Criterion Club announces with pleasure the winners of the 1963 Writing Contest:

First Place, Winner of the Rinehart Award: Barbara Slate for Sunflowers

Second Place: Carla Johnson for Simeon's Glade

Honorable Mention: Barbara Slate for "C"

Honorable Mention: Linda Clark for Poem

Honorable Mention: Patricia Shands for The Young Strangers in Three Contemporary Novels

To the judges for the 1963 Writing Contest, Dr. Louis G. Locke, Dr. Allen Lacy, Mr. Thomas Leigh, Mrs. Helen Swink, and Dr. Baxter Wilson, the Club extends grateful appreciation.
As she was leaving the table, I hesitantly approached.

"First you have to dance with me."

"Will you do my picture?" I asked.

"Sure." He seemed to labor to get the word out.

"First you have to dance with me."

Not knowing what else to do, I danced with him. Despite his apparent state of drunkenness, we managed to get through the dance and returned to the table. His eyes focused on his sketch pad, then slowly lifted to my face.

"You know it's sad. I put beautiful girls down here and then they are gone as soon as I finish them. I never see them again. Don't you think that's very sad? Don't you think that's sad?" The question was followed by a searching look at me which somehow demanded a reply and yet didn't. After a bit, I replied that I thought it was sad.

Then he said, "I'm sorry I can't do your picture. I couldn't do it justice. I couldn't possibly do you justice." He didn't do my picture either; at least, not that night.

A week or so later I returned. I noticed Chief sitting beside the pool table at a small cafe table with a glass of wine in front of him. He had his sketch pad in one hand, the single black crayon he used in the other. A girl was seated across from him.

Determined to have him do my picture this time, I walked over to the table and said, "Excuse me, do you think you could do my picture tonight?" I wondered if he would remember our previous encounter.

"Wait just a minute; as soon as I finish this. O.K.?" Then he smiled his special smile. I didn't think he had remembered me.

While waiting for him to finish, I walked over to the bar and sat down. The stools are the kind you can spin around on -- that is, if no one is sitting next to you and you remember to keep your legs in and your knees locked together. My eyes were automatically drawn to the pictures Chief had done which were scotch-taped to the wall in back of the bar. The bar "regulars" could easily be recognized. All the characters had big heads perched on disproportionately smaller bodies. The bodies were all busy doing something, like driving a sports car convertible, shooting pool, or posing on a beach surrounded by palm trees. After staring at them for some time, I had the sudden urge to scream. The pictures were good; there was no doubt about that, but they were all smiling. Each face was plastered with a big toothy smile. If you looked at them long enough, they became terrible, almost repulsive. They reminded me of the faces in Mad Magazine. The eyes were all the same: empty, vacant, almost frozen in expression; animated on the outside, yet empty on the inside. I wondered if anyone else had ever been bothered by the pictures.

I noticed the girl pushing her chair back from the table and looking at her finished picture with a pleased expression. I walked over to the table and sat down. The Chief's stare was penetrating. I felt the need to say something so I blurted out that I wanted a portrait, then he said, "I'm sorry I can't do your picture."

I waited until he had finished the girl's picture. As she was leaving the table, I hesitantly approached. "Will you do my picture?" I asked.

"Sure." He seemed to labor to get the word out.

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WHAT'S IN A PICTURE?

He was "Chief" to everyone. He was a legend, and he had become an integral part of the Royal Palm. Any night of the week you could walk into the Palm for a beer, and there he'd be, either drinking at the bar or sitting at a small cafe table sketching faces on the pad before him.

He was an Indian, a real Indian, about forty-five, I would guess. You can't tell the age of Indians. A crop of black hair covered his large head. His cheeks were pouchy and a definite twinkle could be discovered in his dark brown eyes, a twinkle that could be very disconcerting to anyone posing for a drawing. It would appear quite suddenly as he concentrated on a specific feature of your face. First he'd wink, the twinkle would start, then spread into a smile that enveloped his whole face. Just as suddenly, it would disappear as the look of concentration returned. You were left smiling uncontrollably to yourself. His speech was very slow and deliberate, almost as though he hated to part with each word. He played pool much the same way, slowly, deliberately, and usually alone.

The first night I saw "Chief" he was sitting at a table drawing a girl's picture. When I realized what he was doing, I decided that I wanted to have my picture done. Turning to one of the men sitting next to me, I asked who the artist was and if he'd do anyone's picture.

"That's Chief. He does that all the time. Sure, he'll do yours. How much does he charge? Oh, anything you want to pay him; fifty cents, a dollar; some people just buy him a good drink."

I waited until he had finished the girl's picture. As she was leaving the table, I hesitantly approached. "Will you do my picture?" I asked.

"Sure." He seemed to labor to get the word out.

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I noticed the girl pushing her chair back from the table and looking at her finished picture with a pleased expression. I walked over to the table and sat down. The Chief's stare was penetrating. I felt the need to say something so I blurted out that I wanted a portrait, not a character sketch, and that I wasn't going to smile. He smiled and said, "O.K.," in that slow easy manner he had of saying everything. "Just look straight into my eyes and don't move. That's right, just like that."

For what seemed like hours, I sat staring into his eyes trying very hard not to blink. Occasionally, he would wink at me and his smile would spread from his face to mine. From time to time, different people walked over and stood behind Chief's chair. Their glance would first rest on the sketch pad, then upon me. They would nod their heads up and down in a solemn expression of thoughtful approval, then walk away.

We had been sitting silently for about fifteen minutes when a boy of about twenty came and stood beside
the Chief and stared at the pad. Quite suddenly he started to shout at the Chief.

"How much do you charge for doin' that?"

After several seconds, the Chief slowly and quietly answered. "Anything you want to pay."

"Someone said ya charged five or ten."

"You mean for portraits? Yes, that's right. It all depends."

"What do you mean? Don't you think I could afford it? I'll bet you don't think I have any money. You think I'm just a bum off the street. Well, let me tell you something."

His voice rose shrilly. "I've got more money than anyone in this place." He made a gesture with his hand that took in the entire room. He repeated, "I've got more money than anyone here."

The Chief sat calmly in his seat, continuing to draw my picture. His eyes moved from my face to the sketch pad, back and forth.

Abruptly the boy turned and walked out, and silence returned. I expected Chief to say something to me about the incident. He didn't. He kept on drawing. His eyes saw nothing but my face and the paper he was filling.

It took about forty-five minutes to finish the picture. Finally, he put down the crayon, stared at the picture for several seconds, looked at me, smiled, and handed me the picture. It was his turn to stare now. How strange it is to look at what someone else sees as being you. As I stood up to leave, several people came over to inspect the new picture.

"It's beautiful. Hey, Chief, you did a good job on this one."

"Really, it looks just like you."

"Well, you sat there looking all sad and that's the way he drew you."

"You didn't smile."

Suddenly I felt completely apart from the group. I just stood there listening to what they were saying, not knowing whether it was a good picture or if it did look "just like me." At any rate, my picture joined the others on the wall and I paid Chief a dollar.

One afternoon, about a week later, I stopped in at the Palm. The bar was quite vacant at this time of day, and there was usually a nice breeze. The door in the back was wide open, and the sound of the waves from the canal could be heard as they slapped against the wharf. The small cafe tables and chairs were unoccupied. The two pool tables were deserted. Silence could go uninterrupted for long periods of time. Occasionally, someone would walk over to the juke box and play a few songs. If things were really slow, Vance the proprietor, would put in a red-painted quarter. After the three selections had played, the quiet would seem even louder.

Now, as always when I came here, my eyes were automatically drawn to the sketches on the wall. Sometimes I wasn't even aware that I was staring at them. At other times, I stared because there was nothing else to do.

"Well, hello."

"Hi, Vance." He was at the other end of the room.

"Come here. I've got something to show you. Take a look at this."

In his hand he held a large portrait, about three feet square. Done in light water colors was a picture of a young girl. The child's face was gentle and full of expression. Her soft brown hair was pulled lightly back from her face. The blue eyes looked out from the picture with a straight-forward expression, honest and innocent, with the innocence and honesty rarely seen except in very young children. How the child's face contrasted with the empty smiling faces on the wall! Had life changed their faces so much?

It was then I realized why I had wanted to scream the first time I had seen them, and why, now, I felt like crying.

"How lovely! Who did it?"

"Chief. He does portraits. I think it's damn good."

--Judith Allen

--Judith Allen

OUR OWN FACES

It is, after all, our own faces we see in nightmares

Our own voices from which we flee

And cringe

Our own thoughts that swoop upon us

like bats

And cause our silent screams.

--Judi Roberts
VERSE AND VOICE IN ELIZABETHAN LUTE SONGS

In times so highly specialized as these, we tend to separate the arts into definite categories: fine arts, music, literature, drama, dance. Each person in his own field knows but little of the other areas of creativity. But as early as 370 B.C. we have written evidence that the outstanding educators and intelligentsia were in favor of combined arts. Plato and Aristotle both believed that music was dependent on the verse, and they went even further to say that this verse was the natural verse with natural rhythm. Music, too, was a natural thing found in nature and life all around. To the Greeks, the music enhanced the words and made the poetry even more beautiful and lyric.

Yet as the medieval era moved in, music was preserved only by the church. Consequently a very stylized and artificial form of music was left to us, and the folk songs that we know of that period are few and far between. As the kings and courts became more powerful, music came to be used for entertainment once more. The Flemish musicians went to the Italian courts and took with them their northern influence. It was during the second Netherland’s school (1525–1600) that we can see the growing interest in linking verse and voice more closely together. Rests were added to the music to break the melodic line at places where the text mentioned weeping or sobbing. The effect was that of a person actually breaking down in an emotional outburst. At first, part songs began from forms in poetry: the frottola, the sonnets, the madrigals. Later, madrigal seemed to embrace all of these forms without distinction. Chromaticism let the composer express his feelings even more realistically. The graphic aspect was used to unite the verse and the voice: where there were thoughts of heights, heaven, and God, the music rose upward; where there were words of hell, earth, and sin, the music dropped. The madrigals turned from their light gay texts and became long and massive, wailing and moaning of lost or blighted love. Meanwhile, Englishmen were influenced by the Italians and published many of their works with English texts. Around 1585, Englishmen began to write part songs of their own.

The English lute songs, rising from the part songs and the Italian solo songs, came from one of the richest musical societies ever known to history. Kings, queens, and even lesser lords and ladies kept full consorts, many waits, and singers: musicians of all types. Everyone who was at all educated was urged to learn to play and sing well. Castiglione, the Italian spokesman on the ideal courtier’s manners, looked on lute songs as the best type of music, even better than contrapuntal music. William Byrd, one of the leading madrigalists of Elizabethan England, said once that he wished that everyone could be persuaded to learn to sing and accompany himself on the lute. The man who could sing and play well had a good chance of wooing a fair maid properly, or of gaining a good position in his sovereign’s graces.

As in Italy, interlude music and music for dramas was written. Poet turned musician, and musician turned poet. Ben Jonson and Thomas Campian wrote songs as well as plays and poems; and likewise John Dowland was given credit for writing lyrics to some of his songs. This marriage of words and note found its culmination in the lute songs or ayres. The melodies were simple enough to allow for repetition with the verses. W. H. Auden has this to say about the marriage of the two:

"There is no wrenching of the natural accent and no racking out of a syllable over several notes, as one finds in baroque arias and which at its worst can produce such monstrosities as

When the bloo-hoo-hoom is o-hon the rye.

"There is no other period of English vocal music, perhaps, in which both the lover of words and the lover of song are so equally satisfied."

Overnight dozens of composers and lyricists were collaborating to create some of the most beautiful solo music ever written. Theirs was a music that fitted the times of the people and their positions. Between 1589 and 1611 the most beautiful and exquisite music of sheer simplicity was written. William Byrd was quite a religious-minded person and wrote three collections of songs of a pious kind. "Ah, Silly Soul!" was written in the collection of Songs, Psalms, and Sonnets published in 1611. This is the lone solo song in a group of part songs, and even this points up the method of combining the voice and string quintet as a solo song accompaniment. The strings simulate the human voice so well that this arrangement is almost like a six-part song. The realism, or graphic combination of voice and verse, can be seen in this song. "Ah, silly soul, now are my thoughts confounded." The singer’s voice soars to "C" on thoughts, but on the word confounded the voice drops back and wanders up and down in perplexed consternation. Other examples occur in the phrases beginning "Lust's love is blind and by no reason bounded. Heaven's love is clear." The strong, deliberated descent from the foolish and ecstatic heights of lust's love to the dismal abyss of blindness and lack of reasoning is displayed to musician and audience in the downward progression of the notes. "And by no reason bounded" escapes the strong, set rhythmic pattern and in abandonment plunges to its end. The accompaniment, rather simple on the first phrase, follows by anticipating the sentiment of the text and, rushing in directions of extreme height and depth, hastens the carnal love to its finish. Yet, on the other hand, "Heaven's love is clear" and mounts to serene peace and joy both in the simple accompaniment and in the steady, composed rhythm of the spiritual love of God for man, and man's returning of this love. The half notes used give...
I Care Not For These Ladies

I care not for these ladies that must be wooed and prayed;
Give me kind Amaryllis, the wanton country maid.

Nature Art disdaineth; her beauty is her own.
Here when we court and kiss, she cries forsooth, let go!
But when we come where comfort is, she never will say no.

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings
And doth in highest notes appear
As any challenged echo clear.
But when she doth of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs (her sighs, her sighs) the strings do break.

At her voice the strings tremble and take on life in a simulated vibrato on the word revive even though they are made of lead. The darkness of the lower voice brings out just how leaden the strings are. In the height of her notes, "C", an almost bugle-like march summons in echo clear. On this phrase the rhythm, no longer militant, becomes clear and simple. Yet Corinna's sad and doleful mourning is shown with the dropping of the voice on the word mourning. Her sighs are punctuated with gasps for breath, and in tear-choked sentiment the strings do break. Here the breaking of the strings is heard in the lessening of the tension and the downward movement of the tone. The actual break comes on the turn which twangs its way to a close.

As with most things man finds and thinks near perfect, the lute songs began to be elaborated on. The composer became engrossed in the technical aspects of the music alone. Consequently, when he tried to make the songs perfect with more ornamentation, he failed horribly, and the whole union of voice and verse in the English-speaking countries was broken until the last few years of our time. Now, modern composers are taking lessons from the old masters, and once again we are on the right road to the consummation of the perfect marriage: the integration of the arts.

--Grace C. Cosby
SIMEON'S GLADE

Fleecy wit and melon tower
Will all alight within an hour
Upon the melting lemon tree
Where spirits sing of withering sea.
Diane, die on; sell her your ware:
The hollow hound, half-wound white hair,
Violet sunshine and pinking swoon
Once in the arm of a flat-backed moon.
Soft wooden strings' transparent mold
Joins with the atom ancient old
To find a piece of whitish dark
Hid high within the boiling bark.
Twisting winds run wailing down
Chalky chafflets, crimson crown
Upon a pin thin as the blade
Of glassy growth in Simeon's Glade.

--Carla Jean Johnson

HAIKU NO. 4

Songs of silver spill
Through spider branches; midnight's
Muse strums his moonstrings.

--Carol Ann Rowzie
UNCLE WALTER CLIMBS THE APPLE TREE

Marshall was a small town and news traveled fast. Quite a crowd had collected in front of Uncle Walter's house to see his shiny new car. It was only the third car in town: naturally everyone wanted to see it. There it stood, its beautiful dark green color and brass trim sparkling in the sunlight. The four wheels, with inflated tires, held the car about three feet in the air. Mounting was no problem, however, because the square fenders which served as protectors over the wheels also supported a running board on each side. The running boards were at least a foot lower than the body of the car. By stepping on the running board, passengers could easily enter one of the four doors. The collapsible top enabled passengers to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine while traveling. When it rained or the sun was too hot, the top could be stretched over and hooked in front.

It was not only pretty to look at, it was a real pleasure to drive. The auto salesman had given Uncle Walter several driving lessons. He had insisted that he go through the motions of starting and stopping the engine several times before attempting to drive it on the road.

Grandma and Aunt Mary watched from a safe distance as Uncle Walter switched on the ignition and set the spark and throttle levers for cranking. Then he stepped around in front with a piece of metal he called the crank. The engine started at the first turn. Uncle Walter hastened to the side of the car and adjusted the levers on the steering wheel so that the machine stopped its violent shaking and ran very smoothly. He then got in and took the wheel. He engaged the low gear and the car began to move. Very cautiously he felt his way into high. The gears jangled a bit, but they engaged. As he let up carefully on the clutch, the car settled down to business.

He drove up to the curb where Grandma and Aunt Mary were waiting to take their first automobile ride. "I'd better take you one at a time," Uncle Walter said, "and please don't talk. It confuses me when I'm speeding along the road. This car goes fifteen miles per hour!"

It was agreed that Grandma should go first. Tom, the auto salesman, helped her climb up and tucked her skirts in carefully before closing the door. She was not at all nervous to be going out with Uncle Walter on his first trip. As Tom and Aunt Mary stood and watched them go chugging up the street, they could see Grandma waving her parasol to her friends on their porches as she passed by.

Tom wondered if they would ever get back all in one piece, especially since they drove up through the business section of town. "Now, why did he do that?" exclaimed Tom. "Why couldn't he have done his experimental work on some of the back streets of the town, where there's no traffic to speak of?"

"He probably doesn't remember how to turn a corner," Aunt Mary suggested.

They kept peering up the street, looking for signs of the returning travelers, but they saw nothing even remotely resembling a motor car. Just as Tom was thinking of going out to look for them, they came lurching around the corner. They had simply gone around the block. They rolled past Tom and Aunt Mary in fine form, both having a wonderful time—or so it seemed.

Tom and Aunt Mary decided to cross the street and sit on the front steps while they waited for the second return. Around and around the block Grandma and Uncle Walter went, with Uncle Walter seeming to gain more and more self-confidence all the time. He could even look toward Tom and Aunt Mary and shout something, but of course they had no idea what he was saying above the noise of the engine.

Once they saw Uncle Walter suddenly execute a U-turn at the crossing beyond the Presbyterian Church. Surely, Aunt Mary thought, he'll pick me up this time. Tom, afraid that he would tip the little car over if he tried to turn short again, started toward the street. Once more Uncle Walter fooled them and swung very neatly into the driveway and headed for the Brown's barn which he had rented as a garage until he could dispose of his horses. They thought he was coming in with quite some speed, but this was in keeping with the rest of the things he had been doing. They were not particularly worried until they heard him shouting, "Whoa! Whoa there! Whoa, I tell you!"

Tom and Aunt Mary hastened to the corner of the house where they could see the car approaching the open door of the barn at unabated speed.

"Cut the switch!" Tom shouted. But Uncle Walter was shouting at the car in such a loud voice that he never heard Tom's shout.

All the time, the little car was nearing the open doorway. Grandma decided to take her chances by leaping over the side rather than crashing through the opposite wall of the barn, some fifteen feet above the ground. The barn was old and the boards so rotten that the runabout cut its way through the side of the barn as if it had been built of paper.

By the time Tom and Aunt Mary got there, Uncle Walter had crawled free of his horseless monster and was straightening his stovepipe hat. What they couldn't understand was why the car had not gone the rest of the way through and what was keeping it on an even keel. One look outside the barn offered the explanation. The front axle was firmly wedged in the crotch of an old apple tree growing close behind the barn.

Aunt Mary never got to take her ride because Uncle Walter agreed to sell the remains of the car for twenty-five dollars. He was never interested in owning another one, but he never tired of boasting that he was the only man around town who had driven an automobile to the top of an apple tree fifteen feet above the ground.

--Grace Pultz
MORE THAN A FACE

A face but more than a face--
What strains, pulls at the very
fibers and chords of the soul--
A soul like your own.
Catch the glimpse of fear in the
eyes of a Negro girl--
Feel a gnawing at your heart when
a haggard saleswoman nears on
her swollen feet to take the dime.
And the lean faces of boys at drug-
store counters--
Empty lives...weary bodies...sad,
hardened hearts...would reach out
and touch them...only look...and with
an internal sob.
Old Negro man wears his faded, bat-
tered suit--
His new, but cheap and stiff shoes
cause the limp.
Cigarette in hand, the waitress
throws back her head and blows
smoke--
And the laborer grips the bag by the
neck with a sunburned hand.
So dark...is it true...where's the
light...the desperate ones cry "Oh God"...
the hysterical weep...someone prays.

--Barbara V. Slate
he said
he fell in love with me
when he saw me in
a pink
bathing suit
last year
when I was nine years old

But Mama says
I shouldn't think about marrying him
because he is already married
and his wife
is nice

but the way
he looks at me
and holds my hand in stuffed crowds
and smooths my arms with his rough hands
and talks like God

Mama says
that I should stay pure
and someday the tulips will bloom
and the ships will come in
blowing
their steep deep whistles . . .

and I should sit
under tulip trees
when I am seventeen
and laugh at butterflies

--Linda E. Clark
TRAGEDY TODAY?

Our modern realistic drama has produced no tragedies. In fact, many modern critics, Joseph Wood Krutch and Francis Fergusson among them, have expressed doubts that tragedy is possible in our day and age. Our modern drama deals with social problems and abstract ideas rather than individuals. It deals with common people rather than heroes. It deals with specific situations rather than situations of universal significance. Our audiences possess no common bond of myth and ritual; indeed, our audiences have a great many diverse points of view. These considerations raise some questions as to whether tragedy is possible in our time. Also, if it is possible, what might be some of its essential characteristics? In considering these questions, King Lear, Shakespeare's great tragedy, will be compared and contrasted with Arthur Miller's Death of a Salesman, the closest approach to tragedy in our modern theatre.

Tragedy is difficult to define. Nevertheless, a working definition must be attempted. Tragedy deals with an individual of importance, the tragic hero, who either through a flaw in his character or because of fateful circumstances meets catastrophe. Through the tragic sufferings of the hero, some moral or religious truth is revealed to the audience. By identifying with the hero, the audience passes through a religious experience not possible in their everyday lives. The tragic insight is usually given to the hero, himself, who realizes he has destroyed something or someone good and true. At any rate, the catastrophe that befalls the hero must reassert in the minds of the audience and in the world of the play an intrinsic sense of order temporarily thrown out of balance.

All of the great tragedies of the past are ultimately religious in theme. Tragedy and religion are intricately related. Tragedy has always dealt with questions of theological and religious implications. In Greek tragedy, the relationship of man to the laws of the gods was explored, and in Elizabethan tragedy, the individual's relationship to the Christian theocentric view of the universe was explored. Both forms of tragedy had a rich body of religious myth and ritual common to all viewing the drama. One of the most perplexing problems today is that we do not always concede the existence of a moral or religious order in the universe. Moreover, many people in our modern culture feel there is no meaning inherent in the universe. The actions of the individual can only arbitrarily be labeled good or bad, and the fate of the individual has little significance except for himself and his immediate surroundings.

Developing a compelling religious quality was one of the problems Miller never completely solved in Death of a Salesman. He had to start from scratch since he was dealing with a predominantly secular environment. Willy Loman's aspirations are akin to the religious experience, but his "following a dream" falls short of the deep feeling expressed by the epic qualities of King Lear. Somehow we get the impression that Loman is trying to fool himself, and his actions sometimes become caricatures of his dreams and could be viewed as trite. The religious qualities of King Lear are reinforced by the universal scope of the action of the play. Loman's act of following a dream is believable enough and partakes of the noble, but it is too superficial, as revealed by the play, to stimulate a very profound religious response. It is much too easy for the cynic to pass the character of Willy Loman off as an insignificant neurotic. The religious qualities of the play are communicated more by what the characters are than by what they are. The pathetic qualities of Loman as a character destroy much of the underlying religious illusion necessary for tragedy.

It is doubtful that a modern tragedy could presuppose a supernatural being. It would probably have to stay within the bounds of man and society with only a hint at the individual's ultimate place in the universe. It could not be didactic and would have to develop the flavor of the religious illusion it proposed to create. Man's relationship to his fellow man would be the prime consideration and so would be the exploration of man's personal integrity. Evoking a strong emotional response along these lines from the audience would probably constitute the playwright's religious motive. To be sure the play would have to satisfy the requirements of the secular mind as well as appeal to the religious emotion.

It is significant to note that while Death of a Salesman possesses many realistic elements, its style of presentation is essentially interpretive. The play goes far beyond realism or naturalism. It is not satisfied to simply analyze the situation and action of the play. Realistic conventions are suggested by the play, but the play has a reality much deeper than is ever possible with a documentary study. As with many of our modern dramas, the world of the play in Death of a Salesman is spelled out fairly specifically and is restricted to some extent to the characters within the play; however, the situation and world of the play are representative of the innumerable Willy Loman's in this world all striving to find meaning in their daily routines. In King Lear we find that the world of the play is defined only vaguely. The only unity Shakespeare strictly adheres to is the unity of action. The world of the play could be all of England, or for that matter, it could be almost anywhere in the world. All Shakespeare is interested in is how his characters will react to the action of his play. Lear's actions are raised to a universal level so that anyone watching the play may identify with the situation without so many restrictive qualifications. Shakespeare suggests a setting in his play and allows the audience to use its imagination to visualize the details of the scene. When the audience uses its imagination in this manner, it is much more likely to see things as they should be rather than as they feel they are liable to be. The audience is raised to a much higher level of perceptive experience than is ever possible when King Lear is given a detailed naturalistic
design for the scenery.

Tragedy is a majestic art, and the scope of the play determines to a great extent whether or not the action will be able to captivate the audience. The physical theatre is a restrictive medium unless the audience cooperates fully by using its imagination vividly. Realism, not to mention naturalism, tends to discourage the imaginative participation of the audience in the action of the play. Only when the play attains a sense of universality can the audience be swept along by the sheer force of the drama. Our modern drama is faced with the problem of sufficient scope for its actions, and a modern tragedy would invariably be realistic in its treatment of characters in a situation, but it must seek for new and imaginative ways to achieve some universal significance for its characters who lean toward the commonplace.

The most important factor in a tragedy is the tragic hero. He must command the empathy of the audience, fit into the scope of the play, and create much of the religious quality of the play. He is the focal point of the whole drama. Through his actions as well as through his reactions to the actions of others, the play gains a unity of purpose. Without the tragic hero, there is no central figure for the audience to identify with. Without the tragic hero, the personal quality of tragedy is lost. It is through the tragic hero that the audience can identify with and identify to a great degree with his actions. His actions, his reactions, his redeeming qualities are all the more significant because of the audience's identification with him. The tragic hero is a figure that the audience can identify with, and by identifying with him, the audience can see in him their own potentialities for greatness.

Lear is a royal figure, and his personal appearance is an outward manifestation of the noble qualities Shakespeare's audience felt man possessed. It was a convention for the audience to instinctively regard a member of the nobility as a figure symbolizing all of the best that was man. Shakespeare's audience was interested in the nobility and looked up to its members with respect and reverence. Today we lack stereotyped social images to command the respect of our audiences. We respect few people including ourselves. As a result, it is very difficult to create a tragic figure with which the audience can identify. Willy Loman is a salesman, ignored and despised by many, respected by few. We identify with Loman only because he is much like ourselves, but we see little in him to stimulate a tragic elevation of character. Loman's sacrifice for his son at the end of the play almost raises him to tragic proportions, but here again it is much too easy for the audience to reject this act as being foolhardy and typical of the common man. Loman has to die most nobly to even be considered as a tragic hero, whereas Lear merely has to die for tragedy to occur. At one time, man had a dignity of character and could command the respect of others regardless of his social position, but now all men are considered common until proved noble.

A modern tragic hero would have to fit into a realistic situation, and his nobility of character would have to be motivated and proved by the action of the play. If he would be given a tragic flaw, it could not offset the illusion otherwise created. There would have to be a compromise between nobleness of character and common flaws that would bring about disaster. Our modern theatre has no significant conventions of character except in comedy. Our conventions deal mainly with the style of presentation of the drama. In a sense, each play would have to establish its own tragic conventions and define its own religious and moral standards. Arthur Miller failed by most standards in creating a modern tragedy, but he seemed to be headed in the right direction. Perhaps, it cannot be done, but it is hard to believe that even modern audiences are indifferent to the enduring themes of the individual, life, and religion, given sufficient stimulus to pull them out of their lethargy.

Nothing can be said with any degree of certainty as far as the possibility of tragedy today is concerned until a tragedy has actually been created; but some questions must be considered before the tragedy for our time can be dismissed as impossible. Can a tragic hero be created without the aid of specific conventions? Is the existence of a supernatural being absolutely essential for the presence of a compelling religious theme? What moral order can be established within the bounds of man and society? How can we motivate an audience to use its imagination vividly enough so as to regain the tragic imagination? Most significant of all, what does the lack of the tragic temper imply for the social values of the modern audience?

--Ronald E. Hoover

ON MEETING AN OLD MILLIONAIRE

Why -- who knows
And, furthermore, who cares?
his money, or his shares
to take -- what difference does it make?
Could be the real estate
Would be a better deal
(He'll never know what's happened!)
Me? A heel?
Of course not; is it my fault
He's fallen -- certainly not,
Why shouldn't I take all he's got?
He'll propose
and I'll suppose
He's someone else
how nice -- not any trouble at all....
Just to say the word and set the date
my, my, such a simple thing
I mustn't be late
(for the wedding, that is)
And then the funeral
Better be a cheap one,
after all, why waste his hard-earned cash?

--Karma
NIGHT FUGITIVE: A VIGNETTE

Like a long, low, hurting cry of anguish, the fog horn sounds through the mist, lonely and mournful—a lament of the night. The waves lap hungrily against the bulkhead, and die back.... In the distance a bell tolls slowly, laboriously—a warning to ships passing in the night.

What's that? Oh.... just the buoy squeaking. For a minute you thought someone was behind you, sneaking up.... But no, there's no one. You feel the tense muscles in the back of your neck relax. Ah, it feels so good to relax.... But not too much! You must keep your guard up, keep on watch. You've seen what's happened to those who let their guard down—the weak ones. They were weak, but you're strong. Yes, you're strong, strong....

It's a footstep! There's no mistaking it this time. Very deliberate and slow, but a footstep none the less. It's coming closer. You hear it distinctly now—the sound of water oozing from a soggy, mouldy shoe, and the heavy drag of a dead foot. Swish-drag, swish-drag: a cripple. But stay back! Don't let him see you; it may be a trap! Here, get in this darkened doorway; you can see him as he drags by. He's under the street light now. Oh, God! How horrible, how sickening—look at that face! It's not even human, and the scar.... You thought you were bitter....

Where is that laughter coming from? So gay, so full of warmth—piercing the night like a whip. It doesn't fit; it doesn't belong here! Stop it! Stop it! It keeps coming—closer, closer. It rounds the darkened corner in the forms of a girl and a boy. They're the Lucky Ones. What right have they to laugh? They've never known suffering—not real suffering like the suffering that just passed you under the street light. Go ahead, laugh. Have your fun now—you'll pay, you'll pay....

It's so cold; a bitter, raw, cold. If you could just go inside for a minute—away from the sound of the forlorn fog horn, and the ominous blackness of the sea and wind. Inside—with light, and people, and laughter, and warmth, and.... and Life. But there is no inside for you. Only outside, where you've always been. There's no place to go, no place. And no one to talk to. You're alone. But that's all right; you're strong, remember? Yes, strong. You don't need anyone.

There's another lonely figure up ahead! See—leaning under that street light. Why it's a girl! What is she doing out on the waterfront so late at night? Oh! She's turning and walking this way. You're going to pass each other. Here's your chance; speak to her. Maybe she's lonely too. She's looking at you with a wistful, melancholy longing in her eyes. She is lonely. She wants to say something so badly.... but she's afraid. It's your time to speak. Hurry up! Before she passes! Say something!... Too late. She's gone. Why didn't you speak? What kept you from doing it? Fear? A fear of facing scorn and pity again? But she was lonely too. She wanted to talk to you. Too late. You've learned never to let your guard down. Two ships, passing in the night; and a warning bell keeps them from meeting....

Like a long, low, hurting cry of anguish, the fog horn sounds through the mist, mournful and deep. A lone figure walks slowly away from the waterfront. The first glimmer of dawn breaks like a wave over the horizon, taking with it all the despair, fear, hopes, and longings that hide behind darkness and lurk within shadows. Another night has passed....
NOT A WASTE

She pulled her coat tighter around her slender body as she got off the bus. The late September wind pierced through the thin coat and quickened her steps. "Maybe today," she thought as she hurried home from her job. "Maybe today there'll be some good news."

The row of mailboxes stared out at her like grinning idiots. Her eyes traveled to the box that bore the label "Kaye Ravel." Taking out her key, she felt her lips quiver slightly as she unlocked the box. Inside was a manila envelope. She clenched her teeth. A frown crossed her face and she shook her head.

Her fingers toyed with the coarse texture of the envelope as she ascended the stairs to her one-room apartment. With an automatic gesture, she removed her coat, and, laying the folder on the table, methodically went about preparing coffee. Lighting a cigarette, she crossed to the window.

The city was alive with after-work traffic. A smile crossed her face and then disappeared. Her fingers tapped some unknown tune on the window-sill. With a swift motion, she returned to the table, took the envelope, stared at it for a moment, opened it.

Inside was her manuscript with a note. The words were a blur before her eyes. As the seconds ticked past, Kaye read: "Thank you for submitting your manuscript. We regret to say it is not suited for our publication." Her hands were trembling. Savagely she brushed away the tears that was sliding down her cheek.

She crushed out the cigarette before going to sit on the bed. She glanced around the room at the things that had come to mean so much to her during the past year: her typewriter, paper, pencils, a coffee pot. Without undressing, Kaye stretched herself out on the bed. Her eyes sought the familiar crack in the ceiling. Somewhere down the hall a telephone was ringing. She went to the window. For a moment she felt as if each

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There was a knock on the door. "Phone for you, Miss Ravel."

Kaye frowned as she picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

"Hello, darling, this is Mother. How are you?"

"Just fine."

"We've been worried because we haven't heard from you for nearly a month. It's been so busy here. September always is. There have been so many parties...."

"I'm sure there have been."

"Ah, Kaye, you'll be home soon, won't you?"

"Yes, I will."

Kaye heard the sigh on the other end of the receiver. "Well, dear, we want you at home. I'm sure you've enjoyed your vacation. Though a year seems so long and you never seem to get home, even for the holidays."

"It's settled, Mother, I'll be home."

As her mother spoke, Kaye's thoughts went back to the life her mother was calling her to. A life filled with cocktail parties, ballroom parties, and bridge parties; club meetings, church meetings, DAR meetings; incessant chatter, idiotic people. The bargain had been made; Kaye would keep it.

"...ever so many people," her mother was saying, "are waiting for you to come home. Mariann wants to give a party for you. Lucy wants you to come to her bridge party. The church club wants to hear all about your adventures in New York...."

When Kaye went back to her room, she looked around with a half-smile on her face. The flimsy curtains blew in the light wind; a speck of dust traveled across the bare floor. The bankbook in her dresser testified that she had spent none of the money her parents had been sending her for her living expenses.

Putting these things from her mind, Kaye picked up the returned manuscript. "Unsuited for our publication," the note had said. She wondered exactly what they wanted from her. She opened the manuscript, her eyes intent on the words. This was her work. It belonged to her being. It had been created by her mind. The pages brought back the memories of the hours before the typewriter. Not tedious hours of grinding out a story, but hours filled with satisfaction, hours when she was lost in another world, hours when she felt every nerve and muscle in her body tense, but surprisingly relaxed, too.

What had the last year done to her, she asked in anger. This paper before her, the paper signifying achievement, was the important thing. She had begun with that knowledge, but somewhere in the last year she had forgotten it. Her purpose had become obscured. She chided herself for this breach of promise to herself. Chided herself for nearly letting a year slip by without gaining from it. What if her stories did not sell? It was not only money that she was working for. Recognition, then? Had it taken her this long to realize that she wanted to prove herself--and to whom? Her parents?

"They don't matter," She heard herself pronounce the words. It was the only truth she had uttered to herself this year. "I have been trying to prove myself to others when I only needed to satisfy myself." She lit a cigarette as a gesture of defiance. "I have done that. I find satisfaction in writing. And even if I must go back to my 'normal' life, I won't lose this. It's taken me so long to realize that I need only to account for myself to myself."

Suddenly the room felt delightfully gay. A late sunbeam played on Kaye's face. She did not move but basked in its warmth. When the sunbeam faded, she went to the window. For a moment she felt as if each person in the street below was looking at her with a smile on his face. She would not wait until the end of the week to go home. Tomorrow she would get up with the sun. The sun would guide her, for she had felt its warmth. Going back to the table, she took some paper out and placed it in her typewriter. There was a story that had been on her mind for some time.

--Joanne F. May
THREE HILLS

Once upon a time, a kingdom dwelt upon three hills
Wild creatures and a grove of pines, there were upon
the one,
And on the third, fruit trees and fields of grain;
But on the middle hill, the lowest of the three,
There dwelt a house, an old, old queen, and me.
The queen, the house, and me -- we three
Some of she in part of me, and she and me live in the house.
We happy three, triumvirate and trinity, ruled over the kingdom
of pines, fields, cats, rats, dogs, bogs,
Et cetera
Ad infinitum
We were the richest rulers all around
Rubies and sapphires in the pie
Emeralds green all round
And even diamonds in our stream.
(One day she ate from a broken plate
Goldfish caught in silken bait.)

Perhaps ourself grew too partial to we
And gave no bright to dark around
Now no she, just it and me
It and me, not even we, were much too small to rule so great.

The house turned dark and mouldering grey.
Stone by stone, ivy crept, climbed, clung,
Covered the shamed morningside face from sun.
(She would cry to see the kingdom now.)

The house, dreading death, clutches the hillside,
Clutches its dreary dream.
It doesn’t know--
Death has already claimed it.

And me? That cannot stand alone.
They buried she and it and me within the grey, grim
walls of a rotting kingdom.
Now we are dead.

Out of the death, i was born.
Born to take struggling, striving,
First-walk steps
To catch a new bright someday dream.

There are crystal cobwebs on my face.

--Rebecca Lou Lester

spring
in spring’s mere madness
two
white
butterFlies
chte
like summer snowflakes
neVer
ME i
ti
in
--Julia Carper Tressel
A FANTASY OF LEARNING

The first time the professor entered the door, I noticed that he already had one arm out of his trench coat. He took the other out, hung the coat on a rack near the door, and gave us a cheery "Good morning!"

He had short brown hair and it was cut out in a college butch style. He wasn't young, yet he wasn't old. He gave us the impression that he was of our generation because he wore a green pin-stripe shirt, a beige suit, and a narrow green tie in a Windsor knot. There was a tab collar beneath the tie.

He had gone to an ivy school, of that we were certain. While I registered these facts of dress and appearance mentally and moved on to the next category of the initial sizing up, he had assumed his position at the head of the lecture table. "Big Daddy" was my mental reaction. I didn't realize at the time that it would become his behind-the-back nickname.

His manner was easy to adjust to, but it wasn't so relaxed that we associated it with laziness. There was something about his speech that made us want to listen. He spoke as if he were about to make a great revelation. We kept listening because we wanted to find out what he knew that was so important. He never made any startling announcement, but we soon found out that he didn't say anything that wasn't important.

We all knew that he must have had an I.Q. of more than 140, but he never tried to impress us with his genius. His lectures were not above our ability to comprehend, but he spoke in a mature, sophisticated manner that made us stretch both intellect and imagination. He never spoke down to us, but he would spend precious class minutes with any one of us who failed to understand anything he had said.

Often he would have an armload of books which he would have to set down before shedding his trench coat. These works he used to illustrate any particular point of view opposite to his own. He was extremely well informed, but he refused us the privilege of becoming sounding boards for his opinions. He encouraged us in every way to learn enough to form our own opinions. He would bring in ten or more reliable sources to support one side of an argument or issue and would challenge us to match his number in support of the opposite view.

The first day of class he gave us a list of fifty authors, which included such names as Burdick, Drury, Wouk, Conrad, Joyce, Camus, and Huxley, as well as the classics from Plato to Voltaire. "If you've not read at least two books by each of these writers, you're lazy and a disgrace to me," he told us. That was all. He never asked us to read those books and he never asked us if we had. By the end of the semester all of us had.

Class discussion, and there was a great deal of it, centered on issues and ideas. We were encouraged to speak and to write. The dominating question in the classroom was "Why?"

He was an expert in political science, but he wasn't limited to it. After that semester was over we discovered we had gained knowledge on every subject we had known existed. But our greatest growth was in the humanities.

We grew in respect. We learned to respect those who had added to mankind's growth. We learned to differentiate between those who had helped man advance a rung higher and those who had kept him stationary or had made him fall down a few steps. For the benefactors we developed respect; for the obstructors we made every effort to understand.

We learned to think and to be able to express our thoughts both orally and in written form. We developed a keen sense of appreciation, almost a reverence, for the outstanding contributors to the fields of philosophy and science. We gained artistic sensitivity through our efforts to be creative. Music, art, and literature became meaningful and valuable for us.

He offered us many things, but he never gave them to us. We had to work for them. It was hard work and we all knew it, but at the time it didn't seem at all hard. We knew we were accomplishing something; we were benefiting. The effort paid off.

He taught and we learned. The more we learned, the greater his eagerness for us to learn more. His joy in our achievement would have been reward enough for us, but he constantly reminded us of the personal benefits we were receiving.

The semester flew by and soon we were immersed in studying for exams. He had never mentioned his exam and none of us knew what to expect.

We walked in on the appointed day to find several sheets of paper stacked at each of our places. The first was blank except for our name. The second had this statement typed at the top:

"There is no comprehensive examination I can give you to appropriately evaluate your achievement in this class. Please write your name here and beside it put the letter grade you think you should receive.

You will find the grade I think you should have on the back."

I wrote my name and a 'B', then turned my sheet over. Written at the top was, "Big Daddy says 'B'!" As we compared grades, I discovered that the grades he had given matched those we had given ourselves.

--Gail Merrily Woodard

HAIKU NO. 6

Metallic lustres
Once on our old school yard swings
Now gone forever.

--Donald J. Willard
ars won oy lien, wug1as Mac,artnur when we settled the AAU-N ~ power dispute two days. But I -asn't bltt,<>r, not ;. ve 1si~; t~e~Y;J But to lh1, the colleges It W was control or Ame · athlete1-, notably. Continuation of the war might have seriously weakened the Olympic team. Uncle m will send t.o Tokyo in 1964. Even now, less the scars heal rapidly, tt may be a Unllt:r Jac11.e1, 1,m,.n !Wlllt: vev~1e earu .1n six months."

THIS HA D BEEN A LONG WAR, short­i and probably ended only by P.r, mned y's appolntme ~'bttrator.
Beat Muffled Drum

Beat muffled drum, tip
tap, tap, tap . . .
regular rhythmic
quiet roaring --
quiet dying.

Up from earth of hills and valleys,
beside cold brown rivers came the
flowers . . .
quietly, from cringing under cold in winter.

Tap. Tap.

Out of earthy slopes at Cannae,
Modein, near Bunker Hill came
the glorious flowers . . .
sun-played, warm, God-arrayed things,
crenallated lillies and poppies.

Tap, tap, tap.

--R. Michael Shreve
MIDAS

The grass cushions my weariness;
I forget the wobbling, unsteady ears--
Cause of my deepest shame,
Result of foolishness of years
That I should challenge a god.

Bloated I was with self-importance
Like a frog, dead, lying in the pool
Caused by gentle rains of Spring.
Thinking I was smart, I was a fool,
And I thought I knew good music.

With the Mountain as my partner
I was to pick, to choose the favored one
Of two who vied here each too proud
Of savage music, and golden, gentle tone
To allow the other to repeat his claim.

The half-goat god played his reed:
Music, wild tempestuous, fiery,
Drunk with swirling, dancing feet
Circled in gold, to stir in those weary,
Who lack the power, immortal fire.

With practiced thumb, the second god
Plucked the harp strings and sang
A song rich with sunlight, wet with dew.
From far a distant small silver bell rang
Given voice by the beauty of this art.

One song so gentle, soft, yet rich--
It touched the very depths of soul in man.
The other wild, barbaric, savage
That merely stirs the body. As best as fool can,
I chose to favor body over soul.

My so-called golden touch had left
Washed away by now-gilded pool.
My fingers had the power of normal men,
But, alas, my mind belonged yet to a fool
For I couldn't see even beyond my flesh.

Because I chose the weak, the strong was angered,
Gave to me these loose, unstable ears,
Badges of my folly, for all to know a fool,
That I must wear thru my remaining years--
Given to one who dared defy a god.

--Ruth Rinker

HAIKU NO. 5

Your face. A rainbow
Bubble before me, but too
Fragile to breathe on.

--Carol Ann Rowzie
SUNFLOWERS

Sammy's black eyes lingered on the face of the clock outside the ESSO station. Finally the hands had crawled to 4:30. In a few minutes the familiar blue and gray bus would turn from Linden Avenue onto broad Grace Street and lumber to a stop across the street from where Sammy sat.

Sammy sat there on his corner every day in the summer from noon until suppertime selling flowers. Sammy didn't mind it very much any more. His brothers and his sisters had done it in their turn. Now they worked at home on the farm. Annie, his fifteen-year-old sister, had until this day worked with him on the flower stand; but Sammy was ten now, and since Grace Street was a respectable street Sammy's father announced that Sammy was to be on his own from today on. Sammy was glad that his grandmother was at her flower stand only two corners away.

Often Sammy dreamed of tree-houses he wasn't making or toad frogs he wasn't catching, but deep down he really liked to sit among the gentle flowers on his special corner. Sammy had special flowers, too. And he also had special customers. His family had been picking flowers while the dew was still glistening on the petals and bringing them to sell on this same corner for about nine summers. This was Sammy's third summer. He and Annie had wiled away summer afternoon upon afternoon making up stories about how their flowers were bought to be placed on elegant dinner tables or beside the sick-bed of fine old ladies. Annie always took the money, but never failed to let Sammy hand the fresh flowers to the customers. It was like being picked by his teacher, Miss Neil, to be the one to pass out the song-books or the water-colors in school. Often when he withdrew his hand after the flower presentation ceremony, he found it held a nickel or a shiny dime. Customers seemed to like to press something into that little brown hand. The more familiar customers would turn and look back as if they found encouragement and strength in the scene of Sammy and Annie arranging their tin pails of flowers like two bobbing pansies in a still garden.

Sammy gave the man his bunch of multi-colored straw flowers and his change, smiled up at him, and then coax ed his eyes to the clock again. 4:45. Where was the bus? Sammy was impatient. He knew that the bus never turned at Linden and Grace until five o'clock, but today was so special. A special day. Special flowers all ready. Sammy had a special friend.

Every day she came to buy flowers from Annie and him. Every day the three of them laughed just like real friends. They never knew her name though she knew theirs. Sammy had his own name for her. To him she was the "sun lady." Her blond hair and dark brown eyes reminded him of the sunflowers that grew outside his little room at home. Mama and papa did not think the sunflowers worth selling—only the more delicate flowers. But the sunflower was Sammy's favorite, and after mama and papa had made certain that Sammy didn't intend to sell them, they let him cut some for "his friend." He had kept them behind the other flowers all day. Over and over he had lived what he imagined his friend would do and say when he stood before her as sole keeper of the flowers and then presented her with the special flowers. Often Sammy and Annie had speculated as to where she lived and where she was coming from when she descended from the bus and, too, where she put the flowers she bought from them. Was it on a piano where she could see them while she played and sang? Or was it on a table where a little child could see but not reach them?

There it was! The bus! The bus! Sammy could see the "sun lady" rising to get off. He gathered up the sunflowers with the heavy bobbing heads. The blue and gray bus pulled away and Sammy could see his special friend. Such a good day! Sammy started toward the street with his sunflowers. He was going to meet his friend.

"I'm coming," he cried. Then Sammy saw the "sun lady" run toward him, waving to him.

That evening Sammy, having sold all except one bunch of flowers, gathered up the empty pails, stuffed the remaining bunch in the top pail, and began the alley-path journey to his grandmother's flower stand. Tired but triumphant, he jogged along, the tin pails rubbing and clanging against each other. Suddenly the clatter stopped. The alley became darker. Sammy stared ahead. He dropped the pails. Simultaneously hot tears blinded his eyes. The boy knelt by an overturned garbage can. He extended his small brown hands toward the confusion of soup cans, newspapers, egg shells, and some discarded flowers. Then Sammy leaned his head against the rust-coated can and silently sobbed into the yellow petals of the sunflowers.

--Barbara V. Slate
CHAINS

My mind wanders
And my soul desires
But my body
Binds me with the chains,
The sharp-edged chains,
Of what is me.

--Karma

THE WORLD INSIDE

Marty Callan was watching the teacher. That is, her eyes were focused on the teacher, as the hum of the teacher's voice flowed past her ears. Marty's mind was already involved in the familiar rhythm. The people around her -- the big, stupid boys and the silly giggly girls -- faded gradually from her comprehension, as Marty withdrew into her own inside world. Slowly, slowly and then faster, Marty slid out of her ugly, ineffectual body . . . .

It was snowing. It had been snowing for some time because the snow was nearly ankle-deep. Marty stood on a hill, her legs straddled apart, her hands on her hips. She lifted her head and listened. There was silence and stillness. It was a white, cold silence, as if the falling snow had cleared the air of every sound. The point of silence had been reached that is almost a sound in itself. She was alone, beautifully alone.

The sky was empty, even of the sun. The world was a kind of gray glow, as the sky met the earth in a single, unbroken gray sheet. There were no trees even, to distinguish where the earth ended and the sky began. Marty began to walk down the hill. Her feet sank into the snow and mashed the leaves that lay beneath. They made a kind of wet, squishy sound, and the snow squeaked under the impact of her feet.

Marty's face began to sting. She felt her cheek with her hand. The skin felt cold and wet as if she had been crying. But why should she be crying? Especially with the snow. The snow was her companion, her ally. It created a blurred, hazy screen between herself and others. It hid her ugly, scarred face from them and also prevented her from having to see too clearly other people's faces. They were so silly. Always talking about unimportant things. This was what was right and important -- this solitude, the silence and the blank-gray world surrounding her now.

Marty felt her cheek again. It was still wet and she was crying. The horrible realization overcame her again, as always. She collapsed to her knees in the snow, and sat there rocking back and forth, moaning with animal anguish. Tears dripped between her fingers, as she held her face in her hands....

The class was watching her, their mouths gaping open and their eyes bulging. Marty bit her knuckles and screwed her eyes tight shut, as a scream rose and died in her throat. Reality had forced its way in, and her lovely silent world was gone. Her face was still ugly and scarred, her body deformed. There was no escape from it.

--Susan Doyle
AUTUMN MEMORIES

There is a time in late August or early September when summer brightness, having met and passed its zenith, is overcome by the shadow of grey-blue mountains and leaves the valley of the Shenandoah to autuminal haze. The sun hurries a little through the old afternoon and causes the farmfolk to quicken the steps that had been slowed by the leisure of long summer days. Early evening is the first sign of the encroachment of winter bleakness on the gold and burnished green of late summer. But winter comes slowly to the valley, and seems to follow the example of the Shenandoah as it meanders along through the farmlands and towns, poking its nose into the hillsides and enticing little children and animals to play along its banks yet a little while before the freezing winds strike. Somewhere between the first cool night and the ripening of the Johnathan apples, autumn stops, turns away, and blows itself to the north again.

Indian summer drops on silent moccasins to the valley floor, bringing a faint breath of July heat, and a brief oblivion to the inevitability of winter's triumph. Along the river, children build rafts out of old planks and empty oil drums (great, ocean-going vessels of imagination), pole out to the islets near the far bank, and wonder, as they return to their landing, just what lies beyond their valley. This is the secret solitude of childhood -- hours between school, homework, and chores -- hours when a child leaves the demands and mores of society behind him and, by chance, discovers the child within. Soon Indian summer, only a brief backward glance, a reference to things past, vanishes down the valley to the South, leaving its smoky campfires to hide the forested and distant hills.

Sometimes during the transition from summer to autumn, it seems there must really be a funny little fellow with an impish grin, who splashes paint on the leaves, then tickles them to make them laugh. (Or does he just kiss each tree, making it blush and rustle its leaves in confusion?) Some of the branches of the tall trees even bend downward, almost touching the ground, as if this autumn Puck had used them for a sliding board, before kissing them goodbye for another year.

Throughout the valley, and in the memories of all of its people, there must be apples: hundreds of acres of apples being tree ripened; apples piled ten feet high on the grassy lot beside the town cannery; bushels of apples being hand-selected, wrapped in cellophane, and sent to market; pans of apples being boiled to applesauce on the kitchen stove; and best of all, just one apple for munching right down to the seeds. Some of boys and girls must be at least three years ahead of their "apple a day." Apples are kept during most of the winter in farmhouse cellars, and January's cold is often warmed by a piece of hot apple pie.

The true farmfolk, having seldom been far from the valley, and expecting never to leave again, have achieved a oneness with the changes that the seasons bring and neither wonder at nor watch the autumnal sights. To these people, the seasonal changes are all part of their way of life, accepted and expected. For many years, the inhabitants of the valley have lived in peaceful security, sheltered by gently sloping mountains on either side. The wider world of cold war, arms races, and foreign threats exists as a kind of vague never-never land which affects the valley only incidentally. World affairs are often disposed of with a comment such as: "I see in the paper where Russia put a man in space--did the Farm Journal come today?"

The seasons change, but life changes little aside from the basic seasonal adjustments. The Indian "Daughter of the Stars," the Shenandoah Valley, is more than a season, more than a year, more than one lifetime. This valley is a changing yet changeless panorama of beauty which has been blended into a way of life, a way of life which has guided its inhabitants since the first white settlers came to make a home in the Valley of Virginia, by the banks of the Shenandoah.

--Rebecca Lou Lester

HAIKU NO. 3

Hounds howling down the
Midnight mountains--old foxhunts
Haunt my heart tonight.

--Carol Ann Rowzie

21
JOY

I clung to the ceiling,
Fell up the stairs,
And sprang from wall to wall.

I clenched my knees,
Shouted and yelled,
And lay down to rest from it all.

--Julia Carper Tressel

SONG

I run and run until I run
Off the edge of the earth

I scream
And I am a million-multiplying-echoes.

I breathe
And burst like fireworks.

--Carol Ann Rowzie

DISCRIMINATE?

Southerners want to segregate
(The proper thing to do)
NAACP says integrate
(Our moral right's the clue)
I say let's all disintegrate
And then who'll know who's who?

--Julia Carper Tressel
LOVE IS

Love is
Like a cat
Creeping
slowly
forward
With a mysterious air
And then suddenly,
it POUNCES
And teases and torments
Like a cruel and heartless tiger
Until its victim gives up
And the cat
goes
away.

--Karma

WITHIN AND WITHOUT

Sometimes the Within Me does
climb without--
And stands aside as directionless I charge about.

This Within Me--this soul leans
against the wall or perches on a shelf;
And mutters amused, "Am I part
of that self?"

Ah, why does the
world-face wear a pout?
Is it because its Within has
climbed without?

--Barbara V. Slate
J. D. Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye, first published in March of 1953, has maintained a high place on the list of novels read and discussed by college students for a ten-year period. This work attempts to show the gradual self-realization of a twentieth-century American boy who is aware of the hypocrisy and weaknesses of his society. Is J. D. Salinger's treatment of this familiar theme of sufficient literary merit to explain its popularity?

Two other contemporary novels of wide popularity -- James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and Albert Camus's The Stranger -- deal with a similar theme. Joyce has written the story of Stephen Daedalus's development as an artist progressing toward self-realization. Varying the search for self-identity, Camus represents his central character Meursault as unable to find value in life. These two authors either use a new literary technique or express a novel philosophy.

The Stranger, a French novel, reveals a picture of a young Algerian clerk helplessly caught in life's grip. Meursault, as first person narrator, tells the story as if he were a stranger to events and totally indifferent to his environment. Society seems to hold no apparent values for Meursault. This man is sincere; claims nothing beyond what he feels and understands. He is so indifferent to mere social conformity that he is incapable of shame. After accidentally killing a man, Meursault changes at the end of Part One of the book when he says, 'I knew I'd shattered the balance of the day, the spacious calm of this beach on which I had been happy.' Heat is the symbol used to show Meursault's growing half-awareness: he perspires when outward stimuli induce thoughts about his past actions. He attempts to evaluate his past. "Try as I might, I couldn't stomach this brutal certitude," because, "It's common knowledge that life isn't worth living, anyway." Meursault concludes that life is without value since "all men are born to die"; thus he considers the PRESENT of supreme importance. In his naive half-awareness at the end of the novel, Meursault dies with a flash of insight that gives his life some value -- he has been happy.

The English novel -- A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man -- expresses a philosophy different from its French counterpart, The Stranger. James Joyce's novel is a story of search and rebellion: Stephen Daedalus's search for his calling and his rebellion against the elements that stand in the way of the fulfillment of his calling. Joyce shows Stephen's alienation and detachment in a gradual process growing from an introspective seeing to detached objectivity. Daedalus has a vision of his destiny: "This was the call of life to his soul not the dull gross voice of the world of duties and despair.... He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore...." In order to achieve his destiny, Stephen alienates himself from his family, friends, country, and church. He is an intelligent, gifted young man who rebels in order to dedicate his life to art. Stephen is far more intelligent than the naïve Meursault; is Holden Caulfield comparable to them?

Salinger's narrator is Holden Caulfield, a sixteen-year-old, who tells the story of his decision to face humanity only to discover that he cannot be himself in society and still maintain his sanity. The first sentence of the novel is: "If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth." While he was a student at sophisticated Pencey Prep, Holden did little work because he regarded his life there as superficial. The only subject that he passed was English; so he was dismissed from another prep school. Because he considered people phonies, Holden did not apply his ability to school assignments or to anything else.

Unlike both Stephen and Meursault, Holden is neither completely alienated nor naïve. As a first person narrator, Holden describes his life in vulgar terms. This vulgarity may be designed to illustrate either his alienation from his surroundings or his lack of concern for the values of his society. Since Holden does damn his environment, he is both aware and concerned. He would not suffer so intensely if he were really indifferent as is Meursault. He would be a courageous, dedicated figure like Daedalus if he were detached from his surroundings. Because Holden Caulfield is sensitive and thus aware of his plight, he is a pathetic character as shown by both his own expressions of suffering and by symbolic representation.

The red hunting cap is the symbol which parallels his development. Upon first seeing the hat, Holden's roommate says, "That's a deer shooting hat." Holden replies: "Like Hell it is." I took it off and looked at it. I sort of closed one eye like I was taking aim at it. 'This is a people shooting hat,' I said. 'I shoot people in this hat.'" As Holden leaves Pencey Prep at night he says: "I was sort of crying. I don't know why. I put my red hunting hat on, and turned the peak around to the back, the way I liked it, and then I yelled at the top of my goddamn voice, 'Sleep tight, ya morons.'" Each time that the red hat is mentioned, it seems to symbolize his defense against the world -- the real Holden. However, he removes the hat periodically and does not want people to see it. Near the end of the book Holden puts on the red hunting cap and goes home; the cap protects him from the rain. This action symbolizes Holden's decision to be his real self.

Before Holden goes home to see his sister Phoebe, he removes his red cap. He likes his little sister just as he likes his older brother D. B. and as he
liked his little brother Allie who died. Holden pities little children, and he wants to protect them from all danger. This desire to protect innocent people is his only goal in life as illustrated by his words: "I thought it was 'If a body catch a body,' I said. 'Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody's around--nobody big, I mean--except me. And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff--I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That's all I'd do all day. I'd just be the catcher in the rye and all. I know it's crazy.'" Thus unable to get away from conditions he disliked and unable to change them, Holden decides to face situations as "the catcher in the rye." A conversation with Mr. Antolini stimulates Holden to the extent that he seeks a way to become "the catcher in the rye." Mr. Antolini, one of Holden's neighbors, quotes Berkeley's philosophy to him: "The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of the mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one." This man, who later makes homosexual advances to Holden, tells him that he is not the first person to be sickened by human behavior. Mr. Antolini says an education will "begin to give you an idea what size mind you have." After this conversation Holden suffers even more: "And I think I was more depressed than I ever was in my whole life." Then Holden meets Phoebe at a carnival at which she encourages him to go home. Donning his red hat, Holden decides to face humanity, but what happens to him?

Holden says: "That's all I'm going to tell about. I could probably tell you what I did after I went home, and how I got sick and all, and where I'm supposed to go to next fall, after I get out of here, but I don't feel like it." Obviously this character has become mentally ill in an attempt to face the world because he was unable to be himself in society and still maintain his sanity. Thus J. D. Salinger implies that the American adolescent has to choose one of three courses in order to enter the adult world of action: (1) to rebel against society, (2) to become a phoney, or (3) to become insane in an attempt to maintain personal integrity.

What is the relationship between Salinger's Caulfield, Joyce's Daedalus, and Camus's Meursault? Stephen Daedalus must stand before the other two fictional characters because he is an intelligent young boy who chooses the dedicated life of an artist. He rebels because he feels that this rebellion is necessary if he is to fulfill his destiny. Holden Caulfield must be placed second because he is aware of his environment, but he has no mature goal to which he may dedicate his life. Last must come Meursault. Because of his naive half-awareness, he cannot achieve Holden's sensitivity in order to decide in what direction he should strive. Thus each of these writers--American, English, and French--has selected a different caliber of young stranger.

Salinger has selected an American boy and reveals the meaning of youthful rebellion. He has implied that adolescents have little choice within their hypocritical society. At the same time, Salinger has shown that teenage rebellion lacks significant purpose. That he does not progress beyond "childish things" is the pathos of Holden Caulfield.

--Patricia A. Shands

Pulsing blackness, leering evil,
Drive us onward, guide us well...
To the land where love is absent
And the soul delights in hell.

Lead us on to darker regions,
Take us deeper, lower still...
Come, you fiend, with all your legions
Grasp our minds, do what you will.

Share us with your worldly treasures,
In your dungeon's blackest hold...
Yet not with all your chains or pleasures,
Can you touch a ransomed soul.

Challenge hell with all its fires?
Yes, you can for you are free,
That inside you which hell desires,
Hell lost for good, at Calvary.

--Patricia A. Gordon
PERHAPS MY LIFE

Perhaps my life seems futile only to me; an instinctive self-dramatization could be responsible for that concept of futility. A fear of sounding trite or self-important retards this writing. I think that I am searching for something that would shimmer through my consciousness like sunlight through leaves. A Norman Vincent Peale Peace of Mind made zestful by a Lust for Life. (Did I say I might sound trite?)—My admission of being trite carries in itself the essence of triteness and so on ad infinitum ad nauseam. A gimmick. To give myself utterly and idealistically to a cause seems the logical answer, but that would probably end in ineffectual failure. Moral stamina was never my strong point. I could demonstrate for the equality of man in a Racial Paradise, but I haven't been observed riding through the streets of Oxford in a Freedom Bus lately. Neither one of the Chosen nor one of the Called. If the means for alleviating this futility is close at hand, I am too short-sighted to grasp it—imprisoned unmistakably by smallness of mind and spirit. Again I paint myself too pretty. Glorifying apathy and elevating lethargy to the point of a world-weary disillusionment with a life I haven't lived. I haven't earned this pseudo-jaded sophistication, but it seems to be the only thing I can attain. I can laugh at myself and these words, but I don't like to. Disenchantment when expressed properly can be quite effective. Quite a shame that in my hands it takes on a note of self-conscious bleating.

As illusory as it might be, I want Religion. I want the blessed relief of believing in sort of stern permanence. But, unfortunately that Old-Time Religion isn't good enough for me, and I have the unsettling suspicion that it wasn't really good enough for Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, and all the rest of God's Chillun who clung to The Old Rugged Cross with such fervent intensity. (I am, in my own immature way, expressing envy and insecurity.) Driven by some masochistic, but perhaps healthy desire for self-abasement, I shall go down to The River Jordan and wash all my sins away—and I shall be PURE again—Clean Clear Through And Deodorized Too—an antiseptic inoffensive version of my former sinful self. And as my identity floats away, I will scream and cry in a frenzy of religious ecstasy that is really regret. Starkly, simply, and with dramatic intensity, I want out. Out of my body—out of my mind. I consent to stay on the world, but only on my own terms, of course. Narcissistic preoccupation with the Me will be my downfall. The Best of Everything and all for me. I want recognition, glory, fame, acclaim, a Great Big Name. I see the world as Grauman's Theatre with my footprints stalking all around. Ah, little boys and girls—did you know that every time you say you don't believe in fairies, another fairy dies? Children of the World—Unite!!! Rid the world of Homosexuals!!!(those nasty pests)

Don't be trite! God, How I'd hate to be trite. How all the pseudos are scared of Trite—Looming over our self-consciously searching heads, he flourishes his trite-dent (yuk yuk) and laughs with fiendish glee. And the Trite-Man will getcha if you don't watch out. Boomlay Boomlay Boomlay—Boom! You really had it, Vachel, babes, when you wrote that. Out Out Out, I want out. I want to throw my fists through this window with all the force I can muster. But I might get hurt. And I don't want to get hurt. Getting lots of everything and not getting hurt. Just keep those two ideas in mind and you'll be ok kiddo. But what about my artistic integrity? Yeah, what about it? Oh, the futility of everything. Life is just an unkept promise. Now wasn't that profound? Wouldn't you like for someone to read that and tell you what a beautiful soul you have? Yes, I would! I want people to listen to what I have to say with respectful attention. I want to escape from the curse of being ordinary. And if I have to become a Phony to do it, BY GOD I WILL!!!!!!!

but I'm afraid I'll just be an ordinary phony

--Carol Dale Sonenshein

HAIKU NO. 7

Songs in a shower
Echoing across the street
Like a fickle love.

--Donald J. Willard
McKay picked up the top clipboard on the second shelf. She pressed down to release the piece of paper and turned it over.

"C"

One, two, three, four . . . fifteen, sixteen . . . twenty-one dead flies on the window sill. McKay bent closer to the still forms. She shaped an "O" with her kips and then blew gently. They rustled like tiny dead leaves with legs. McKay imagined that she had restored the flies to life. She could feel herself slipping away again. It happened all of the time. She waited to be finger-snapped or hand-waved back to consciousness, but this time she was alone except for twenty-one dead flies. They were as much company as she needed. McKay felt those hot tears she had read about so often run down her cheeks like tiny rivers of acid.

"And McKay cries," she thought. "The Great McKay cannot fall upon her bed and sob all her problems out on the shoulder of the understanding roommate. Instead, she forces her head to her own shoulder. That is why she comes to this forgotten room in Mark Hall?"

Once when she was scouting around for a place to store some of Professor Brun's excess volumes, McKay had discovered this room. It wasn't a large room at all. If one, after opening the door, would take two medium-size steps forward and then extend his hands slightly above shoulder level, chances were good that contact would be made with the light cord. A tug on this cord would succeed in exposing McKay's "retreat." Shelves holding volumes whose titles read like Professor Brun's selected reading list, a broken pencil sharpener, three clipboards, several of those little black and white card- board file boxes, a jar of assorted pencils, and a broken typewriter covered the right wall. The left wall featured a painting which, McKay imagined, some professor had snatched from the wall of his classroom and condemned to this solitary confinement. On the back wall there were several framed photographs of girls. In the corner of each there was a little square of paper identifying the fresh faces. One was labeled the "Women's Hockey Team" of 1923. Another one was the 1923 May Court. The one above the May Court was the Student Government of 1923. Sometimes McKay wondered why 1923 had been sent into solitary, but she never wondered very long. Child liked it that 1923 had been sentenced to McKay's "retreat." McKay never really understood Child or many of the things she said or did.

There was one window in the room. In the middle of the narrow floor space there was a big wooden rocker with leather upholstery, a foot stool, and a trash can. McKay instinctively walked to the trash can. She looked down. Child had been there today. The white and brown wrapping papers of a "Hershey with Almonds" bar lay in the trash can. Now McKay recalled that Child was having a history test at that very time. Twenty-one dead flies completed the furnishing of the room.

McKay picked up the top clipboard on the second shelf. She pressed down to release the piece of paper and turned it over.

"HAPPY TUESDAY, MCKAY. THIS AFTERNOON IS REWARD-TIME. ALL MY TESTS ARE OVER. INTEREST YOU IN A TRIP DOWNTOWN? MUST MAKE PURCHASES! SEE YOU, C. BOWEN."

McKay smiled down at the neat printing. Everyone else on campus called Child either "C.B." or "Ceil." McKay had never thought of her in terms of anything but "Child" and she called her that only in her mind.

McKay took a pack of cigarettes from her raincoat pocket, removed one and lit it. She sat down in the rocker and crossed her legs. Child admired McKay and respected her. She put great stock in McKay's opinion on everything from what courses to take to what to wear when Jeff came up last weekend. It was not Child's admiration or respect for McKay's opinions that puzzled McKay. She could not pick it out until she was face to face with Child. They often talked. And they argued. Sometimes it seemed as though they could agree on nothing. Once they had made a list of things that they did agree on:

1. Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches are suitable any time
2. Albert Schweitzer is a great man
3. Sweat shirts are favorite garments
4. There is an Almighty God
5. Shoes with stacked heels look sharp

and a few others constituted the list.

McKay looked down at her watch. Child should be through with that test by now. McKay lit another cigarette. Suppose Child did not come back to the "retreat." She just had to come. There were tennis shoes coming down the hall.

"Been to the lake again, I see," commented McKay. C. Bowen touched her sun-burned nose.

"How did the test go this morning?" inquired McKay. She knew that Child got the relationship of the two comments, but it was a periphery topic with her. McKay watched her walk to the window and raise it. Then C. Bowen took a seat on the stool, placed her books on her knees, her elbows on her books, and her chin on her hands. She grinned at McKay. McKay choked her cigarette on the floor.

"Did you know there are twenty-one corpses in this room?"

Child's eyes followed McKay's to the window sill. C. Bowen took a composition book, went to the window, and flipped the deceased out of the open window; then she resumed her former position. She looked up at McKay and did not smile.

"Thank you," said McKay.

C. Bowen nodded.

They discussed the usual things, but nothing was said. The pattern was nearly always the same. McKay lit another cigarette. Child leaned back against the wall. She watched McKay. She bit her bottom lip very hard.

"Margaret and I got the sharpest-looking blouses yesterday at Kingston's," continued McKay. "You'd
like them, but I don't see you buying one. They're print and...and...only cost three ninety-eight."

Child watched the little acid rivers flow down McKay's cheeks. McKay continued to discuss. The "retreat" was quiet now except for McKay's exhaling smoke and the scratch of Child's pencil as she doodled on the cover of her composition book.

McKay began to speak softly. Her tears were the only signs of emotion. C. Bowen kept her eyes lowered. McKay did not have to tell C. Bowen, but it always helped to say it.

"Little friend, please help me. I am so afraid---." McKay put her face in her hands. She did not hear C. Bowen put her books down nor did she hear the tennis shoes pad across the floor. She felt the hand of Child on her shoulder.

"About downtown... I can't go with you today. Maybe next time. OK?"

Child nodded. McKay looked out the window. She heard the door close. The pat-pat of tennis shoes faded... faded... and was gone. When she stood up something slipped from her lap to the floor. McKay stooped and picked up the envelope. On a 3x5 card inside were typed these words:

Lord, grant that I may seek rather
  to comfort, than to be comforted--
  to understand, than to be understood--
  to love, than to be loved--
  for it is by giving, that one receives
  by self-forgetting, that one finds
  by forgiving, that one is forgiven
  by dying, that one wakens to eternal life.

St. Francis of Assissi

McKay turned the card over. In the familiar handwriting: "I AM YOUR FRIEND, C."

--Barbara V. Slate

Today swung open
  on the hinge of your voice
as you sang in the kitchen,
pots and pans rattling an accompaniment.

--Maryann Franzoni

LILITH

I knew, of course, that she was lying.
Her hair was spread out across the pillow
And "I love you" rose from the shimmering mass.
Yet, knowing, I answered what must follow,
"Yes," and in replying joined the nameless class
Of clowns who had believed and would believe.
"You are the first" hung, fool!'s gold, in the anxious air.
Again "Yes" and I bent to receive
Her kiss -- my fingers caught in her hair.
I can feel still its heavy silkenness
As it slipped from my shaking hand.
One curl lingered, half wound around my finger,
To form the mockery of a wedding band.
I drew back in formless fear turned anger
And stared at her from the safety of my height.
"No," I said, not really knowing what I meant,
Still intent on her face, pale in the dim light.
And then, "I love you" -- whispered words that rent
The fragile fabric that was my self-control.
In sudden weariness I lay beside her,
Her golden hair weaving into my dark.
"Yes," she said, "And now --" her words a spur
To the half-hidden desires she knew were
Waiting to be called from my floundering heart.
With the heat that comes from withheld tears
I kissed her. And with that blending of heat
And salt, I gave that credulous love that for years
Had laid dormant in my every pulse-beat.

--Maryann Franzoni
PAPERBACKS

Over the office sounds of scratching pencils, ringing telephones and typewriters, a voice boomed "Big Brother is Watching you." No one was annoyed by the declaration since they had heard it at least twice a day since the college kid had started reading Orwell's 1984. Two more weeks and she would return to college taking her paperback library with her. Then the office full of Air Force colonels and civilians would have to reassume responsibility for spelling errors made in correspondence. How many times had she cursed the day her boss welcomed her back saying, "Here's our little English major again this summer." Whoopeedoopeedoo!

Funny how every boss in the office felt it his duty to recommend some literary work to improve the mind of "our little English major." And they tried to out-recommend each other, but Mr. Howard was the chump when he suggested The Third Reich. It was never among the paperbacks dragged to and from the Pentagon by this particular summer employee.

She did have one small book the bosses and secretaries never saw. It was a tiny yellow composition book where she wrote not only how much money she had borrowed from her mother that week but words and fragments certainly meant to be forged into a masterpiece someday. If only she could write when she saw these things. But after all the United States Air Force really wasn't paying her to describe it in iambic pentameter.

Iambic pentameter? What is that? Something to do with poetry, she recalled. What is a poem? She had written one, or two, or three. The first one was a winner. Created in about the fourth grade it went

"Dolly Madison was lovely in her silk gown, She was the prettiest girl in town."

She always had liked written words. The written word had always seemed more sincere or genuine than the spoken word. The spoken seem to escape whereas the written one could be experienced over and over again. The sixth grade was the year of praise for a younger brother accomplished in about eight corny couplets. The seventh grade produced a short story about a frightened pianist at her first recital--personal experiences again. The ninth grade was the year "their little English major" packaged up one of her masterpieces and mailed it to The Readers' Digest. Boy, were they the lucky ones! In the tenth grade she whipped up a gem of a short story. This one was written from imagination--not experience. The subject was a gang war on the streets of New York complete with knife fight.

Then came the days of term papers and reports. The school paper provided an outlet for the imagination. Finally "our little English major" really was an English major. More term papers -- but it was different. Instead of writing on topics such as the Canning of Tuna or Capital Punishment she found herself comparing the female characters in four of Katherine Anne Porter's short stories. Oh how that professor marked all over her twenty-page production!

Words, words, words -- how could she make them do what she wanted them to do? What makes a best seller? Who says? All those neat little paperbacks in the drugstore -- Here it comes again -- "Big Brother is watching you!"

--Barbara V. Slate
REVOLT OF THE ELEMENTS

Freedom Hollow used to be called Peaceful Valley until the revolution. The community was rather small, but it had its prominent citizens. Mr. Adam Mann was the mayor. The others hadn't elected him, but somehow he seemed to have climbed to the top. He used his fellow citizens, but, so far, he did seem to be doing a good job, and the village had prospered under him. There was Mr. John Steele whose thin frame and razor-like nose seemed to fit his cutting personality. He was the surgeon of Peaceful Valley and was noted for his excellent service. What else could he do? Mann was constantly with him—guiding him and telling him what to do. The electrician was Charley Watts—quite the energizer—always bouncing about doing something. He was one of Mann's key aides. In fact there were many ways Mann could use him and still not have to be with him all the time. Mary Waters was a great help to Adam Mann, too. She had a menial servant's position washing laundry and scrubbing dishes. Yes, Mann had used her, too, but it was best that way.

Although the citizens were content for a time to have Mann lead them, there came a time when each thought himself good enough to get along without Mann. One evening Charley Watts began thinking to himself, "Mann, you really don't appreciate my powerful energy. I could really do so much more outside these confines." Aloud he snapped in a crisp, crackling voice, "I have my rights!"

He saw Mann coming toward him. They were going to check the wiring in a piece of real estate a couple of blocks away. "Ready to use me again," he hissed under his breath. As they started off, Watt's mind was jumping along at rapid leaps—counting times that Mann had used him, thinking of the years to come when history would repeat itself, letting the hatred build.

They entered the house, and as Mann went to throw on the light switch, sparks shot out. Blue-white streaks illuminated the whole house—skeleton-like against the black sky. So arson arose from the simple act of turning on a light switch!

Mann and Watts got out in time. "True," Watts muttered, "the experiment was not successful, but in due course of time I will learn."

Adam stared at his long-time friend. The realization that Watts was no longer his aide made him sick with remorse. Mann had given him one of the highest positions, and Watts turned on him!

What the two didn't know was that Mary Waters was thinking as she went to sleep that night, "Someone else should be made to do my work. It's too degrading to be asked to stoop so low."

The next morning Adam Mann rose after a sleepless night. Miss Waters rose, also, voicing her thoughts coolly and clearly, "I have my rights! Why shouldn't I move as I please!"

"...and when you finish the dishes, don't forget the clothes."

"I won't," she replied meekly. "And neither will you," she added in a whisper of determination. As soon as he left, water burst forth, inundating the floors. Instantaneously, pressure found vent, and water rose from the basement. So a flood arose from the simple chore of dish-washing.

"Well—I really didn't expect that, but surely next time...," Miss Waters murmured.

Mann returned that evening to find the debris of his mansion lying in mud and pools of water. "Who would want to do a thing like this?" he queried. "I thought Miss Waters was such a loyal servant."

Yet trouble was to strike again—the third time. Adam Mann's child, Jena Christine, had appendicitis, so Mann called John Steele and asked him to operate immediately.

"Well, of course. You're the boss," Steele said. "Bring her on down." To himself he muttered, "If that guy tries to tell me how to do this, so help me... I know even better than he does about how it should be done. I've done it many times."

In a few hours Jena Christine was lying on the table. She was quite a pretty child—sweet and simple. Steele lay the abdomen bare. The scalpel was poised just as Mann pointed out, "Start here."

That was the last straw. "I will do as I please. I have my rights!" Steele screamed. The scalpel dug deep into the flesh—gouging and scraping uncontrollably. When it was over Steele looked about self-consciously and said, "Yes, yes, I know I made a mess of it this time, but with practice I shall be free to be myself!"

Mann wrung his hands in despair. His only child had been sacrificed for this mob. The elements drove him away. That was the point at which Peaceful Valley became known as Freedom Hollow where each citizen had his rights regardless of the others.

--Grace C. Cosby
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