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The Flamingo

Spring 1956

Flamingo, Spring, 1956, Vol. 32, No. 2

Rollins College Students

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Recommended Citation

Rollins College Students, "Flamingo, Spring, 1956, Vol. 32, No. 2" (1956). *The Flamingo*. 106.
<https://scholarship.rollins.edu/flamingo/106>

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EDITORS

Jim Browne, Bob Eginton

LAY-OUT EDITOR

Lari Lawrence

ART

Marijo Boulware, Earline Roberts, Fran Swicegood, R. L.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Joel Hutzler

PROOF READERS

Jim Stingley, Lowell Mintz, Janice Hamilton

ADVISOR

Irvin Stock

ROUND ROLLINS

After a few years at Rollins, you will find that this year is the same as the years which have passed. Fall term is usually the time of year when the predatory selective female chooses her college mate for the coming season. There is a ceremony that takes place that honors young love, faithfulness and devotion. This ceremony is aptly called pinning.

Winter term usually means the flu.

And then winter term is usually followed by spring term. Spring is known as the blossoming time of the year, and here at Rollins we have the blooming idiots and BASEBALL. Year after year, visiting herds descend from the North in their migratory fashion. They come in all their paleness, eager to ply their trade at Harper-Shepherd field and the Beanery.

To the Rollins nine, these athletes are a challenge, but to the Rollins coeds, they are fresh blood. Lithesome, graceful and poised, these products of selective breeding grace the campus with their Adonis physiques and athletic aroma. After the visiting gladiators' sunburn turns into a tan, they resemble the Rollins' sports. It is in the Beanery that we find the visiting athlete an integrated part of the Rollins family. He battles shoulder to shoulder with the home team in quest of the victory of "seconds." As both teams leave the Beanery, it is hard to differentiate between them as they placidly pat their paunches with pride.

Outside the Beanery the comparison ends. Instead of rushing to the Center's scales, the visiting collegiates place themselves in places to ogle the giggling coeds.

To the coy co-ed, this is an opportunity to cancel the vows so amorously made in the fall. It means new eyes for their tired wardrobe and new ears for their insipid patter.

This is not written in bitterness, but in a search for equal treatment. We don't want a complete change in the year-to-year pattern, but just a slight alteration. Why not include in this yearly migration new eyes for the men's tired wardrobes and new ears for the men's insipid patter? On the other hand, I don't feel that the Rollins men are interested in the aroma of female

athletes. So it is our suggestion that, during this slack season on Broadway, visiting showgirls should be imported to compete with Mrs. Zeigler's creative dancing group. We would like to point out to the Administration Building the tremendous increase in morale the plan would bring. What young man would not find delight in leaving the Beanery knowing that one of Billy Rose's long-stemmed beauties was lying in wait for him?

At Rollins you never say, "If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?" It is more correct to say, "If you're so rich, why aren't you smart?"



As anyone who has lived long in a resort town knows, one must constantly serve in the capacity of "direction-giver." Hardly a day goes by that someone's head doesn't pop out of a passing auto to inquire as to the whereabouts of Cypress Drive or Rosebud Lane or some equally obscure spot. I, of course, haven't the slightest idea, but at one time I took a fiendish delight in giving these unsuspecting tourists a complex and entirely fictitious route to follow, leading God only knows where. Often I was rewarded with very grateful smiles which long after continued to perplex my conscience. Finally, for fear that I might mislead and thereby offend a benefactor of the college, I reluctantly gave up my little game. Tourists, contemptuous as the word may be to some of you, are not to be treated lightly. However, one can hardly refrain from getting out of temper with those who persist in asking questions about such out-of-the-way places as the Shell Museum or the Art Gallery. Like Mr. Magoo, I, too, am slightly embarrassed by it all. After all, one is tempted to say, "I only live here."

A typical example occurred one morn-

ing not so long ago when I was accosted by an elderly gentleman in front of the Chapel.

"What," he inquired, "is that?"

I felt the devil rising in me, but I fought it down—too early in the morning. With the proper degree of indoctrinated patriotism, I explained that it was the Knowles Memorial Chapel.

"Oh? And when was it built, sonny?"

Now (normally, mind you) I have a fair amount of patience, but that SON-NY business did it. "Well, sir," I explained, "it was built in the year 1365 A.D. Originally it was constructed in Barcelona, Spain, but through the generosity of the lady whose name it bears, it was transported, lock, stock, and barrel, to the very spot on which it now stands."

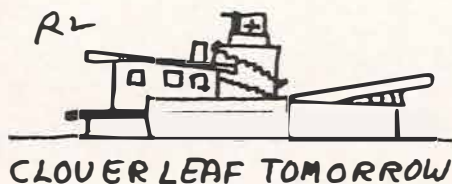
That killed him; he couldn't get over it. He wanted to know more about this "remarkable edifice." However, at this point I felt a hasty retreat was in order, as I had extended myself much too far anyway. Under pretense of going to class, I bid the gentleman a good morning. I left him gazing in awe and reverence at the Chapel and hurried across campus, as Big Ben had begun scratching some minutes before.

Dr. Stone was getting rather philosophical about my inability to get to class on time, and managed one of his best Conference Plan smiles. To avoid disturbing the class by that horrible, nerve-shattering gasp which the chairs make when slid across the floor, I took a back seat. I was free, therefore, to gaze out over the sprinkling system while furious disputes raged on all sides of me, — I idly wondered how anyone could get excited about such unexciting matters as the soul, free will, the universe, etc., at 8:30 in the morning. Gradually the polemics grew even more heated—tempers reached the boiling point, faces took on a vivid red, the table was under a constant barrage of clinched fists. Did this angry tumult disturb me? You can bet your upper division papers it didn't. All the while I tranquilly went about my usual business; that is, preparing my lesson; which with due misgivings and appropriate asides to the reader, I here reprint. *Note:* The author reserves all rights, but no wrongs, of the foregoing work.

Allow me to explain the reasons for my failure to follow your instructions. First, I might say in my defense that I did what I was told, that is, contemplate the Chapel Tower. I pondered and deliberated as I gazed on my subject. I studied it as the first rays of sun "caught the Sultan's turret in a noose of light," I watched it as the

sunset bathed it in warm amber strokes and finally by moonlight. At last I came to the conclusion that a true understanding of beauty, like an understanding of good, can only be arrived upon by an understanding of its opposite — evil, or in this case ugliness. (An artful dodge, if I do say so.) I then betook myself to finding a suitable structure on which to exercise my new theory. (Need I look far afield? No indeed, for it was even now staring me full in the face.) I can think of no better example than Cloverleaf Dorm for Freshman girls, or fresh girls—have it as you will. Cloverleaf is without a doubt the manifestation of a warped mind, proceeding from a fanatical desire to make the world ugly. Hezzpbah no longer dwells here. It now shelters a number of little girls. It has been reported that those who live in the shadow of Cloverleaf for years cannot suppress a shudder and involuntarily quicken their step as they pass. Charles Addams, in his most grotesque flights of imagination and fancy, never conceived anything to rival this Gothic nightmare.

Strangely enough, I know of those who regard Cloverleaf with an attitude of sentimental affection. Cloverleaf is to them what the memory of Jeff Davis is to a Southerner or what the Newport Casino is to a Long Island snob. Allow me to make myself clear. I am not one of those who would like to tear down the Roman Coliseum and build in its place a Sears and Roebuck. No indeed! Rather I would like to see the tradition justified and no one to my knowledge can do so convincingly. Besides all of this talk bores me not a little. The tradition which surrounds the place is simply an excuse for not tearing the place down.



Several weeks ago I had occasion to watch a formal ceremony of pinning. Like all grooms, the male looked a trifle uneasy at first, but the consoling presence of his mate was reassuring, and together they relaxed sufficiently to smile and even laugh a little. Not a bad way

to begin a romance, I mused, and an even better way to end one. The frat sang a couple of discordant melodies and the girls then returned the compliment.

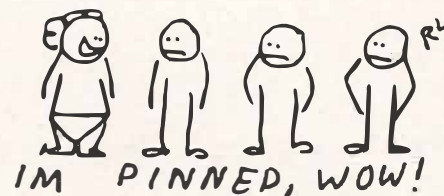
"Wonderful," someone said. "Tastes kinda like seaweed." A typical pinning, all right.

Let's see . . . that makes four in the past week. It suddenly occurred to me what a lousy chance a freshman has of avoiding a fate similar to the one I had just witnessed. Although I suppose that most are willing, perhaps even eager to sacrifice some portion of their independence in return for certain luxuries otherwise unobtainable. With them pinning becomes somewhat of a sport. As in the case of all sports, there are its champions and its second-raters. There is one who comes instantly to mind. He is now safely south of the border and seasoning a high capacity for middle-ageness; therefore we may speak openly of his life and times. Among other things, he left behind a number of episodes, which collectively might be termed a legend. Conservative estimates have it that at least 15 young ladies wore his pin next to their madly beating hearts, while the more imaginative speculators set the figure somewhere between 25 and 30. (Incidentally his pin has been retired and is now on display in his former adobe for all to behold.)

Ah, but one may say, "You have taken an exceptional case to cast dishonor on an otherwise laudable institution." But reflect for a moment. If pinning is what it is said to be—that is, a preliminary to marriage—then how does one account for the successes of these second-rate Tommy Manvilles? But I hesitate to continue, for among my audience there might be those who would take offense to see a sacred institution trodden underfoot.

So enough in that vein, for even as I write I can hear the sound of many male voices drifting across the campus. Perhaps they are serenading another successful participant in the pinning game. It really doesn't matter who the couple is, for they might be any one of those hundreds who have come before them. The boy is probably very nervous and whispers the same time-worn phrases. Although we might recognize the girl, her name isn't important. She might be anyone. Her eyes, not yet dimmed by disappointment, must tell of her belief in the infinite possibilities of romance. Her lips must speak of the richness which she hopes will be found in those strong arms . . . a bit pathetic perhaps, but life and love do go on.

A service was recently held for Tom Prometheus, giver of light, by



some of his close friends. -The pallbearers were T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, John Crowe Ransom, Wallace Stevens, William Faulkner and Johns Hopkins, who have traveled the same chalk road that Tom had followed to his untimely reward.

Heard in the choir of angels in attendance was the splendid Irish tenor of James Joyce backed by the basso profundos of G. B. Shaw and Thomas Wolfe. They sang the funeral march "A Good Man is Hard to Find." Those present were inspired by the sermon entitled "Art for Art's Sake" and others were inspired by the flowers and the Spanish moss which was hanging throughout the chapel.

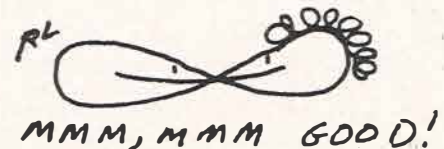
Young Tom Prometheus' liver took a beating on the mount, but it is our contention this is not what killed him. He acquired the taste-habit for Art and Truth very early in life. The value of this habit is questionable in the light which our modern society would throw upon it. Art has no value in this society, unless it will make money, and one certainly cannot tell the truth and make money.

Scholarly shock administered by pseudo-exalters of education is a lethal weapon. So the mob, with the hypodermic needle in hand, observed young Tom come to the end of his dedicated life, as all good ones in every century do in every institution, pushing against the limits of Art.

If he had been born commercial, as we count many things in life, he might have run out his career in the academy, using his equipment in a tired, derivative form and smiling as he tells jokes, which, if you laugh hard enough, will net you a "B."

And so the ashes of another talent have blown over Lake Virginia. But remembering that and what he did for us, it cannot be said he died badly. And what more can a man want than that?

We have searched the Old and New Testaments for some solace for our grief, but we have concluded that not even Abraham's wife could bring him back.



This is the age of criticism. What is the favorite indoor (or outdoor) sport of this age? With apologies to Sigmund Freud, we must conclude it is the critical analysis of any subject at hand, be it another person or a work of art. Charades, twenty questions, truth or consequences, and spin the bottle have passed from the parlor into the limbo of unused chess sets et al. In their place stands the two-edged sword-wielding monster, (it also has two heads or maybe it's just two faces): the critical analysis.

Now this game has many forms. One is the two cent psychoanalysis. You get two (or as many as you want, if you would rather have a group session) players. One of you sits down and tells the other all of his (or her) problems. Then the listener begins to tell the person with the problems what is wrong with him. It doesn't matter that he is unable to solve his own problems or that he doesn't know anything about psychology, (he usually thinks Sigmund Freud plays third base for the Pirates), he is a veritable fountain of cure-all knowledge and Had-a-col. And tomorrow at the pool room, sewing circle, bridge game in the center, he will make known his scientific findings to the world. (Did ya hear 'bout Nellie? Well, she was up with Johnny, and Frankie came in an' shot him, now she has trouble sleeping nights. I tol' her. . . .)

Then there is the literary critic. He has read several of the very best criticisms of the newest novel, or the oldest. He has never read a novel or poem he is so free with his opinion of, or if he did, he didn't dare say anything about it until he read first what some other person had to say. Challenge him at a party as to his opinion of a young author, he will quote from the S/R and other periodicals, proving beyond a doubt that the youngster will never amount to much. (Several years later we read in the paper of this young writer receiving one of the distinguished literary prizes. The critic, of course, has reversed his decision by this time.)

The evil of such a person is evident. The real critic is one who can criticize and offer in lieu of what he has destroyed; a firmer foundation than that which was standing when he started. He has also the basis for this criticism in that he has tried to do the thing which he is now analysing. He is a creator as well as a destroyer. From him we should not mind criticism as long as he follows the formula.

Let's have a DO AGE before we have, or rather, continue this age of criticism.



As anyone who has had psychology 201 can tell you, there is a tremendous disparagement between what a person says and what his unspoken intentions are. This phenomenon is peculiar to any number of situations which occur right here on campus. Below you will find a sampling of statements and their appropriate translations for your education.

1. *Statement:* Why would anyone want to make the Dean's list anyway? I'd rather study subjects that I'm interested in and be satisfied with a B or a C.

Translation: I'm afraid to apply myself fully because I might discover that I'm actually not capable of making an A.

2. *Statement:* I'm too much of an individualist to join a fraternity. I don't need other people and that sense of belonging. I'm above that sort of thing.

Translation: I'm an utter misfit. I tried to get in a group but I couldn't make the grade.

3. *Statement:* I feel like dancing all night, don't you?

Translation: If you want to drink Scotch and water go right ahead but I'll be damned if I'll pay for it!

4. *Statement:* Who wants to be Editor in the first place? It's a most unrewarding form of suicide.

Translation: I couldn't be elected dog catcher.

5. *Statement:* The lake front is just beautiful this time of night.

If you can't figure this one out for yourself. . . well.

6. *Statement:* Life is worth nothing.

Translation: I am worth nothing.

7. *Statement:* Sure she's a nice girl but there're dozens of nice girls. She doesn't offer us anything.

Translation: I don't like the way she dresses and besides it gives me such a comfortable feeling of superiority to say these things.

8. *Statement:* Oh, I suppose that writing is all right for some but I prefer my thoughts to be unhampered by the necessity of putting them into words. Contemplation, you know, is the most difficult form of mental activity.

Translation: I haven't any talent and besides I'd rather drink.

9. *Statement:* Man is free only when

he has thrown off the yoke of religion. I have achieved that.

Translation: Like most intellectuals who don't find virtue convenient I'll scream for a priest on my deathbed.

10. *Statement:* Since our libdinal impulse is reciprocal, why don't we activate our individual erotic drives and integrate them within the same sphere of reference.

Translation: This should be obvious enough.

The thought that he will soon enter that vast army of clock-watchers after graduation fills every college senior with a sense of foreboding doom. I am told, however, that it's not as bad as all that but it is if you read desperation between the lines of the dissertation you are interpreting. I suppose that most don't share with me that suppressed panic, or perhaps they only suppress it better than I. Whichever it may be, I've no doubt that many of my classmates will be successful, prosperous, and responsible officers of our nation's business and professions. The following represent predictions of the Particular position that some of my colleagues will, or at least should, attain. All hail to the new Presidents:

Anti-Saloon League—John Wilson.
 Rotary Club—Denny Folken.
 American Legion—Edge.
 National Ass. of Manufacturers—Dick Bernard.
 A. A.—C. F. Church III.
 National Assoc. for the Blind—Mr. Magoo.
 Crime Incorporated—Sprayregan.
 Truth-Seekers—George Milam.
 Liars Club—The Long.
 American Assoc. of College Professors—John Boyle.
 Socialist Party—Brian Bird.
 Daughters of the Confederacy—Leslie Priestler.
 Amateur Athletic Union — Rod Collins.
 United Jewish Appeal—Gene Foster.
 P.T.A. or Garden Club—Bud Bilen-sky.

MAGOO

LONG

EDGE

Somewhat vague and general Billy,
you're improving though. why
don't you apply some of your
ideas and try writing.

C-

what things?

Billy Faulkner
Voknapatawpha County High
Prof. Snopes

Until he relearns these things he will
write as though he stood among and watched the
end of man. I decline to accept the end of man.
It is easy enough to say that man is immortal
simply because he will endure; that when the
last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded
from the last worthless rock hanging tideless
in the last red and dying evening, that even then
there will still be one more sound: that of his
puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. ⁹¹ I refuse
to accept this. I believe that man will not
merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal,
not because he alone among creatures has an
inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul,
a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice
and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is
to write about these things. It is his pri-
vilege to help men endure by lifting his heart,
by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope
and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice
which have been the glory of his past. The
poet's voice need not merely be the record of man,
it can be one of the props, the pillars to help
him endure and prevail.

Too many d's
sounds like a nursery
rhyme.

Who ever heard of a
rock hanging in
the sky?

obviously it's you
who believe
it —

Repetitious

compassion and
pity have the
same meaning.

Too many
ands

what's the difference?

PLATO AND THE ENGLISH MAJOR

Why is it that sociology majors are never pictured as wild-eyed fanatics with streaming locks and undisciplined emotions? — or chemistry majors? education majors? business majors? No, this caricature is reserved exclusively for English majors, professors of English, and, in its most extreme form, for the poets and prose writers who are studied in the English Department. Nor is it true that this stereotype isn't taken seriously. It has been taken seriously since the fifth century B. C. when Plato first spoke of the poet as a man "out of his senses with the mind no longer in him."

Now the following defense of the poets (and by implication, of English majors) is based on a paper originally written for a course on Plato, and there's no use pretending it isn't. But from the nature of the arguments I've been hearing since my freshman year, I've begun to suspect that the school is full of Plato disciples—at least where his ideas about poets are concerned—and that my criticism of Plato on the subject might apply as well to the ideas of certain Rollins philosophers as to those of the Athenian. Plato's chief reasons for refusing the poet a position in his perfect State can be summarized as follows:

1. Poets create beautiful things, but they work by inspiration rather than by reason. There is no invention in the poet until he has been inspired and is out of his senses and the mind is no longer in him.

2. Poetic art (or any art) is only imitation of the sense world; thus the poet is thrice removed from the truth. As the poets prefer to depict baseness and passion, this imitation has a bad moral effect on its readers.

3. Every art has a distinct subject, but the poet poses as an authority on subjects which could be better judged by particular artists such as physicians, fishermen, geologists, ministers, etc.

4. The artist who had real knowledge would be concerned with realities such as governing the State or commanding an army rather than imitations.

Perhaps we can boil these four charges down to the statement that poetry is false (an imitation), non-rational (by inspiration), immoral (a bad influence) and useless (without beneficial results). These accusations, as I've said, have a familiar ring. How often one hears students declare that they would like to take a poetry or novel course, but they are obliged to

prepare for the serious side of life. They only have room in their schedules for courses which will be useful in real life, courses that will teach the truth about reality rather than sing of dream worlds. And they will assure you that their spiritual life is not being neglected. They even have managed to squeeze a course in religion or ethics in that sound, practical schedule. Poetry is very pretty, but there just isn't room for froth.

These charges against art, which have survived for centuries, demand careful consideration. Is poetry an imperfect imitation of something? If the aims of art were merely to imitate, a photograph would necessarily be the best picture. In fact, I would say that the aim of art is the exact opposite of imitation; it is the creation of a fresh experience. I believe that poetry is neither philosophy which is concerned primarily with ideas nor music which is concerned primarily with sound. Poetry is concerned with feeling and feeling has no other basis than human experience. The poet uses every technique he can manage such as meter, emotive words, cadences, rhyme and alliteration in order to communicate concisely not an idea, but a fresh experience which has a precise feeling involved. As the poet makes innumerable choices or judgments in the process of creating the poem, his judgments reflect an attitude toward the human experience with which he is dealing. This attitude is shown in inferior poems by didactic preaching, but in good poems, the feeling that has been motivated by the bit of human reality involved becomes an almost unconscious interpretation of, or comment on, that reality. But in what sense is a good poem true?

In the Platonic Dialogue called the *Ion*, Socrates points out to Ion that a chariot-driver would be a better judge of the passages about chariot-racing than a rhapsody or a poet or, we may add, a modern day literary critic. As I have said, the subject of poetry is human experience which can only be understood in moral terms while the language of poetry is normal human speech which was devised for dealing with normal human experience. The external details of a literary work of art, such as the description of the chariot, are merely the clothes which cover the psychological and normal core of the poem. A myth or fable or even a story from the *Bible*

can be understood in the same way. Let's use the miracle of feeding the 5,000 people as an illustration of this kind of truth. Many people insist that their reason rebels at the thought of 5,000 people being fed by a handful of loaves and fishes and conclude that the story has no truth. Could it not be that the power of Jesus' personality was the real miracle, the miracle which moved those in the crowd who had brought food and who had witnessed the little boy's generous offer to share his own lunch to respond to the spirit of neighborly love and share theirs also? In a figurative way, then, the little offering of loaves and fishes was sufficient to feed a multitude. Truth rests in the meaning of the whole rather than the credibility of the parts.

It is difficult, when trying to defend the truth of poetry, not to branch out and draw illustrations from the world of fiction, especially when Plato's major illustrations, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer, partake so completely of the elements of the novel. Although their methods are somewhat different (e. g. the poet is necessarily concerned with compression and rhythm etc.; the novelist is obliged to have characters and a definite plot etc.), the poet and the story-writer or novelist have the same goal, which is to create a true experience. Naturally, a good work of fiction is not true in the historical or factual sense, but it is, or should be, true to the possibilities of life. The author is saying, in effect, that, given such and such elements, life goes in a certain way or characters act in a certain way. If the story is a fantasy, the relationships within that special world must be convincing. Addison gave Shakespeare the best compliment possible when he said of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that if there could be persons like these, they would act like this. Thus if an author succeeds in writing a story which remains true to the possibilities of life then he has also told us something about life, about human experience, whether or not he has intended a "message." To say that, given certain elements, life goes in a certain way, is to make a moral comment or propose a universal principle. These judgments I will discuss later, but here I only wish to point out that the creative artist is that person who arranges particulars in such a way that they suggest universals. Plato says in the *Phaedrus* that the author who is concerned with truth is a philosopher and not a mere poet. He could not understand why wise men would want to bother with particulars and only suggest the universals or abstractions. But then, if Plato were around today, he

might not understand why many intelligent people prefer novels to philosophy. The reason is, I think, that most people need something concrete to respond to, something particular with which they can identify themselves before they are able psychologically to absorb the universal of which the fictional experience is a possible reflection. Thus the poet or novelist is able to reach and influence more people than the abstract philosopher.

But in what sense is a good poem moral? Plato realized the influence of poetry on life and for this reason refused to admit in his State any poem which did not inculcate virtue. My position is that all good poetry has a moral effect because poetry, as Matthew Arnold once asserted, is "at bottom, a criticism of life." All poetry deals with one kind or another of human experience and is valuable in proportion to the justice with which it evaluates that experience. This does not mean that the good poem has a little moral precept attached to it, but that the "criticism of life" is inherent in the "new experience" which is the poem. The poet, because of the many judgments which he has made in the process of creating the complex of relationships which is the whole poem, has prepared a particular experience for the reader, an experience which alters the reader (as, I believe, all significant experience alters us), not in just any way, but in a particular way. The effects upon us are moral if the judgments in the poems are accurate. The fact that we can recognize maladjustment in life admits the possibility of more accurate (if never perfect) judgment. Life can be conducted in a fairly satisfactory manner by means of inaccurate judgments but good poetry is a civilizing influence which refines our powers of judgment.

This brings up the objection that much beautiful poetry, such as that of Ezra Pound, would be discarded on the basis of moral injustice to subject matter, and I do not shy away from this conclusion. Stated another way, the question is Can we fully enjoy a poem or call it beautiful if we cannot respect its meaning? All poetry is imperfect, but I would consider Anti-Semitism in a poem by Pound a grave defect which seriously harms the poem in spite of its remaining virtues of rhythm, imagery, etc. It is inconsistent to call a poem completely beautiful if we cannot respect its meaning or the mind which created it. This in turn brings up a question about meaning in poetry. If we say that a poem has meaning and that it is valuable in proportion to the justice with which it evaluates a human experi-

ence, then what about the old argument that different people enjoy the same poem while deriving different meanings from it? Quite possibly both interpretations are partly right and partly wrong, but in different respects, or the interpretations may seem to vary while they differ only in superficial ways. The reason for the first situation is that a poem is an exceedingly complex set of relationships. One critic might follow the rational argument of a poem but neglect the subtle qualifications to the meaning introduced by the tone or rhythm, thus coming up with an interpretation differing greatly from that of the critic who had taken all the elements into consideration. As an example of superficial differences of interpretation, "Humpty, Dumpty" might be variously described as a poem about a broken egg, the fall of Adam from a state of Grace or the death of a careless child. However, the essential point, that something which has suffered a crucial change can never be as it was before, remains the same for all three.

This complex set of relationships also suggests an answer to Plato's charge that the artist is "out of his head" while writing and has no understanding of his own poetry which has been completely non-rational. The poem consists of a relationship between rational content and feeling and it is the arduous task of the poet to adjust one to the other with as much precision as possible. It might seem to Plato that the "divine agency" had made a lot of mistakes if he were to look at the scribbled, crossed-out, revised and re-revised first drafts of many of our "non-thinking," "mad," major poets. It is quite true that a poet may, to all appearances, be seized by inspiration. For example, Robert Frost, after struggling all night on his long poem "New Hampshire," picked up a fresh sheet of paper and wrote "Stopping By the Woods On a Snowy Evening" without a pause. Did inspiration, having no connection with Frost's mind, flow out of the clouds, down through his arm and pencil, and out onto the paper? I think the truth is that Frost had juggled the elements of a snowy night, the dark woods, the impatient horse, together with a certain rhyme scheme and an overall sense of duty in his mind for many days, but the elements hadn't fused perfectly into a poem until his mind and nervous system reached a peak of creativity while concentrating on something else. It is significant that the poem wasn't written by Carl Sandburg who hadn't been juggling those elements in his mind. An out and out "inspiration" couldn't require that the poet do lots of rational groundwork or it is in danger of looking

like the crowning step in a mental process.

A little more should be said about the usefulness and value of poetry. I have said that poetry is a civilizing influence which trains our judgments and our sensibilities, but Plato, who could not quite overcome his fondness for Homer, was bothered by the fact that Homer, who wrote about such subjects as military tactics, politics and education, seemed to do no public service.

Homer legislated for no state, counseled for no war and had no pupils. This seems to me to be the same argument which is so often advanced against Plato's first love—philosophy. What immediate beneficial results does it have? We can measure the rate of production of a machine and easily assess its value, but literature, like philosophy or religion, exerts a major though subtle influence over mankind. If good poetry is moral, then its influence is moral. We take actions as the result of having made moral judgments. These judgments may be made hastily, carefully, intelligently, or stupidly, but poetry refines our ability to make accurate judgments.

I have tried to demonstrate the truth, morality and practical value of poetry, but it is primarily this concern for accuracy which leagues the poet (or serious English major) with the physicist, the geologist, the chemist and the physician. The literary man of integrity, in his search for truth, begins with an emotional or mystical insight, but this speedy intuition must be subdued to form before it can be called art. In order to communicate this insight to his readers, the literary artist must understand it in a rational way and fully account in black and white for the "criticism of life" which is inherent in his work. I did not mean above that Frost had had no emotional insight, but only that his poem was not the result of an inspiration of which he had no understanding. A mystical experience is a private thing. The literary man begins with the emotional or mystical insight, but in order that the reader may share his vision, he must so manipulate and relate the concrete elements of his poem or story that his original feeling is created in the reader. This requires not only great understanding of the human experience involved, but also a not unscientific precision in the use of language which was devised for dealing with human experience.

SHIRLEY MILLER

THE BET

Me and Charley came offa that hill like a bat outa hell. When we got into the draw so as them gooks couldn't see us to shoot at no more and we could rest, we didn't even bother to look 'round for a dry spot, we just plunked down in the first snow bank that had room enough for two more bodies. We was plumb outa breath, so we didn't talk any, but we could pretty near tell what the other fella was thinking.

We'd been up that hill five times since chow this morning. And five times, just as we'd get atop 'er, them gooks'd come barreling back and off we'd go. We was getting pretty tired of this old stuff. We figgered it was about time for one of them second battalion companies to get a chanc't at 'er.

As soon as them gooks stops shooting at us, the Old Man lights out for battalion headquarters to see what's up. We know'd we'd get some rest then, 'cause they don't send you up a hill without your C.O. Think you'd get used to climb them hills after a while, wouldn't you? Well, I sure don't know what it is, but a man never seems to get used to them. Why, even now when I thinks 'bout climbing that hill I get the shudders, so you know I was suffering plenty right then.

Anyways, me and Charley starts to argue the minute we get our breath. We been arguing 'bout whether an M-1 rifle slug makes a bigger hole going in or coming out ever since we got to Korea last August. Charley held it was bigger going in and I said it was bigger coming out. And we'd argue 'bout it most anyplace. We argued 'bout it on the Nactong and when we was coming back from the reservoir. Why, we even argued 'bout it when we was back in reserve.

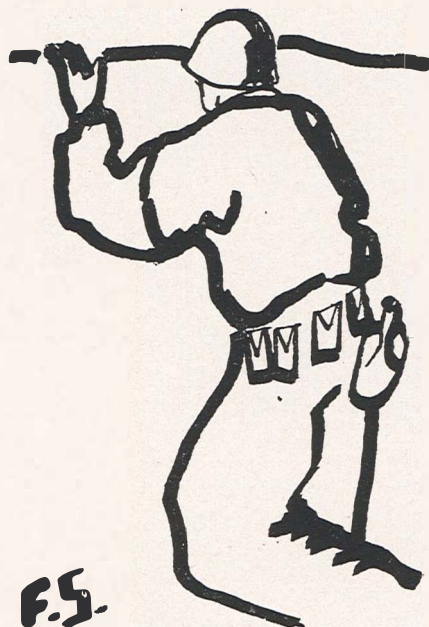
Now I don't usually argue with Charley, 'cause he's had himself a coupla years of college. And besides he's a pretty smart fella. But when it comes to rifles, I figger I know as much as the next, and more than most. Pap learned us when we was young and he learned us good.

But we never did try to see who was

right. We'd just argue over it every time we'd get the chanc't

It don't seem that Charley wants to argue this time. He just lays there, blank-eyed, and grunts at me while I argue at him. This worries me, 'cause it ain't like him. He's usually sounding off 'bout something else if he 'aint arguing with me. I'm trying to puzzle out what's wrong, when six of them Marine Cosairs come astreaming in and start shooting up a storm.

As soon as they was done, three jets come in, awhooshing and aroaring and just ashaking the earth plumb silly. They let go with a coupla flame bombs and damn near burned the whole top of the hill off. You ever skip a stone? Well that's the way they do'er. They bounce



'em in there and she blazes hot for an acre or so, just acooking and frying everything that's in the way. We could hear them Chinks up there ascreaming and ahollering to beat a Sunday meeting. It gives a man cold shudders to hear a thing like that.

We crawled up the draw so as we could see. We lay on our bellies and looked and nobody said anything. We just lay there and watched. Everybody

know'd what the other fella was thinking, that they was fixing to send somebody up there again. Nobody says anything, but you know everybody is hopping it won't be us. Everybody's face is working hard, chewing gum or tobacco and some was chewing on their tongues. We're all tired and besides that we lost 'bout quarter of the company on them tries that morning. Every time one of them fire bombs hit, the way we all twitched you'd think we was the ones they was landing on.

Charley nudged me.

"You want to bet?" he asks.

"You mean if we're gonna go back up there?" I says and points to the hill.

He looks at me kinda funny. Same way as them teachers useta look at me in school.

"No," he says, like he's talking to a child. "About the size of the hole in front or in back if you'd rather."

"We don't wanna bet 'bout that," I says. I look at him real close to see if I can puzzle out what he's thinking. He never takes his eyes from them jets and he's chewing his cheek, sucking it in between his teeth and then chomping down, then pushing it out with his tongue so that there was a small moving mound where he'd sucked it in a second before. He did it fast, just like somebody chewing on a quid a tobacco. His face's the color a clean, cold snow.

"Why not?" he asked, turning his head towards me again. "The one who wins won't be around to collect."

Now I really look at him square in them squinting blue eyes of his. He never looks back at me, least ways he don't seem to be looking at me, even though his head's turned my way 'Peared like he turned his eyes in on his brain and he don't noways care what's going on 'round him. He turns his head away and looks down at the snow under his chin. When he raises his head up and turns towards me, I have to turn away. His eyes looked like they was already dead.

"Look," he says, "those Chinks have got to keep us off that hill. If they don't we'll take Chipyeong-ni and be on our way back up to North Korea. So it stands to reason that they'll throw everything they have at us to keep us off of there. And even if we do take it and keep it for the rest of the day, tonight they'll banzi us until they kick us off again. Remember Chinaman's hat and Hog-back? Well it'll be just like that only worse."

He knowed damn well that I ain't forgot. I feels like telling him, but I don't, and just asked, him "just how the hell do you know it's gonna be us that's gonna go back up there?"



"Oh, don't give me any of that second bat stuff. You know damn well we're gonna have to go back up there. And there isn't going to be anybody to help us either." He said all this with his face all coiled up in disgust.

"Well," I said, "even if we do go back up there, we'll come out all right, you just wait and see."

"Faith," he says, and kinda sounded like he spit. "Isn't it wonderful what it can do?"

"Charley," I said to him, "you oughtn't talk that way. You know the only guys who get it are them that thinks they're gonna get it."

"Frig it. I'm scared, and why the hell shouldn't I be scared? Why the hell shouldn't I talk about it if I am scared?" He was shouting this at me. Some of the other guys began to look at him. Then he seemed to realize he was shouting and he looks real surprised-like and stops. He lays back against the slope and starts to stare at the sky.

I get scared myself when I hears guys talking like that. Like I said, it's them guys who thinks they're gonna get it that does. I like Charley and I don't

want to see him get it. But them guys who get to thinking 'bout it all the time either get it or they drag them away to the laughing docs.

"It's nice here looking at the sky. Sort of peaceful," Charley says. "Reminds me of the sky back home . . . You know, Jim, there really isn't much difference, when you think about it. Same hills, same earth, same kind of trees, same kind of people believing in the same kind of things."

Now how can these runty gooks who believe in this evil spirit stuff be the same as us? I thought to my self. I didn't say nothing to him, though. I figgered it was better for him to talk some.

"People have to believe in something," he went on. "It doesn't matter whether they're Chinks or colored or white, they gotta have something to hang onto when they get into trouble. It's something like a life preserver I guess."

"That's been my trouble, Jim. I've never believed in anything. Never thought I'd have too. A man should be self-sufficient, shouldn't he? There's no need for a God or any of the rest of that

medieval superstition bunk. Not in our world of rational thought."

He stops. His face tightens up like somebody punched him. He don't say nothing for a while more. Just lays there and looks up at that afternoon blue sky and them little cotton boll clouds.

"If there is a God, he wouldn't let us get into messes like this, would he?" He don't wait for me to answer him. "Fer Chrissakes, I should have shot myself a long time ago and gotten out of this rat race." He was almost crying and then he starts to pound the snow. I thought for sure he was cracking up. Charley stops as Cap'en Baker, the Old Man, comes walking down the draw towards us. When he passed we got to our feet and followed him with the rest of the company. We walked way back into the draw and then we all set down. I looked at Charley and he looked okay. I felt a mite easier 'bout him.

We've formed a circle 'round the Old Man. He's squatting on his heels.

"Men, we got to hit the hill again."

Most of us let out a groan, although we knew all along that we was gonna have to go back up there.

The Old Man holds up his hand for

us to be quiet and goes on. "There'll be more support this time than we've had before. There's going to be an air strike in a few minutes. The artillery and tanks from the road will give us plenty of close support. After they get through with the hill there shouldn't be much left of Joe up there." He waved his hand at the top of the hill.

"Any questions?"

Nobody says anything, 'cause there isn't much to say when it's like this.

"Anybody got a butt?" the Old Man asks. A couple of guys offer him their packs.

"I don't carry any of my own because I'm trying to quit." The Old Man grins at us. And then he strikes the long wooden match on the seat of his pants, just the way Pap usta do. I feel better 'bout going back up there then. Makes it a good sight easier for a man to go up a hill if he knows them that's leading him is right natural fellas.

He takes a couple of drags and then says he wants to talk to the platoon sergeants. The rest of us go back to where we were and lay down to wait.

I asks Charley what he thinks of the Old Man.

Charley don't even look at me when he answers. He just keeps on staring at the sky like before. He says it out of the corner of his mouth. "He's like all the rest of them, trying to act like a human god so we'll all follow him to hell and back. He can go pound sand for my share."

I tells him that I think the Old Man is a pretty good guy. Charley don't say nothing. He just looks at the sky and don't say nothing.

Sergeant Hartly, the platoon sergeant, comes along and tells us to saddle up 'cause we got the point. That means we're gonna go up first. Most of the fellas get to their feet acussing and araising hell with everything they can think of. Charley don't swear or nothing. He just gets up real quiet and slings his bandoleers over his shoulder and loosens the pins on his grenades. Pap took us to the State Fair over to Middletown, onc't when I was about nine or ten. I remember seeing one of them iron robot men there. Charley was acting just like that; just as stiff-like as that ol' iron man did.

We walked stooped over and in a single file 'bout five yards apart, so as them Chinks up on the hill couldn't see us, and even if they did they couldn't get many of us to once. We stopped 'fore we get out of the draw. Sergeant Hartly signals for us to keep our five

yards. Just 'bout then them jets come awhooshing in on the hill. They lay them jelly eggs atop the hill and part way down towards us. We can feel the heat from 'em. Them gooks what are on top of the hill start to holler and scream again. We can practically hear 'em frying. When they finish with them fire bombs, they come in with pink tailed rockets and shooting off their fifties. We can see 'em kick up small clouds of dust where they hit.

I looked back of me at Charley. Everytime one of them rockets'd hit, his face tightened up so hard I thought the skin would break on the end of his nose, just from the sheer force of the jerk he was giving it.

"You got to bet," he says, without even taking his eyes off of the top of the hill.

"No," I says.

This time he turned his head and looked at me. "You got to," he says through his teeth so that when he says "to" it's more of a whistle than a word. Didn't even open his lips more than a slit to say it either. I thought maybe I'd better, but I didn't get a chanc't to, 'cause Sergeant Hartly signals for us to move out. Charley looks back at the top of the hill and pushes ahead of me in line. His face looked as if he thought I wasn't going to and he was mad 'cause I wasn't.

The artillery pounded them something fierce on the way so as to keep the gooks in their holes. Didn't really need it though, wasn't a shot fired at us all the way up. We was expecting for them to clobber us, but they didn't. The top of that hill was as quiet as a church yard at midnight. All that was on top were some burned-up Chinks. They smelled pretty terrible.

Sergeant Hartly takes out his glasses and looks the valley below over, 'specially them little villages 'bout half to the next hill. He puts his glasses away and says to us, "Ain't nothing out there now, but I reckon as how they'll be back."

"You're kidding, Sarge," says Charley. Sergeant Hartly looks at him like he's going to chew all 'round it and let it drop out by itself. He don't get the chanc't, 'cause the Old Man comes up just as he's opening his mouth to let go.

The Old Man shows Sergeant Hartly where we're to dig in for the night. Then Sergeant Hartly shows us where he wants us. Me and Charley he puts between Dog company's heavy thirty machine gun and Red Davis's automatic rifle. Charley ain't none too happy 'bout that.

He wants to dig first, so I let him. He starts whacking that entrenching tool

into the ground like he was mad at somebody and the ground was him that he was mad at.

"Look where they put us," he says, the yellow dirt flying over his shoulder. "Between the devil and the deep blue. For Crissakes, if they miss either the heavy thirty or the B.A.R., we'll get it surer than hell. Why the hell do we always get the shaft?"

He stops digging and looks at me. Little balls of sweat is standing out on his forehead and upper lip. "You want to spell me?" he asks me.

I takes off my field jacket and starts to dig. The ground is hard under the layer of loose top soil. The sun don't get down very far. Digging makes me feel good. I'm a farmer back home in Fort Jerome. Working with the soil is what I really like. Charley don't, though. That's the reason I was a little surprised he wanted to dig first.

Well, anyways, we changed back and forth a couple of times not saying a word to each other. Funny as how some people can get to know each other so well that they can tell when something's wrong with the other one. Me and Charley was like that. I knew what was wrong when his girl sent him that dear john letter, without him ever telling me. And I knew from the first what was wrong when his ma was sick in the hospital without him telling me 'bout it in words. 'Course we didn't know this in words either, but we knew and sort of gave each other helping hands when we needed it. But now, I knew Charley was stewing 'bout something, and I mine-as-well been setting on the moon. I just couldn't figger out what was wrong with him. I reckoned it had something to do with the stuff he was talking 'bout this afternoon, but I'll be darned if I could figger out what it was.

Red Davis comes down from his hole to set for a spell. Me an' him watch Charley swing that entrenching tool angry-like into the hole.

"You letting the new man do all the work?" I asks Red.

"Sure. Why the hell not? Gotta break 'em in right." He gives me that mean grin of his what seems to climb all over his freckled face. He lights himself a cigarette, taking in a whole chestfull of smoke and then letting it out all to once.

"Got an extra weed, Red?" asks Charley. Red tosses him one and Charley hands the shovel to me. "Got a match, Red?" he asks.

"How you fixed for spit?" Red asks him through that mean grin of his. He gives Charley his lighter.

They set for awhile, neither of them

saying nothing, just pulling the smoke in and letting it out.

Charley jerks 'round all of a sudden and asks Red if he's ever prayed since he's been over here.

"Hell, yes, man! Haven't you?" Red asks him. "Now that's a helluva question to ask a man," he says more to himself than to Charley.

"No," says Charley with his jaw jutting out like a small boy who is rebelling against something he knows better than to rebel against, but he's got to rebel, 'cause if he don't he'll lose something. He don't understand none of this, except the losing part and the pain; but it don't make no difference. . . he's gonna rebel.

"No," says Charley again. "It's a crutch, and I don't need a crutch."

"Crutch, hell! . . . Maybe it is. But, man, I know you gotta have something to lean on when them old Chinks begin to drop them mortars in your back pocket," says Red.

"Guess maybe your right, but I don't need anything like that. You're right, for other people, but not for me. I don't need anything to lean on." Charley's voice cracked when he says this and I thought he was gonna break down and blubber.

"Well, that's up to you," Red says. "Think I'd better get back up to see how my boy's getting on. Got to keep on these new men. Get lazy if you don't. See you in the morning men."

"Yeah, see yuh, Red," I says. Charley don't say nothing. He throws his butt away and points to the shovel. I give it to him. He starts into dig like he was going right down to hell.

We finished the hole up pretty quick. 'Bout the time we was getting the last few spadefuls out, Sergeant Hartly comes along with some C-rations. He says there ain't to be no fires, so we have to eat 'em raw. Charley don't want his, so I eat it for him. Man, I was hungry enough to eat the legs offa table. While I was eating Charley's mumbling to himself. The only thing I heard real plain was that a last meal should be better than this one.

We fix up the hole for the night. We put the grenades where we can get a hold of them fast. Then we staked out our fields of fire. We put our rifles top the dirt mound in the front and then we climb out and lay down in back of the hole to get some sleep 'fore it gets real dark.

I remember hearing a few mortars hitting out in front of our hole. I knew it was ours just zeroing for the night. Charley knew that too, but every

time one of them hits he jumped up like it'd hit right on top of him.

I went to sleep and when I woke up them little villages out in the valley was burning. It looked pretty. Red dancing flames reflecting offa the white snow. Kinda reminded me of back home when we went ice fishing. 'Sides the light we got from the burning villages you couldn't see nothing. It was darker then the inside of a black cat.

Charley's down in the hole watching the fire. He's leaning over the top of the hole with his head resting in his hands. You can see from the way he holds his shoulders all scrunched up like that he's wound up tighter then an eight-day clock. I slip into the hole easy. I scares Charley outa his wits. He grabbed my rifle and turned 'round so fast that he almost shot me 'fore he saw who it was.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me you were coming in?" he says mad-like. I don't say nothing. Words ain't gonna kill me. 'Sides, I figgers Charley need to let off some steam. He don't say nothing more though.

We set there for 'bout an hour not saying nothing, watching them villages burn up. All of a sudden Charley grabs my arm like his life depended on it. "Jim!" he says, "Jim, if I don't get through tonight, go and see my mother and tell her . . ." He stops and lets go of my arm and I can tell without even seeing his face that he's ashamed of what he just said, maybe more ashamed of the way he said it.

"Just go and see my mother, Jim." It sounded like he was crying.

"Sure," I says, "sure I will, Charley."

"Thanks, Jim," he says real low, so I can hardly hear him, but I knew he meant it as surely as if he'd shouted it out. Then he grabs my arm again.

"You got to bet!"

"Okay," I says, "if it will make you any happier. But I think your making a mistake."

"I'll bet this month's pay and all my back pay against yours."

"That's okay with me."

"Good!" he says, and shakes my hand. His hand was all sweaty. It was too cold to sweat like that.

"I'll take first guard."

That's okay with me too, 'cause I'm pretty tired from all that climbing we did.

I must of been asleep a long time when I heard Red Davis's B.A.R. let loose. I pulled myself to my feet. "What time is it, Charley?" I asks.

He pushes back his sleeve with one

hand so as I can see the dial. His hand is shaking so hard I have to hold it 'fore I can read it. He's still sweating.

"Eleven o'clock."

"You suppose Red sees anything down there?" he asks.

"Naw. He was just clearing the area so he could get some sleep, which ain't such a very bad idea." I picks up my rifle and starts to fire out in front of our hole at 'bout every angle of approach that I figger them Chinks might try to sneak up on us on. I figger I got it covered with the first seven shots, so, for luck, I fire the last one right down in front of us 'out thirty yards. You can hear it thump into the ground.

"That one was for luck," I says.

"Luck, hell!" he says. "There isn't any such thing as luck."

Well, I no sooner put my rifle down than the heavy thirty opens up. Them pink tracers stream out into the valley and then bounce up into the air at all angles making all kinds of crisscrosses.

"Damn fools!" says Charley. "They'll have mortars in here on us faster than you can think." He no more than got this out of his mouth, then we heard that whistling sound. When it hit, it sounded like it went off right in our hole. I'm really scared of them things and, boy, they must've dropped 'bout a dozen or more of 'em on us. After the last one dropped in, darned if I wasn't sweating more than Charley. We just laid there for awhile, all tangled up on the bottom of the hole waiting for the next one, even though we knew it wasn't gonna come. When we finally got untangled and got to our feet, I tried to spit, but there wasn't nothing in my mouth but cotton.

"They'll try again," says Charley.

I look off towards Chink hill cross the valley, but the fire in the villages has 'bout burned out, so I can't see none to well. Then I hears the old whistle again. Onc't you hear that whistle you never forget it. Sounds like a busted steam pipe in a runaway locomotive. I don't know which of us was on the bottom, but we was both hugging the bottom and scratching at it to make it deeper.

Charley was mumbling ninety words a second. I couldn't make out what he was saying, so I asked him.

"I'm praying! I'm praying you sonova-bitch!" he shouts in my face. "You start to pray too, you bastard!"

Just them there's big orange and black flash up by Red's hole and then a big pounding sound. Then a scream.

"Medic! Medic!" somebody's hollering in a queer, high voice.

"Don't sound like Red," I says.

We could just make out a bunch of people rushing around up there. We seen them take somebody out on a stretcher. I don't remember when Joe had stopped throwing his stuff at us, but me and Charley was standing up in the hole and had been ever since we had heard that scream.

Somebody comes down the hill from Red's hole towards us.

"Who the hell's out there?" whispers Charley loud enough you'd think he was shouting.

It was Sergeant Hartly. He asks if everybody is okay.

"Yeah," I says. "Who got it up there?"

"Griffin, the new boy," he says. "Blew old Red right on out of the hole and he didn't get a scratch."

"God," says Charley.

"Yeah," I agree.

Sergeant Hartly starts up the hill towards Dog company heavy thirty.

"I've seen good men get killed that way," says Charley, jerking his thumb at Sergeant Hartley's back.

"Yeah," I says. I yawned. By that time I was real tired. "You want me to take over for a while?" I asks him.

"No, I'm not tired," he says. So I lay down again.

I went to sleep right off 'cause I was so tired. Long 'bout daylight Charley starts to shake me like I was an apple tree in season and he was starving. He's real excited.

"What's the matter, Charley?" I says.

He points down the hill 'bout thirty yards. Down there's a dead Chink, his head tilted back as if he was listening for something. Just over his right eye is

a small hole 'bout the size of a nickel.

"Your shot for luck," says Charley.

"Yeah," I says.

We don't say nothing more or even go down and look at him. We both knew the back of his head was blown clear off.

Sgt. Hartly hollered at us from the top of the hill, "C'mon, you guys, we're getting relieved. Hot chow when we get down."

On the way down, me and Charley starts to argue again.

ROBERT EGINTON

LESTA

Lesta Pierce glanced at the people as she quietly glided past them. Yes, she'd known the play had been a success and that was why she was here. They expected it; they were paying her the tribute of a great woman. "Stardom was her destiny," one critic had whispered confidentially to another before he had beat out his review for the morning paper.

Lesta eased her way through these people. She was happy and tired. Cocktail glasses knocked together and high surging laughter swept above the patter of voices from a group by the fireplace, acknowledging a new joke or bit of gossip. She thankfully reached the end of the long room without being noticed. With her back to the crowd of white-vested men and tightly draped women, she looked out through the long glass window into the deep black night of New York. She laughed to herself to see the lights nodding and blinking at each other so pleasantly through the darkness. *You're just a facade* she thought. What are you hiding? "A drunk lying on the floor tears trickling through his fingers. A man and woman thankfully getting ready for their moment of sleep. A child lying in a fretful doze with dreams of things he'll never have." *These are the things that hide behind your mischievous gaiety. I know you and these people, you are the same. Their jewels flash, their glasses meet when they have nothing to say, and they laugh just as you do.*

Lesta raised her hand to smooth her fine blonde hair and as she did a high demanding voice cried, "Lesta, darling, how simply marvelous, where have you been?" And she walked off arm in arm with her deliverer.

ALISON DESSAU

A Short Short

GLORIA

Early in the week Gloria had digested the Philippines, and she was now heading northeast toward Okinawa. Billowy white vapor mountains had invaded the tiny island before Formosa, far to the east, could throw the Asian sun in to the sky.

Okinawa had three days to prepare for the typhoon. Military aircraft had been flown to Japan, and a few remaining planes, with their wheels folded beneath their wings, knelt on the flight line. K rations had been issued. Steel cables were strung across most of the quonset huts. Officers, having selected their best bourbon, sauntered into the women's compounds for a pleasant waiting-out period.

Okinawa's Air Force installations could have rated 100% for typhoon preparedness if it had not been for Quonset No. 3 of the Food Service Squadron.

The two men of No. 3 had undergone a crisis just before the typhoon alert. A Negro, the first to appear on the base since the desegregation order, had been assigned to their hut — affectionately referred to by its inhabitants as — “Quincy’s Quonset for Quiet Carolinians.”

Inside No. 3 the tall lanky colored boy lay on his cot. He was staring at a throbbing purple carbuncle that was dead center on the strong back of a sergeant called Georgia. Facing Georgia at the card table was Corporal Quincy Lee Hart, small, officious and an habitual nose picker.

“Sarge, when you gonna have Nigger Sam put them typhoon cables up?” drawled Hart as he examined the contents his probing finger had just extracted from his nose.

Georgia studied Hart with a bit of disgust and muttered something about having more time than a hound dog in the winter, or something to that effect.

Outside the quonset a gentle rain had started. The electric power was cut off, and Hart placed three candles on the card table. Shadows, that looked as if a pair of pinkish shears had been run along their edges, appeared on the corrugated walls of the hut.

The night’s rain suddenly increased

in tempo. The hut’s tin roof welcomed the drops with heavy thuds. A strong wind began to speed the rain down, and the cacaphony of a typhoon filled the night.

Wind and water poured into the hut as the front door flew open. The candle light died. A figure appeared in the portal and shouted above the screaming wind, “I’m Captain DePlanque, O.D. The wind has blasted your typhoon cables down. Get those damn things up in a hurry!” O. D. DePlanque ran out into the darkness.

“Get your butt moving, Hart. . . and you too. . . nigger,” commanded Georgia.

Three figures dashed about madly in the darkened hut. Rain suits were found and hastily put on. Hart was the last man out of the quonset. He joined the other men and they stood, for a moment, in awe as the night hit them like a wave. An electric line was down and their noses filled with the pleasant smell of ozone. They saw their quonset start to dance in the wind. From the rear of the hut they heard the rustle of palm trees. A gingo tree, about six feet in front of them, was bowing subserviently to the typhoon. Wind ripped open rain suits and the night’s wet hand slapped backs and stomachs.

Four cables were needed to bridle the hut. The wet, curved roof heaved in the wind. Man after man was thrown from the structure. After a half hour battle the exhausted men had managed to secure three cables.

Hart was standing by the unlashed end of the quonset. A sudden gust of wind lifted the end of the hut and the steel plate frame of the building landed on Hart’s toe. A painful, agonized shriek rose above the wind, and the little corporal fainted. To no avail Georgia and the Negro tried dragging the wounded man from beneath the steel trap. Rain and sweat rolled off their faces. In desperation the Negro tried to lift the end of the quonset. His muscles strained. Skin was ripped from his hands and blood turned pink when hit by the rain. With one surge of physical greatness the rear of the hut was lifted and Georgia dragged Hart into the quonset.

The Negro was pressed flush against the hut. Georgia was standing on the tall boy’s shoulders. A cable was inched across the semi-elliptical structure and one end of the line was fastened to an iron eye that was jutting up from the ground. With the last cable in place the two men looked at each other triumphantly and then ran into the hut.

Georgia and the Negro shut and bolted the front door behind them. Wet rain suits were thrown off and small puddles formed around the rubber suits. Under clothes were placed on the cots and the men wrapped themselves in olive drab blankets.

Some dry matches were found and Georgia lit the two candles. He carried the light over to Hart’s bed. Hart had come to. Two of his toes were crushed. His combat boot had protected his foot and he sat on his bed in a happy daze.

“Come on, sarge,” drawled Hart as he limped over to the card table. “Let’s finish that game of poker.”

The Negro retired to his cot and watched the two white men resume their game of cards.

Georgia had just shuffled the deck when he turned to the boy on the cot. “Hey, Sam,” yelled Georgia, “move your black ass over here and git in on a good game of stud poker.”

A million nervous fingers tapped on the tin roof while a tall lanky Negro stood up, wrapped his blanket tight about him, and strutted over to the card table.

JIM BROWNE

AN INTERPRETIVE PLAY DEDICATED TO ALL ENGLISH AND THEATRE ART MAJORS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Electra ----- daughter of Agamemnon
 Corpse ----- Agamemnon
 Achilles ----- Hero of Bulgarian Revolution
 John Falstaff ----- Comic Relief

Zeus and Royal Entourage



Act I, scene 1.

Stage setting: A courtyard in Athens. The faint strains of a mandolin are heard off stage.

CURTAIN:

Electra, tangled hair streaming over her face, wearing sack cloth and ashes, weeps over corpse of father vowing revenge against the Gods. Achilles enters left with band-aid on heel. He takes pity on the sobbing girl.

ACHILLES: Woeful, woeful little face,
 Come share with me an embrace,
 Live with me and be my love,
 Be my little turtle dove.

JOHN FALSTAFF: (peering from behind lilac bush)
 A pox on you!

ELECTRA: Leave me lightsome leering lad,
 Behold on ground my murdered dad,
 Revenge, revenge, is my fate,
 Ah, the darkness, it grows late.
 To the altars I must flee,
 And burn the gods in effigy.

CURTAIN

Act I, scene 2

Stage setting: Clearing in forest. Altars placed in semi-circle.

CURTAIN:

Electra lighting sacrificial fires. As her flaming torch touches each altar she chants

ELECTRA: Oh, fleeting, fleeting, fleeting joy,
Fled from ravished burning Troy.
Ashes, ashes, damp with dew,
Little Sir Echo, how do-you-do?

Robin Hood enters left singing "No, No Nanette." He stops as he sees Electra. He is fascinated by this wild pagan girl and stares for a moment, then executes two deft pas de deux with the off-stage mandolin playing "The Dance of The Sugar Plum Fairy," and he exits right towards Nottingham.

ZEUS: (lowered from upper balcony on pulley.)
Electra, beautiful daughter of mortal man,
Catch me, catch me, if you can.

Electra, horrified that her altar fires have called forth Zeus, tries stamping the fires out only to have the flounce on her peplum catch fire. She collapses. Lightning flashes from above, and a premature monsoon puts out the fire. The Die Waulkerie Maidens enter center and form a ring around Electra as they chant.

THE MAIDENS: Hey Nonny Nonny,
Singe lude cucku.



CURTAIN

Act II, scene 1.

Stage setting: A Nuptial Feast. A mandolin player leans against a potted cork tree.

CURTAIN:

Electra is in center stage donned in bridal attire. The groom is her idiot brother known as Colonel Sartoris to the assembled group. No one knows that the Colonel is her brother except John Falstaff, who is pruning the lilac bush. A Druid Priest is raised from beneath the stage on a smoky platform. The rites begin.

PRIEST: Do you, Electra, of Royal clan,
Take this idiot for your man?

ELECTRA: (moaning) Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!

COLONEL SARTORIS: My mother is a fish.
Thunder is heard far off drowning out the priest's words. The sky grows suddenly dark and ominous. Electra continues her moaning.

ELECTRA: Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!

JOHN FALSTAFF: A pox on you!

The whole stage is plunged into darkness. A scream like the cry of butchered lambs is heard.



CURTAIN

Act II, scene 2.

Stage setting: Same as for scene I. Mandolin player plucking "God Save The Queen" in minor key.

CURTAIN:

As curtain rises Achilles is standing adjacent to Electra holding a bloody sword in one hand and a silver platter with the head of John Falstaff in the other hand.

ACHILLES: Smile maid, gone's your doom,

ELECTRA: On me, this wretched grief-filled day,
Look, brave lad, my groom's not dead,
For that's John Falstaff's purple head.

Achilles, shocked by what he's done, drops the platter, head and all, scrapping off the band-aid. Seeing his exposed heel, he dies at Electra's feet. Electra, upset by all the commotion on her wedding day, impales herself on a pruned lilac limb. The Priest exits right toward Nottingham.

CURTAIN.

Act III, scene 1.

Stage setting: Courtyard now uncluttered. Cork tree has been moved to center stage, and under it are seated mandolin player and Colonel Sartoris.

CURTAIN:

MANDOLIN PLAYER: Twang, twang.

COLONEL SARTORIS: A pox on you!

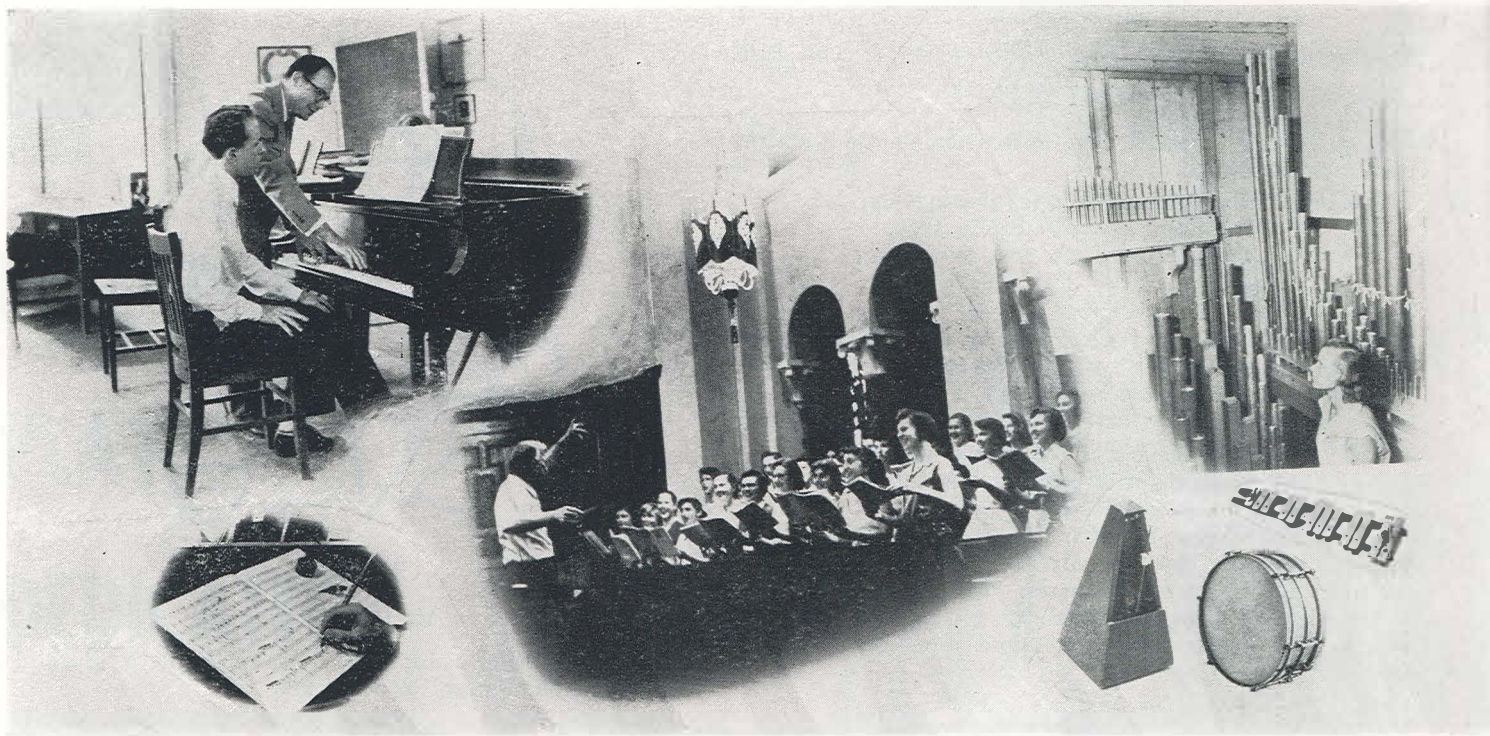
TOGETHER: Under the spreading Cork Tree,
We pluck and play of sin,
Tra-la, twaddle dee dee,
For Spring is a cumen in.

CURTAIN

FINIS

JEAN MENSING

Illustrated By Marijo Boulware



IS MODERN MUSIC NEUROTIC

Let's say you're seated in Carnegie Hall right now, or Birdland if you like. The conductor (or bandleader) walks on stage and signals the downbeat to the orchestra, and an explosion of sound greets your ears. You listen in vain for an intelligible melody, and get only seemingly chaotic rhythms, scattered segments of tunes, and weird dissonant chords. You think back to the beautiful hours you've spent listening to Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, or Richard Rodgers, and quite understandably, ask yourself, "Is this music I'm hearing now, or the frenzied outpourings of a disturbed mind?"

Well, you're not the first person in history to ask yourself that question. When Beethoven's First Symphony had its premier, people became indignant. The harmony was too daring! The music too difficult and complex! Those of you who saw the movie "The Benny Goodman Story," remember how he had to struggle against managers who claimed

his music was unintelligible and unsaleable. Nine time out of ten, great music gets catcalls from its own generation—but curtain calls from the next. And that is the important point. Much of the music we find so difficult to understand today will be accepted as standard fare by our children. Instead of labeling it neurotic and turning our backs on it, we can be one step ahead of the game by discovering how to enjoy contemporary music now, instead of tomorrow.

First, sit back, relax, and let the music sink in. After the first hearing you may sense a mood or meaning in the music. After repeated hearings, melodies, rhythms, and harmonies will begin to emerge clearly from what previously might have sounded like a hodge-podge.

Let's take some of these musical elements separately. One of the commonest complaints against modern music is: "It doesn't have any melody!". Take my word for it. There is melody in contemporary music, melody of great power and

beauty. Of course, it doesn't always sound like Mozart or Puccini. You couldn't expect twentieth century melody to be constructed along nineteenth century lines. Our modern houses do not look like Southern Colonial mansions. Still, in their own way, they have beauty and grace. Each era solves its artistic problems in its own way, and an open, receptive mind can grow to appreciate the new styles as it did the old.

If present day melody seems disjointed or fragmentary, this is because some composers use a wider range of notes and more skips in constructing a theme, giving the music a greater sense of movement through space. Or a composer may build up his accompanying material to such a degree that it is hard to distinguish the main melodic line. More concentration on the listener's part and a few more hearings will solve this problem and eventually enable the music



lover to pick out themes with ease, even in the case of works being heard for the first time.

How about harmony? How many times have you mentally winced at the dissonances of Stravinsky or Prokofiev? Do you know that 500 years ago the use of the dominant 7th chord, without which our popular music couldn't exist, was forbidden on the grounds that it was too dissonant? Do you know that Debussy was considered a rebel; that his "strange" harmonies were hissed at in the concert hall? Yet you listen to his exquisite music today without being disturbed, because you have grown up with it and became accustomed to his impressionistic harmonies.

In searching for a way to express the sounds and feelings peculiar to our own generation, the composer of today had to unshackle himself from the traditional concepts of consonance and dissonance, and create new harmonic systems and combinations of tones. These may express the shrill brilliance of a bird in flight, the lonely beauty of a wistful mood, or the bright colors of a noisy parade. Unshackle *your* imagination; cast away your old ideas of what sounds pleasing and what does not, and let the music work its wonders on you.

Now for you more advanced devotee's, let me say a few words about form. Surprisingly enough, the composer of today frequently constructs his music along

purely classical forms. Sonatas, symphonies, fugues, theme and variations, are all used in much the same way as Bach and Beethoven used them. Once you've gotten more familiar with the themes, you will begin to notice how they are repeated, changed, and developed throughout the composition. You will then see how the structure of a piece gives it coherence and drama, just as the sequence of events in a well-constructed play holds it together and gives it increased interest.

Finally, what is modern music trying to say? All great music is an expression of its own time. Our own age is one of insecurity and conflict and our music reflects these tensions. We are a complex society and our music reveals this by its polytonality (two or more keys at once) polyrhythms, and even two or more tempos going on simultaneously. We are a mechanically-minded society, intent on scientific progress, and our music reflects the percussive drive of machines and the mathematical logic of scientific formulas. The extent of our music's greatness will depend on how much meaning it has for future generations. My guess is that they will find strength and beauty in much of it and will listen to Prokofiev as we listen to Beethoven.

Here are a few suggestions to start you off.

Bela Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra
Leonard Bernstein: Jeremiah Symphony

Benjamin Britten: Young People's Guide to the Orchestra.

Aaron Copland: Appalachian Spring, El Salon Mexico.

Paul Hindemith: Mathis der Maler.

Arthur Honegger: Joan of Arc at the Stake.

Charles Ives: Piano Sonata No. 2 ("Concord")

Gian Carlo Menotti: Amahl and the Night Visitors, The Medium.

Walter Piston: The Incredible Flutist.

Serge Prokofiev: Alexander Nevsky, Classical Symphony, Peter and the Wolf, Scythian Suite.

Arnold Schonberg: Transfigured Night (Verklarte Nacht).

Igor Stravinsky: Firebird Suite, Petrouchka, Le Sacre du Printemps.

Heitor Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1 and 5.

GERSON YESSON

HARDLY NOTICEABLE

The big metal outside door swung open and a tall, thin man stepped across the threshold, his body casting a grotesque shadow on the sidewalk as he limped into the yellow-gray light of the great musty hall.

"Evening, Mr. Lipman."

"Good evening, Pops, anything new in the Times?" he said, smiling at the shriveled-up old man who sat in a weather-beaten rocker.

"Atkinson gives us top rating," the old man said, his eyes crinkling up as proud smile crept over the stubby white whiskers of his wrinkled face. "You kids sure did your stuff last night. Everyone thought so; Atkinson particularly spoke of you."

"I read it, Pops, and thanks. By the way, have you seen Jack this evening?"

"Yes," the old man answered, "he's back by the board."

"Fine!" Giving the newspaper the old man was reading a friendly tap, Mr. Lipman turned and limped off down the hall.

The old man, watching him walk unsteadily away, retained the smile he had on his face. "Yes, son, yes, go out there and make them cry, make them laugh, that's what they come for. You can make them feel anything you want, yes sir."

Mr. Lipman climbed up three iron stairs and passed through the wings. On the way to his dressingroom he stopped.

"Say, Jack," he called, "if you've got a minute after the play tonight, I've some news I'd like to celebrate with you."

The big husky stage manager smiled back at him and asked, "What gives, Mike?"

"You'll have to wait pal, I've got a few lines to go over. See you after the show."

"Okay," Jack answered with a grin.

Watching him as he turned toward his dressing-room, Jack said to Joel, the assistant stage manager who was standing around, "A great guy, best they come," but Lord, he used to be a terror. Hated himself and everyone else. I couldn't understand why he went on living."

Over hearing what his friend said as he moved towards his dressing room, Mike smiled. Yes, he thought as he opened the door and went in, I sure was a terror. Never said a word to anyone and hated being around people. Couldn't stand to hear them talk or laugh. Laughing was the worst I think. They laughed because the sky was blue. I hated them for that.

He closed the door behind him, Mike Lipman began thinking of eight years ago when he'd first come to the theatre. It was October and it was cold and raining. They'd told him the light technician was sick and his assistant was drunk. He thought smiling, I was a student from Columbia then who had a union card, and they'd asked me to take the show. Well I was pretty scared, but then it meant a few extra dollars that I needed, and what did I care about them.

Everything was okay till the curtain went up and then one of the dimmers blew out. Lord, Jack the stage manager was wild, because he didn't know what he could do. But then I said it was okay, that I'd fix it. And I did.

They must have thought it was pretty good because everyone in the place that knew about it came up and said what a good job I'd done. But I didn't care. It was easy. Half the time I didn't even bother to say thanks. When it was over I got my hat and coat and left.

Because the regular light man had appendicitis and his assistant showed up drunk the next morning, they got a hold of me again to work the show for a couple of weeks. I came all right but I held my lips in a tight white line and never spoke. Just shuffled back and forth doing my job. I didn't care to talk to anyone. The stage hands used to get into little groups and talk and laugh before the show. I hated them for that.

One night Jack asked me to stay late to work out a few changes. I didn't want to be with him but I had a few suggestions for better effects which he used. That's what made me stay. Jack kept asking me questions. I'd say, yes, or no, or whatever came into my head without really caring. He asked me about where I came from and things like that. Once I smiled crustily when the big man asked me why I hadn't gotten into the professional business before, since I was so good and seemed to like it so much. I just shrugged my shoulders.

He asked again in a kind voice. "Did you think the bad foot would hold you up?"

I spun around on him when he said that, stared for a minute, and then with wild fury went after him with a patch cord that I'd been holding in my hand. I swung it savagely in the air and my free fist was knotted shut. Before I got near enough to do much damage, he ripped the cord out of my hand and sent me sprawling to the floor.

"All right, kid!" he said angrily, "I was just trying to be friendly, I don't give a damn about you. If that's the score it's all right with me."

He grabbed his coat off a chair and swung off the stage. Then he must have thought a minute for he stopped. Looking back, he saw me lying where I'd fallen, my body wracked by uncontrollable sobs.. And I lay there in a pool of darkness on the half lighted stage, holding my clubbed foot.

The story must have gotten around, things like that always do. I can remember when I was little, kids whispering stories about me when I'd fall down because of my foot. Yes, everyone was whispering now like they used to.

One day Jack came up and asked me if I'd like to stay on until the play ended its run.

"Yes," I said, looking at him as if I didn't know whether he meant it or not. "Yes, I'd like to if I'm not in the way."

"Why, hell," he said. "You're a must around here, kid."

Yeah, I'll bet he meant that, I thought to myself.

"How about some lunch?" Jack asked me.

I didn't answer. Lunch with him. Why should I have lunch with him. Instead I picked up a pack of matches I'd dropped on the floor.

"Look," he said in an irritated tone, "I've got something to talk over with you. We'll get a sandwich."

I shrugged my shoulders and got down off the stool I was sitting on, slung my coat over my arm, and followed him out of the theatre.

"Well, Mike, how do you like it around here?" he questioned as we walked down the street.

"Pretty nice," I answered.

He laughed, because the theatre had been called a lot of things, he said, but he hadn't heard it called pretty nice; then he stopped, because I guess he thought I might get mad. Well, what if I did get mad because he laughed at me. He was bigger than I was anyhow.

We walked along in silence. I certainly wasn't going to start the conversation.

Finally Jack stopped walking and turned to me and said, "what do you have against the world kid?"

I looked at him sharply. Fine thing for him to ask I thought. He hasn't a 'bum' foot or been pushed around all his life by nice people. "Nothing," I grumbled back in reply.

"It isn't your fault is it kid?" he persisted nodding at my foot.

"No, it's clubbed," I breathed in amazement, searching the pavement with my eyes. Lord that was the first time anyone had ever actually come out and mentioned it. Maybe he didn't care, I mused.

"Yea, kid, I know. Some of us are lucky and some ain't, that's all. No one's holding it against you."

"No, people never held it against me," I blurted out. "In school it was always, Michael, dear, won't you stay in and help me pin these pictures up on the wall during recess?"

"Maybe your teacher liked you," he said.

Something made me go on. I was beginning to sweat and my hands were clinched tight at my side. Flinging the words out I said, "Recess, that's all life is to most of them. Other people out running after what they want. And they get it too. Do you know, they get it because they can get there first?" Jack started to answer me and then he glanced behind him as if he'd seen someone. When he'd turned back, I was walking quietly besides him wondering what had made me say those things to him.

"Here's the lunchroom, let's get a table," Jack said hurriedly.

We both sat down. After a few minutes of silence, the stage manager asked me how I'd gotten interested in lighting.

I remember reddened as tight stiff shivers ran up my back. What could he care I wondered. But then as I looked at him I found myself saying slowly, "I liked being in plays. In high school they let me play an old crippled man who was confined to a wheel chair. He was a tight-lipped misanthrope who had been cruelly used by the world. They said I played the part very well. And," he looked up at me, "I loved it. It was the first time people had ever let me get outside myself. Ever let me do something for them honestly, not out of pity." I stopped breathing hard. I was clutching the pepper shaker.

Jack nodded.

"Well, I really thought I was worth something then," I went on quietly, "so the next play they gave I tried out for. Even memorized the lines and practiced at home before try outs." I paused and clinched my teeth together. "But... they gave the part to another boy that didn't limp. I didn't mind,



really, I guess I always knew deep inside that I wasn't fit for it; why the hell should a cripple get it," I blurted out. And the director was so nice. So kind. He offered me a part in the chorus. Then he even went so far as to ask me to help him direct it. I couldn't stand it, I knew I couldn't do it either. Finally, he suggested my doing lights. I hated him, I couldn't stand his pity. But I said yes, so I wouldn't have to listen to any more. Then I left." Hunched over the table almost shaking I murmured, "That's how it all started."

The waitress came and took our order. I sat tearing a paper napkin apart.

"Look, kid, this thing I wanted to talk to you about, it's some extra lighting. Do you think you can handle it?"

"Sure," I said.

"Well, Mr. Simmons, the Director, thought a lightning effect and a few more spots would be effective in the second act."

"Agreed," I answered.

"To swing it," he continued, "we'll have to bring in an extra light board. Too much is plugged into the main one now. This new one is small and we'll just set it next to the big one, there's enough room."

"Is there going to be any insulation between them?" I questioned. "There's not much space there."

"That's the hitch, kid. You can't pad either of them and if those two boards were ever to hit each other it might be pretty dangerous for anyone around unless they were pulled apart right away. The current running through them is terrific."

"Yes, well, I can manage it, if everyone stays out of my way."

"Don't worry about that. They will," my boss said confidently.

I gave him a weak smile. Maybe this guy isn't like all the rest, I thought looking at him. Funny he seems to take such an interest in me. Then I picked up the sandwich the waitress had brought and took a bite. As we ate he off-handedly asked me if I'd ever thought of trying my hand at acting again.

"With the bad foot?" I retorted with a sneer.

"Yes, with the bad foot, damn it! I've seen people with much worse problems than you've got, and they get what they want, if they want it badly enough."

"How?" I asked incredulously as I stared at him.

"Look, after the show tonight I think I can get a hold of Mr. Simmons, and you talk to him. He can give you a special way of walking on the stage so that it's barely noticeable. Perhaps he'd try you in bit parts, maybe a matinee once in a while, if you're any good."

"No," I said, thinking he was making a fool out of me by being kind.

"Look kid, don't be an idiot. I'll fix it up for you tonight. He didn't say anymore and we finished eating and walked back to the theatre together without saying anything."

The new board came and I handled it pretty well. People complimented me on doing a good job. I even had coffee with a couple of the guys once in a while, and it was a funny thing, they're laughter didn't bother me as much any more. Every so often I'd think of apologizing to Jack. But then what was the point of that. He didn't care. Why should he. It used to make me mad everytime I thought about it and once I found myself uncounsciously pounding my hand off the light board.

A couple of weeks passed and it was November. Things had been pretty smooth, except the weather depressed every-

one. New York was cold, like only New York can be when the wind whips out of the side streets and gets you in the ribs. We had had a benefit matinee on Wednesday for the Heart Association and the show was slow being put to bed. Jack had climbed behind the two light boards to fix a teaser that one of the actors had knocked loose during the performance. I was getting some coffee over in the corner. The crew were putting away their props and setting things for the evening show, when one brute of a guy I'd never seen before carried one of those big fire extinguishers towards the board. As he got nearer his foot hit my stool and he lost his balance. The extinguisher crashed to the floor and rolled into the auxiliary board pushing it into the other one. Jack was thrown back to the wall behind him and stood paralysed as sparks and electricity cracked and flew from one instrument to the



other. Everyone around was transfixed. As I ran toward the boards it flashed through my mind what the hell I was doing. Anyone else could do it. Then I saw Jack and I guess I stopped thinking. I pushed someone aside yelling for water, and grabbed for a pair of asbestos gloves on a shelf near the blaze. I felt the sweat on my face as I lunged toward the boards still locked and spitting electricity. Grabbing the small one, I ripped it away. For a split second there wasn't a sound in the theatre. Then men ran up. Some picked me up off the floor where I'd fallen, others dragged Jack out of the corner, and one threw a bucket of water on the smouldering floor where the auxiliary board had been.

When we'd regained our senses, Jack came up to me.

"Kid," he said holding out his hand, "thanks a hell of a lot."

I smiled, trying to steady myself and think straight.

Then looking at him steadily as we shook hands, I started out in a halting voice. "Jack I've been wanting to well what I mean is

"Aw, skip it kid. I understand."

"No," I cried, with a rush of feeling, "I've wanted to apologize to you for weeks about what happened that first night we worked together. I was wrong; I lost my head. This is the first place I've ever been, they've treated me like an ordinary human being."

Jack grinned and said, "Forget it kid. I have."

"Thanks," I said warmly. There was a pause and then I asked shyly, "How about having some coffee with me?"

"I could use it," Jack said, and his body quivered for a

moment when he thought about what had just happened.

"Maybe," I started slowly looking at him, "some of the boys who helped us would come also."

"I know they would," he agreed.

"I'm glad," I smiled honestly.

There was a knock at his door.

"Five minutes, Mr. Lipman," said the call boy.

He straightened up assuming his tall regal position. Opening the door he walked out and onto the stage. His limp was hardly noticeable.

ALISON DESSEAU

Illustrated By Marjo Boulware

FADS

Are Bermuda Shorts a fad?

Or, are hats of plaid?

Maybe it's pink shirts.

No, must be shorter skirts.

Don't blame your pop if he gets mad,

He just ain't got the dough,

To keep up with the fad!

Betsy Brown

New Talent

THE REVOLUTION

I thought he'd never stop pacing up and down that room. The continuous sound of his loafers on the wooden floor was god-awful. His voice had me in a trance. I could hear it, but the words had no meaning. I knew he was reading something about Russia. Just what, I didn't know, nor care. It wasn't Russia I wanted to talk about.

His voice filled the empty room. My eyes followed him. Back and forth, up and down. As I watched him I thought of all the things I wanted to say. Oh, not the important things. I couldn't say "Keith, I think you're wonderful," or "Keith, why don't you admit to yourself that you're afraid of love?" No, I couldn't say things like that. He wasn't that kind of person. Some boys, the conceited, the Apollos, expected to hear those words. They thrive on such declarations of love. Keith, though did not. He'd have been awed, even afraid of them. There was no doubt but that he had some sort of mental block. He was convinced that no one could love him. He was even more convinced that he had no time or need for love. After all, a young man of twenty-one had his future to look out for. Books, classes, studying and tennis were quite enough to occupy his time.

Tennis. A picture of Keith on the tennis courts took hold of my mind. He was tall; six-two. His shoulders were huge. His face was strong and handsome. His skin was deeply tanned. His short hair was bleached a light brown from the sun. I loved this picture. I saw it often enough, but along with it came the thought, Katherine Anderson, why are you the girl sitting in this room with him? He certainly could have picked something better than you. This was a question I had tortured myself with often enough. He talked with lots of girls, and yet, he never dated any of them. Why, then, me? I wasn't the extreme intellect. I wasn't the sexy type. I was me. Just an ordinary girl with a few more brains than most the girls on campus seemed to have. Why, after three months, had he asked me to study with him? Three months of complete

disregard. Why was I the one with him here in this room? I know an empty class room, in an empty building, at nine-thirty P.M., doesn't sound terribly romantic to most people, but to me it was better than Juliet's balcony.

Back and forth, up and down. His voice was firm and low. Yet when I looked at him clearly, I could see that he was nervous as a caged animal. His hands were shaking, perspiration flowed freely down his face. I had never seen a person who, on a cool night, could appear to be so warm. He looked as if he might collapse.

"Keith," my voice sounded absurdly quiet, "Keith, sit down and rest a minute. I'll read you what I have written in this miserable book." I was surprised at the sound of my voice. I wasn't quite sure it was I who had spoken. He stopped pacing and looked up. He acted as though he was seeing me for the first time. He drew the back of his hand across his forehead, shifted his gaze to the wall back of me and swore.

"What the hell! Read what you have and then we'll get the hell out of here. I want to get back to the house before ten.—Well, damn it! Read what you have." He sat down in the chair facing me. I wasn't prepared for his outburst. He'd been swearing off and on as he'd read, but it had been directed at the book, not at me. His words cut. I didn't say anything. I was mad at myself for having gotten into this mess. I glanced at him, then opened the book. I could feel his eyes resting on me. I wanted desperately to impress him with my reading. I had often been told that I read well. I had, however, never thought much about it, yet now I was wholly conscious of my voice. I started reading quietly, but quickly. I was very thankful my voice didn't crack. When I finished reading, I glanced up at Keith. He was staring off into space. I was furious. I made up my mind, right then, to put an end to the damn farce. I rose and picked up my book.

"Where you going?" he demanded sharply.

"Didn't you say you wished to 'get the

hell out of here?'" It was all I could manage to say. I was close to tears.

"But, Kate, we haven't finished. We still have the whole section on the Revolution of 1917 to cover. We still have the whole section on the Revolution of 1917 to cover."

He stood up and came towards me. Was it my imagination or did he really want me to stay? I looked up at him. It was my imagination. As he stood in front of me, looking down at my head, there was a look of disgust on his face.

A cough came from the door. Dr. Woods came sauntering into the room. He looked at me and then at Keith, and smiled. I burst out laughing. I couldn't stop myself. I knew how the scene must have looked to the professor. Keith's appearance was enough to make anyone wonder. He stood there with sweat dripping from every pore. He looked beat. I had to sit down, I was laughing so hard. Keith immediately started discussing sociology with Dr. Woods who was taking some papers from his desk. The good doctor quickly got his papers and left us with a knowing smile. Keith swore in disgust and started pacing again.

"In the year 1917, the Bolshevik Party . . ." The room was once again filled with his wonderful voice, but this time I was not going to be hypnotized by it.

"Keith, stop reading that damnable stuff. I want to ask you something." I was shaking, but I had to get it over with. Keith stopped and looked.

"Don't you understand what the damn book's talking about?" He leaned against the black board.

"It's not that, it's just—why did you ask me to come here tonight? You know this history as well as the history teacher." The big question. It was finally out. Now an answer would be forthcoming. I wanted to run, to hide, to die.

He started pacing again. Slowly this time very slowly and quietly. His voice was barely audible.

"When I met you last October I thought to myself, there's an all right

girl. She's smart, attractive and a hell of a lot of fun. You weren't simple, nor were you strictly a party girl. By Thanksgiving I really felt I knew you. But it wasn't until that night just before Christmas vacation, when you and I went to the club, that I realized . . . Do you remember that night?"

Did I remember that night? How could I have forgotten it? It had been the most wonderful night I'd ever spent. It had been my first and last real date with Keith. We'd walked to the club. It was open, but there was no one about. We'd had the whole place to ourselves. We'd drunk, danced, and talked to our hearts content. After a while we'd left. We both were pretty far gone and feeling no pain. I'd gotten back to the house just before closing time. We'd said good night without embraces of any sort, but as good friends. Friends—, hell! As far as I was concerned it was more like love. Did I remember that night? Whenever I'd think of it, I'd start to cry. I'd cry because, wonderful as that night had been, it had marked the end of our friendship. After that night he'd ignored me. For three months he'd been that way.

Back and forth, faster and faster. I wasn't listening to what he was saying now. I sat there lost in my memories and tears. Yes, tears. I was crying like a fool. His voice slowly drifted back to me. I began to comprehend what he was saying.

" . . . love was something I couldn't ignore. God knows I tried! This was to be my final test. I was going to prove to myself that I had conquered it. Conquered, hell! Kate, I've been going through hell with you here alone in this room. It's been all I could do to keep from grabbing you, and now I've just about run out of will power."

As he pulled me up from the chair, my history book fell to the floor. Alas, fate of all fates, I never did find out the story of the Russian Revolution.

LIBBY DAGGETT

Things Outer Spacious May Be Gracious

or

Did You Say You're Taking Astronomy 201?

I was standing on my little planet one day looking for sequined eggs,
When along in the atmosphere floating lightly on a wisp of nothingness
was a myriapoidal creature of sorts with a dozen pipe cleaner legs.
The poor bug was so transparent and browbeaten
That I asked him what ailed him
And he said in a spaceless whisper, "I think it's something I've eaten."
So I asked him to come on my private planet and sit by my three inch Mountain
To help himself to a falling star and drink from my Milky Way Fountain.
And so we sat munching shooting stars
And watching the wobbly orbit of Mars
While discussing the price of Earth-made cigars.
By and by, near his fuzzy long leg
I noticed another sequined egg.
"My golly he said in iambic pentameter
On my little planet two feet in diameter
My food is scarce and I always gobbles
'Cuze of the way that everything wobbles.
I eats lunch raw and I never sups
Because of the turrible downs and ups."
My dear, I murmured, why that is drastic,
Have you tried sequined eggs in plastic?
His countenance brightened and looked less meanius
By Jupiter, he said, you are a genius.
And away he flew kicking one fuzzy leg up
And clutching with the eleven others, my star-dust egg cup.

(To Gramp, Dec., 1955 with two egg cups.)

KATHIE CANTOR

MATTER OF OBLIGATION

"So the first soldier came through with a three day?"

"Yeah. Now come on Danny. I've got to catch that train in half an hour."

"O. K. Duncan. Keep your shirt on." The clerk smiled and started typing out a pass blank. "She sure must be special, Duncan. You knew her before you came overseas, huh?"

"Yeah, Danny, a long time ago." He reached out for the pass and put it inside his wallet. "Well, I'll tell you how it is to be a human being when I get back," he said, putting his cap on.

"You don't have to—we been hearin' you mumble about her in your sleep for the past three nights," the clerk called after him, laughing.

He turned quickly and ran from the orderly room, down the long barracks corridor, and out across the parade field.

Duncan stood on the station platform looking for the second-class coach. Red-faced men and women milled about him and a blue, iron-wheeled magazine cart ground along the cement. The sky was clear and it was hot—one of the few good days Munich had seen all summer.

He took off his cap and looked down at the dark ring of sweat around the band. After he wiped the glistening perspiration from his neck and forehead, he put the cap back on and started walking toward the front of the train.

The streetcar had taken him only as far as the Karlsplatz, and he had run through the crowd with his bag, bumping into Germans, trying not to be hit by the traffic.

As Duncan climbed the steps of the coach sweat ran down his legs. His shirt was wet, and just between his back pockets, a dark line ran down the seam of his starched kahki pants and disappeared beneath his crotch.

He found an empty compartment and sat down by the window. In a minute the train gave a lurch forward and moved slowly out of the station. A Conductor in a Wehrmacht uniform punched his ticket; the uniform had been dyed black, and as he closed the door, he clicked his heels and said, "Herr Corporal."

"You silly ass," Duncan said, and turned to look out the window. In a minute the train was passing a big bombed-out dome—it was the first landmark he had seen when the train had brought them all to Munich that June.

He remembered how they leaned out of the windows and watched it go by. There was a beer-hall near it, but he never bothered to look at it anymore.

The Conductor's voice growled through the partition of the next compartment. Other heavy German voices answered him. The door closed, and then there was only the sound of clicking wheels.

Duncan leaned back in the seat and lit a cigarette.

. . . . Oh, this goddamn uniform! this goddamn sweaty uniform! What am I doing on this train? What the devil am I doing? Well, it's too late now. Stuttgart, two-hundred kilometers to think. What'll she be like? What am I going to say? This is the dumbest thing I've ever done — oh, Christ! Paula, Paula — little Paula. O. K. Miss McCurdy. Four years. We're going to get it over with this time — I'm going to say I'm sorry, then we can finish and close and I'll never have to return, never have to return. . . .

On either side of the tracks, fields of grain stretched across the land in long gentle rolls, a summer breeze twisted waving patterns in the rye and wheat, and the sun reflected from the moving grain in a thousand different shades of dusty silver-green.

He breathed deeply and the world spun back and back. Faces forgotten returned once more laughing, smiling — then her face appeared and it was winter, and somewhere the sound of marching was coming and her face was going away — the marching was getting louder.

* * * * *

They were coming in from the range. They had been marching a long time and a fine snow swirled down the Company street, hung for a moment in garlands about the yellow glow of street lamps, then twisted down to dissolve on the damp earth. They came to a halt on the muddy drill field and remained at attention. Muffled coughs issued from the ranks, pack straps cut into their shoulders, and the cold water soaked through their leather boots. The door of the orderly room opened and the figure of the first sergeant appeared. In one hand he carried a flashlight and in the other he held a packet of mail. He stood there looking at the letters while the troops watched the cherry glow of the

pot-bellied stove ripple and bulge in the warm orderly room.

The beam of the flashlight swung from side to side across the frozen ground. As he got nearer the ranks his footsteps could be heard breaking through the crust and slushing in the mud — the ranks mumbled and a coloured voice said, "He'll have to shine 'em, too."

"Get that man's name!" said the first sergeant. "All right men — at ease."

"At ease. At ease. At ease," was repeated through the chain of command.

"I said at ease. Don't you guys want any chow tonight? Got some mail — Rosenbloom, Rosenbloom, Rosenbloom — at ease — Leavey, Leavey, Grinisky, Sanderson, Reed . . ."

He was standing in the half-light of the barracks' stairs — It was blue, and no one else on earth wrote that way.

"Ain't you goin' to chow, Reed?"

"Yeah, yeah — in a minute."

"Dear Duncan . . ."

Very different from the way she used to be — she had grown a great deal and yet, didn't the letters seem as though she were writing to herself? A long paragraph of small blind details, the people, her work at the hospital and the odd account of a little boy she had taken for walks that summer. The water fall she had found by accident — many cool swims in the hot Carolina sun and then fall and the staff parties at the hospital. She loved the work and had given up so many foolish ideas . . . "So you see it is really not so odd that I should write to you. These past three years have been the happiest of my life, and I thought it would be good for you to know what has happened to your old southern belle." Yes, loose and intended to put the reader at ease — she had always written easily, though.

* * * * *

The train rumbled on in the sunlight and Duncan let the memories telescope through his dreams, in the endless succession of things that have been held back too long, Paula's face spiralled from the past — one memory through the other, like rings on the surface of a pond, each more vivid and bringing with it the weakness and shame he had carried in his heart through the years. . .

" . . . No — No, why now? I would

have come, Paula, I would have come. Not in a letter. No, no, not in a letter—Paula, Paula . . .”

Duncan Reed woke murmuring, rubbing his hand across his throat and trying to swallow the dryness of his tongue. His shirt was wet and he was thirsty.

An hour later the train twisted through narrow valleys and passengers turned to watch an American soldier bump against the sides of the passageway. He carried a liter of beer in one hand and grinned at them as he went by. When he was about to open one of the connecting doors, the train lurched and he lost his footing. A little German woman looked up sharply as he staggered into her compartment, teetered for a moment, and bowed with a flourish of his beer as he backed into the hall.

what the Puritans tried to do. This isn't the dark ages. — Why Christ, if you were to run off and say “I'm sorry” to everyone you ever hurt, you'd be on trains your whole goddamn life. Besides, she never wrote about it. And no one ever said a thing except her sister — and that wasn't too clear — really you could have misinterpreted it. The beach cottage that weekend. “This tastes like hell.” Oh, these fine southern bastards and that fine sister of hers — writing a bitchy letter like that — a whole year had gone by. What could I have done about it — a whole year? These fine people, — ha — ha, — ha, a whole year. “Chug-a-lug.” You're not as high as you think, old man — not as high as you should be — you just can't talk your way out of it.

it, yes — the law can't touch us and the group no longer cares to throw a man beyond the walls. What were we born with, what superstitions, what mystic conscience guides us to do it? Why must we do it, why must we indict it upon ourselves? What's wrong is wrong, you can't buy back what you destroy — you can't buy back humanity with fear — Christ, what is it, these things that roam without reason within us.

* * * * *

A year and a half. Really, wasn't New York dull as hell? Why not spend a few days at the beach? Paula? Well, it might prove interesting.

“It's so good to see you again, Duncan darling come on in and meet the crowd — here, you-all introduce yourselves. Let me have that heavy bag.



“Didn't spill a drop, old man, —heh— pretty damn clever fellow, you.” Oh what the hell am I doing on this train. Why in the name of God am I making all this look so difficult?”

He lit a cigarette and settled back.

Wasn't she simply a girl he'd known a long time ago? If there were any hurt feelings, well, wasn't she over them by things? You don't owe anyone anything in this world — you make it for yourself. And that's the way it is sometimes, you make it bad. “Warm beer.” You can't go around with a guilt complex, can you, a guilt complex about being human? God damn it — no — that's

He finished what was left in the paper cup and pushed his cigarette into the ashtray on the side of the seat.

Dusk had come, and long purple shadows lay across the valley. He watched the gray stream that ran along the tracks. It was straight and moved quickly with little patches of white ripples that broke the surface. It took him around a long curve and was swallowed by a black culvert. He closed his eyes once more.

What is it they want on earth? Oh God, what is it they want? We ride a train half way across a foreign land because we want to be punished — that's

You must be dyin' with the heat.” She walked away and left him standing there, staring into the blank, grinning faces of three people he had never seen before. “Remember,” she called over her shoulder, “he's all mine!”

The two girls smiled at him. They had shorts on, and they were drinking beer. The boy between them stared for a moment and spoke.

“I'm Joe Sheleck, this is Betty and Didi,” he said, pointing to each of them. “Paula sure has told us a lot about you — Duncan, isn't it?” He crossed his legs. “Yeah, it seems we're real old friends.”

“Well, I'm glad I'm not a stranger to

you, Joe," Duncan smiled. "I think it's real nice meeting all of you. Say, I'm dying of thirst — is there any beer around?"

"Out in the icebox? Didi? Is that right?" He walked toward the doors.

"Yeah, Duncan. I bought a case this morning," Joe said.

"That's where you'll find it," said Didi.

"Great," said Duncan, and walked out of the room wondering what he had gotten himself into.

The next three days were spent on the beach, drinking. At night they would all go dancing. The third night she slipped into his room.

"It's not like it used to be, Duncan."

"How was that?"

"Well, tender — I guess."

"You're the one with the worldly trick, little belle."

"Oh, Duncan!"

"Well?"

Her sister came to spend the weekend and there was an immediate dislike that Duncan followed up by getting her drunk the first night.

"Come, come now — sister just isn't a game girl — sister just can't drink 'em down — you can't blame me." They all looked at him, and finally Paula spoke for the crowd. There was an argument and Duncan ran up to the beach. "Why don't you all take cold showers?" he called back as he left the house.

When he returned later in the day, he came in by way of the kitchen. He had stopped off at a little bar to have a few beers, and there was a girl that he had talked to. As he came through the kitchen he heard Paula's voice, and then he heard Joe.

"Well, why'd you ask him down, Paula?"

"You know this doesn't change anything between us, Joe — I'll always feel the same about you." The half-open door concealed him from view and, as they moved nearer to kiss, he realized they were both a little high themselves.

Been at it for hours probably — so that was the way it was!

"Excuse me." They jumped apart. "Say, I hope I didn't break anything up." He grinned at both of them and walked through.

It was a nice room and he was glad to be away from them, especially that damn sister and her speeches on decency. Besides, he was right on the beach and the little girl had given him her telephone number. The Surf Hotel, well, it was better than the cottage — they would all be out of town in a few hours anyway. Coming to the beach was the greatest idea — the greatest idea. . .

Somewhere a door banged and people's voices could be heard miles away yelling strange words that echoed, **then** something hissed like a snake, and the voices could be heard no more. . . .

* * * * *

The big wooden bulb kept scraping against the lock and he was laughing. The girl from Duke had passed out, and her friends had taken her away — someone recognized him from "Easters" at Charlottesville. "You're not a very nice guy," they had said. He was still laughing when the door opened and he noticed a note had been slipped under the door. . . .

"Duncan —

I am in the room just over you. I've acted like a little girl. Please come up and let me say I'm sorry.

P — — —

The next three days were the happiest they had ever shared together. The long white beaches of the Virginia shore were deserted, and they had never been nearer to one another.

The last day he had carried her bag to the bus depot. She walked beside him and neither spoke. When the bus pulled away, she was saying something through the glass window. The other passengers turned to look at her with an astonished expression on their faces. He was embarrassed and waved good-bye until the blue exhaust fumes of the big Greyhound clouded his view. For a while he wondered what she had been trying to say.

He wrote a few weeks later but never received an answer. By Christmas, college life had swallowed him, and he no longer cared.

It was not until the following July that he thought about her again. A letter reached him one day from Paula's sister. He knew then what she had been trying to say through the bus window. The scene had returned many times since then.

He turned the door knob and walked across the room. She had fallen asleep in a chair by the window. A reading lamp was shining on her hair, and a small ash tray on the table was filled with half-smoked cigarettes. He kneeled beside her and whispered her name.

"Paula." He brushed her cheek with his finger tips.

"I thought you would never come." Her eyes were red and covered with a soft film of new tears. "You know, Duncan, it was such a long time — I didn't know how you wanted me to be — I was so mixed up when you left — I made them drive back."

He felt the warm tears against his cheeks and reached out to pull the lamp cord.

Someone was tugging at his shoulder. She was fat, spouting in German, and she was pointing out the window. He jumped from the train, swearing and still fogged from the beer. He asked the station master when the next train came through. He was told that it would be an hour wait.

He phoned, but she couldn't be reached. Then he walked around the square and stopped in to eat.

"Where are you from?" said the German who sat across from him.

"Munich. You speak English very well, Mine Herr."

"Ya, I was PW in New Jersey two years," replied the German.

"Oh."

"Where you go now?" said the German.

"Stuttgart," said Duncan.

"How you come here?"

"I got tipsy; I slept on the train."

"You have Frauline in Stuttgart?"

"I'm going to be three hours late."

"Ha, what's three hours — she good woman, she don't care."

"I hope so."

"Listen you got cigarettes? I give you Marks, O.K.?"

"I think they call you comic relief, Mine Herr."

That was two hours ago and Duncan was getting nervous.

A large green neon-zeplin was on top of the hotel, and the name was just below — they had made it into an officers billet. There were big swinging glass doors kept busy by a little man in a green suit — the same color as the neon-zeplin. When Duncan walked in the man opened the door only half way and mumbled, "Officer's Billet, corporal!" Duncan did not pay attention to him. There was the odor of stale perfume and tobacco about the lobby — there always was in officer's billets. He looked at himself in the full-length mirror.

Just like a GI should look — wrinkled khakis, faint lines of sweat rings around the collar and cap, and the wonderful puffed-up face of one who has been "sleeping it off." She had never seen him like this — it wasn't too late to run. She wasn't in sight, and she probably had gone on or was dancing in there where the music was coming from — she'd never know.

Three second lieutenants came out of the bar. The one in the middle stopped the other two by holding out his hands. He was Italian with dark, curly hair, and he nodded his head with a typical gesture. Duncan had watched this gesture on the subways. They looked at him. They were high, and they carried the expression peculiar to people who think their privacy is being invaded. Would

they look at him in that way if he were out of it? Would the greasy bastard dare to stare at him? God, he hoped she was there. He stood up straight and walked over to the desk. The clerk was busy putting letters in the boxes. It wasn't too late . . .

"Duncan."

He turned to look across the lobby. She had been sitting in the shade by a big potted palm. He watched her legs uncross as she stood up.

"I guess I was hidden by the palms," she said.

He walked toward her and she opened her arms to embrace him. They held one another and said things that neither heard. Then he tried to apologize for being late.

"Well, you're here now," she said smiling.

"Let's get out of here, Paula."

"All right, sir, I got a room for you up the street. It's not much, but it's a — well, you'll see."

As they moved toward the door the three young officers opened their mouths. They looked at Paula, then at Duncan, then at each other. It was good, that much was good — but she did look tired, or was it older, or had she really changed? She did look taller.

"You've grown up, young lady."

"You told me that once before, sir."

"No, I mean taller."

"Oh," she replied.

She was very cute and it felt good walking down the street with her, her arm wrapped under his — very good. They spoke to one another as though four years hadn't gone by at all.

"Did that waterfall get too much for you?"

"No, I just decided I wanted to see the old country, Duncan."

"Well, have you seen much?"

"Oh, yes. I'm in charge of tours and I go wherever I want to — I was in Salzburg last week."

"The Passion Play?"

"Um—Hum."

In her smile, and under her smile, there was something very different. Paula McCurdy had grown to be woman and he wondered if it were true after all that you could tell by looking in a woman's eyes. It was probably a fish-wife's tale, like the size of a woman's mouth, but, never-the-less, it was there.

It was a small room. The bed had been turned down and there was a white sink. It was very clean. She sat on the bed and watched him scrub his teeth. He watched her in the narrow mirror. They smiled as much as possible.

"Where would you like to drive?"

"Drive?"

"Yes, I've got Robert's car."

He was combing his hair and trying to be very casual. "Who's Robert?"

"Well, Duncan, he's a major and I'm going to marry him." She smiled.

"Hold on there, you're way ahead of me. You didn't say anything about this in your letters."

"I just didn't get around to being en-



gaged until yesterday afternoon."

"Congratulations — would it be all right if I kissed the lucky bride-to-be?"

"Well, I think it would be all right, Mr. Reed — being an old friend."

This was very different. Paula — engaged — going to be married. The bride-to-be, and where was Robert, and what was she doing in a hotel room at midnight? Robert's really a liberal thinker, eh? Wait a minute, wasn't she just a little too sure of herself, hadn't he played the game before? — I'm going to be married in a few weeks, lover. Wasn't it a game? Yes, he'd played it. At college, the old "One more and that's the last routine, but work for it — ha, ha." "Ha, ha. Many happy years of married life, Paula."

The kiss was quick. Their lips had hardly touched. He would have tried again, but she moved from the bed and walked to the door.

"Well, let's see the old town. I know some wonderful places, if they're still open. Falling asleep on the train, really"

It was a game after all. He hadn't meant it to be. But it was there. God, he didn't want it to be a game. You just couldn't be wrong about a thing like that. How could he be sure it was he? Weren't there others before him? Could he have imagined it all? Had he worried all this time about something that wasn't even part of her thoughts? But was it? Her sister didn't know for sure and, Christ, wouldn't she have written her-

self? Was it her way of getting even? Oh Christ, what a thing to think. You're being goddamned fool again, but watch yourself.

At four they were sitting in a cafe. It was the last one open in the city. They had asked a drunk where to find it, and they had matched their German against each other. The music played waltzes and they finished a large flask of wine. When they left, Duncan was high again, and Paula was dreamy. They both sang "Old Devil Moon." It had been one of their favorites. He tried to reach the high note but couldn't. She laughed.

"Well, what now?" he asked.

"Oh, Duncan, if I go to sleep I'll never wake up. Why don't we drive on out to Heilbronn and have breakfast?"

"Sounds very good to me. My stomach's rumbling."

They went to his hotel room to get his bag. She didn't look at him and he didn't look at the bed. They decided that she'd better drive. When they had turned on the autobahn, Duncan stopped watching her and closed his eyes. It was a long drive. Paula touched him on the shoulder when they reached the outskirts of Heilbronn. They drove down a little rock road and watched the sun come up across the fields.

The waiter knew her and smiled as she came in. He was young and very good-looking. He did not look at Duncan.

After they had finished eating they walked outside and breathed deeply. There was a little path that bordered on a stream. The trees and shrubbery hid it from view. By a little bench she turned and looked up at him.

How many times had she taken that path — that waiter — and how many Roberts had there been? The movement of her mouth and the warmth of her lips drew him beyond thought and he breathed her fragrance and taste while behind them the stream gurgled softly in the fresh morning air.

"Oh, Duncan, I shouldn't. . .!" She spun from his arms and ran down the path.

"It's going to be an emotional scene — well, just for the sake of old times, why not?" He ran after her.

"It's not as though we just met, Paula. You grow out of love a lot easier than you grow into it." It was so bad he hated to say it.

"Well, I certainly am a little girl, aren't I?"

"I'm sorry," he said smiling.

They were standing by some pens that held longeared white rabbits and little fawns. The animals were tame, and she stuck her fingers through the

wire. A fawn with soft, milky eyes inspected her hand and twitched his ears.

"Aren't they beautiful, Duncan?"

"Yes, Paula," he said staring at her, "they are." She turned toward him and they kissed, not passionately as they had on the path, but tenderly and she was trying to tell him something that could not be spoken.

The fawn watched them through the wire and when Paula finally turned her head from Duncan, it twitched its long ears and put its nose through the little diamond-shaped space. Paula leaned forward and brushed her cheek against the animal.

"Here — this is for you." Duncan held a four-leaf clover in his hand.

"For luck?" She looked at it for a moment and put it in her purse.

The rest of the day went slowly. They went to a little village and changed into swimming suits. It was a nice clean pool, and there were many German families sitting under the trees, laughing and eating from wicker baskets. She had to go back to the service club for two hours.

He watched the children play tag, took a swim and went to sleep with his face toward the sun. He would ask her when she came back — that would be the right time.

When she returned, he had rolled over on his back. He was now very red and she kidded him about the weight he had put on. He tried to show off on the diving board, but it had been too long and the water stung as he missed his timing on a half twist.

"Paula, do you know some nice place where we could talk and have a drink together?"

"I saw an old castle ruin this morning as we drove through town. Can you get up there by car?"

They drove along a white road that twisted through the ripe green vineyards of the hillside. It was hazy, but one could see for miles down the long Neckar Valley. As they reached the top, Duncan said he had seen a painting of it, or maybe it had been in a dream. Paula only shook her head.

Their table was beneath the big leafy limb of an oak tree. Duncan ordered wine from a smiling waitress in peasant dress and offered Paula a cigarette. They hardly spoke, and she looked off into the valley with an expressionless gaze. She was very tired and lines had formed beneath her eyes. He remembered all the times he had seen her like this. He counted back in his mind and added the dates together. No, it wouldn't have been the same. God, what you remember about people!

He was admiring her profile when it

suddenly dawned on him he would be on a train in another hour, and that nothing had been settled. If he didn't speak now, he would probably never again have the chance. Just one straight question and it would be all over, and he could say what he had to. But how could he start — how could he ask her?

"Paula, it's been wonderful seeing you again. I can't tell you how much this has all meant to me. I feel like the world's biggest heel — I know you're so tired, and my coming in late on the train. . ."

"Duncan, don't apologize. I know how little time you have off duty. I'm just glad you made the trip. No matter if we only had an hour together, it was worth it for me." She smiled and even though she was tired, she looked very beautiful. He wanted her very much.

"Paula, there is something I've got to know. . ."

"Yes?"

"That time on the beach—I mean. . ."

"Yes" — she stiffened a little.

"Well, you really love this guy and want to marry him?" He felt like throwing himself off the cliff. He had it, he had it in his hand and couldn't say it. "Well, he must be a pretty great guy." There was nothing. He had nothing left inside. He was just empty.

Didn't she know? Couldn't she even guess what he was trying to say? Christ, couldn't she help him get it out? Was it going to end like this? He had to say I'm sorry or the thing would be whirling around inside him for the rest of his life. If only he had pushed the door shut when they had gone to his hotel. It would have been over now. She would have laughed — water over the dam — anything, only there would have been something final.

It was too late now, he could never ask her. He was afraid he was in love with her all over again and it was tearing him up inside. He couldn't take hurting her, and he couldn't take being hurt. He prayed she had been putting on an act by the stream — he prayed she had. . .

"Duncan, I think we'd better be going."

"Right, Paula — I'll get the check." He waved to the waitress in the Bavarian peasant dress.

"Yes?"

"Hum?"

"You looked as if you were going to say something."

"No, nothing." He put two silver Marks on the table, and they left.

PART II

There was a feeling in his chest, a feeling he used to have when he was a little boy — a tight feeling that would come just before he was going to cry. He threw the window down and leaned out. The train had picked up speed. The wind felt good and the cinders passed over his head.

The autumn harvest stood motionless in the harsh light of the August afternoon sun. Narrowing rows of grain rolled toward the river basin and on the north side of town, where the high cliffs had caught the first shadows of evening, houses built of yellow stucco reflected the light. . . .

. . . It was all paid back now. There was no more remembering to do. He had asked and she had answered, and now he would be free — yes, free, and able to go ahead without thinking there was a part of him loose somewhere without his knowing it. How she had lived with it all that time — the poor damn kid — no one, she had no one. Well, the train would be in Munich in a few hours and you've still got twenty-four hours on that pass. How about celebrating that rare instant of courage — how about it. . . .

He looked again across the valley, across the fields of green and brown rye, across the rooftops and tall German maples of Heilbronn. On the mountain-side, squat tool shacks broke through the even patterns of grape-heavy vineyards, the soft, unpainted wood, looking dull among the long rows of green vines that climbed to a dark cliff of weathered rocks. A white road ran along the top of the cliff, and through a series of cut-backs went up the mountain to the ruins of a medieval castle. Broken towers jutted into the brass glow of the sky, commanding the valley. And below, the Neckar made cool liquid turns through the city.

Strange to be at peace like this, and only a few minutes before fearing the world — strange that only a few minutes ago, an American car rumbled across the cobblestones of Heilbronn, stopped in the square in front of the railroad station, and a human being got out carrying the troubles of the world with him, actually thinking he was losing part of his life.

* * * * *

He climbed out, stretched his arms over his head, and tucked his shirt tail in. He was tall, and his thighs filled out the wrinkled kahki pants he wore. The girl moved from behind the steering wheel, stood on the sidewalk, and rested one of her arms across the top of the

open door. On her sleeve was the white and blue shield of a US Army Hostess.

"You've quite a burn, Duncan." Her voice carried a slight southern accent and as she spoke her head tilted to one side. The soldier did not answer. She took a deep breath and pushed the tight blonde curls up from her neck. "Don't you think we'd better go over to the station? We might have the wrong time."

The soldier turned slowly. He had been watching a car that was just barely moving along the mountain road, the wind blowing dust back of it, and falling over the vineyards like the white spray of a wave.

"That's a lovely little fountain over there," he said, "do you come into town often?"

"Sometimes, but that job of mine keeps me busy every minute." They gave a slight push against the open doors and started walking toward the station. The sound of the doors slamming died in the still afternoon air.

The fountain bubbled steadily, splashing cool water against the chipped base stones, and shadows leaned on the worn cobble paving.

As they approached the station, a group of Germans drinking beer under the shade of a green and yellow umbrella turned to look at them. Some comments were made in heavy guttural tones. One of the men, with his shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, spit on the stones, mumbled a few words, and a loud burst of laughter filled the square.

"It's your hair, Paula."

"Oh, they must think I'm your shatzie — or whatever they call them. Isn't that funny?" She smiled and turned to look up into his face.

"What would Robert say?" There was a tired grin breaking around the corners of his mouth.

Paula was about to speak but dropped her head. As they started to climb the steps, the sun went under a cloud. The soldier turned his head in time to see the light dance through her hair and then, as they entered the shade cast forward by the station, the girl looked up once more into his eyes.

"A penny?" Duncan said.

The skin around her nose was pulled into tiny tight wrinkles. She blinked and the tears she held back lay clinging from lash to lash across the blue of her eyes.

"Not a chance, Mr. Reed." She turned away quickly and ran toward the ticket windows, his camera swinging back and forth from her shoulders.

He looked at his watch and then across the square at the Germans under the umbrella. High above him on the

mountainside the sun was shining on the smooth wooden tool sheds of the vineyards. In a few minutes the girl came back. In her hand was a train ticket.

"Hey there, I'm not broke."

"You've been so good to me and besides, you never used to care. As a matter of fact, sir, I can remember your buying me a dinner once and then making me pay for it." She laughed.

"What about the time?" he interrupted.

"Oh, we have fifteen minutes before the train comes — the Deutches Bundesbahn is always on time." She laughed, handing him the ticket.

"Listen, if you've got something to do, don't wait around. I'm still the same guy about goodbyes."

"Now what kind of a person would I be? Here you've spent a whole weekend pass and I haven't seen you in four years. I won't leave until that train pulls out."

"Well, in that case how about a goodbye drink?" She nodded, and they walked into the station restaurant.

A fat woman greeted them with a smile. She was washing beer glasses that had been piled up near the big silver tap handles. There were dark splotches of sweat around her armpits and on her forehead some hair had fallen across her eyes. She called to a heavy-set man wearing a solid white apron wrapped around his waist. She blew the hair from her eyes and motioned them to sit down. They looked around and went to a small table by a window that overlooked the square.

The restaurant was stuffy and dark and there was the smell of stale beer and tobacco in the air.

"It isn't '21' but. . . ." The waiter in the soiled apron was standing over them. "Paula?" She turned her palms up and opened her eyes very wide. "Two beers and hurry. Damn it, how do you tell them to hurry?"

"Herr, ober, swei beers und snell bitta." The German walked away quickly. "I'm taking German lessons on the post," she smiled, "there's the cutest little old professor. He used to teach at Heidelberg but he says they told him he was too old, so. . . ." She sighed, dropped her head a little and, as she followed the direction of his stare, a soft understanding smile came across her lips. She reached out and laid her hand gently on his forearm, "What's the matter, Duncan?"

Across from them a German girl sitting with a French soldier let out a shriek of laughter and spilled her beer on the table.

"Paula, it's that everything we've ever

done has been like this. I just thought it would be different this time, that's all."

She tightened her grasp on his arm and for a moment they looked at one another. The beer came and the tall foaming glasses were set in front of them.

"It looks good, doesn't it?"

"Prost," she said.

"Prost." And a broad smile came over his sunburned face. They touched glasses and the mask of amber beer and cool white foam hid them from one another.

"Do you remember the time. . . .?"

"Paula. . . ." He hesitated. "Look, let's not talk of old times."

"All right, Duncan."

"Listen — there's so much I came up here wanting to say and. . . ." He waited but she didn't help him get the words out. She only looked at him, motionless, as if she were not hearing. "Now I'll be on that train in a few minutes and — Oh, Christ, Paula I. . . ."

"I know, Duncan."

"You're really going to do it? White picket fences — kisses at nine and five?"

"I love him and he's a very wonderful person."

"What about the plans — all the things you wanted?"

"That was years ago. I don't want those things anymore."

"Hum — and so we grow and learn to fear it all." He drank.

"Duncan, I told you I love him, and he's a wonderful person."

They drank once more and the station vibrated as the noise of a heavy steam engine, grinding and hissing to a stop, was heard outside.

"Hey there, we've kept away from fights until now." He took some coins from his pocket and put them on the table.

She reached across the table and put her hand on top of his, "You will go on and make something of yourself?"

"I don't see how it could help any, but — I'll always love. . . ." The pistons drowned him out. "Come on," he said.

There wasn't much movement on the platform, a few people with bundles, and at one end a baggage cart was being filled by the mail car. Passengers were leaning from the windows, resting on their elbows, talking to one another, or eating and drinking beer sold to them by an old woman with a portable stand. By the engine, a man wearing blue overalls touched a long-stemmed oil can to the steaming pistons. From his back pocket hung a big green handkerchief.

"No sense in coming down the underpass with me." He reached for the camera bag on her shoulder.

"Duncan, I'm sorry I didn't get more time off, but..."

"It's been wonderful. Now give me a kiss goodbye." A train that was coming from the other direction came speeding through the station and small pieces of paper were stirred up about them as they held closely to one another, their eyes shut very tight, his sunburned face against her blonde hair.

"Don't let me make an ass out of myself, little one."

"Oh, Duncan." Her eyes were moist, and as she closed them to kiss him once more, the tears streamed from beneath the blonde lashes.

"Paula..." He took a deep breath. "Your sister wrote after it happened. I've known all this time. It was too late to do anything. I would have come to you. Why didn't you..."

"You, you've known..." It had come so fast — she bit into her bottom lip. "You..."

"Is it — was it? Oh Christ, Paula..."

Across the platforms, the German conductor was yelling something and waving his arms.

"Paula..."

"Duncan!" She pushed herself away from him and stopped sobbing.

"It wasn't your fault, Duncan. It was someone else. My sister didn't know, she..."

"You mean — I'm not..."

She moved her head and tried to smile.

"Then..."

"Everything's all right. I've found what I want." She tossed her head back and took a little breath through her nose.

"I wondered from three years and I was afraid, afraid every day of my life for three long years..."

"Hurry, Duncan, you'll miss your train."

He moved forward, kissed her briefly on the forehead and turned quickly to run down the steps of the underpass...

* * * * *

....*Strange, really, that there could be such peace.*

The train was leaving Heilbronn in the distance, and the sun was dropping toward the hills. A few hundred yards up the track an old man in Bavarian dress lifted a trusting and frightened little girl to his shoulder to watch the train. He lifted her arm and she started waving. When the engine was even with them, she turned shyly away and flung her arms about the old man's head, crying as the noise grew louder, her golden hair falling about his forehead, leaving only his keen blue eyes smiling as the pistons shot steam, engulfed them, and vanished over the fields of swaying green rye.

.....*You can think yourself into*

more trouble.

He looked at his watch.

A few more hours to Munich — that little redhead — it might not be too late. Anyway, Munich had the best beer in Germany. Was there a dining car? God, what a relief. But what if it had been?

Paula McCurdy had watched the train disappear into the sun. She stood there for a long time watching the dust trail settle on the shining tracks. Then she took a few steps and stopped to pull a handkerchief out of her purse. As she fumbled with the things in her bag, a small four leaf clover fell to the platform. She stooped half way to pick it up, then she looked down the tracks. There was only a faint clicking sound, but it was far away. She straightened up, arranged her dress, and walked off.

When she was outside the station she stopped to gaze at the castle and the white road that cut across the vineyards on the hill. The fountain on the other side of the square made a pleasant sound and everything looked cool and neat. As she walked across the smooth cobblestones, the sun was shining in her hair and, although she was not very tall, there seemed to be a great deal of pride in the way she carried herself.

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