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Three Love Stories

BY EDWARD LOOMIS

THE WOLF

WHAT I have to contribute is mainly an act of recognition, for this story comes out of my reading, some years back.

I remember the book, vaguely, a translation from the French, with lots of illustrations, mostly etchings, engravings, prints, all very highly "stylized," which is to say, clumsy-looking and disagreeable.

I might further plead that I am exercising some "imagination"; but since I mean by that word something like "a sense of fact," I daresay this claim is not likely to be allowed.

But "imagination" is a convenient term; it looks out into the indefinite blue . . . a rickety gentleman on the parapet—

So imagine a French nobleman, on horseback, proceeding through a winter landscape, in the late sixteenth century, say. Snow on the ground.

Heavy boots, a fur cap that covers his ears, a fur coat, and a cavalry saber at his side—a broad, heavy-feeling blade.

He is of course an important person in this part of the country—a pillar of society; he is still fairly young, about thirty-five years old.

He is on his way to the chateau of a friend, and this is a social call.

On the way he encounters a wolf—a big bitch wolf. She appears out of a grove of trees to his right, and trots along a course parallel to his.

Hungry, very probably. This region is always terrorized by wolves in the wintertime.

He thinks it odd that she is alone, and he keeps an eye out for the pack.

He is not worried, of course. Being a hunter and a soldier with eleven campaigns behind him in five countries, he is even pleased to have something on his mind as he rides along.

The bitch wolf is to him a source of pleasure: he thinks about her that way. It is all a question of getting close enough so that he can

use his saber, with which he has already cleanly decapitated two men.

Somberly he remembers those men, a peasant on the other side of the Rhine who had been carrying a club, and a Spanish pikeman. Clear, dark colors elaborate the images—his arm ringing as he rode by!

Then bringing the horse up, and turning him to see what next was to be done—

An attentive shrewdness is the expression of his face; and the wolf has been coming closer. It is now apparent that she is not behaving normally. Suddenly she runs at him, dodging off when she is eight to ten feet away, and then facing him with her front paws spread, and her head down, looking up.

Her tongue appears. The yellow eyes are on him, and it is like staring into the face of a familiar dog gone crazy.

He finds the saber in his hand; he had been ready. He grins a little.

She seems to be fawning on him—playing with him, and he does not care for this.

Checks his horse. She stops moving.

“Come closer,” he says.

She moves her hips obscenely, so it seems to him, as if she were in heat, and he decides that this is the explanation for her behavior.

He spurs his horse forward, seeming to have forgotten her. She moans—gives a little yelping bark.

He senses that something is going on, rises a little in the stirrups, feels her approaching, and with a sudden graceful whirl of the true horseman, he is leaning over her with the saber raised, then striking backhanded as she dodges away to the right—a terrible whistling blow that grates pleasingly on something at the bottom of its course.

He pulls the horse up and raises the blade; the bitch wolf is getting away, going steadily for the woods, and lurching rhythmically.

His hand knows that it has caught her. He looks down, and there in the snow with three drops of blood beside it rapidly sinking in, is the front paw of the wolf, neatly severed two inches up the leg.

He considers whether he wants to follow her, and decides against it, for he is already a little late.

He watches her go into the woods, shifting along awkwardly; and he grins after her.

Casually he dismounts, picks up the paw, and drops it into a leather sack he carries tied to the saddle; ordinarily he has a feed of oats for the horse in there, but today the sack is empty because he can expect his host to provide oats in the stable.

Then he mounts and rides on, arriving just before dark; he gives his horse to the care of the groom at the stable, then takes the leather sack containing the wolf's paw and goes up to the house. It is in his mind to tell the story of the wolf at dinner: there will be a moment when it will be suitable--

A cold night. A dark sky over the pale grey house.

The host welcomes him, a man about his own age. They go into a room where there are two fires burning, the leather sack goes under a chair, and the talk begins.

These are old friends, comrades of the wars--there is always something to say: "de litteris et de armis," the usual conversation of intelligent men," as Ezra Pound has laid it out for us. The visitor feels at home here, with a real affection for his host; it is about time for the wife to appear, who is a handsome, rough-faced woman always welcome in the company of men. She has a sort of acne, and fierce bright eyes very deep brown in color.

The host interrupts what he is saying in order to summon her, for he feels that she is late; a servant is sent off, who returns in a little while to say that his lady requests permission not to come down for a while because she is feeling ill.

The host considers this for a moment, hesitates, then has her sent for, smiling urbanely as he instructs the servant. It is clear that he is a gentle husband who yet knows when he must insist on his rights. He makes a little face at his friend.

When the lady appears, she is wearing a heavy fur robe and carrying a muff; and her face is pale--evidently there is something really wrong with her, and the visitor is disappointed by this, for he had been thinking her illness merely a ruse to free her from her husband's attention that night, so that she could get away to join him in his bedroom where they have already had some violent meetings.

The scene which now occurs is not very interesting in itself--nobody is cooperating. The host grows sullen, the visitor tries vivacity, then curbs it; and the wife will not look at either the husband or the lover.

Finally the husband dismisses her, with something in his manner that suggests he will be visiting the topic of her behavior this evening, and in serious vein.

They drink a little heavily of the brandy in an effort to revive their merriment, and the visitor, thinking to try something new, recalls the wolf; with a little start (for he had altogether forgotten the episode),

he reaches down under the chair and picks up the sack, and immediately notices that it feels different from what it had been when he set it down—lighter, perhaps.

He raises the sack in his right hand; it is an oddity, displayed thus, and he is happy to be getting his effect.

He tells the story, and then, completing it with his exhibit loosens the pucker string and stares into the sack. For a moment he is perplexed, thinking he has made a mistake—a glance at the sack persuades him that it is not so, that the sack is the one he had brought into the room.

It is plain, however, that something is there which he had not put there. The light is ineffective. He gets up and goes over to the fire, noticing the look of astonishment on the face of his host.

In the glare of the firelight, he peers in and sees a woman's hand, a left hand, with two rings. It is a large, beautifully white hand perfectly familiar to him as the hand of his mistress—it has touched his cheek, his eyebrows—

He bends over, identifies both rings, one set with a large diamond, the other with three matched rubies, and drops the sack with a yell of horror.

He kicks at it—some trick of the devil rising from the verge of hell; staggers away.

Meanwhile the host has risen, seizes him by the shoulder and stares into his eyes giving him a look of anxious, frightened kindness; then he hurries across the room to the sack, which he picks up and opens, then turns upside down so that the hand drops to the floor, hitting with a little thud, and the fingers seem to flex momentarily.

The host's recognition of the hand is accompanied by an instant severity of expression; his lips begin moving, and the visitor hears the patter of Latin, in a prayer.

He too has begun to pray, and now falls to his knees, as yet uncertain whether to beg for help or forgiveness.

The host is growing strong with bewilderment and rage—this is visible. He is in his own house, he has family portraits looking down down on him, there are famous lances gathered in clusters on the walls.

The visitor is ready to die, certain that he has been found out, and he bows his head for the shock of the blow he has himself known how to inflict, though not for this cause.

Then he hears his friend's voice speaking a rapid accusation directed

against his wife, and the complaint is witchcraft, a serious matter in this region which has been plagued with it for centuries and has been suffering especially in the last twenty years, and the visitor takes this for a momentary reprieve until the thought comes to him that witchcraft surely it has been which thus confounds him.

The husband is accusing his wife of being a witch who can take the form of a wolf, and when the spell wears off must return to her own form; and thus her hand—

The visitor meanwhile is recalling that there has always been something strange and wild about this woman—indeed, her power of making an adventure out of common moments has endeared her to him above any other woman he has known, for with her it has not been possible to be bored.

And a wolf—there has always been something noticeable in her character as of a big, unruly dog; she is not graceful after the fashion of other women, though she is very graceful—

She had been courting him, out there in the snow, a vile creature—those yellow eyes had been looking for weakness, for a way in, endangering his soul.

He shudders, on his knees, and presently he feels a hand on his shoulder—his host's hand, urging him to rise so that they might make common cause against the witch who inhabits this house.

The visitor gets to his feet, is uncertain, then for a moment dizzy, and then ready for what must come. He takes up his saber, left on a table near the door; and the host has armed himself with a dagger and a little ebony cross taken down from the wall.

"We must confine her," the host says, and the visitor agrees, now wondering briefly if she will betray him and knowing that he must take the risk that she will try to; and with this, the story has reached its end, for the work of justice in such a case was in those times very rapid and very secure.

The wife was tortured, indeed her toenails were ripped out with red-hot tongs and her knees and the mutilated forearm broken with strokes of an iron bar, among other torments applied by the civil authority, and she confessed to being a witch, finally, though she would not name her associates and did not say that as a woman she had known a lover as well as a husband.

She was burned at the stake in the marketplace of the nearby town, with husband and lover looking on, and as the flames rose against her, the lover was suffering vividly, for the flames reminded him very

naturally of his passion, which had similarly enfolded her. She did not cry out; the great dark eyes were fixed on him, so he believed—

He maintained his composure on the whole quite well, given the love for her which he still felt strongly, for he understood a duty to do battle with witchcraft as perhaps we all ought to do, though in this century there has developed a sympathy for the witches on the ground that they were women interested in love—

What went on at the meetings of the witches?—who were women, you understand. Men were present—their eyes glittering out from behind the mask, feeling the odd pressures of the shoe taken out of a hollow tree for this occasion.

Love, I think it was (among other things), as I gloss this tale; and so the lover thought, who had known in his bones that she knew others beside himself, and would not complain for fear of losing the felicity that he had.

He never learned to doubt that she had loved him, and some days after her death he found his way to the cleft tree where they had left messages for each other, and there was a message which he decided must have been sent after her arrest, for it said, "I will love you for all eternity in the fires of hell," and they had never in their happy days been given to talking like this.

Not long after he went to the tree, he began to sicken, with terrible pains in the back and a paralysis in the right leg, and though he recovered in time, he was never quite the same man again.

He hurt his leg in a fall from a horse, and afterward limped a little; he gave up hunting; he grew old, having learned that even a strong man is capable of tears, and in spite of all this he kept up his duties in that country, and was generally welcome in the important houses.

He died at the age of thirty-nine, alone in his own bed, and the husband survived him by forty-one years to become the oldest man anyone knew in that part of the world, and he had seven sons and a daughter by his second wife. . . .

Most of this is vouched for in my source, and what is not will have to go it alone, for I don't know any arguments that will tend to support it.

I suppose my notion is that morality is the subject of literature, and if this is so then something moral will have been said here, for you say your subject and can do no more.

Say it. And say that I love the thought of her who died secure in her utmost fidelity.

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HUNGER

EXCEPTIONAL PEOPLE aren't very interesting in stories, I believe, and I want to start by saying that Liza was—probably still is—un-exceptional. (She was remarkable; that's something else again.) Given her circumstances, she did what many a girl might have done.

Her name was Elizabeth Thompson Schofield—Liza, a beautiful girl: you'd think about her face in those terms, As to her body, it wouldn't surprise you to see a good tennis player built like that, with shapely, heavy legs, flat chest, long straight back; she had a lot of energy.

Her particular gift was to be good at understanding things in a generally literary and philosophical way—like a young Santayana, trustfully examining the world. Genius would not be an excessive claim about her; genius is not so rare—accomplishment is rare. She used to make notes on scraps of paper that would surprise you.

She liked to sing, and she liked to dance, though she was no music-lover: I believe she found music indefinite as an experience in itself.

Her line was the conceptual—holding the long antique sequences in order. This was her particular and constant pleasure.

She made good sense, except when she was telling stories under the influence of schizophrenia—charming sense! (Schizophrenia, or something around near there.) Her stories were not to be relied on: those candid eyes often looked out upon the rueful expression of someone who was doubting. She was like this from the time she came to Valley State, and, of course, it was a serious matter.

People talked about her, even joked about her, and though this did not modify her, it modified her circumstances—she set things going which came back to her, and then sometimes she had to sigh, painfully.

How did this thing happen to her? Nobody knew; maybe it was an unhappy love affair. Lord, it might have been: she gave each love affair a chance to affect her.

No knowing, however. Her malady was part of the given, in this little sequence of events, like the great heat, and the smell of creosote in the summertime.

Her plight was that, having no money, she would not take a job to support herself; this—which may have been a kind of madness—occurred in Taupe, where she was an undergraduate student at Valley State, living in a rooming house for elderly men operated by an aunt,

and Liza had no privileges there—I saw the old woman once or twice, on her porch.

That's a funny way to live, all right; but of course the having shelter is what caused Liza to come to Taupe, and be a student. . . .

Her own family was in Florida, sisters and brothers and the mother, all poor, because the father had died in his forties without insurance (he had made fun of *life* insurance).

There she was, hungry in the midst of the affluent society, turning her lovely head to answer the summons of life. . . . I, as it were, *imagine* all that energy and intelligence compelled by penury, and I could weep, remembering that I had not helped. She never complained; she was very gallant.

I have believed that people get what they want in life, saving only those who are coerced by financial circumstances (the poors), and Liza doesn't quite fit either the generalization or the exception.

"One has a duty to be happy," she used to say, and she tried to keep to her duty, she really did. She studied hard; and that's why she was such a trial to the Dean of Women, it may be; for she was a fine student and *also* immoral. She made love to quite few, young and old, and who can say why she did that? She was a giving nature; she was exerting a sexual charm against the curse of having a boy's flat chest, maybe that was it.

I say immoral because that's how she felt about it. She liked doing it, of course; but she understood that she was a transgressor.

Both sides of the balance in perfect order: an intellectual feat.

Also she very probably told other girls about the diaphragm (nowadays it would be The Pills)—how to get one, mainly, and she was expelled from a dormitory on suspicion of this—a very obscure episode that has a certain clarity in the mind of the Dean of Women, perhaps.

This is being pressed out toward an essay, I see, and I would like to think that the reason is in her being as she was—she was unstable, not suitable for a plot, even for the plot I would like to imagine for her.

Humm! While in high school, she had an illegitimate child, now being cared for by her mother.

She fell in love with her teachers.

She went to church—the Presbyterian Church, usually, for she liked their hymnal—and said about her religion, "It's a pure source of energy."

She tried smoking and didn't like it.

She took the serious course in physics and got a B all four semesters:

enjoyed the calculus; studied foreign languages with pleasure.

And when this brilliant student got really hungry, none of her lovers had the sense to notice her plight (it's not the sort of thing one looks for), and she would not tell them, for that would be an attempt to reform them, and she was against that, on principle. Scholarships did not come her way—she was not the type to get a scholarship. . . .

I imagine for her a spirit that she enacted here among us in the real world. Spirit is what one gathers from the consideration of such details as are here apparent.

She was here and there—refusing to comment. She always only said her thought, as it came along—a girl who never read the newspapers.

So she had to steal from the supermarkets just to continue in a day, and for a while she got away with it, doing well in her studies, happy with just two men, one a student and the other a motorcycle mechanic with intellectual pretensions. Being well-fed, she had energy for this much and more.

I knew a painter once who went about a portrait in oil somewhat as I am doing here: definite strokes about two inches long and a third of an inch wide, a sort of incipient cubism—then something glares up off the canvas. That's what I'm after—Liza—

Liza! By God, this is more like action painting!

Hunger intensified the schizophrenia which was her secret—by how much are we impoverished who quarantine our insane with definitions which none of them can escape? Those poor devils are adequately known about, hence discardable. One plays another card.

Three centuries ago, Liza could have been accommodated in the mind of everybody, and been a brilliant poet, perhaps. Well, some sort of poet, with curious meters.

—Then she got caught and was turned over to the Dean of Women, who was severe with her, and this brought on a state of mind—pretty wild—which came to the notice of some of her teachers; and thus she came under the care of the Student Health Service, which employs several counsellors and a psychiatrist, all of whom agreed that Liza was in danger.

They didn't do anything about it except to converse rather hazily among themselves. Nothing came of it; she got better.

Once again she was hungry all the time, for she still refused to take a job; she raided the icebox at the boarding house, but there was never anything there—not even an egg, usually, because the old woman bought just enough each day for the next day's breakfast.

She went back to stealing from the supermarkets, and after a week she got caught again, and this time was turned over to the police instead of the academic authorities, who took her down to the City Prison, booked her, and rather kindly explained that it was now up to her to get bail, a thing she ought to be able to do, somehow—

It was difficult because her two regular boyfriends were no help; neither had a phone, and she guessed that neither would have enough money anyway (she did not know how much would be required).

She had to call somebody, though. She applied herself to this problem (feeling her world beginning to crack, as it had done before).

Not smiling now, and not very intelligent, either. One puts all such aside when the world's grip is strict; there were Mexican girls looking at her—

The matron was wearing a navy blue skirt and a khaki blouse over a majestic bosom. A grumpy, youngish woman.

The toilets visible in the cells were formidable in appearance.

She repeated the phrase, "In distress," as she leafed through the pages of the telephone book, trying to find a name that was to the purpose; it would have to be somebody she loved, or who loved her. . . .

This is difficult to do, on sudden demand, when the first few candidates are ruled out.

From distress she went over into despair, and spent a dreadful night—well, how would you like it?

The next morning under the pressure of this situation, she recalled that one of the female physical education instructors had taken a friendly interest in her at the pool, and so she called her, explained her situation, and received an instantaneous promise of help: "I'll cancel my class and be right down," she said—Miss McIntyre, this was: "You poor dear!"

Yeah, she was a Lesbian, and Liza was happy to go with her and be seduced, and this is not at all wonderful; Liza (on probation) lived with Miss McIntyre for six months, gained twenty pounds, found a new boy friend (the freshman baseball coach), and returned Miss McIntyre's love pretty well, though without great pleasure.

When they parted, Miss McIntyre was miserable, even permitting herself to have thoughts of suicide—it was a question here of youth and age, Miss McIntyre in her late forties—and Liza continued on her path.

The end of this was that she got married (her child still living with her mother), and is married now, very probably, to that one or another.

A crazy girl, and one wonders what has happened to the genius, which comes and goes like happiness, exactly like happiness, it may be!

PEYOTE

HE PROPOSED IT, and she thought it would be a pretty neat thing to do—hitchhike up the coast to Big Sur, camp there, maybe eat some peyote (she was dubious about this part), and hitchhike back on Sunday for the wedding party of a friend. They would miss the wedding, and that was all right with her.

She was twenty, he was twenty-two, both students at the State University, Indian-looking people with dark hair and prominent dark eyebrows. A big girl, her hair was long, well down past her shoulder blades—sweet, beautiful face.

His hair was really black, worn fairly long, and he had a sort of Texas face; even the part in his hair looked Western—

They might have been taken for brother and sister.

She was an English major and so was he—both looking around.

They were lovers, had been for almost two months now: she'd stay at his apartment two or three nights a week. They were both working hard as students—read those novels, studied those poems, wrote those papers!

She had had two other lovers, not of his type, and liked them both very well.

Now she liked him very well. She was deliberate about such matters as about everything, a girl of good family who could think along pretty steadily—people liked her, and many even loved her, on sight.

She was quiet and shy, but you'd notice her instantly in a crowd.

No Bohemian, either one of them. She looked too aristocratic for that; and he too strong for it, like some sturdy, watchful young man just in from a ranch on the west Texas plains.

You'd notice *him*, too. He was a man.

Not good material for Bohemia. What would they be good material for? Citizens of the Republic, on the march to the good life, one way or another, and they'll get there before most of us, I think.

They were vivid, and she was smart, too—had an artist's way of taking her experience. She photographed things with those large eyes.

He was a little too stern—maybe too independent—to do that; subtlety was not his game.

So they set out, carrying packs with sleeping bags—got a friend to drive them to the northbound on-ramp of the freeway, and caught a ride immediately. This was a little before noon.

A middle-aged man in a Buick was the driver, fascinated by this pair, and before they'd gone ten miles he was offering to drive them all the way, veering off his course to do this.

He drove fast, held it at well over eighty going up 101. The boy sat in front, talking a little to be polite. She sat in back, looking out slowly—didn't say anything.

On Highway One, where the road narrows and gets curvy, he slowed down. Some sports cars passed him.

They got to the campground at Big Sur at four-thirty, walked a long way around the Ranger Station (not wanting to pay for a camp site), chose a place and took possession of it by spreading out their sleeping bags. Then they prepared a meal—some fruit, some things out of cans. After eating they walked around, took things in (the big sycamores and the sycamore leaves on the bottom of the river), and just passed the time until they were sleepy. They went to bed without making love—no harm in that. There were people around, and it had been a long day; they knew what they wanted, like married people.

It got cold during the night (it was late October), and they rolled against each other in the sleeping bags—the heads were together, and he said nice things into her little ear.

The next morning after breakfast, he got out the peyote, smallish disks, wrinkled, like dried apricots, and at first she was reluctant, as she had been right along; she had come for the camping—she was used to that, for her family had always done a lot of camping. He talked her around, though—made fun of her reluctance.

They cut it up into pieces for easy chewing, and there was some cottage cheese and sections of lemon to help with the taste, and neither helped at all. Frightful it was, like a warning from Mother Nature that one is not supposed to be eating this thing!

She got angry with him silently about this bitter new experience.

Once having eaten their assignment, and there was quite a lot of it, they went off through the woods, going up the river, and stopped after half an hour to sit down under the trunk of a big sycamore; there, some fifteen minutes later, she began to feel nausea, and very quickly was really sick, wanting to vomit and unwilling to do it.

She made a scene—spoke roughly to him on the theme that you've made me sick, and why should you have wanted to do that, you

bastard. She said some other swear words, very naturally, as nice girls can do, sometimes. She domesticated them.

Still, they stung him.

As she got sicker, he tried to comfort her. She lay down with her head in his lap, weeping now; he patted her, kissed her cheek, talked to her, and under the stimulus of the situation talked rather better than he normally did, so that she was really rather pleased with the way things were going; and after a time the nausea passed away, and he smiled happily at the news of this.

Then they settled themselves to have the experience of peyote, looking up into the sycamores.

Objects became alive (so it seemed). They came up out of their mute natures. The big white boulders arranged to be on intimate terms with something or other in the psyche, for example.

One thing after another. No hurry.

Goats must feel like that when they get on the wrong fodder.

Presently she observed that the leafage of the trees was composed of an immense tangle of snakes, and she was not at all afraid of this, though she had a great dislike of snakes. I don't think this has any phallic significance.

They stayed there some hours, stricken.

Then they went wandering around, and on the way back to camp after dark, got lost in the forest for a few minutes, as was proper.

Clouds were building up meanwhile, and by the time they'd had their supper, a light rain was falling. They set to work against it by stretching a little tarpaulin between a big tree and a little one, and ditching around the sheltered area underneath (he had brought an army-surplus entrenching tool). Then they went to bed, still pretty high, enjoying the sound of the rain, and feeling secure in the sleeping bags. No lovemaking.

Sometime after ten, the rain picked up and the waters began washing here and there; it happened that one of the streams came their way, inundating their ditch very suddenly, and splashing down through their little bed making the sleeping bags wet instantly.

What sort of disaster this was you can imagine who have been in such a fix.

No fun.

Dark and cold and boring. One is bored immediately, and the day, which will dry things out, is a fading memory. There is a lot of clumsy movement impossible to regulate according to the dictates

of reason—you just hurry along, trying to get the stuff together, and wondering if there's any place where you can hide.

They looked, but there was nothing to the purpose, and the air was getting noticeably colder. They were still a little high, you understand. They'd have moved into the ranger's house if they could have found a room with the window unlocked—well, not quite that far, maybe. But they'd have thought about it—that's the possibility!

Finally he had the idea that they could go into one of the privies, and this was done—the Men's. It had one of those National Parks' toilets that consist of a drum over a hole, with a toilet seat hinged to the top of it; such an arrangement always seems to smell a lot stronger than its farm counterpart which is sawed out of boards, and this one had a particularly strong smell because there had been a lot of people using it over the weekend—one imagines the strong powders doused by the caretaker upon the steaming pile in the darkness below. It's nothing to hold against her that she was distressed to be there, sitting down most of the time, up to her knees in sleeping bags that could not very well be rolled up, since they were wet, and the packs, and her lover's legs. It was crowded in there.

All they could do was wait through each second in the hope that the daylight would come before too long. Umn. There's a situation that's difficult to bear gracefully. . . . Of course, she was happy. She was really very happy.

When finally there was enough daylight to justify the attempt at the highway, they gathered things together, and went out there.

No cars for quite a while, then a sailor in a '57 Chev. stopped, and they were on their way, this time requiring three different cars before reaching the off-ramp they were seeking at a little before two-thirty in the afternoon, and by this time they had brightened to the day and the night was merely an unpleasant thing that had happened, about which it was possible to remember that the last impulses of the peyote had somewhat mitigated the unpleasantness. . . .

A friend in a Volkswagen came down the off-ramp as they were standing there, and he was willing to take them home (to the boy's apartment), where they took showers and made love, for the first time in five or six days; it was a nice love-making; she came, for the first time with anybody, and this made them both happy.

At four-thirty they went to the wedding party, and six weeks later they had parted forever, for he believed that she was interested in marrying him.

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She was heart-broken, naturally, and has survived to be more beautiful than ever, while he has graduated and gone off to Los Angeles.

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