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The Lantern Vol. 27, No. 3, Fall 1960

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**The
LANTERN**

1960

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Cover Design by "Us"

Some time ago a staff of individuals of rather diverse interests and opinions was thrown together in an eleventh hour effort to save the *Lantern*. These people, two radicals, a conservative, a mystic, and a transatlantic were guaranteed enough freedom and money to experiment with a Really Big Issue. And, eyes alight with childish wonder and dollar signs, they began to do just that. The radicals proposed lead articles on the values of free love, and marijuana. The conservatives countered with an issue devoted to the Republican Party, birth control, and a campaign to popularize snuff. And the transatlantic suggested tea breaks and Teddy girls. All, however, seemed to agree on a change. So they began a campaign. The result—for the first time in several years the *Lantern* was not forced to take everything in order to fill space. The selections in this magazine are one-third of all that was submitted.

A contest was run (the editors running wild with a total of sixty-five dollars in prizes).

The entries were anonymous and the selection of winners was as follows:

Best Art Work—Jay Bosniak and Gloria Campezzi.

Best Essays on the Contest Topic of Organized Religion—Betty Heale and Jim Ryan.

Best Poetic Contributions—Pete Vennema and Phil Rowe.

Best Entry in Fiction Contest—Joel Roberts.

Mr. Hudnut selected the powerful autobiographic essay *Panic On the Mountain Peak*, by Phyllis Furst as the "Best of Everything."

So here it is. This is the new *Lantern*. Read it and decide for yourself whether the adjective new is justified. It only remains to thank all those who helped with criticism, illustrations, typing, meeting-attending, and general enthusiasm.

THE EDITORS

*Guide this quill
To create the unattainable.
Lantern, light the way.*

THOUGHTS IN DA VINCI'S COFFEEHOUSE

from the unpublished poems of J. Alfred Prufrock

We sit
to find the pure essence of being
in the blown wreaths of smoke
from Gail's cancerous cigarette
and think
and the muse of da Vinci
hovers silently around
and we wonder
Did Leonardo eat pizza?

Two neophytes come in
They look at the pictures
and pretend to know
They order espresso
and pretend to know
With surprise they view
double pot and demi tasse cups
With many grimaces
they sip the dark brew

We sit
and think
They dose it up with sugar
We smile grimly at the hypocrisies
of the world

We try
to find the pure essence of being
and strip the falseness from
beliefs
and actions

We sit
and think

Out on the street
busy people run by
like ants in a hill
each important
but only to himself

We sit
and think
Did Leonardo drink espresso?

Anonymous

KINESIOLOGY CLASS

Outside—
Snowflakes through the windows
Cars going by;
Going nowhere, but in a hurry
The sound of wind

Inside—
Heads bent over books
Papers rattling
A voice resounding, but going nowhere
Grotesque forms on the shelf
Or looking out from within a jar
Water drips from a leaky faucet

drip

drip

drip

Recording the passing time

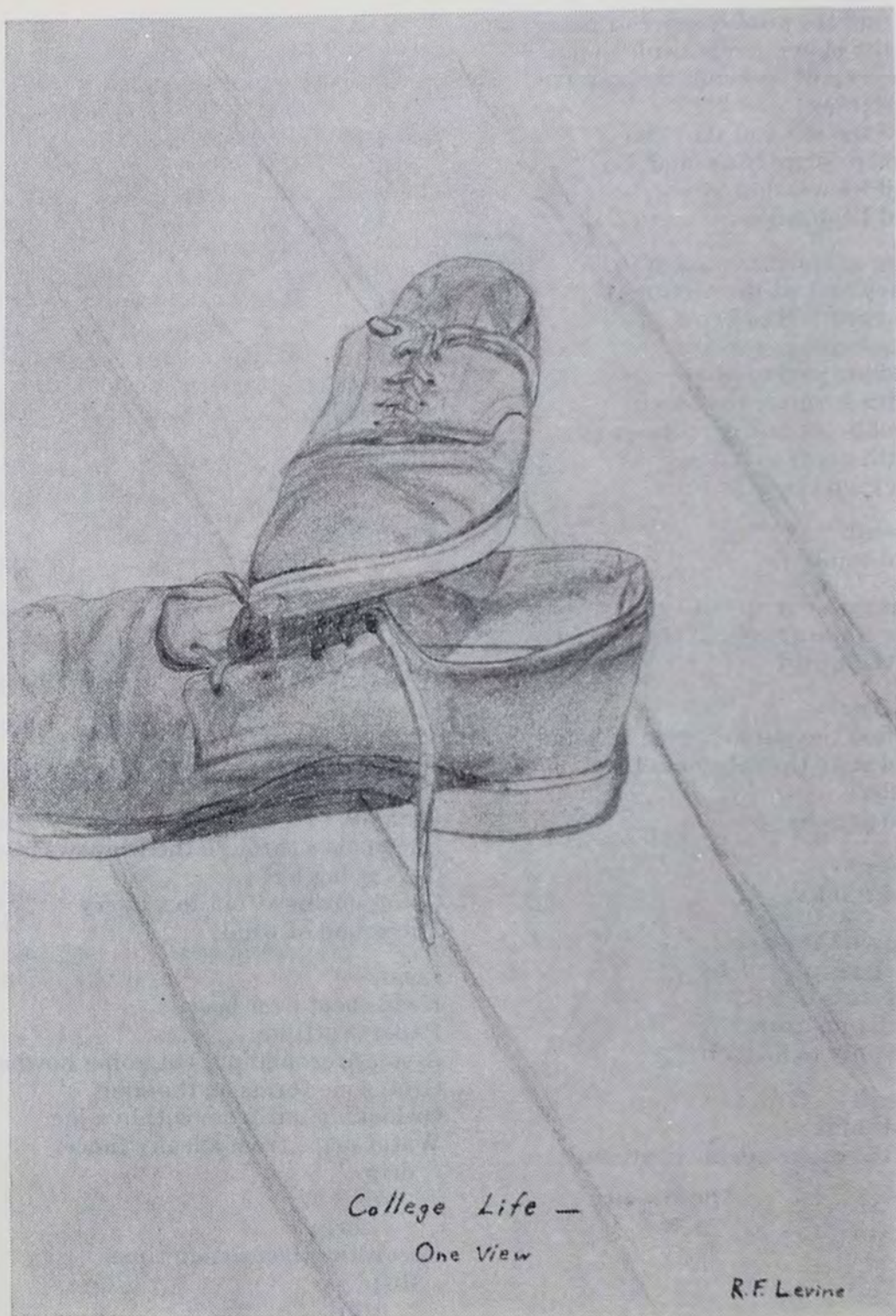
drip

drip

drip

The wind and snow cause heads
To turn to the window
The bell brings release
We leave.

By R.A.Y.



*College Life —
One View*

R.F. Levine

NO ONE IS NAMED ALISTAIR

By Joel Roberts

He who stood on the open porch overlooking the Atlantic Ocean that day in September saw the beach, the water, and over all, the fog. The day was rare; the usually turbulent Atlantic swept over the beach in pale green, almost nonchalant breakers. There was no white froth to mar the sea's surface. Gaunt black pilings, remnants of a lost fishing pier, were barely visible through the fog, the fog which disintegrated the imagined difference between the sea and the beach, between what was and what wasn't.

In only one spot in the whole sterile scene was there an indication of human life. Two young men about twenty years old, one dark and the other blond, sat on a huge red beach towel. He who stood on the open porch overlooking the Atlantic Ocean that day in September listened to their conversation.

"Boy, are you a life saver! I thought I'd be spending this Saturday night alone. Now, who is this broad you fixed me up with?"

"The 'broad' is named Alistair Winchester."

"I never heard of a girl called Alistair. Come on, no one's named Alistair!"

"No, really. Her name is Alistair."

"Well, what is she? A debutante?"

"No, she's just a girl. She works in the city. A secretary, I think."

"And does she do the trick?"

"What do you mean, 'Do the trick'?"

"You know what I mean. What's this naive bit?"

"Sometimes I think it's not quite right to expect sex from every date I get you."

"Oh, come on! It's 1960, not 1900."

"Okay! I'm sorry I said anything, so forget about it."

"What did you say the name of this girl was?"

"Alistair. Alistair Winchester."

Silently, a misty, gray image, like a wispy thread of fog, joined the two young men sitting on the garish towel.

The figure spoke.

"Hey, baby! Would you like some of my orangeade?"

"Are you selling it?"

"Hell no! I'm giving it away, and you're the lucky man."

"That's stupid, you giving away your orangeade. But I'll take some anyway. — Wait a minute. This isn't orangeade, this is a screwdriver."

"What about your silent friend? Doesn't he want any of my orangeade?"

"No, that's all right. I don't like orangeade."

"But this is a screwdriver."

"Well, in that case, I'll take some."

"Hey, Girl! What's your name?"

"I'm Alistair."

"That's something. I have a date with you tomorrow night. My name's Hamlet."

"Hamlet, do you do the trick?"

Just then, a rolling green wave, bigger than the others, crept unnoticed upon the beach; the giant breaker melted back into the sea, and the beach was empty.

He who stood on the open porch overlooking the Atlantic Ocean that day in September smiled, and he saw the beach, the water — but the fog was gone.

THE BEAT GENERATION

Here we stand
The new generation.
Are we beat?
No, man-like
Merely ready for the fight.
And we are almost old enough
to defend our stand.
How can we say we love our country?
that we glory in its freedom
and detest its conformity?
'tis not easy
to cast aside tradition—
Must we tell them they are lost?
yes, lost—
And here we stand
the successors!
we live for today
watching
and
wondering
at you of yesterday.
For tomorrow perhaps
We'll have you beat.

By Allison

THE SUPER HIGHWAY BLUES

(A jazz lyric to the tune of Weeping Willow Blues)

Black the road swells underneath; the coming cars blind white.
Red and green and orange are the cold gods of the night.
Lights control my thinking, tell me "Forty miles to there,"
When to stop, how fast to go, how far, but never where.

And it is clear to me—I've got the Super Highway Blues.

Cigarettes cause cancer and I smoke three packs a day;
Super bombs and Supermen may smoke my lungs away;
I've got some insurance if I try to beat the red;
I've got some insurance, but I can't win 'til I'm dead.

And that's the reason why—I've got these Super Highway Blues.

Come on baby, talk to me; I don't care what you say.
Tell me if you love me, and how long you're gonna stay.
Blacks and whites and traffic lights, they tell me what to do.
None of it can matter, though—It all comes back to you.

Cause you're the only one—to break these Super Highway Blues.
Oh yeah,
Got the Super Highway Blues.

By Phil Rowe



PANIC AND THE MOUNTAIN PEAK

By Phyllis W. Furst

All day we walked, slogging through the rain-soaked, summer woods. With each step we took our packs seemingly increased in weight by logarithmic progression. In a slowly rising spiral we climbed the long approaches to Mount Katahdin. Clouds hung low, obscuring the peaks. But we sometimes saw, as we topped a rise, the bare, blank faces of the lower reaches of the mountain.

Lunch was a soggy sandwich. It didn't matter to any of us for the mountain and adventure lay ahead. We walked again while knives of wind hit our cheeks and spattered there fine mists of rain.

As evening approached we reached our journey's end in the Great Basin at the base of the mountain. Formed by glacier action the basin is a huge, curved bowl tucked against the sheer rock face below three peaks: Pamola, Baxter, and Hamlin.

Throwing our packs to the ground, we sat down quietly and stared at the peaks hanging stark against the evening sky. The sun came out briefly before beginning its final plunge. Color and light hit the jagged teeth of the famed Knife Edge and scudded along the peaks. We sat and watched the play of light and shadow and thought long thoughts of tomorrow's climb.

* * * * *

Tomorrow! Tomorrow we will climb the peak, and already I am afraid. Panic's long fingers chase up my spine and encompass my heart. Distant noises seem abnormally loud. The bark of the Ranger's dog shatters the stillness. As it dies away I am aware of the thud of my pulse, the moist clamminess of my palms, and the curled cringing of my toes.

Why am I, who am afraid, here in this place of height and depth? Why do I wait with eagerness to climb sheer heights—to know again the racket of startled boulders tumbling down the mountain side? Why do

I want to feel once more the dizzying effect of empty wind-filled infinity behind my back? I know too well the trembling uncertainty of my knees and the nausea which may engulf me.

My friends know my fear. In loud, bold tones I have named it, hoping that by its publication it will be exorcised and leave me free and at peace with the mountain world. I raise my eyes and see again *that* point on the Knife Edge. There, ignominiously, I once had to sit with my face to the rock wall, ignoring the sheer drop behind my back. I sat there making small talk with my friends until panic subsided. I sat until trembling knees agreed to cooperate with will, and breath ceased coming in gasps. Then, we went on. In memory I can travel again a dozen razor-back ridges where fear of height has plagued me. At such times faith in my more sure-footed friends must direct my movements. Hands and feet precisely follow friendly direction. I never dare to look beyond the next hold for fear of the emptiness behind my back and below my feet.

On what slender strands of muscle and sinew we are held to the rock face! There is no room for a firm hand grasp, but just space enough for a few fingers to lock within a crack. Sometimes the hold is a surface which barely cups the palm, while feet dance and seek a precarious balance. Nature has provided so little with which to sustain our tenuous grasp; imagination and ingenuity must supply the rest. In such a situation my imagination supplies the obvious finis. Above our heads the rock face is blank and devoid of feature. Below . . . I've never dared to look. But, I have heard, as perhaps my friends have not, the long-drawn ringing cry that always accompanies the final scuffle, the falling rock, and the thin body hurtling through space. That cry echoes through the mountains and down the long corridors of valleys and stays forever, a rending, torn sound within my memory.

Some men climb mountains in defiance of the elements. They climb to exhibit their God-given prowess, but they climb in defiance of God. Some men climb accompanied by a semi-conscious wish for death. By skill they may outwit her spectre, but still they climb hand in hand with a secret wish for the inevitable. A very few men climb mountains simply "because they are there."

But why am I here? Why have I returned again to the sullen mountain peaks? To court death seems to me to be detestable. My only defiance is against my own fear and ineptitude. My prowess is laughable in the eyes of mountain men.

I climb because I like it. The ballet created by sky and mountain is one of changing light and moving shadow. The ballet of the body is played in polyharmonic counterpoint against the light and shade. It is step and balance, quick movement and pause. The subtle undertone of danger is whispered by the wind, but the clean tang of crisp air sweeps away all narcotic thoughts of danger. Somewhere on some distant mountain peak my friends may find a rainbow's end which I will miss if I don't go along, and even though I am afraid there is joy in battling with my fear again. There is joy in even a temporary, tenuous victory, and it is well worth the price.

* * * * *

Now the last rays of the sun have gone. I turn from reverie with a sigh, and see again the familiar faces of my friends. Anticipation and eagerness are reflected from face to face in the afterglow. Quickly, and with an economy of motion known only to veteran campers and old friends we set about making camp for the night.

Tomorrow we climb Katahdin.

THE LAKE

The lake is smooth and clean
In youth I watched its beauty;
I swam its width
And dived unto its depth
And still
I knew it not.
Today through age's veil
I watch it yet
And know it even less than then;
But now
The difference—
There is no pretence of knowledge.

By Allison

LATER

The day was warm. The sky overcast.
The people anticipated as they passed.
Morning had come but it was brief.
The middle of May, a sprightly leaf.
A pleasant interlude, to think of years from now.
The grey morning dampened my expectation.
I was happy, though.

They rushed and they ran. They were all in such a hurry.
I asked her where she was rushing to.
She answered and said that she was in a hurry.
The circling breeze loosened the ribbon in her hair.

But she left and I couldn't return it.
I moved about the group. I met someone I knew.
He said that he was in a hurry.
With his eyes he told me why, for he was my friend.
I wanted to go but was unable.
I asked someone if there was anything that I could do.

The day was warm. The sky reflected the joy below.
More people came. Even a lame man.
He liked it, for he smiled and spoke to me,
"Where are all these people going?"
"They're all going there," and I pointed.
He leaned his arm on my shoulder.
Looking around he smiled and said: "I see! I see!"
A voice which was warm. I felt that once he had been the same and had also
gone.

There were myriads of people there.
I thought of animals. They were all so different
Yet so much alike.
At a distance I saw a little boy.
In his hand was a small plastic toy and with pleading eyes he asked me where
he was.
I explained, but the innocence and curiosity of youth made me say more.
He asked me if I wanted to play with his toy.
I said, "Later."
He left without looking at me, but I knew that he wouldn't ask me again.

By Allison



ARES

By Steve Dearsley

I

In the year 573 B.C. Scion went to his funeral in white hair and a gold box. Cnemon went in gold hair and red rimmed eyes.
And Phyrixis ran away.

II

Red dust. In these days, dust clouding a plain often meant war, and as a tall man approached this plain, he could see today's dust to be no exception. As the handsome, roughly clad man gazed across the plain, a muscular woman, presumably his wife, approached and was followed by another woman leading a small boy. A group of men were next in line, and they took turns supporting a vulture on their shoulders. A black dog completed the picture.

III

As I shook grit from my sandals, I reflected how, although the plain had been somewhat the victim of Phoebus who had left only scattered green laurel trees near the base of the orange mountains, there had been quiet a short while before. There was not the clash of armies of myself and Phyrixis. This clash occurred because three years ago my father had died, as everyone said, of old age; and while it is true that he had grown old and white, he was an extremely healthy man who yet pursued youthful pleasures and was not plagued with aches or pains. I couldn't believe my father could die so suddenly.

And Phyrixis ran away. Phyrixis appeared to be as moral and fine a man as could be found: he was devoted to his father and beloved by the populace.

Because my father had won the love of a woman who was the object of affection of both him and Phyrixis' father following the respective deaths of their wives, Phyrixis had sworn to avenge his beloved father then thrown into despair. So, within the last three years, all bonds between us had been broken; Phyrixis and Cnemon were no longer friends.

Now our two armies are here fighting under burning skies. God, we are mortal enemies! I, rich Cnemon, am losing now; my men cover the ground while the men of Phyrixis are pressing dangerously closer and giving good reason for concern. Night has forced them at last to return.

It was at this stage in the battle that a band of men, unnoticed in the dark approached me. They offered their services for no fee at all. I briskly refused the offer declaring:

"If there have been marvellous opportunities that I have missed over the past week of fighting, that is my fault; I can't sacrifice honor for victory. Leave my tent."

The night silence continued only until the blazing sun aroused our camps, then earnest fighting began again to bring the total of deathly days to seven.

About an hour before midday, the band of men which I recently turned away came again from the hills, this time without formalities. The men rushed headlong into the battle and towards the army of Phyrixis with such frightful shouts and barbaric gestures that the superiors cowardly and instantly fled from this unholy onslaught. In the mountain shadows I could see two women; one was holding a dog while the other was feeding a vulture. What strange pets these savages have. The field began to flow with different bloods now, and my pleasure was lessened only because the men who were doing the real fighting were not my trusted men, but a band

of foreign invaders bringing a mixture of shame and pride to the victor.

The battle was decided by dusk, and far from my encampment lay hundreds of dead men who were not my dead men (nor were they clad in skins.) Where were the men who had so tirelessly fought for the entire afternoon?

As the moonlight replaced the dusky sun, it became more difficult to see to clear the dead, and as I looked towards the sky, I could vaguely see the silhouette of a vulture, hovering.

A soldier came sweating forward, and puffed out the news that hundreds of black dogs had routed Phyraxis' encampment; this I received with only the hint of pleasure that comes with childish revenge, and after seeing enough of the nightmare in front of me, I retired.

IV

But I awoke within hours to the baying of a dog. I arose and opened the tent flap only to irresistibly gaze at the dead; I looked but a moment because my attention once more rose to a hovering vulture, and as I bent down to grab a handful of red sand to sift through my fingers, yesterday's events fell quickly into place. I became extremely proud. Ares had stooped to help me.

And Phyraxis was rowed away.

THE LIGHT

The bright light flickered and grew dim,
The flame flared high and thin,
A beacon of hope and one of trust,
It must stay on—

It must, it must.

By the sea, the light now stands,
Holding life in its golden hands.
Shutting out sorrow, giving gladness,
Defeating the wind—

In its madness, madness.

For many years, the light there stood,
High on a rock—the sky for a hood,
Sending out its flickering beams,
Filling a sailor's—

Bright dreams, bright dreams.

Oh, life giving hands, who tend the flame,
You will go down in immortal fame.
Human hands, but still you hold,
A sailor's life and—

His soul, his soul.

Look out you ships, for that golden light,
That shines throughout the dim, dark night.
Read its message, brave and true,
And you will sail—

Right through, right through.

Keep high the flame, you human hands,
Guard the light where'er you stand.
And the praise you will receive
Cometh from those—

In need, in need.

By Carol Flood

THE ROOM

By Jill Springer

I watched the sudden change in the room; I saw the dusty bureau tops become covered with an assortment of bottles and boxes; I saw the drawers begin to fill up with the bulky sweaters and the closets become jammed with ivy league skirts and bright blazers. Outside the wind blew and the gold and red from the trees, bringing with it the season of activity.

This is my favorite room; it is almost magical in its versatility. For four months it had been abandoned, void of life and personality, and now once again I could share, if only secretly in the warm, often sad, often happy times that occurred within its walls. As I stood there my mind retrogressed, and I remembered . . .

The first time I ever visited the room I was certain it was a laundry, for stretched from one bed post to the other, was a long clothesline covered with (and I blush to recall) women's undergarments. Protruding from an opened drawer was a hand-made ironing board covered with a towel; ironing busily was the laundress, her hair in huge rollers and her feet bare. My second visit left me extremely befuddled, for I was greeted by the rollicking tune of guitar music, mingled with a number of voices shouting something that sounded to me like "Zombi Jamboree." In this music room sat the listener, her feet propped on a large pillow, a cigarette in her hand, attempting at the same time to read a sizable book. The noise came from a record machine which rested on the table beside her.

On my third visit I found a new room, no laundry, no music, only a group of girls seated on the floor, their somber faces strained in thought. They sat for hours, late into the night, and I heard their determined, though often cracked voices, attempt to express their innermost feelings. I quietly slipped away, and their voices faded . . . "I want to believe in God . . . is Christ divine? I ask myself, Ann, why am I here on this earth . . . but God is all-powerful . . ."

I found no church-like atmosphere on my fourth visit, but something that reminded me very much of that of a scholar's den. Pencils, ink and scattered papers covered the tables, desks, chairs and floor. With their wrinkled foreheads and their heads propped on tiring elbows, the two sat; the one barely visible, so enveloped in the open book was she. Could this be the same room? No noise, only the scrawling sound of hard-worked pencil; no movement, only the flipping of pages.

I was overjoyed on my next visit to find a flock of girls strewn all over the room in the most precarious positions, laughing warmly, their eyes glowing, their tongues busy. The music blared; there was much "squealing" followed by bursts of guffaws, and two of them hopped to the strained beat and clapping hands. Such an expression of bubbling youth it all was. No face was worried; even the stuffed lion and bear sat smugly on their respective beds, and I swear I saw their mouths curve in smiles . . .

Yes, I thought, autumn is here and they are back, the two who live in the room I mean. Again these walls will enclose scenes of laughter and tears, again the walls will resound with gay music or contain the fruitful silence which accompanies sorrow, and again the lights will shine upon its walls late into the night, and the walls will echo the whispered "Good night, Marti. You didn't forget to set the alarm for . . ." All this I thought when a girlish shriek brought me quickly to my senses. "Look, Marti, there's that nasty old mouse again from last year!" And with that I slipped quickly under the door.

THOUGHTS AFTER THREE-THIRTY

I too can read, I said!

And then I thought that one day I might stand as he.

Would I too find that what I knew was lost in the black clouds of sleep?

Would I "know" or just keep running one step, perhaps, before my underlings?

I too can read, I said!

And then I pondered the thought that education is but search and find, or am

I wrong again?

To know *where* to read, perhaps that's the joke!

The joke perhaps is turned on all who sleep.

I too can read, I said!

And then I looked to see the downcast head and hear the voice drone on with its soothing lullaby.

The words were spun forth, the ideas ran from page, through eyes and mind and voice, into the fast-darkening day.

And then I looked to see the deaf faces, faces without ears, eyes with vacant glaze, minds where? why?

I too can read, I said!

And then I realized an end had come to this endurance,

At last an end!

At last a waking from the "rapt attention" and a return to reality where

I too can read.

Anonymous

CRITIQUE

By Anne Mendelson

Today one of the highest marks of *Cultshah* is being up on not only every new book, play, movie, opera production, or jazz festival, but also on what Anybody Who *IS* Anybody has to say about it. The reviews of the latest Ionesco play are discussed as ardently by the one-upmanists as the play itself. No one dares venture a gambit on Vladimir Nabokov's latest without being armed to the teeth with extracts from the various reviews. The critics themselves have got to the point where, occasionally, they pause in their own reviews to remark on the remarks of their colleagues.

This situation presents hitherto unthought of possibilities. Until now criticism has officially begun and ended with discussions of a play, a book, a movie . . . Why stop there? I look forward with joy to the day when critics will review reviews. The *Thursday Review*, for example, will be entirely dedicated to reviews of the latest pieces of criticism. No magazine or newspaper will be complete without criticism of the critics — all sorts of critics: drama critics, literary critics, movie critics, art critics — the critics' paradise. One will be able to thumb to the critics' critics' page and read reviews of reviews on any subject: "Mr. Atkinson dismissed the play with his customary waspishness, displaying again his complete lack of perceptiveness"; "Sniffed *Time*: 'In the role of Aphrodisiac, Jane Mansfield needs a shot in the arm'"; "The *New Yorker's* Kenneth Tyman was surprisingly kind — perhaps a little *too* kind — to the new arrival at the Belasco; his review was generally thoughtful and well-balanced if a trifle snobbish in spots"; "Hollis Alport of the *Saturday Review* was unnecessarily harsh with Yul Brynner's Hamlet (one wonders whether he has some grudge against Shakespeare or — worse yet — Brynner) but did not neglect to laud the Gertrude, Tallulah Bankhead."

The possibilities are unlimited. Why not — in time, of course — reviews of reviews of reviews? Perhaps our grandchildren will see criticism of the critics carried to the seventh level. And for their children — the stars!

Why don't you say what you think?
Speak out—the blunt cry, the scream giving release.
In the long hours with their minute minutes
Say it!
Cry it!
Are there words—and what are they?

Why don't you say what you think?
The grey canvas, the oiled brushes, the colors splashed in the night.
The time passing—nab it! force it backward.
Say it!
Say it!
Say it quickly before the paint dries.

Why don't you say what you think?
The stiff marble bent by brawny sculptures,
Jagged, smoothed—can they speak, those muted figures?
Mould it!
Smooth it!
Give it form, words, existence.

Why don't you say what you think?
Write it—Try it. Have they, the greats, “felt” more than you?
In the flowing words with their liquid sounds
The yellowed pages of thoughts or what—
Say it!
Grasp it!
Capture it for eternity.

Why don't you say what you think?
Can you? TRY IT! To release the—WHAT SHALL YOU CALL IT?
In the depths of man, in the heart and mind
Naked, barren, ornamented, fertile—ALL “FEEL”
BUT—WHY DON'T YOU SAY WHAT YOU THINK?

By Naomi Ruth Herre

Oh, how narrow I am,
Oh, how far from the vast, pulsing world.
I live within four walls,
I walk on one blade of grass,
I behold the glimmer of but one star,
I perceive the touch of but one finger from the massive hand of the universe.

By Naomi Ruth Herre

THERE

By Leslie

As the sun pursued the west that cold Holy Thursday, the fading rifts of sunlight filtered through the stained-glass window of the church and sent flickering shadows into the quiet repose of every corner. On the far side at one niche was a young woman weeping softly as she prayed before the crucifix on the altar. Crucified! They had crucified him! And his bruised body slumped there on the cross in a piteous heap. Heavily, his head drooped forward till his chin seemingly rested on his chest. Across the span of the cross his arms were stretched, hanging in a "V" formation.

The streams of once living blood that oozed forth around the nail in his hands now lay in clots around that jagged piece of iron. One rivulet streamed from that wound and ran over his palm and down his arm. Now that too was cold and dry. His fingers that once hung limply in excruciation as the spike ripped the tendons and capillaries were frozen rigid in that same position.

The muscles of his arms and shoulders were stretched taut in sharp outline from the very strain of his weight, and his chest was still raised as if he were still gasping for his last breath.

On his side was the final wound which the centurion who felt compassion for the gentle, pain-wracked Man on the cross inflicted. The blood that had once gushed from it and down his side was congealed. His feet like his hands were purple-red from the bruises incurred from the heavy blows of the hammer, and the soft tissues were pulled in a fleshy lump from the downward push of his body against the nail.

Tarnishing the careworn visage of his face were the punctures and scratches from his thorny crown. His cheeks were stained with tears of dire agony and suffering. The lines of his face bulged in anguish, but his eyes revealed no hate. Even in death his eyes were tender with mercy. On the corners of his mouth rested a slight smile, as if he knew that his suffering had been for a purpose.

As the shadows deepened, the girl ceased weeping, and the church was again silent. With the silence and the deepening shadows came the realization that "it was finished." The cruel work was done.

ORGANIZED RELIGION — PRO

By Betty Heale

Many who battle against organized religion are also fighting the concept that there is a loving creator to whom man owes love and reverent obedience. If you don't believe in a god, you may see organized religion as an utter waste of time or a good way to keep people peaceful and law abiding. You may go so far as to say, "It's fine for other people, but I don't need it." Or you may consider organized religion as a crutch for people who cannot stand on their own feet. If that is your position, just remember that to attain anything even approaching the ideal of Christian love and service takes work, self-control and self-denial on the part of the believer. Look at Saint Paul, Saint Francis of Assisi, and Joan of Arc. However, effort is not the whole story, for the believer is strengthened and comforted by a knowledge of the power, love, and forgiveness which are his Lord and Creator's.

You may be a person who believes in a supernatural power, but you refuse to join an organized religion because of the pettiness, intolerance, and over-emphasis on group and secular activities which seem to plague so many members of organized religions. It is hoped that the rest of this essay may give some acceptable answer to these objections. It should be realized that religion is not just a heightened organization consciousness. Moreover, it should be realized that organized religion is not fully succeeding unless its participants also have a satisfactory private worship life.

From here on the word church will be used in place of organized religion as the word church is less awkward to handle, but the thoughts might apply to any organized religion of the civilized world.

Most of us who call ourselves Christians will accept the definition that the church is Christ's body here on earth. A body is so set up and organized that the various members may receive working orders from the mind and then communicate what they have learned to other members of the body so that cohesive action may be taken. Of course, a body may be diseased in certain parts, but the rest of the body will usually continue to function properly, and in time the sick members may be cured. The diseased part of an organism would never get better if the healthy part of the body gave up trying and said as it faded away, "Why bother when conditions are so bad in the rest of the body." Instead, the healthy members of a body usually do and should send all possible aid to stricken members. So we who belong to churches must not give up the contest because some members of our congregations show a lack of love and charity.

Let us remember in looking at the qualities and faults of our brethren, who are we to judge? Man by his nature is not perfect, so man does not act perfectly. Our imperfection also removes from us the capacity of judging our fellow man. A person inside or outside of a church may seem a pariah in every way, but who are we to know the myriad conditions which have caused the person to have such an unappealing disposition? The outcast may be struggling against great odds to right himself — he is an object truly worthy of our care and concern. Another person will be cheerful, friendly, and outgoing — why doesn't the pariah act that way? It should be remembered that the socially acceptable person might just have been fortunate enough to have been born with advantages of health and family security which may have been denied to the outcast. In living, the pariah may have worked harder and bettered himself more than the accepted person would. The gift of humility may also be more easily acquired by the outcast.

The presence of a seemingly narrow, critical, bitter person in a church does not show that the church is accomplishing little. The unlovely person

may not yet have fully given himself to the spirit and beliefs of the church, and until he does, he will not have a reformed nature. And even once a man has fully become a member of a religious body, he may swerve from his allegiance and principles and revert to his old ways. But if he repents, forgiveness is there so he can again take up the task of acting in accord with his faith.

People may go to church and seem to be untouched by what they hear there. Then one day, a prayer, a psalm, a hymn or a sermon may suddenly show the person what he had ignored. A person's revelation may be helped by his fellow worshippers and his minister. In many organized religions ministers, priests, and rabbis are invaluable in their services as inspirational guides and teachers. Dorothy Thompson has a good definition of the ministry, and it may be applied to the church too. She writes, "The ministry is service to God, and via that, service to humanity through the soul."

Some people claim that their religion is going out to a place of great natural beauty and communing with what they consider is the essence of life. This person's artistic appreciation of nature is laudable, but his religion is liable to be a rather selfish one. In communion with nature he too often accepts the usually temporary gifts of peace and beauty without taking upon himself the responsibility of doing anything for the unseen power or for any of his fellow creatures. Moreover, this sort of a religion gives the believer and worshipper no reassuring presence when life presents an ugly or sordid side. There is no doubt that a nature worshipper may have great compassion for other mortals. But the danger of individualistic religion lies in the fact it seldom contains guides to show a man how to act when he does not know what to do.

Without teaching and advice from an organized source, man is too apt to form a personalized religion that is lop-sided either in favor of "the sweetness and light" side of religion or the "hell and damnation" side of belief. Even organized religions can fall a prey to too much concentration on one area or aspect of belief, but by and large, organized religions seek to put factors of belief into the proportion that is theirs.

The person whose religion is a wandering one which follows his own fancy in and out of odd places is likely to have a hard time forming lasting concepts. However, a church member who goes to church every Sunday or even more often has a chance to grow in and renew his beliefs.

In thinking of organized religion, we should remember that the opposite of organized is disorganized. Who would choose to be disorganized, which means confused and disordered? Too many people are either disorganized, agnostic, or atheistic in their religious thinking. Often such people have an uneasy and restless quality to their emotional lives. They vaguely know something is missing, but they couldn't tell you what. Most would laugh if you told them an organized religion could help them find the missing quantity, but it could.

Organized religion exists because there is a need for it. Man's worship of a god stems from an inner, personal conviction. Since man is a social animal, he wants to share his beliefs and actions with others of the same persuasion. Religion has become organized so that God and mankind may be brought into closer relationship.

ORGANIZED RELIGION — CON

By J. H. Ryan

The purpose of this article is to present an argument against organized religion. I shall base my argument upon two principal accusations. In this indictment I accuse the visible church of two crimes against man. First, I accuse it of holding dogma above reason; of playing a gigantic hoax on the man of average intelligence; of obscuring God, if indeed he exists, with a myriad of petty rules, high decrees, and mystical teachings. I accuse the church of trying to frighten its followers into faith, of forsaking reasonableness for trite evangelism. Above all I accuse all organized religion of uncontrolled self-righteousness which at times borders on the ludicrous.

Secondly, I accuse the visible church of promulgating intolerance. This intolerance springs from the very self-righteousness of which I have just spoken. I need not chronicle the sordid details of the religious wars and constant antagonisms which have existed between the various organized groups. One need only walk down any street, talk with a reasonable cross-section of people, and ask them how they feel about certain religious groups to experience the existence of this intolerance. It is one of the most powerful social forces of our time. And I accuse the church of accentuating rather than minimizing the slight dogmatic differences between religious sects, and thereby encouraging intolerance.

The result of these two crimes of which the visible church is clearly guilty is the complete alienation of man from God. The basic tenets of religious philosophy are kept from the average church-goer. The church does not want its people to think; it is constantly emphasizing the inevitable necessity of faith. But faith induced without profound philosophical instruction and thought is nothing but fraud. This is the gigantic hoax of which I spoke earlier. By encouraging ignorance and indifference to philosophy the church actually discourages thought. It desires a flock, not a congregation. Fear is its chief weapon, obedience is what it gets in most cases, but piety is lost in the shuffle.

We are all familiar with the man who has gone to church every Sunday for the past forty years, and has forsaken everything the church stands for the minute he leaves. But because of his interest, it is assumed that he will find God after he dies. I contend that this is not the exception, but the rule. The reason for this is the philosophical vacuum that I spoke of earlier. The church gives nothing upon which a man can conduct his life. It has abandoned sound philosophical instruction for evangelism, and as a result it breeds a group of people who are religious in name only.

However, the most dangerous crime of the church is its inherent and immutable self-righteousness. If God exists as the Christians envision Him, how He must laugh at the petty squabbles which dominate the lives of so many eminent churchmen. How He must lament the tremendous waste of human energy and natural resources which results from these needless quarrels! How it must nauseate Him to see "good men" erect temples to His glory while two-thirds of the world's population are unable to adequately feed themselves! How it must anger Him to see the same men that call Him a God of infinite mercy who in the next breath limit so the means by which man can gain his favor!

As I see it, in sub-organizing man below his natural organization as a social animal, the visible church has simply lost sight of God. God has been lost in the dust of a rapidly growing church organization. The final reason for this is quite simple. For the common man nothing is more distasteful to contemplate than death. Therefore the church offers him a pre-fabricated

ritual through which, without having to think about life, death, God, or Hell, our common man is assured of salvation. Of course he accepts this gladly, without question, but soon even the professional churchmen begin to believe in their own hokum, and in the end the church finds itself on a foundation devoid of philosophy. And there stands God, watching man argue and kill in His name over differences too small to matter, watching man caught in the quicksand of his own mind, struggling to see God only to discover that the more he struggles the farther he sinks from God's sight, watching man thrash around like a rat gone mad in a maze. He has been lost so long now that he forgets what he was looking for.

LONGING

A baby cries in the moist dark night —
The mother is aroused from her sleep.
A drunkard falls to the pavement —
A girl walks alone with her thoughts.
The street glistens beneath the mist,
The windows have stars in their eyes.
The black sky rests in newly found peace
And the moon lulls the darkness to sleep.
A heart finds no answer — the young girl weeps,
The drunkard sleeps unaware;
A mother clutches her tiny child
As the baby cries in the moist dark night.

By Allison

Time, time, the ticking clock goes on,
The beating, pounding, rumbling, grinding of the minutes.
Why? Dare we form that word?

Time, time the future here, the present past, the past now only thoughts.
The joyous, laughing, crying, sadness all past even before existence.
Where? Dare we ask where they've been or gone?

Time, time the ticking clock goes on,
The rushing, crowded, pleading, screaming seconds that make up a lifetime.
Can you? Can you capture them to use them?

Time, time, the breaths, the words, the thoughts that are our lives.
The work, the rest, the love, the prayer, the peace.
Are they? Are they yours or only a part of time?

By Naomi Ruth Herre

APOLOGIES TO FRANCOIS VILLON

Brothers who in this world shalt be,
After we have gone,
Scorn us not with hardened hearts,
May God's grace be done.
Here we hang, all five or six
Who flesh held much too dear,
Devoured by ravenous fowl
We, dust and ashes here.
Absolve us all, dear Lord we pray,
Give us peace in thy own way.

If brothers we should call you
Forget not why we died,
Remember though, the justice here
To some men is denied.
To the child of Holy Mary pray
Not to conceal his grace;
From that dread infernal blow,
Let him save our face.
Absolve us all, dear Lord we pray,
Give us peace in thy own way.

Soaked and washed by rain are we,
Parched and charred by rays,
Hollow sockets gleaned by birds
Beard nor eyebrow stays.
Restful time is past us now.
Tossed by changing wind
Carelessly are swung about;
Be not of our kind!
Absolve us all, dear Lord we pray,
Give us peace in thy own way.

Prince Jesus, master of us all
Let not Satan win,
He can have no part of us
Mock not, men, this sin.
Absolve us all, dear Lord we pray,
Give us peace in thy own way.

By Bea Hauer

THE FORTUNE TELLER

I am a Fortune Teller
And my face is ever old,
And my hands are gnarled and wrinkled.
And my skin is cracked and cold.

I am a Fortune Teller;
I have lived two thousand years;
I can give you all the answers
And the cost is only tears.

One phial of tears in payment—
But the customers who buy,
Call my wholesale terms a bargain,
For the retail price is high.

One phial of crystal tear drops—
Silver tears to free your heart—
For I am a crystal-gazer,
And I seek the silver mart.

Just cross my palm with silver,
With this silver of desire,
I shall give you loving-philtres
That will make your heart a pyre;

I'll take a magic Volume
From the shadows of my shelves;
I shall teach the runic writings
That shall let you love yourselves.

I am a Fortune Teller,
And my face is ever old,
And I give you life for silver,
But you nothing get for gold.

By Phil Rowe



unset's tinctures swiftly flow:
Colors rich as leaden glass
Over hillsides pour en masse
Gilding all with lambent glow.

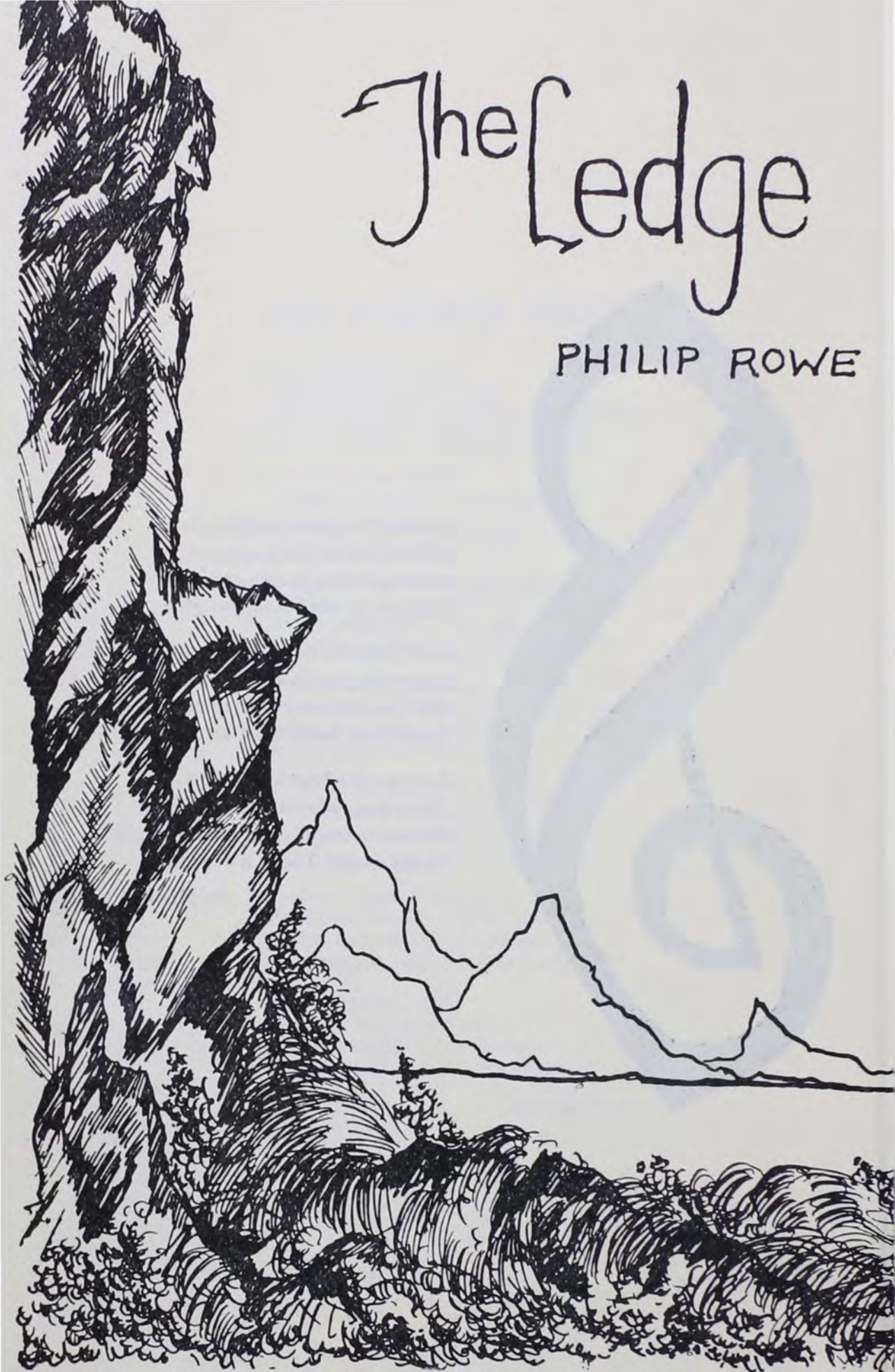
Gold burn fields of waving grain
Swaying gently, held in trance
Rip'ling streams with diamonds dance,
Sparkling, bubbling like champagne.

Leaves of silver by the ream
Open pages for a thought
Where in wand'ring, I am brought
In my quest: I seek a dream.

By Michael Boris

The Ledge

PHILIP ROWE



The man had fallen. This, at least, was self-evident, but where or how remained a mystery. Painfully he raised himself, his legs and arms hopelessly inadequate for the effort. A mad incessant humming dinned upon his brain; before his eyes the ground flickered from orange to red to black, careened crazily, then slanted up to meet him. A bruised body protested the exertion violently; he fell again.

His head swam with images, weird and fanciful images. A hospital room and flowers and something swelling. A voice cried, "growing, growing." The bed began to rise. It floated freely for a moment then tilted and he was falling again, falling. A grinning demon appeared before him; it laughed insanely and thrust its trident deep into his right leg. Valiantly he fought back, the two rose into the air. The devil vanished. He felt a blow on the back of his head. Another demon — still another; they surrounded him, attacking him from all sides, reigning blows on every part of his body. And he was falling again, falling with a thousand grinning blurred faces looking down at him. And all the while that insane humming! Another stabbing pain began, and his mind snapped to focus. He was walking in the sunlight near the coastal cliffs. Suddenly the light vanished into a thick cloud bank. He was enveloped in gray. Carefully picking his path, keeping the cliff edge to his right, he veered slightly landward, away from the obscured brink like many before him, thinking his senses sharpened rather than reversed by the fog. He stumbled momentarily. Panic-stricken, he froze — then stepped sideways. There was nothing to step upon. He was falling — falling — falling.

The image telescoped into nothing. The humming diminished, then stopped altogether. A peculiar rock formation began to rotate slowly. His eyes were open; the whirling formation was real. Its motion ceased. Suddenly he was conscious.

Conscious is a state of realization. He realized, though it is doubtful that he comprehended, and indeed his situation was difficult enough to accept — let alone understand. His head throbbed painfully; on one side of his face where blood had dried, the skin drew tight, twisting his lip grotesquely. His leg was numb and the bones bent well past their normal angle. His chest was bruised; ribs injured. Having ascertained the damage to himself; convinced that it was not unrepairable, the man began a survey of his refuge. It appeared to be a ledge of nearly elliptical shape, sixteen feet perhaps from end to end, although the curve was difficult to judge. Lying where he was, he could not see past the edge; and the fog which had so treacherously trapped him, obscured his view of the cliff top. Completely disoriented and alone, he dared not risk an exploratory search of his ledge till the fog had lifted. And whether he would have strength enough to do so then was an unanswerable question. For the present he must lie still and hope.



Night came and the man lay huddled against the rock back of his narrow scaffold. He had used his walking stick, belt, and knapsack draw-rope to make a leg splint. He knew something of first aid, a knowledge for which he was thankful; and if the setting was crude, still he had fixed it up as best he could. It was, after all, the least of his problems, for he knew what to do with it. The rest of his body was more difficult and he ached constantly.

Sleep would have been his most potent antitoxin, but the night presented new dangers which he felt compelled to face. The sea mist, cool and refreshing by daylight, now soaked through his body, bathing him in ice. The wind had shifted and was coming directly from his right. It began to increase in force! Soon it was driving at him with gale velocity. It began to rain. Little more than the mist at first, it increased perceptibly within minutes. Impelled by the wind, it lashed against him, pelting his already bruised body with figurative shivers of glass. The cut along his face was reopened. Blood now joined the already familiar taste of salt.

The force of the storm had accelerated. No longer was his discomfort annoying to him. He realized now that his very life was endangered. Every gust threatened to rip him from the rock and the rain's wetness made hand holds impossible. Would he never be warm again! The cold was numbing, and he was exhausted; it was almost comfortable, he realized, to lie there perfectly still — if only the noise would lessen. Drowsiness began to overcome him; slowly his consciousness ebbed. The sharp slap of a sudden gust returned him to reality. It occurred to him momentarily that he might have been freezing to death. Impossible perhaps, but the feeling had been the same. Shocked by this realization he decided upon an undertaking he had previously put off. Dangerous though a survey of the ledge might be; it must be made. To remain where he was was to die in one of two unpleasant ways; he chose to move.

He knew fear then; he knew it as never he had known it before. Groping blindly along the ledge, seeking desperately for a shelter from the driving wind and rain, he understood fear completely. He had started on his hands and knees. But after only a foot or so the force of the wind abruptly wrested him from the edge of the rock wall; a sick feeling of horror came over him as he felt himself sliding across the slippery ledge, inexorably pulled toward the unknown below. But his fatal slide was abruptly halted. A sudden jerk wrenched his body backward. His leg was afire with pain. It was minutes later before he understood what had kept him from the fall. His leg splint had tangled on a rock spur. The broken leg had saved his life! He had learned his lesson well. Now he crawled across the ledge, his belly flat against the slimy wet rock. A sharp projection scraped the skin laid bare where he had torn his shirt away for the splint; his thighs stung from the unnatural friction. But flattened as he was, the wind was powerless to pull him and he continued to inch his way along. His motion was painful but mechanical. Now his mind could wander. And he became obsessed with a strange fixation. Somehow the remembrance of Poe's Pit had taken hold of his vulnerable mind. Irrational though it was, he felt obliged to place his hands directly before him, fearing for the presence of that inquisitorial terror. His original estimate of sixteen feet had more than doubled when, in the manner described, his searching fingers encountered a subtle alteration of the ledge angle. Within a few minutes he was curled up against the rock wall, safely out of range of the fierce wind. His immediate terror having subsided, he could now devote himself to an evaluation of his present state. Sheltered in the lee of the wind, he was no longer unbearably cold. The pain of his wounds when he remained motionless had subsided to a dull ache. But then, as his ears became accustomed to the change in the wind, he was aware of a new sound formerly obscured by the calmness of the afternoon and the shriek-

ing gale of the evening. His terror was immediately replaced by dread, for he had heard this sound before. Now he knew that this was no inland cravasse. He was, as he ought to have realized from the force of the storm, on the edge of a sea promontory and the sound he heard was the rhythmic surf upon the rocks below.

His body could withstand no more; he slept.

Dawn and the beginning of his first day on the ledge, but the man was not awake to greet it. Indeed, much of the morning had passed before the sunlight curled lazily around the angle of his resting place and woke him. The storm had passed as well and the man could now see far out upon the rocks and sea, placid, moving softly, gently, with a complacency common only to those wardens for whose prisoners there are no keys or even doors to be unlocked. He understood the ocean's mood. And despite his awareness that this apparent serenity was only treacherous content, the man felt within himself a comparable peace. He had survived the night; he, himself had beaten those farces which had seemed inevitable. He had never been a practical man. The exigencies of actual living had concerned him little. What success he had achieved had been due mainly to a personal fortune and the shrewd selection of advisors; always before there had been others to solve his problems. Now, all at once, his wealth was worthless and he was alone.

But he had survived the night — he who had thought his life was nothing by itself — he had single-handedly staved off the greatest threat to his existence, and in so doing he had won the first round. The analogy amused him. Bloody — but unbowed; certainly he had not scored heavily, but he was ahead on points. He laughed freely, naturally for the first time in many years. Naturally! — the cut on his face made any suggestion of a smile painful, and the taste of blood was still in his mouth. He laughed again — unbowed, yes, but certainly very bloody, and no trainer here to heal his cuts. The peculiar sound of his laughter magnified many times by the rock prison, and heard simultaneously with the hurting of his wounds startled him into silence. The echoes clung to the granite walls for a moment and in them he could hear the prelude to hysteria. I must remain calm, he thought. I must control myself if I am to survive. But the physical demands soon drove back all such worries and the man turned to a reexamination of his condition. His body ached all over — but it was the kind of healthy ache experienced say after a too rugged game of hand ball at the gym. His muscles were signalling their presence, assuring him that they were ready to perform in ways unnatural to the business executive. It was with almost pleasure that he acknowledged their pain. His leg, however, was a far different matter, and ached constantly. He had set it crudely enough to begin with. But the jolt of catching him the evening before coupled with the exertions of his journey to safety had undone most of the work. It did not pain him much — but this was a condition to be feared rather than welcomed. A peculiar bluish-green splotch not unlike a common bruise had spread over much of the skin area near the break. And ugly red points had begun to show throughout the bruise. Blood poisoning, gangrene, infection — these horrible spectres drove him to the painful task of resetting his leg and splint. This completed, he began an examination of his ledge. In length, it was at least twice his original estimate of sixteen feet plus the area of perhaps ten square feet where he had slept. At no place was the ledge wider than nine feet and at two points it shrank to a dangerously narrow four feet. Sixty yards directly below him were the first rocks, irregular, jagged, cruel-appearing. At their base was a group of half submerged boulders, rounded by the sea which formed the very bottom of his prison. The sea was green. The peculiar purposeless action of the wind had hollowed out his wall somewhat in places, giving him a protective overhang, cavern—like, suggestive

to him of a shop awning. It was under such a roof that he had slept. The purposeless action of the wind. But in his present state of mind, the man was inclined to give it more of an artificial nature. Thankfulness for his survival had led him close to an almost supernatural sense of determination. His mood, surprising enough, contained more of gratitude than of anger. Out from under the overhang, the man could see the cliff wall rising perhaps twenty feet to meet the sky. The sky was blue.

Now an awareness of hunger — and the man removed his carefully wrapped bread along with two cans of soup from the snapsack. Most of its other contents had spilled out in the fall, though since his hiking plan had called originally for roughing it — he smiled at the irony — there had been little enough to start with anyway. He did uncover, however, some waterproof matches, a carton of well soaked cigarettes, and, precious beyond all else, his canteen of water. The water he sipped carefully — not wasting a drop, though the tightness of his lips made drinking difficult. Following this he spread them out on the rock — the cans to warm, the cigarettes to dry. The sun was warm and after eating half his supply of bread, the man stretched out beside his treasures and dozed. It was a relaxed sleep in marked contrast to the delirious faintings or finally exhausted sleep of the night before. He had often dreamed in color — a standard joke among his colleagues and his dreams this afternoon were blended pastels of blue and gray and green. When he awoke the sun was already a brilliant clot on the surface of the ocean. His cans of soup were warm — and seeing his experiment successful — he put one aside and, after breaking open the other with a sharp stone, he proceeded to drink. At once a pleasant warming suffused him. The cigarettes he found to his delight were dry. Leaning back against his wall, the man propped up his feet on the knapsack, calmly enjoyed a cigarette, and watched the sunset.

Hopes for escape are always present in the prisoner's mind. The man was no exception. But escape he realized, was dependent upon himself — upon his resourcefulness alone. No one knew his location; there would be no search parties. His matches, aside from lighting cigarettes, were useless. He had no materials for creating a signal and even had he been able to do so, the only possible help must come from the sea. The chance of someone, anyone, appearing upon that ocean in this dangerous coastal section, near enough to the fatal rocks to see him, was so inconceivable that he had already resolved to put such a thought from his mind completely. Even should he be seen out there — escape must still come directly from the ledge above him, and it was toward this possibility that he had devoted his thinking. In his survey that morning he had noted all the difficulties of a possible climb. But such a climb was not impossible; there were indentations at irregular angles all the distance to the top. The difficulty this morning had however been made impossibility because of his state of general weakness and the pain of his leg. Now rested, fed somewhat, his leg giving him little trouble, he could quite confidently face the prospect of an attempted climb as soon as it would become light again. Tonight, unlike his first, he was not fighting for survival alone. He was using his man brain to prepare his man muscles for a knockout blow, and was only waiting for the next round to make his move. The odds were still well against him and he accepted the situation gratefully — he did have a chance. A chance — yes — but tomorrow would be the last. He hadn't enough food to remain strong another day. And if a fog should come in tomorrow, he couldn't climb. The man rested on his ledge throughout much of the evening, staring at the red friendly glow of each cigarette he smoked. It became cold, but not unbearably so. There was no wind tonight — only a soft breeze which he welcomed; it would keep away the fog. With this last thought he went to sleep. Men in such situations are often reported to philosophize upon their lives and embrace the past particularly. It had been perhaps a sing-

ular feature of the man's experience thus far that he had done so little if at all. And tonight, in place of the condemned man's thoughts of home, he dreamed only of the sea.

Morning and the second day. The sky was clear; the fog had not come in. His leg healed by rest and salt air, was wonderfully improved. The red marks had disappeared from the bruise. The man drank lavishly from his canteen, then broke open the second can, drank the soup cold, and devoured his last portions of bread. He had decided upon an all out try for escape, and he now began to weigh the possibilities for his best route. It began, oddly enough, where he had first landed after his fall. A fault in the granite ran diagonally upward toward the right. He could follow it without too much effort to the first overhang. He would, by then, be slightly above the overhang and could rest upon it. From there it would become more difficult, but not impossible. And there were resting places. The greatest difficulty seemed to lie two thirds of the way up. There, it seemed, there was a space of several feet without a foothold. Even this problem could have been easily dismissed under normal circumstances. But the man could never in his climb use his right leg directly as a brace. He must, in fact, drag it after him. The press of his empty stores drove him to his decision. This route was still the best, and if he rested frequently, he might yet manage it. He ripped the straps from his knapsack fashioning a kind of belt which he could loop around rock projections as an additional resting device. Then he began to climb. He had never realized before how much one used his legs in climbing. He had known this would be difficult — but the problems he had forseen had largely involved situations much further up. Working toward the first overhang took him more than one hour by which time, despite his frequent rests on the strap belt, his arms were aching almost unbearably. He was still four feet away from his proposed first resting place when the strap, woven of heavy cloth, and frayed by the sharp rocks, broke suddenly, thrusting upon his tired arms the sudden strain of supporting his whole weight. In that brief moment he made a decision, one of his life's most important choices. He chose to go back. The descent was much quicker, though hardly easier. He stepped down, missed the foothold, and for the second time in two days the man had fallen. It would be difficult to determine which fall had hurt more. While the first had broken his leg, the second had undone its healing of two days, had made him scream with agony and had effectively killed all hopes for escape. He had no more food, little water! The condition of his leg pushed any possible second climbing effort well ahead. He had failed today. What chance was there left in a starved and thirsting future. And now the man gave way to despair. So long as hope had remained, he had rigidly controlled his thinking. But too much had been lost too quickly. He cradled his head on his knees and sobbed. A lifetime of frustration intensified by two harrowing days forced into speech from his ordered logical mind all sorts of childhood fantasies, dreams, prayers. He wept and cried and cursed. He had been broken finally and his incoherent babbling was that of a pathetic child.

How long this state continued, the man could not have said. Hours, perhaps many hours had passed. Finally, he had fallen asleep, a busy sleep of images, remembrances, colors. But when he woke, he found his mind purged of all conflict. Somehow during those hours he had freed himself of every grief he had ever known. And now with this new calmness he knew that he must die. He had always been conscious of death as an abstraction, now he was aware of dying. The man had at no time in his suffering given in to the possibility of death. Plan after plan had kept him from that moment. But now there were no plans left, and he must die. The frenzied activity of the morning, the despair of his fall, both were gone. The man had learned resignation; and with it — a peace he had

never known before. It was now he could allow his mind philosophy. He mused on his life; his young hopes and their actualization. He brooded on his lost dreams. But mostly he watched the gulls. Nowhere are they quite so lovely, he thought. And the black tips on their wings are exquisite. The gulls had been near him all the time, but now their soaring beauty was companionship. With a more ancient mariner he blessed their unawares.

The afternoon passed in a haze of retrospection. If his body pained him, he was unaware of the fact. He had freed his mind at least and in so doing, had come to know his joy at living. But reality will not be put off long. The man, had one more choice to make, one more plan to think upon. That he must die was obvious. But, now he was a practical man and more — he was a man. Somehow he must create a meaning in his life and death. The cosmic joke must have a punch line. Having already faced the fact of death, he could work toward his decision in a reasonably objective manner. My life has been useless, he thought, can my death be meaningful? Within a week he would die painfully upon his ledge prison. He would suffer, and he would die miserably. If atonement could mean anything, he wondered, have I not already suffered. And then he spoke for the first time in his captivity, and he spoke to God: "I have learned so much," he began, "I tried and failed. But can I not still triumph? You who have placed me here, You who are within me now — I have tried and failed, but can I not still triumph? Whatever I may be, am I not still a man? This morning I babbled my childish prayers to You and now I am a man again. This last prayer I speak to You — help me to defy You, help me to defeat You." He had finished and he carefully considered what he had prayed. Then, ignoring the obvious paradoxical nature of his prayer, he added: "I have been condemned to death — but You have not succeeded. For I choose death, and I shall seek it in my own way." He had decided to jump.

But night had come and with it one more obsession. He thought the sea is life, and it is green, and this is where we came from and to triumph, I must return there. But I must not die upon the rocks. I must wait 'til dawn so I can see before I jump. And he spent the night in painful cigarette-stained apprehension.

At the dawn of the third day the man drank what remained of his water supply; no hearty breakfast in this prisoner, he thought. But then he was not condemned, this was his choice; and he smiled as he hobbled to the edge. There below him were the rocks, and there — impossibly far out — was the sea, green in the morning light. A less practical person would have thought the sea directly below — but the man knew something of the feat he was attempting. "Give me the strength to beat You," he prayed, and he looked upward to the top of the cliff. "I was too far from the green," he muttered, "and I fell. Then, climbing to the blue, I fell again. Give me the strength to beat You, for I am a man."

Then he smoked one last cigarette. There was no hurry now; he was in control, and he slowly, thoughtfully drew in the smoke. When he had finished, he stubbed it out carefully on the rock. He glanced briefly below him, and leaped as far out as he could. His last worry was the rocks. But as the green water closed in around him, the man knew that he had won.

WAITING AT EVENING FOR THE SKY TO FALL

The day is almost at an end.
I sit on my porch
amidst the serenity of high trees and vast farm land,
hearing the sweet notes of a robin
perched on top of a green fence.

My body is weary
from the toil of the long, hard day.
I think of sunrises come and sunsets gone.
Then my eyes close
and I relax.

What makes a person work until his body is weary
and his mind becomes tired—
His family? Desire for wealth?
Most certainly these two and maybe more.
It becomes difficult for me to think,
so tired here
waiting at evening for the sky to fall.

By Allison

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND

"Hello, why art thou so sad, my charming child?"
"Because there is nothing here but loneliness and death."
"Then I shall be your friend."
"But you are dead."
"Ah, and have they told you that? Tell me, do I seem dead to you?"

The child looked at him and laughed. "You are wicked not to die like decent folk. And are you not ashamed? But then you never were good. Do you know, I read that you once blew up the desk of your school teacher. Would you do that for me? Oh, I shall love you so. And Mary too. I'll bet you were her model for Frankenstein. Will you show me how to write poetry? And play with me? And teach me how to conquer death?"

"We shall run till we are one with the earth, and the earth shall remain. We shall sing and the winds shall carry our song to the ears of the yet unborn, and on to eternity. Let us out-dance death."

But loneliness came again in the night, for the memory of death haunts the darkness. And the child cried out, "I am alone, and none shall hear my cry!"

* * * *

You were like Ariel, spirit of the winds.
Dear friend, where have you gone?

By Allison

THE GENTLEMAN

Conceived in Oz and packed in gauze,
 Convinced of mankind's goodly cause,
 Endowed with moral tastes and laws,
 Meandered he—Don Quixote.

But now-a-days he may be sought,
 Where weighty wars of mind are fought
 And lands of Ev are sold and bought
 By many an exiled tzar—in a bar;

For in this jour of toreador
 Pants worn by every sex,
 He found himself a dinosaur
 For lack of less finesse.

By Pete Vennema

The first pink flower
 on bare and balded branch;
 the mist which dance
 with freshly fallen drops
 of spring;

A tiny float of color
 in parade of summer green;
 warm air of Southlands
 and lazy ecstasy;

Orange and yellow
 with touch of red—
 the leaves of autumn
 in clouds on trees.

All of these you are,
 my love. And winter too,
 for eaves o'er hung
 with weight of white
 and ponderous snow,
 the bitter sting
 of lashing frost on wind
 remind me of the loss of you,
 my love.

Christmas time it was, I know,
 and we were only five. Santa came to
 school that day, and mothers' stockings
 bulged with goods, with toys, with Sunkist
 golden oranges. When your stop came,
 you went, and in your going dropped—
 a golden orange (seedless kind)
 beneath the bus and climbed
 under to retrieve . . . Big, slush packed,
 hard and heartless wheels ground you down
 and you were only five.

A decade's gone; you'd hardly know me
 now. Your memory rests with precious few,
 but let me say for all who knew and
 treasured you—you were, my love, and shall
 always be for us.

By Pete Vennema

CONSUMPTION

The sun sets in gold and purple
 and aqua marine. Water sparkles and
 brooks burble and birds sing.

A beam of light, a pillar of gold,
 stands from fertile earth to forest
 top. Around it bides the deep blue-black,
 broken by twin green dots of animal eye.
 Man has not yet come.

The world spins on, but who gives a damn?
 There's light, but no sight. The bloated sun,
 bilious and bleary, gloats from low west
 in red and purple and black. A sick green
 beam, a pillar so pale, leans 'tween
 blanched white in child's face and sky-scratcher
 tip. Around it bides the industrial fog in
 gray and soot, broken by twin red blotches
 of animal eye. Pallor, trouble, squalor
 and rubble; fire burn and caudron bubble.
 Man has come.

By Pete Vennema



THE EVERGLADES

Over wild marsh dotted with trees stricken and bare
O'er the lone pine riven and gnarled forlorn on its hill
Over the flats, stretched without end, beats the sun.
Hot light hits the clay shimmering in heat, striving to scorch
Striving to sere. Yet in that place, barren and waste
God in His grace has appeared.

Close to a pond, hidden and still facing the sun,
Sheltering there myriad lives of water and air.
Now quiet this spot granting reprieve. But sun-heat beats down
On boulders and trees gored by the might of Hurricane force.
Can solace and peace be here in the still turbulent wild?

By Phyllis Furst



JAY D. GOSWAMI

AWARENESS

Alone
Groping amid the nothingness,
Helpless.
Watching negative space,
Unheard.
Standing on whispers swinging
From and to eternity,
Howling.
My whispers becoming shadows
in time.

Alone
Bearing the catatonic god of my pregnant mind,
Painfully.
Carving idols in the altar of my lap—
Wooden revelations.
Feeling mother love for this dust in space,
Nothing.

Alone
Howling and swinging,
Swinging.

By S. L. Pfaffhausen

THE ART OF TWO-TIMING

By Timothy H.C.R. Combe

The intricate operation of running two women on the same shoestring presupposes that you are a bachelor and not a bigamist. The latter usually gets a few months' rest, after which he has a chance to choose one, or neither, of the two women involved. Not so easy, however, is the lot of the bachelor with a couple of girls in tow: he will not find it very simple to get rid of either of them, and he certainly gets no rest at all.

We are told on the presumably excellent authority of every marriage-bound girl that two people can live as cheaply as one. This shaky piece of costing becomes shakier when you consider that the maintenance of a loose-knit *ménage* of three people — one man and two women — costs three to five times as much as the maintenance of that man himself.

Consider the expenditure of the bachelor with one girl friend. She has to smoke. She has to drink. Occasionally she has to eat. If you will insist on taking her out, she needs some assistance to keep her wardrobe up to scratch. She may need a taxi when she is in a hurry. There may be extras.

But this is chicken feed compared with the running costs of two girl friends for one bachelor. You, in your innocence, no doubt imagine that doubling the amounts spent on cigarettes, drink, food, clothes, taxis and extras will do the trick. But there are different mathematical laws for women.

That shoestring will come in for a bit of stretching.

For the two girls to know about each others' existence would be immoral and exasperating, and such a possibility is not to be countenanced by any self-respecting bachelor. No, he will divide his time, attention and resources equally between the two. And therein lies his greatest difficulty.

"A girl in every port" is the ideal scheme for a sailor who, by virtue of his profession, has plenty of freedom of movement and is therefore to be considered the bachelor with the minimum of worry and maximum of fun. If only the landlubbing bachelors could assign their girl-friends bases and thereby keep them apart, the whole thing would be easier for all concerned.

But these girls will roam and run about all over the place. They have points of convergence in hairdressers, milliners, manicurists, dress shops, and other places public and private. New York, we know, is a very large city, but even there, to keep apart two women run by the same bachelor is a major task that requires full-time concentration and vigilance.

You may make sure that they live in totally different districts — one in Harlem, the other in Manhattan — but if both are of the same type and interests — and you may have chosen them for that very reason — then sooner or later they will, through mutual friends or mutual enemies, discover that they have a mutual friend in *you*. That's all you need to have the whole set-up blown sky-high.

But let us be constructive:

The best thing you can do is to invest a quarter in a good street map of your city. Draw a vertical line through it. This is your two-timing territory, east and west. Never the twain shall meet.

From now on you must develop your eastern and your western personalities.

In the west, the oyster and champagne man.

In the east, pretzels and beer.

How could your champagne girl conceivably meet your pretzel girl? They just don't belong to the same menu.

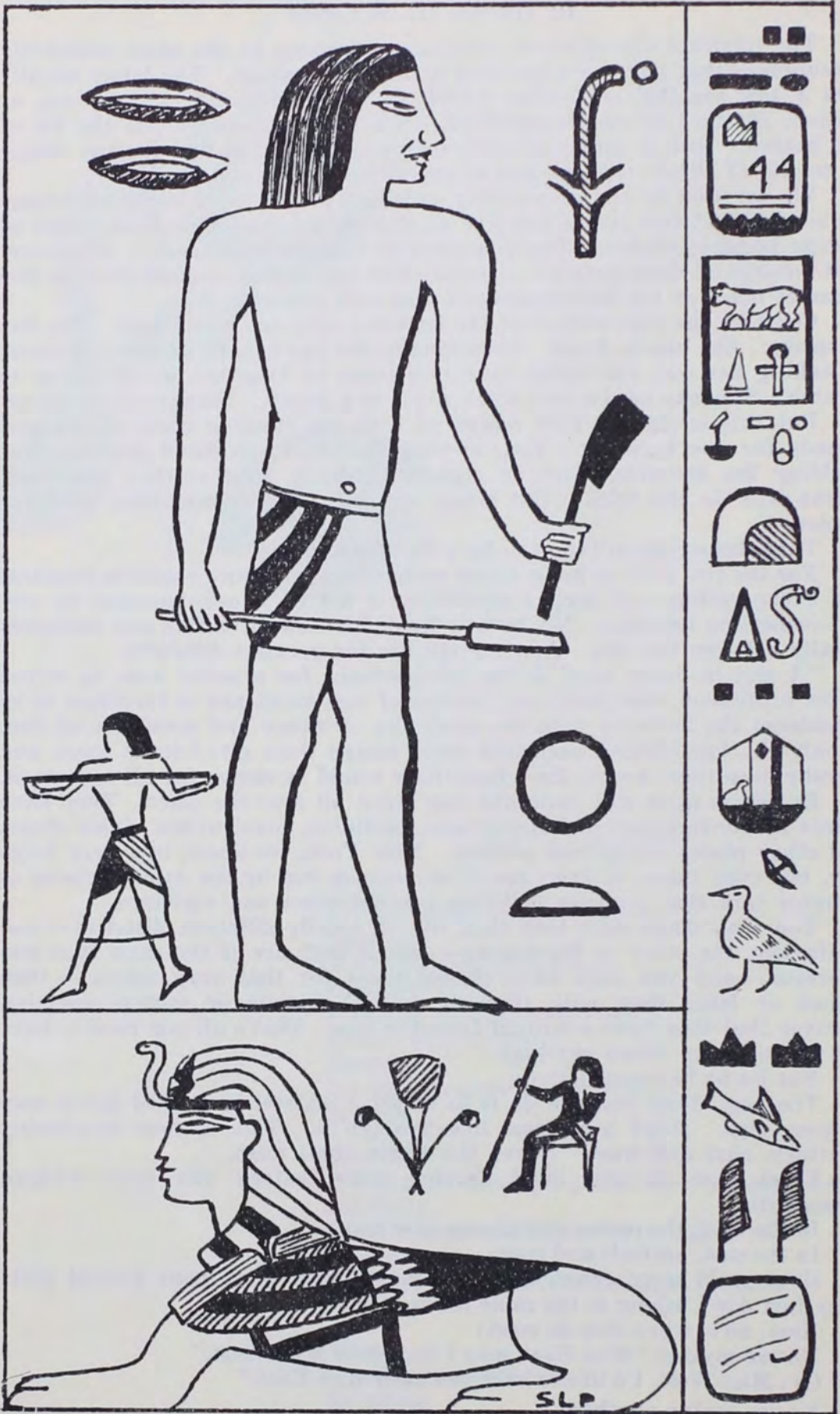
Now: as to when they do meet:

No use saying: "Miss East, may I introduce Miss West."

Or: Miss West, I'd like to have you meet Miss East."

No use saying anything.

Get the map out, draw a *horizontal* line this time and start again.



MEDITATIONS OF AN EGYPTOLOGIST

In Good King Rameses' golden days—
What glorious times were those!
When every cat had ninety lives,
And every King had thirty wives,
And dancers wore no clothes.
Yes, Egypt won her proudest days
In Good King Rameses' golden days.

In Good King Rameses' golden days—
There was no problem of diet.
For never woman **could** get fat
On crocodile and sacred cat,
As cheap as you could buy it.
Yes, ladies drew admiring gaze
In Good King Rameses' golden days.

In Good King Rameses' golden days—
Funerals were **fun**!
When Uncle Thutmose kicked the bucket
They'd pickle the corpse and then they'd chuck it
With "Thank the gods **he's** done!"
Yes, mildewed mummies were quite the craze
In Good King Rameses' golden days.

In Good King Rameses' golden days—
They made 'em better and bigger,
Besides sixty daughters Good Rameses fathered
A hundred ten sons—but never bothered
To **really** round out the figure.
Yes, men were better in many ways
In Good King Rameses' golden days.

In Good King Rameses' golden days—
Life was warm and hearty.
No Positive Thinking, no Communist woes,
No Beat Generation, no Brigitte Bardots,
No Grand Old Republican Party.
Yes, glorious shone great Egypt's rays
In Good King Rameses' golden days.

By Anne Mendelson

SONNET TO MAO TSE-TUNG 1958

I talk in treason terms to many ears;
I say what free societies forget:
That life is born of agony and tears
Within a people, never of regret.
I write of China's soldier poet Mao
Who towers over half a billion lives,
Who holds the right of Heaven's Mandate now,
In whom the will of Hung and Kung survives.
Mao, intellectual, King, comrade, butcher,
The last best trusted hope for Asian life—
Who with a sickle, woke the sleeping tiger,
Although he lacked the English speaking wife.

Oh Mao, you shrink Napoleon today,
You scholar-soldier, Caesar of Cathay.

By Phil Rowe

SONNET TO MAO TSE-TUNG 1960

Black never is the answer nor is white,
And grey's a color artists rarely mix;
John Milton is poor precedent to cite,
And poets should stand clear of politics.
But Mao, that you were hope I can't forget;
And having known the hope I'm empty now.
From communes, Indian borders and Tibet
I've learned what I had feared—you've done me, Mao.
The hammer pounds a martial western beat;
The tiger's claws are bloody with defeat;
No grain for them—the sickle's not for bread—
The sickle executes—the blood is RED!

And now—you fools who read this with delight—
I dreamed, was wrong, but you were never right.

By Phil Rowe

A STRANGE AFFAIR

By Carol Flood

Henri, the well-loved postman of the village of La—— was getting on in years and nearing his pension time when he married Theresee. That such a beautiful and charming young girl of sixteen would marry him made him quite proud. With her flashing red hair flecked with gold by the sun and her figure just as attractive, she was the talk of the town. After supper as he sat in his rocking chair and smoked his daily cigar, Henri proudly watched Theresee move around the room doing the evening chores. He thought again of how lucky he was — marrying Theresee and being able to take good care of her because of the approaching pension.

Every day he swaggered around town as he delivered the mail and never grew tired of talking about Theresee. When the housewives saw him coming they would think of excuses to go in the house. What woman would like constantly to hear about the charms of another — especially one like Theresee? But Henri never noticed that others avoided him — what did it matter as long as he had Theresee? His mustache pointed skywards, his back was straighter than ever, and he actually strutted as he made his morning rounds.

The years passed and still Henri continued his mail route. But the villagers gradually noticed a change in him. He no longer strutted as he delivered the mail; his mustache no longer reached for the sky; and he no longer talked about Theresee. Much speculation went on in the village — what could be the matter? And finally out of all the gossip that went flying around the town, everyone finally agreed that it was because there were no little ones to brighten the doorstep of Henri's old age. Hadn't Theresee noticed the change in Henri? But then no one knew how Theresee felt because she kept so much to herself though through no fault of her own. All the town women were quite jealous of her and willingly kept out of her way. Now that they noticed this change in Henri they all jumped at the chance to disparage Theresee by malicious gossip.

By 1919 Henri was totally wrapped up in his sorrow. No longer his cheerful self he avoided the villagers as much as he could and planned ways, hours on end, how to avoid them when he delivered the mail. Even Theresee was no longer the delight of his heart. He did not like to watch her do the evening chores, but instead took to wandering off in the woods by himself, smoking his daily cigar, and contemplating the sorrow in life. Poor Henri — the whole village was worried about him and some even thought of going to Theresee and telling her about how Henri had changed.

But one day, the village was startled by the appearance of a group of Yankee engineers, and the town gossips soon set their tongues wagging about them instead of Henri. The Yankees had come to build an army hospital base and the whole village, upset and excited by their appearance, soon changed from lazy tranquility to a scene of hustle-bustle. The villagers quickly came to realize that the Yankees had plenty of money to spend; they soon thought up ways to get it from them. And Theresee, who loved pretty clothes more than most, was not to be left out. With Henri's permission she contracted Joe and some of his friends to do their personal wash. Even though this meant extra work for her, it was worth it because the soldiers paid well. She didn't even have to deliver or collect the laundry, for what soldier would not jump at the chance to call on such a beautiful woman as Theresee!

Meanwhile Henri was very busy delivering the mail. There was such a lot of it now that the soldiers had come. His mind was at rest about leaving Theresee alone all day as she was so busy with the extra wash.

He felt that no one would molest her because of the strict rules regarding army behavior towards civilians enforced by something called a Court Martial. But despite all his extra work Henri was still very sad, and he now admitted to anyone who cared to listen that it was because Theresee and he had no children. Nothing could really overcome his sorrow — not even his daily visits to the Army Base. The talk and friendliness of the soldiers did help him some, but still his sorrow showed. The soldiers accepted Henri and thought of him as the town character. But one thing they couldn't accept was how could Theresee have come to be married to someone like Henri — she so young and beautiful and he so old. After much talk the soldiers took Henri for what he was and enjoyed his strange, foreign friendliness. That is, they did until one day Henri came rushing up to Headquarters and demanded to see the Brig. General.

Henri shouted and gesticulated; the words spilled out of his mouth in such a torrent that the Brig. General had to send for an interpreter. Finally after Henri calmed down enough to find out what was the matter, he sent a private to summon Joe and his friends. The whole camp was in an uproar because of the scene Henri was creating and wondered how Joe could be concerned in any way with Henri — at least to make him act like that! Sorrowfully the private rounded up Joe and his friends and marched them over to the Brig. General who had now been joined by an excited staff and almost the whole base. As Joe and his friends arrived, Henri was still there volubly talking and jumping around in little hops. Joe and his friends did not feel too happy since the only word they could make out was "Theresee."

It was quite a surprise to Joe to have Henri run up to him, kiss him on both cheeks, and almost suffocate him in a hug. As Henri quieted down the interpreter was able to find out the reason for Henri's happiness — Joe and his friends had ended Henri's sorrow. They had made him a proud, prospective Popa — and his pension was almost here!



"By the way, Jim, do you have a date for the Loreli yet?"

WITH US TONIGHT

By Anne Mendelson

Nearly everyone has at one time or another witnessed with dismay or sympathy the agonies of a nervous public speaker — probably also with a certain satisfaction (although few people are willing to admit this even to themselves). There is something deeply rewarding about watching the efforts of a speaker with some real talent for stammering, blushing, tripping over his feet or putting both of them into his mouth, losing the thread of his own argument in mid-sentence, or knocking ten pages of notes off the lectern. It is not at all difficult to spot the speaker truly gifted in this direction — indeed, he more or less announces himself. A certain modicum of talent, however, is required to classify him, to determine which breed of the species he belongs to; indeed, speaker-watching is one of the most demanding of sports.

By far the most enjoyable of speakers, and certainly the easiest to recognize, is the sensible fellow who has previously fortified himself with a large quantity of straight Scotch. Charging onstage in a burst of confident gaiety, he opens brilliantly with a wide, fuzzy smile and a happy belch of "Friendsh!" Unfortunately, this early promise fades rapidly as the effect of the liquor wears off, and is all but gone by the final words of the speech, delivered as hastily and perfunctorily as possible while the unhappy man casts desperate glances at the wings, at the floor, at the ceiling — anywhere but at the gleeful faces of his audience.

Far less entertaining is the wan but determined speaker who marches onstage like Joan of Arc at the stake (mouth grim and tight, eyes clear and steadfast: the captain of his soul). He reads through the entire speech in a resolute monotone, not daring for more than the barest instant to glance up from the page before him, venturing no more than two or three rigidly controlled smiles. He is frightfully boring, but even so, preferable to his nerve-racking opposite, the wildly and falsely cheerful idiot who enters with what is intended to be a flourish, turns a luminous green-faced smile upon the audience, and begins upon a note of loud and tremulous gaiety: "Gentle—that is, *ladies* and gentlemen (abrupt apologetic giggle) I consider myself deeply — that is (giggle), I am *most* happy to be with you this morning — I mean, *tonight* . . ." He progresses to Joke Number One — a monstrously elaborate affair which he can hardly get through for his own laughter but which nobody in the audience can even pretend to understand . . . At length the hysterics are brought under control. Again the pea-green smirk. Deep breath. "But, in a more serious vein, it would be good — it would be *well* — to constitute — uh, to *consider* . . ."

Somehow the ass manages to get through the evening without total disaster. It is impossible to derive the slightest pleasure from his antics; he is merely infuriating, as are all imbeciles of whatever calling.

Only the slightest of variations, however, is required to turn this monstrous incompetent into one of the most lovable of speakers — a valiant soul on the order of Nabokov's Pnin (but de-Russianized) who never quite realizes that the job at hand is beyond his abilities. The chances are that, like Pnin, he has brought the wrong speech; if not, he will be unable to find the one he has brought (if he has brought one at all), will drop and shatter his spectacles, trip over something on the stage (thereby revealing to the delighted spectators one purple and one argyle sock), develop an attack of hiccups, and eventually find himself competing with an alley cat which has somehow wandered onto the stage. Each new mishap brings to his face a look of childlike hurt and bewilderment: he sincerely wishes to instruct,

enlighten, and entertain his audience and has not the faintest idea that an evil genius awaits him at every turn. The nightmare farce drags on (stumbling entrance, pitifully hopeful smile, disastrous attempt at humor, distressed fumbblings with spectacles and handkerchief), so profoundly comic as to be painful, so deeply tragic as to be ludicrous. The spectators sit in exquisite, excruciating mirth and terror, some groaning in amused frustration, some nervously giggling and biting their lips, others sitting silently in pained embarrassment . . . One is unable either to laugh at the man's absurd, helpless innocence or to weep at the profundity of his distress; his predicament is too ludicrous and too terrifying to admit of either laughter or tears.

THE FORM IN FRONT

Glasses rimmed in black,
Eyes behind look out.
Hair so trim and neat,
But on each day? — Could be!

Form so thin and meek,
Clothes to fit the man;
Tie in "ivy" look,
A standing stick,— a man?

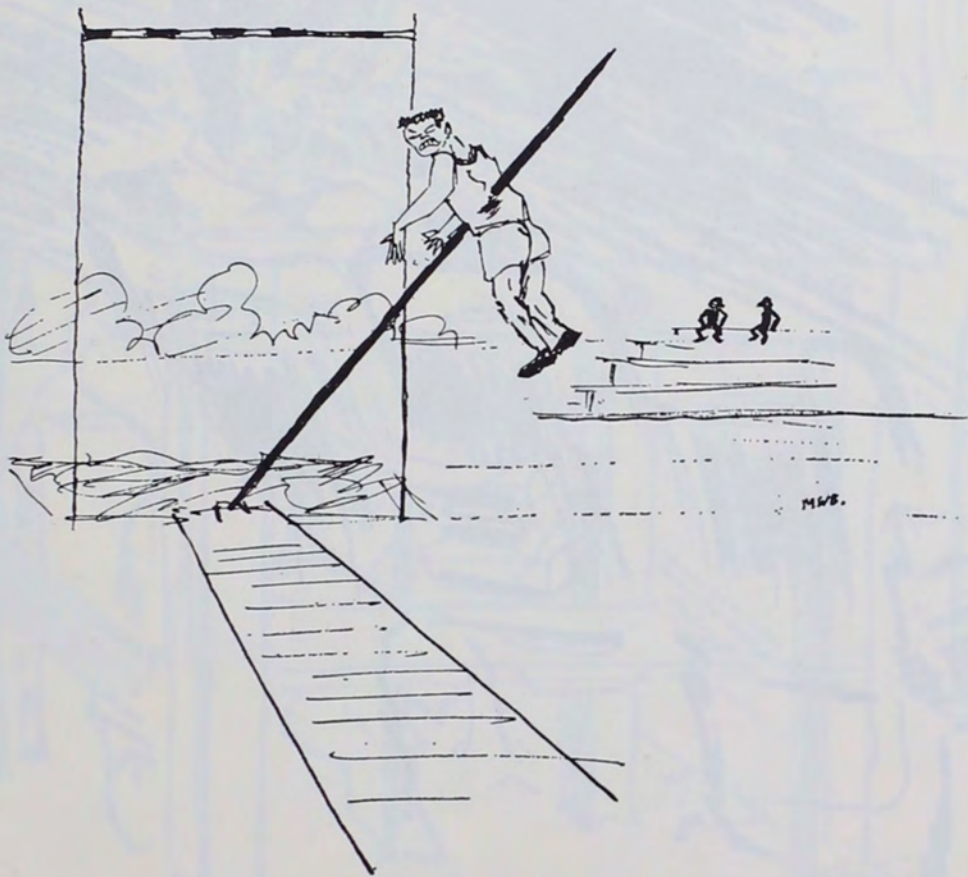
Feet to balance on,
So small scarce there at all.
Hands for pocket use,
A restless man that's all.

Voice in frightened tones,
Words bring practised thoughts.
Notes to prompt the mind,
A "graying" joke, a cough!

A small Victorian taboo,
Not meant for you, of course.
A pocket-humping pipe,
Its odor lingers on.

A man amid his books,
A man before his class.
A man you'll never find
For the pipe he hides behind.

Anonymous



"He hasn't quite got the form yet."





Dr. Boswell - Economics

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