefore governed as a base and administered by the Navy. The Naval Governor of the Virgin Islands held the rank of Commander of the Navy. Hence the islands were rated as stationary battleships.

Because the Navy did not have enough money to rehabilitate the place, and because they found the natives docile, friendly, and loving the old ways of the Danes, they followed the course of least resistance by allowing the pattern of life remain as it had been under the Danish rule. This is one of the reasons why the islands took such a long time to take on the American influence. It was an idyllic situation for the populace and naval on-the-island personnel. The islanders loved nothing better than to be allowed to continue to live their leisurely life unmolested by the pressure and cares that affect the outside world. Gruff and benign, the naval administrators were treated and respected like overlords by the natives and the natives' standard of living was raised slightly. Since their standard of living had been raised, they were happy under the present conditions, never realizing that they were poverty stricken until informed otherwise by Mr. Hoover and others.

While the naval administration strutted and the populace loved and attended Naval band concerts in the evenings, the rest of the world ignored them and continued to progress. Mr. Wilson wittingly or unwittingly waved the banner of self-determination during World War I. Even though Mr. Wilson's banner waved in other possessions of the United States, it still took years before the Virgin Islands actually went through drastic changes. Changes occurred slowly at first because there was no direct contact with the island and mainland United States. Freight ships came to the islands, but very few tourist ships stopped in St. Thomas. It was the last Navy Governor, Governor Evans, who invited Colonel Charles Lindbergh and his famous "Spirit of St. Louis" to visit St. Thomas. The "flying Colonel's" visit in January, 1928, put the Virgin Islands on the front page of the American newspapers. People who had never heard of the islands before suddenly discovered the United States owned three attractive little islands in the Caribbean Sea.

The first real change took place after Mr. Hoover, then President, sent a commission to make a study of the islands. Later, he himself came. It was on this visit to the islands that he declared them to be "The United States' Poor House." His speech upset some of the islanders greatly; but by others he was forgiven, for how could he have known in the few hours that he visited these islands what actually existed there? How could he have known that the Virgin Islands were far richer under his administration since they had never quite reached the spiritual poverty of the mainland United States when at that time the unemployed and Veterans marching on Washington rose to such an outburst of violence against the public officials that they tarred and feathered a federal judge? How could he have seen their richness, since they were not rich in material things?

What Mr. Hoover did not see was the inner richness of the people of the Virgin Islands. He had no way of knowing how much pride the women took in their native calico head ties or the insertion laces in their petticoats. He could not tell that the flour bag pants which the men wore did not measure the love and affection of these primitively dressed people toward their young. How could he have known that on these islands a man was judged by his merits and not the color of his skin? How could he tell with all its apparent poverty that everyone then felt a sense of freedom, and that they were not saddled down with the hate and prejudice that was evident on his very door steps?

It is about thirty years since Mr. Hoover delivered his speech in the Bandstand of the then picturesque Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, and if a spectator who listened to his speech on that day were to return to St. Thomas he would be amazed at the changes that have taken place. No longer can it be called the United States' "Poor House," for it is now suffering from all the luxury of a rich society.

After his visit to the islands, things began changing rapidly. The most important among them was the removal of the naval administration. The islands were placed under the guardianship of the Interior Department with a civilian governor appointed by the President. Now things really began to take place on the two major islands, St. Thomas and St. Croix, for thank God they did not think it necessary to improve the little dreamlike tropical island of St. John; therefore it remained in its primitive state until about six years ago when Mr. Rockefeller cruising in his yacht happened to see it and decided to make it a better place to live. All sorts of improvements were made under the administration of the civilian government. Some of them were made to preserve the culture of the islands, but most of them were not made with an interest in the islands nor its people. Since many of the civilian governors were chosen on the basis of how well they served their political parties, they were primarily interested in pleasing their political bosses in the interior.

To make work for the people, the United States government arranged to buy from the West Indian Sugar Company five thousand acres of land, two sugar mills, a distillery, several warehouses and machine shops, and a wharf. During World War II the Navy used the islands as bases; therefore they made quite a lot of improvements that were beneficial to the islands after the war. They constructed roads and built an airport. It was not long before visiting crafts came to the islands. With the acquisition of an airport and the construction of new roads more people came to the islands to live. Soon a tourist development board was started. Their job was to "Put the Virgin Islands on the map." This entailed getting many interested persons to open businesses, thereby giving work to the people.

Very attractive offers were made to interested businessmen. If they showed interest in constructing a hotel, motel, or a guest house, they were permitted to lease large pieces of beach land with a long term lease of ninety-nine years. Since the total area of the three islands amounts to 133 square miles — St. Thomas 32, St. Croix 84, and St. John 19 — it is apparent that there is not an abundance of available land. Land that was sold at about two hundred dollars an acre is being sold now at \$3,500, and in many cases the same price is asked for three quarters of an acre of land depending on its locality.

Here is where most of the trouble in the islands lies. These people who have been encouraged to open businesses under the conditions described above and those who operate factories tax free, are the ones who demand more and more from the government of the Virgin Islands. They feel that they are the saviours of the islands since they raised their standards financially; therefore nothing should be too good for the asking, even if it means changing the place to such an extent that when sightseers come to the islands, there is nothing that is actually different about the place from any small town on the mainland.

Some time ago a great deal of money was spent in constructing a driveway along the waterfront. Some persons argued that the irregular shore line was an attraction to the islands, and that when money is spent on such a project, it would merely be spent on something that may be seen in any city. No attention was paid to the objections that were raised because natives are known for their objections to new changes in the islands. "Besides where would we be today if we had objected to changes?" Now there is a very lovely straight shoreline along the waterfront with three car lanes, which enables the driver to speed the full length of the island, thirteen miles long. The picturesque sailing boats that came from the neighboring islands with their produce can no longer dock there because "it would spoil the sight." Never mind that this area was one of the attractions which they themselves loved and which can be seen on canvases in their homes today. Gone are the days when the boys can go fishing along the seashore on an afternoon after school. The familiar things that you see in restricted areas are in evidence now. Gone too are the days when a person could sit on his balcony and wait for the fishman, with his colorful basket of fish, to buy a strap for twelve cents. Now you may wait, but you will never hear that familiar "Who want my fish today?" Even if you were to meet the fishman in the streets, he would not sell you the fish, since he is being assured a good price for his entire catch if he agrees to take it to a buyer who retails it at twenty cents a pound.

The leading citizens became so alarmed over the rapid changes that were being made that they demanded that the islands be given a native governor. With the aid of the legislature they set about trying to undo some of the changes that were made. One of the first things that they did was to organize a planning board in order to preserve the old charm of the place and to prevent private ownership of beaches. The long history of the Caribbean pirates had left the islands with ruined castles and forts which are tourist attractions. Now as one picks up the *Island News*, he reads the familiar letters to the editor: "Sirs: As a citizen of the U. S. I feel that I have the right to demand a little peace and quiet on this island if I am to live here. I should like to voice my opinion about those church bells that ring so long and loudly at six in the morning. Mr. Editor: If it is necessary for the islanders to observe so many holy days during holy week, I shall have to move my business where people understand that business is money. If the legislature does not find a way to reduce the number of local holidays on this island, Sir, I shall have to take the matter up in Washington. Now, Sir: If these islands are going to be worthwhile to live in, it would be necessary for the owners of those braying jackasses, barking dogs, and crowing hens to be dragged into court, or have their animals impounded. Sir: As of this week I shall begin to recruit workers for my factory from the neighboring British Islands." Things had come to a pretty pass. Native workers were joining the Union in order to get higher wages.

Where do the people of the Virgin Islands go from here?

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

by DAVID KINCHEN

Although it is extremely enlightening and very stimulating to discuss peer groups,

I want to know what good is it, since most groups of adolescents today are not peer groups but rather beer groups?

No doubt the topic of age-mates has its good points;

But isn't it more important to find out where they hide the hubcaps they steal — their hood joints?

The concept of developmental tasks makes sense — up to a point — but it's better to know

What punk is acting as their fence.

The idea of compensatory activities is profound and eminently sane;

But before we say that it is very common, let's take a ride down any lover's lane.

Studies reveal a lot about adolescents — take *Middletown in Transition*.

The Lynds give us this very important bit of information: to be in your car on a dark country road with your best girl is like being in the cat-bird seat — a very good position.

There is currently a big discussion on which method is best to teach Johnny how to read: look-say or say-look.

I hereby submit my layman's opinion that it wouldn't be such a bad idea if we took all the tubes out of the TV set and tried my own particular method — read-book.

A citation such as this could go on *ad infinitum* to the *ultima thule*;

But since I've acknowledged my debt of gratitude to Mr. Dewey and the TC, maybe I'd better stop here before I strain my continually developing brain unduly.



MY FATHER'S TOOTH

by JO VAN DRESSER

"Sacre!" screamed my father one night as he stubbed his horny toe against the foot of the plush rocker. He glared at the massive piece of furniture, solid on its mahogany base, flaunting its prickly green body in the pale darkness under the window. Any other time he would have yielded to the invitation of its curved arms, but this night he hated it, as he hated every object in the treacherous darkness, every sleeping snuffing person who remained unmoved by his groans of anguish. Pa had a toothache.

The pain in his lower jaw was great, but his ruptured pride hurt even worse. Only this evening he had condemned his family for their "milk-fed" teeth, taunting them with the strength of his own tobacco-stained enamel. Why, that every evening, while his children were struggling with the nutcracker, he'd cracked a hard-shelled walnut with his teeth just to show them what black bread and browned-flour soup had done for him.

Pa was always talking about black bread and browned-flour soup. Back in Slovakia that was all he seemed (to us) to eat. Steaming bowls were set before him for breakfast. With each spoonful he captured one of the floating caraway seeds so he could crunch it before taking a bite of black bread. For lunch in the fields the women brought him pots of browned-flour soup and crusts of black bread to sop in it. At night he begged for some cold soup before going to bed in the hayloft. We had visions of a grandmother who spent her years browning flour and pouring boiling water over it, dropping in the caraway and ladling out the concoction. We never learned who made the browned-flour soup and baked the black bread while she gave birth to her ten children.

Pa cherished an immense scorn for people who went to see dentists. In his fifty years he had lost only two teeth. When he was ten years old, he had been stricken for the first time. It was during his first visit to Prague where dentists were known, relatives insistent. He had had the molar pulled. The second time, when he was forty-five, he hadn't been so foolish. He had loosened the offender with a rusty pliers and tugged at it himself. It took him three hours of maneuvering to remove it.

But this was different. This tooth was far back, it was four in the morning, and he was damned tired. The tails of his nightshirt flapped against his chilled calves as he straggled from bristling rugs to cold linoleum and back. The subdued coughing of his family irritated him. He tried some tentative moans, then burst out in a loud bellow. His cry had the desired effect. My mother fought back the smothering featherbed and murmured, "There's a square bottle of green drops in the medicine cabinet."

"Yezi! Maria! Yozef!" A torrent of invective drenched her suggestion. "How can you loll there, woman, knowing my agony! Ah, that St. Otilic did not clear my bleared eyes when I first saw you. Surely, then, I would have known your unsympathetic nature!" Along with his love of black bread and browned-flour soup, Pa retained his passion for blasphemy. Compared to his impious oaths, American curses were a gentle prayer. Saints retired to heaven a shabby second. And his invocations of the devil in his quarters would have taught any man-of-God something of the torments to be encountered there.

"Are you intimating that such a simple remedy as green drops can relieve this excruciating pain?" asked Pa, appalled. "Even this brandy mouthwash hasn't helped!" Ma could tell that he hadn't wasted a drop!

When Ma resumed her rhythmic breathing, Pa dropped further maledictions and shuffled off to the bathroom to locate the bottle. With clumsy fingers he packed a wad of cotton, saturated green, around the tooth. Lord, but he was tired! Even my mother's dubious sniff as he crept back into bed couldn't provoke him. The house became quiet once more.

In the morning Pa hummed a Slovakian tune as he prepared to treat his tooth again. My mother, a bit repentant about her lack of solicitude the night before, offered to do it for him. But, after one look at the bottle, she gave vent to a deranged laugh that startled the entire family. She informed all of us that the 'green drops' Pa used during the night was the shaving lotion she had bought at a church bazaar years ago. The bottle was dusty, the label had peeled off, and my father had discovered a new cure-all.

Pa's chagrin soon veered to indignation. With a scowl he stalked from the house, but not until he had cautioned his children against falling into any similar traps prepared by their "solicitous" mother. "Beware!" he warned us. "If the doctors don't poison you, your mother surely will!"

MAD SONG

by PAUL PETERSEN

Come dance with me, Ophelia, frantic through the
forest of mushroom-cloud trees,
 where sun-splendored "hot"
raindrops fall upon your glimmering
 tresses in gamma-rayed radiance.
Come dance with me, Ophelia, in frenzied flight to
unfound joy,
 and we shall see flowing meadows of
contorted cadavers,
 and in a crater-dell where alpha rays
 and beta rays sing to beauteous nature,
I shall admire you in your garments flowing to
 the radioactive wind,
and I'll rest my seething head upon your naked bosom
 of melting flesh,
and soon we will lie there, "
 demarrowed bone to demarrowed bone,
and our spiritual heap of ashes
will have signified that truth is mushroomed majesty,
mushroomed majesty truth.

A NEW YEAR

by J. W. VAYO

A large grey stone building rose next to the barren avenue. Most people were home now; it was supper time. A few discarded newspapers with headlines "A BETTER YEAR AHEAD" danced about the cement curbs. Whipping about expired parking meters, they applauded the crisp air. In front of Wintrope things had been busy all evening.

Wintrope had housed many inmates and would continue to do so. It was an irritating place, and the receiving room was no less irritating; it crept with the uncertainty of life. It was a cold, dark room, and iron bars on the few small windows gave it an even colder look. After a short period of silence, a new inmate, in the large, populated chamber, stirred.

"Pst, hey. The name's Rodney, George Rodney," he extended his hand. "I just arrived a little while ago. Cold in here, isn't it?"

"Yes, it always is in these places," the other returned, while loosely shaking Rodney's extended hand.

"Always? Have you been in other . . ."

"No, no, this is my first. I just knew about them; by the way, mine's Hart, James Hart, of Hart and Higgins Mutual."

"I used to have a policy with your firm," Rodney spoke, keeping his voice low.

"That's all right, Rodney," Hart said a bit too loudly. Someone complained of needed rest; Hart apologized. "What's your business?"

"Advertising, magazines, you know."

"I was in newspaper work myself for a while," Hart commented.

"Can't imagine how we missed each other all that time," Rodney continued. "I was in and out of your office quite regularly. You were probably running around yourself, though."

"Well, I guess I was rather busy," Hart agreed.

Rodney, not having heard this last remark, changed the subject. He was getting curious. "How long you been here?"

"Oh, not long. Got here about two hours before you, I guess. They must not have found you as soon."

"No, I was well hidden," Rodney added.

"Cigarette?" Hart reached his hand toward Rodney.

"Yes, but where'd you get it?"

"I lifted a few off one of the attendants when he wasn't looking." Hart offered a match.

"Thanks, Jim. You can call me George," Rodney said. The two were silent for a while. They were careful not to spill ashes on the floor. Each puffed heavily on his smoke. Curious thoughts roamed their minds, as they lay in the dimly lit chamber.

"Watch it! Someone's coming." Hart adjusted himself.

Hollow foot steps revealed the marble hall of the old structure. Two attendants and several others passed through the portals of the large, wood door, past the heavy-set guard and over to one corner of the crowded room. A few mumbled words were heard, and then the party retraced its path. The subject was then removed to a smaller, compact housing.

"It's been busy as hell in here today," Hart said after a lull. "You'd think they weren't used to so many crack-ups at once."

"Yes . . .," Rodney muttered. He had an ugly grin on his face. "I wonder what Martha will think? It was so unexpected. I was in such good health too."

"Oh, she'll react as all the rest do, I'm sure," Hart recalled. "They're shocked at first; it's so uncertain, but they soon learn to accept you as you are. Too bad they don't know what they're missing, isn't it, George?"

"Yes, yes, I guess it is. No hours to keep now. Just lie around and relax; do whatever you want," he agreed. "I wonder where they'll transfer me? I'm sure we'll be transferred. There are so many here!"

"Aren't there!" Hart recalled. There was a pause in their speech.

Rodney broke the silence. "Jim, what do they do when it's your turn?"

"They wheel you out and fix you up; then they discharge you. They've got a lot of fine equipment here." He straightened his wrinkled, white garment.

"After you're transferred, what then?"

"You just go, I guess. Do what ever you want," Hart answered.

"Sure hope it doesn't cost much."

"It does. Prices are rising. Didn't you say you had insurance?"

"Yes, with your firm. I hope it will cover me."

"Oh, you'll do all right, George," Hart assured him. Their conversation took another turn.

"What you going to do when you get out, Jim?"

"I'm going home to rest for a while. I've been rather tired lately. What about you, George?"

"Really don't know yet," Rodney answered.

"Quiet, here comes someone." They adjusted their covers.

The door of the room swung open. Two attendants in white coats led a grey-haired lady to Hart's side. One of them lifted his sheet and asked:

"Is this James Hart, your husband, Ma'm?"

"Yes . . . , that's James . . ."

YOU ARE A WOMAN

by JOAN MALLEY

You are a woman.

In you is life and life that is to be.

In you is the hope of the future for all succeeding generations.

You are a woman.

It is you who makes the world live, keeps men happy, makes homes.
It is you on whom our future depends.

You are a woman.

In your body are many strange feelings, desires, fears.
In your body life comes, life begins.

You are a woman.

You are life—
You are love.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

by KEITH A. BOS

When I first arrived at the gym I tried to convince myself that there was nothing to be afraid of. After all, I was just as big as any of the residents I had seen to this point, and besides there were plenty of other people working here.

Upon climbing the well-scrubbed stairs, I arrived at the door of the office and was greeted by a chimpanzee-faced fellow sitting and watching the smoke from the pipe he gulped, slowly enclosing him in a dense fog.

"Hello there, my friend," he said.

"Hello," I replied as I quickly stepped into the office.

"Oh, I see you've met Bernard," came a voice from the enclosure at the rear of the room. "Cute, isn't he?" continued a bosomy woman as she emerged on canary legs from the enclosure. "I take it you are the new summer worker."

"That's right. Are you Miss Krammer of the Recreation Department?"

"Righto, honey. Sit down and we'll get acquainted."

Thus began my first day as a student summer worker for the state school for the mentally retarded. Often as a high school boy I had driven through the streets of the institution with the car doors locked as my friends and I looked out and laughed at the people who lived in the nut house. It was good fun and especially so knowing that we were in a moving car and with locked doors to keep them from getting near us. After tiring of the sights we would drive away, mentioning how terrible it would be to have to live with these people. "Why, who knows what they're really like!"

Well, there I was sitting right in the middle of the institution listening to my new boss tell me what my new job would entail until fall rolled around and I would return to the University.

Miss Krammer labored through a poorly rehearsed speech concerning the responsibilities that would be included in my working with the mentally retarded.

"These poor darlings!" she sighed. "Physically they are all adults, except for the residents in the children's cottages, but they all have the brains of four and five year olds."

Sure, I thought to myself as she paused to light a cigarette. I know all about the mentally retarded. They're all meaningless, just kept here in an institution to keep them out of people's hair. They don't really live a life with any feelings in it. I guess I ought to know all about the mentally retarded. After all, hadn't I just taken a course in General Psychology with a whole chapter on the mentally retarded?

Miss Krammer rose from her chair and told me to follow her. We walked to the gym floor where some of the older male residents were laboring behind long-handled blocks with gunny sacks under them.

"These are my Sweethearts. They all work at the gym keeping it nice and clean for me. Aren't they sweet?"

I nodded yes, thinking that it was a good idea to keep them busy with tasks like this. This is all these people are really capable of anyway.

As we left the gym floor I heard footsteps behind us and turned around to see my pipe-smoking friend following us.

"Bernard is my right hand man, aren't you, Bernard?" Miss Krammer asked as we descended a long flight of stairs.

"Sure, Honor."

"Actually, poor Bernard can't do much of anything except scrub those cement stairs in front of my office. Would you believe that Bernard is thirty years old and has an I. Q. of maybe 50? We like having him here at the gym with us and Bernard likes being here so he can polish the altar for Father Burke. This is the chapel at the bottom of the stairs," she uttered all in one breath, hardly allowing me time to absorb what she had said about the stairs Bernard scrubbed.

As we approached the altar Bernard brushed me aside as he ran excitedly toward the front of the chapel, saying, "This is God's home!"

I, CYCLOPS

by DONALD ABRAMSON

I

The Muse lies napping in her Olympian chamber
While life goes on about her.

Awake, O Muse, and give me audience!

* * *

Polyphemus, musing
Solitary in his hillside idyl,
Rolls his great eye toward the shore
Where doll-men disembark from doll-ships.
Alone, he had been happy—or at peace—
His stature fusing earth and sky together.
Great, save for comparison implied
And Cyclops cannot be compared.

But now Ulysses, mighty warrior,
Proud leader of men,
New standard,
Leaps boldly from his ship and wades ashore.
He surveys his new discovered land
And, with a start, sees the horizon
Maneuver to its feet.

Blood of Man and Cyclops quicken
While three eyes narrow with scrutiny.

II

*Why do they stare at me as if I were a monster?
Avert their eyes and turn their heads,
Whisper among themselves?
Poppet obscenities! Insignificant!
Such tiny corpse has no capacity, surely
To house a brain and soul besides.
Step back, you ant, to see me—
Gain perspective!
Step back to the falling-off edge of the world—
You'll never see the whole of me
Nor any whole!*

*Yet still they gaze and point
As if I were different
When it's they who are—
But then, the real question is,
Who's strongest?*

I think I'll crush them.



III

Given environment factors,
The respective backgrounds of each of these,
The Delphic Oracle could tell you what they are
And what, precisely, each might do
Under specific conditions.

I do not need the Oracle—
Their story is well told
In many books, and in all languages.
Man and Cyclops, now confronted,
Plot each for the destruction of the other
Because they *are* confronted.



Now to the cave, and to that fatal thrust—
This much is action, and you know it well—
Now the escape, and all is done.
Yet—have you felt that cry of pain?
Protesting howl from one left helpless on the shore
Hurling rocks and oaths at the departing vessel?

IV

O pain! Despicable! O woe!
 This searing blackness cannot match
 The blackness of my hate;
 My rage is greater than this fire which burns me!
 Flow tears, gush—
 Stain the entire earth
 With blood!
 To split, to rend the universe asunder;
 To tear them down with it
 And cast the whole into that abysmal pit of hell
 Where, with the fiends,
 My wrath will gnaw their flesh
 And vomit it for all eternity!
 Who—or what—has done this thing?
 That man, weak caricature of life?

 If there's a god, then god is dead,
 And if god die, why then there never was a god!

V

Cry rage, Polyphemus,
 Cry hate—and threshing out, destroy;
 Cry who, or what, or how—
 You'll find no answer here.
 No man has done it—that must suffice you.
 Is there not an old philosopher's fear and pity
 Enough to reach a climax
 For creature such as this?
 Found, his own size; left, a giant;
 Before, of one eye; then of only one,
 And now, of none.

 A monster, now, abhorred, maimed,
 And left to grope in his once-familiar world,
 The spear still sticking there—
 A useless, wierd antenna.
 Ulysses, done with laughing, has turned his back,
 Is gone.
 We have our catharsis; the Cyclops, his great pain.

 Cry rage, Polyphemus,
 Cry hate—and threshing out, destroy.
 Or if you dare, cry: Why?

UH . . . HONEY, THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

by EVELYN HAUGHT

My name is Winifred and my husband's name is Art and we have a daughter, Judy, who was fifteen last February. Well, one Sunday night about two months ago, Judy came up to me in church and said:

"Mother, can Duane McAllister take me home?"

Well, I just froze. I had been gabbing with Lil—she's an old friend from way back. I kinda gulped and looked over to Lil and mutely asked her what I should say. Lil's been through this already—her Karin is seventeen. Well, Lil wasn't any help—she just looked back at me and didn't say a word—just smiled sort of smug-like.

I swallowed and asked, "Who's Duane McAllister?"

"He's a boy. His sister goes to church here."

"Well," I swallowed again, "I guess so."

And she was off—my little fledging.

All the way home I kept telling Art how I wished I hadn't forgotten to tell Judy when to be in and that I sure hoped he was a careful driver and not one of those hot-rodders.

Well, don't you know, when we got home—we live fifteen miles out in the country—the lights were on, and Judy was in the bathroom putting up her hair.

Tuesday Edie Taylor called me and told me how come Duane had brought Judy home like that without even buying her a coke or something. Seems as though he didn't know where we lived, and when he found out, the poor kid knew that he had to have gas for his car. Well, he only had one dollar with him—and he hated to get less than a dollar's worth—so he just bought gas and took Judy straight home.

The next Wednesday night we—Art and me—went to church. We were having the quarterly business meeting. Art's on the official board. Well, don't you know, when we got home, Marilyn (that's our nine-year-old) met us on the steps—at quarter to ten, and she's supposed to be in bed at nine:

"Mamma, Judy had a boy here!" she announced.

"I did not. He just came," shouted Judy.

Well, I just about died. I tried to be calm though, and asked: "How did the house look?"

I hate unexpected company when the house is all messed up. Seems as though you could have it looking spick and span for a week through, and nobody'd come—but just start sewing and get material and thread all over, or don't do the dishes for a couple 'o meals, and you're inviting company.

"It looked O.K.," Judy answered.

And it did. I had a sneaking suspicion that Judy knew all along that he was coming. You know why? 'Cause the dishes were all put away, and the drainer was even under the sink. Now, we just don't do that unless we're expecting company.

I looked the house over. It really was spiffed up. Then I told Marilyn to hustle into bed:

"Look what time it is."

"Mama, is Judy going to get married?"

"Oh, no. For goodness sakes, say your prayers and go to sleep. It's almost ten o'clock."

I went into Judy's room and asked:

"Did you give Duane anything to eat?" I felt sort of like a psychology graduate or something. "You know, when you have company, it's just like when I do. You're the hostess, and you must treat your guests right."

"Of course, I fed him. You must think I'm awfully dumb."

I went back to the kitchen. I'll say she fed him. A quarter of my devil's food cake was gone, two bottles of Seven-up had disappeared, and half a carton of ice cream had been eaten. Looked like they'd made pop corn too. The dishes were in the sink.

The next morning Judy informed me that she had a date for Saturday night. Her first regular date, and she hadn't even asked me. I felt sort of funny about that—sort of left out, or something.

Well, Saturday I really gave the house a cleaning. I was real proud of the living room—looked real nice. Duane was supposed to come around seven, and sure enough, about two minutes to seven, Mollie (that's our Collie) started barking. I flew to the window that overlooks the driveway and peeked out.

"Honey, he's here."

"Umph."

"I'm not going to let her go out if he honks. He should come to the—
Oh, he's coming around to the front."

I gave myself a quick once-over in the hall mirror and went into the family room. Art was sprawled all over the couch—watching TV.

"Sit up."

"Huh?"

"Sit up. Judy's boy friend is here."

He didn't even look at me. Just went on watching Perry Mason.

I suppose he was still a little miffed because I'd made him change his clothes. But he'd been out working in the garden—and then he'd fiddled around with the lawn mower motor—and he was dirty. Besides, those jeans were so faded, and they had a three-cornered tear just below the back pocket.

Boy, was I nervous. You see, I hadn't even met Duane yet. I went over by the counter that separates the kitchen from the family room, and picked up the salt and pepper shakers, wiped them off with a corner of my apron, then put them down, scooted them over to the center, then decided that they didn't look right there. Maybe I'd better put them in the cupboard.

Duane knocked.

"Come on in—Perry Mason's on," called Art.

"How are you Mr. Loftus—Mrs. Loftus?" asked the dark, slim boy.

He sounded so calm. I was downright proud of him.

He sure doesn't look eighteen, I thought. Real polite though. Should I mention about the driving? I've got to say something. . . .

Judy saved the day by appearing in the doorway. I was a little proud of her too. She looked so perky in her full blue skirt and white embroidered blouse. And she looked so sure of herself.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, let's go then." He nodded to Art and me, "Good night."

He hurried over and opened the door, and Judy sallied forth like a queen.

"Have a good time," I called.

I dashed back to the dining room window so I could watch them. I stood back behind the drapes so they couldn't see me. Duane opened the door for her—I don't guess Art's opened the car door for me more than half a dozen times in the eighteen years we've been married.

Well, you know, that Judy, she didn't sit by the window—no sir—she got over in the middle. I didn't know what to think about that. 'Course she wasn't close—and these new cars are awfully wide.

I still hadn't said anything about driving carefully. I had had a mother-daughter talk with Judy, though. I'd gone into her room and said:

"Uh, honey . . . you know there's a difference in . . . uh, necking and petting . . ."

"Oh, Mother," disgustedly.

"Well."

"Well, what do you think I am?"

"I think you are a very sweet girl, and I want you to stay that way."

"O.K." And she went back to her book. I was dismissed.

When I told Art, all he said was:

"Oh, for cryin' out loud, if she doesn't know how to behave, it's too late to start trainin' her now."

I couldn't even enjoy Gunsmoke that night. That bit about Chester building a pot of coffee just doesn't seem very funny when you're thinking about your daughter out with some boy that you really don't know at all.

We went to bed at ten o'clock. I wasn't sleepy and wanted to stay up for a while, but Art said that would look as though we were waiting up for them. So we went to bed. I sure couldn't sleep though. . . . How can a person sleep when their child might be strewn along the highway? I should have told him to drive carefully. 'Course, that probably would have embarrassed Judy. And I wondered if Judy really knew what I meant about necking and petting.

That husband of mine—he went right to sleep and even started snoring a little. Boy, that made me mad. I punched him in the ribs with my elbow. He stopped snoring, but he didn't wake up. How can you be so unconcerned, I fumed. I don't know if I was more worried about those kids, or mad at Art . . . but I sure couldn't sleep.

I finally got up and went around to the other side of the bed. Art keeps the alarm on the floor. I groped around for the flashlight and found it beside one of his shoes. Quarter to eleven. They'll surely be home by eleven.

The next time I looked, it was five after . . . Well, we do live quite a way from town.

I was trying to lay my hands on the flashlight for the third time, when Mollie started barking—11:30. I heard the garage door roll up, and pretty soon Judy came up the steps. I waited until she was in her room—'bout thirty seconds—and then I went across the hall:

“Where did you go?”

“To the carnival out at Piggly Wiggly’s.”

“Oh. . . . Did you have fun?”

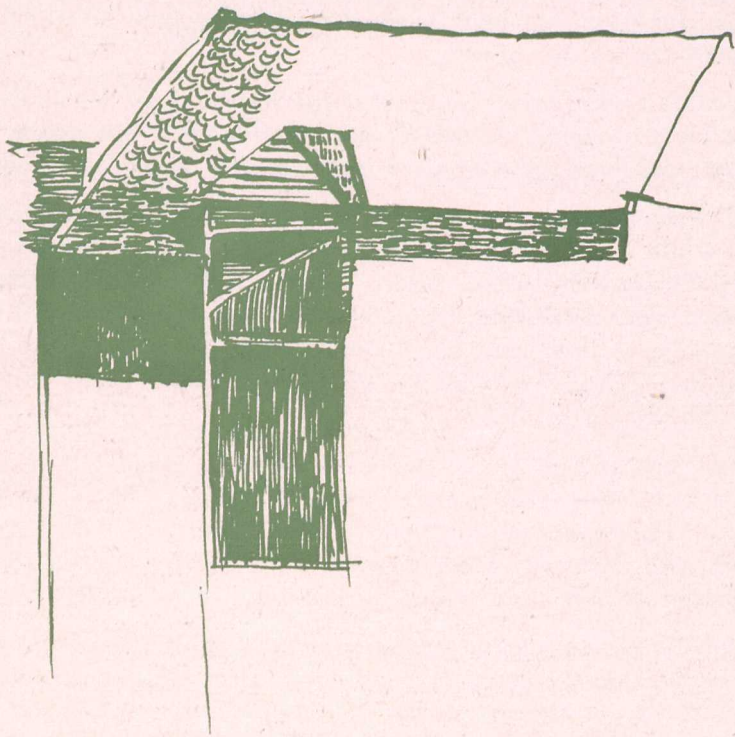
“Sure.” She started putting up her hair.

I wanted to ask if he'd tried to kiss her—but she'd dismissed me again.

“Well, good night.”

“'Night,” she answered.

I padded back to bed. Boy, was I exhausted.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

by PATRICIA LYONS

The merry-go-round
with all its inane,
melodious swirls,
ups and downs,
rounds and rounds.
The ferris wheel's
spiralling circles in air,
connect man in
one turn with
earth and mist.

The inclining, declining
coaster—
catapulting to
seemingly imminent
destruction.

The hypnotic,
trance inducing
lights,
sounds,
smells,
asphyxiate my reason.

Stop World,
Let me off!!

OH LOST!

by J. RAYMOND

Lips which have suckled woman's breast
But no nourishment received,
Fingers which have fondled in virginity
Yet rest trembling in perplexity,
A lecherous spirit fulfilled
Yet impotent to pro-create.
These—Leave only a soul to ejaculate
A garbled word! An incoherent sputter!

COOLING-OFF PERIOD

by THEODORE FUKS

"Dammit, will he never get through them blasted papers," thought Bailey impatiently. "C'mon, hurry up! Jeez, this place stinks. Fish oil! Everything smells like fish over here. C'mon, let's go; I ain't got all night."

The lieutenant picked up the report and deliberately focused his attention on the soldier who stood uncomfortably on the other side of the desk. Bailey shifted uneasily from one foot to another and self-consciously stuck his overseas cap through the shoulder strap of his field jacket. The Camp Tenaru Provost Marshal's office was growing chilly.

"Tensh-hut," the officer suddenly roared.

Bailey, with a startled jerk, snapped to attention, started to say something, thought better of it, and stood rigidly silent.

"Corporal James Bailey, out of uniform," the lieutenant said, glancing at the report he held before him. Hmmm, that's pretty obvious. Don't you ever read the orders of the day, corporal? The uniform prescribed is overcoats. Where's yours?"

Bailey sighed visibly, smiled slightly, and explained, "I was never issued one, sir. And I'm on orders to go home tomorrow morning, so I didn't think I'd bother getting one. Besides, it's just more crap — uh, stuff, to carry, sir, and Japan isn't very cold anyway. Where I come from in Minnesota, it really gets . . ."

"That's where you made your mistake, soldier," the lieutenant brusquely interrupted. "You didn't think. Well, I think I'll just let you cool off overnight in the stockade. Your C. O. can get you out in the morning."

"But, sir," Bailey stammered, a hard knot forming in his stomach. "I'll miss my convoy and the next shipment isn't for two weeks. I'll have to wait around . . ."

"That's all, corporal," said the lieutenant more loudly. "You reserves are getting off easy as it is. You second-rate heroes come over here with your medals, raising hell, and acting like you own the place. You get the plush, do-nothing jobs, loaf around bitching for a few months, and then take off." Eyeing Bailey's Finance Corps insignia, he continued bitingly, "As long as you'll be in Nara for awhile, make sure my pay card is in good shape." He leered knowingly and said, "I've got some real special places to spend it. The name is Lieutenant Thompson. Don't forget it!"

"But, sir," Bailey started. "The shipment leaves . . ."

"Don't worry, corporal," Thompson sneered. "Two weeks will just get you primed and your wife will wait. That reserve colonel of yours won't let you in here long. And maybe a night in the cooler will remind you that you're still another dogface, and you don't get any special treatment."

"But look, lieutenant, I . . ." Bailey tried again.

"That's all. Guards, lock him up."

All this time Bailey had stood at stiff attention; now he slumped, turned, and walked slowly toward the two waiting M.P.'s at the door. As the three men marched across the compound street, Bailey choked quietly, "Soft job, eight thousand miles away from Mary and the kids, fooling with a bunch of lousy pay cards all day, called back to a rotten war that don't mean anything, miss my boat because of a stinkin' . . ." He mumbled off into incoherent curses.

"Say, what's eatin' the lieutenant anyway? What's he so chicken for? Why'd he chew me out like that?" Bailey suddenly asked his guards.

One of the M.P.'s laughed, "Ahhh, he's got hot pants! I hear the jerk's shacked up with an antsy Moose that's driving 'im nuts. Old Sasheko is skinning the joker for all he's got, and on his pay that ain't much. Most of it goes to his frau in the states, I guess. Hell, he's always tryin' to scrounge a buck, and I guess it's making him mean."

"He was born mean," the other M.P. interjected laconically.

"Yeah, that's right," replied Number One. "You didn't get paid for two months that time you fouled up on that one inspection. What the hell was it again? A dirty weapon?"

"Naw," the other retorted. "I had the old lady's picture showing in my locker. The crumb hates to think of anybody having a home."

"Well, he's only got Satch to keep his feet warm, if he's got the price," Number One chuckled.

"I wish they'd bomb the finance office," said the second M.P. "In here, corporal."

Bailey was led into a low barracks, dimly lit by a bare bulb hanging in the center of the room. Two men slept restlessly on the far side. "Grab any bunk and take it easy, Mac," said the first M.P. kindly. "But don't get too near the kid over there. He's about ready to puke his guts out again. Like the lieutenant said, old Rivers will have you out as soon as he gets the report. He takes care of his boys, not like meathead out there."

Nineteen day later, the U.S.S. *Alhambra Victory* plodded across the placid Pacific toward Seattle. From the deck, bits of heavy green paper floated down to become lost in the foaming wake.

As the soldier tossed the last shreds of paper overboard, he was approached by another man. "Hey, Bailey, how about a game? You finance characters always got dough."

"Sure, comin' right up," Bailey answered cheerily. "Say, you know, it takes at least three months to get a new paycard from St. Louis, and a guy can't get paid without one."

"So what?"

"So nothin'. I was just wonderin' how the bastard likes sleeping alone."

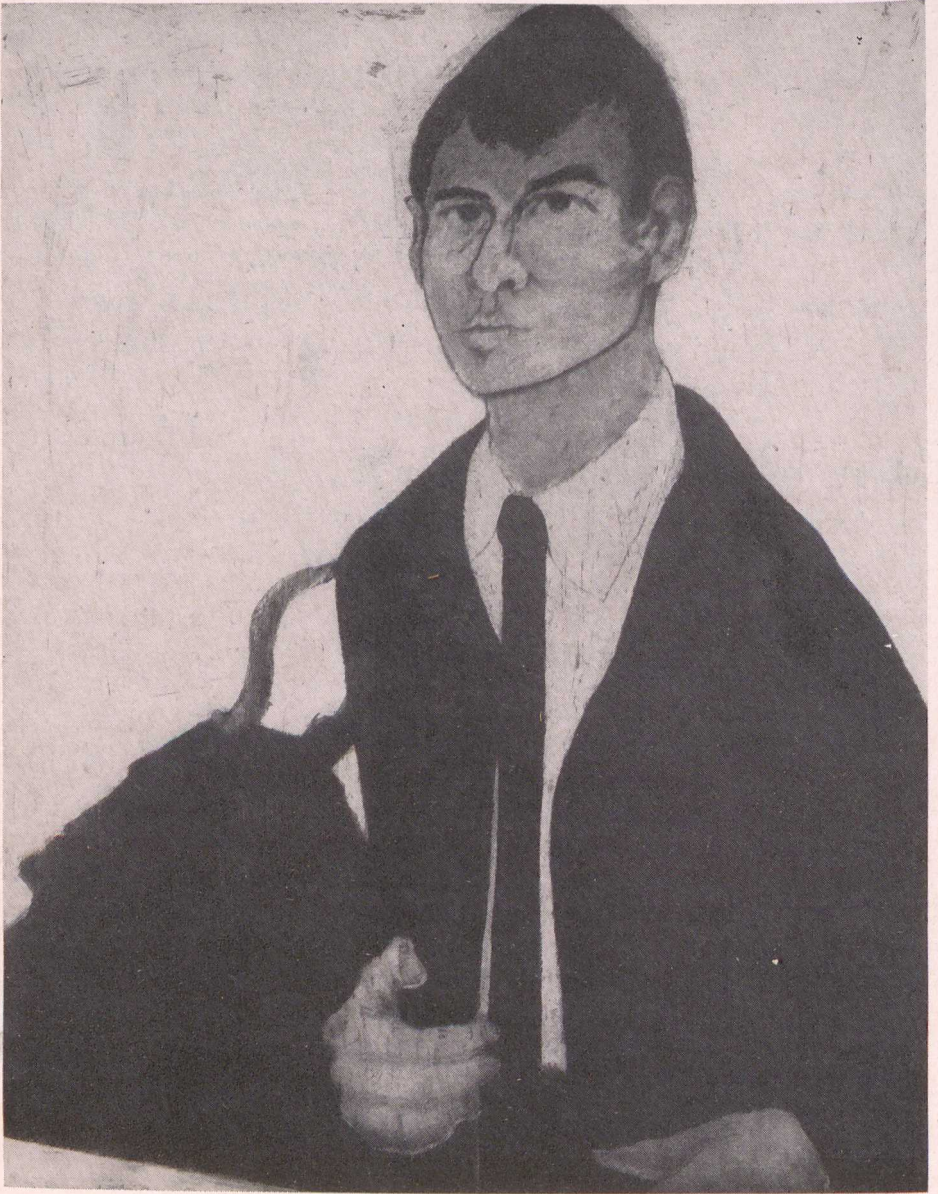
I AM ME

by PATRICK BENNETT

I am me
In this secret world of we
Suspended somewhere this side of time
Immersed in this reality of the mind
I am a series of unrelated facts
Statistics and bones and water and rags
An assortment of minerals and a touch of gold
No one seems to take notice of this
Or tries to grab hold
I am only of the pattern of things
It is happening at once
Immediately

THE EPITAPH by GERALD POWERS

It is strange
How the wind takes the wisest of our words
And keeps them in her craggy, misty, caves
At the corners of the seas,
Never giving them back to the world
Except at times like these:
When the last leopard's blood
Has turned to stone on the jungle floor,
Then the wind will bring the wise words,
And because of the evenness of everything
Equatorial,
They will come like thin slivers of
Fading, tinkling glass.
And when the white sea bird
Comes far inland and finds nothing,
Nothing but desolation
Then wind and its wisdom will rupture the air
But no one will be there,
No one there.



LOVE LETTER

by RACHAEL BURCHARD

Chicago, Illinois
October 10, 1960

My dear daughter,

First, please note the date of this letter, five months before your birth. This shall be my first and only letter to you. You know, the radiant young mother writes a letter of love to the unborn child and then, if she does not forget about it, takes it from some musty place eighteen years later. The daughter, or son, I suppose, cries and kisses the mother and goes out to marry and writes a letter to an unborn child. That's the way it usually works, I think.

And, my dear, you shall have this letter when you are eighteen. You shall learn on that day of the circumstances which brought you into being. Please *do* cry. Nothing else will save you.

Don't misunderstand me. I shall love you then as I do now, just as my mother loved me then and now—in exactly the same way. I know. You see, my mother wrote a letter like this. She waited much later than my eighteenth birthday to give it to me, thinking that her love was stronger that way. She gave it to me today; I am twenty-five. It would have been better at eighteen.

But you want to know something of your origin. Well, your grandfather, my father, is a good man. He is an educator. He is principal of Fairmont Elementary school. He is a good principal. He smiles down at the children, and they smile back at him; in staff meetings he smiles down at his teachers, and they smile back at him. The bells in his school always ring on time. Children are promoted to junior high school every year.

You will recognize his physical characteristics, for you will resemble him in a feminine way. He is short and fat; some are kinder and say "stocky." He has a simple face and thin, dark hair. He is fifty-seven. His name is Carl. It doesn't matter about the other name. I've told you that he is a good man.

Your grandmother is different. She is not a good woman; she is a saint. Her name is Paula. Paula is beautiful. She is fifty-five now, but when you are eighteen she will still look thirty-five, exactly as she looks now, about an inch taller than her husband, soft skinned, graceful, lithe and small and beautiful. She has a gentle coiffure of natural platinum hair, black brows that sweep away from her honest eyes and dare anyone to have so lovely a look. She wears a size nine dress she has made for herself and slender shoes on little feet.

Oh, you know. "That figure," they always say, "at fifty-five. And has a grown daughter." That's me. I'm twenty-five, thirty years younger than my mother. They never say anything about my figure. No, dear, I do not look like Paula. I look exactly like my father. I'm no more like that sparkling lady than a dish rag is like a linen doily. I'm round and short and plain. My legs are barrels from knee to ankle. My hips match in appropriate proportions. My hair, like Father's, is dark and thin and hopeless, and I've spent an hour a week at Madelain's for the last ten years.

I know you are thinking this is a strange letter for a young, excited mother to write to her anticipated offspring. There is no help for it. I am not young, I never really was. I am not excited. I'm twenty-five, and I'm chagrined. I'm sorry to be bringing you into the world. I'm truly sorry.

Don't dream about becoming like Paula.

But let's go on. There are others you should hear about. Your relatives are not numerous. Besides Carl and Paula, there is a great aunt, Carl's sister. Her name is Avis. She is fifty. She is the feminine counterpart of Carl.

She is a good woman, chaste and honest, devoted to one purpose in life, other people's children. She is a teacher, of course; I'm sure she always has been. She smiles down at children in straight rows, and they smile back at her. They bring her boxes of folded hankies every spring and forget her name before September. That doesn't matter, of course, for she is giving her life to educating little children.

Once, I'm told, she took a year's leave of absence and went to Europe with Mother and Father. All good teachers do that, you know, to gain a greater understanding of the peoples of the world. When they have completed the tour and gained the understanding, they return to their classrooms to share that understanding with little children.

That was twenty-five years ago. She still shows her slides to the fourth grade when they have a study unit on Europe. The children love them. The children are exceptionally well-informed about the colorful people of Europe and have a fine understanding of the peoples of the world. I have seen Aunt Avis' slides about once a year since I was a year old.

But I must not get off the subject. You will want to know something more than that about how I grew up. I lived in a nice frame house with two bedrooms upstairs. One was mine. It was a lovely room, for my mother said magic words and breathed upon it, and it was beautiful, all pink and white or all blue and white, depending upon my age at the time it needed new curtains. When I was a little girl, Mother filled my closet with pink and blue dresses and patent leather shoes. But I looked like Father. People were not even kind. They always said, "Just like her father, see, the hair, the eyes." She always said, "Never mind, you'll lose some

weight when you get taller. Let's wash your hair again and get you a new brush, hmm?"

She filled our house with my schoolmates on my birthday. They ate the cake and ice cream and went away until the next year.

She filled my years with her confidence and love. She was confident that I would grow up to be wise and happy. She loved me. Yes, I'm sure she really loved me.

On Christmases Aunt Avis came and brought books for Father, pillow cases for Mother, and coloring books for me.

Every day Father came home, said, "Be a good girl, now," ate his dinner, read the paper, said, "That was nice," when I practiced the piano, and then said, "It's bedtime now." He was a good man.

Everyone always said, "Just like her father." No one ever said, "Just like her mother." No one ever did.

And so I grew up. I went to high school. Mother bought "Seventeen" clothes for me. I passed from class to class unnoticed. I passed from freshman to senior unnoticed. Mother tried, but I was wise enough to beg her not to fill our house with teenagers. Oh, I had the record player and the records, and I could always dance. I dreaded the sweet excuses of my classmates when I called them. I was happier helping Mother with her parties, helping Mother with cleaning or sewing. I was happier just looking at my beautiful mother: platinum upsweep, rose-browed skin, size nine tailored dress, spiked pattens. My life was not without excitement. Paula was my mother.

But I must go on. I did go on, just as I was expected to. I stumbled across the platform in the high school gym and received my diploma. I packed my "slim" skirts and hand creams and fingernail polish and went to college.

Each year at college I said to my advisor, "I'm not sure yet, but not teaching." I really meant, "not 'just like her father'." I really meant, "not 'just like her aunt'." For that is what they said now. I wasn't just like Father, for he was a man. I had his hair, his weight, his common-placeness, but I was a woman, and the only woman in the world I resembled was Aunt Avis, my father's sister. I mentioned that to him once, and he laughed. "Of course you do. I look like her. You look like her. I am like her. You are like her."

I liked myself even less after that. I determined that I would not be like her. Ridiculous hair-do, puffed over the spot that inheritance was turning bald. Puffy pink cheeks that blew air into vowels as she pronounced them for fourth graders. Pink blouses and pink earrings, green blouses and green

earrings. Straight skirts with narrow belts. Black shoes with sturdy wide heels. A very nice smile. Boxes full of folded hankies.

I would not be like her. I concentrated on not being like her. She surely had never made anything but "A's" in college. I got a couple of "B's". She had, without question, never dated a man. There's where my determination failed me. I didn't either. And then I got an "A" when I had expected a "C".

I stayed in college an extra year in hopes that things might change. I had to have a reason for staying, so I took education courses. Someone noticed in my record that my father was an "educator." Just like her father. Just like her aunt.

I tripped over the threshold into the Dean's office and received my teaching credentials. It was a bitter day. The only hope was that I wouldn't be able to find a job. But they had heard of Aunt Avis and Father. Then I began to hope there would be some single men on the faculty at Lincoln School in Lewiston.

That was two years ago. In May last year I got four boxes of folded hankies. In September the children had forgotten my name but smiled and called me Teacher. This spring there were seven boxes of hankies.

Aunt Avis and I both went home for Christmas the first year and again last year. She doesn't bring me coloring books anymore. She brought a red blouse with red earrings to match. Yellow last year.

Father and my lovely mother had a few friends come in one evening during the holidays. Nice people—like father. "How like your father's sister," they said.

Each time Mother interrupted to ask the guest if she would like more coffee, and each time Mother understood me with her eyes. She wanted to do something about it, I'm sure. But I knew there was nothing she could do. She couldn't buy patent shoes and make an organdy dress and invite little boys in Etons. She could do nothing but weep for me. I looked exactly like Aunt Avis.

But I was sure I didn't feel the same as Auntie. I didn't want to be alone and old and a school teacher. She loved it; she was fifty. I was only twenty-four. My ankles were fat, but my shoe heels still high and slim. My face was round, but my mind was sharp. There was no need to be like her. Life was ahead of me. I would do something—soon.

But you must know by now what I did. He was middle aged, my child, but he was as much of a gentleman as a man could be under such circumstances, I suppose. It was I who was sure he would marry me. He hadn't asked. It was I who talked myself into falling in love with him.

Well, then, I tried to fall in love with him. But never mind that. I shall love you my daughter, exactly as my mother loved me, exactly.

But there is one fine thing I can do. Perhaps it will be the only good thing I shall ever do. I shall not tell you or anyone who your father is. That I shall not do. That I shall never do.

I had planned to slip off to Florida so that your home state could be one of warmth and bright sun. A bright beginning might help. I thought I would be different, but since most school teachers get to Europe at some time—not all to have babies—for some reason or another, I shall get my understanding of Europe now and let you be born there.

This is a recent decision, one I made just tonight, as a matter of fact, after I received my letter from my mother. Remember, I said my mother had written a letter before I was born telling me how much she loved me. I have that letter, little one, but I should have had it when I was eighteen. I am coming of age rather late. But I have come of age, finally. I have lived my moment, and you are the result. Now I shall try to do as my mother asked me to do and as I hope you will do: be content with your lot.

If only she had given me the letter when I was eighteen.

I'm all packed for Paris. I shall take a trip to Europe with Carl and Paula just as my mother did when she was twenty-five and wanted to get away to have her baby and take pictures of cathedrals. You shall be born there where I was born twenty-five years ago.

And I shall leave you there. Perhaps Paris has a Paula to mother you. You see how much I love you.

I have a new camera for the pictures and a green blouse with earrings to match to wear when I go back next semester.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that they had named me after her.

Your loving mother,

Avis

AWARDS

POETRY

- 1st . . . I, Cyclops, by Donald Abramson
2nd . . . Mad Song, by Paul Petersen
3rd . . . Buddha, by Jerry Kelly

PROSE

- 1st . . . Green Eyes, by Guy Papenhausen
2nd . . . A Eulogy of Sorts, by John Kelly
3rd . . . Love Letter, by Rachael Burchard

JUDGES

Anne Greene

Edward Herbert

Howard Thompson