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Exile Vol. I No. 1

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Exile Vol. I No. 1

Authors

Lynn Herrick, Jane Erb, Keith Opdahl, George Mahon, Doug James, David Schieber, Diane Hostetler, Sally Falch, Midge Greenlee, John Miller, John Hodges, James Bowman, and Jean Duncan



The title of this magazine was suggested by the concluding phrase in "The Rest" by Ezra Pound, 1912, PERSONAE.

THE REST

O Helpless few in my country,
O remnant enslaved!

Artists broken against her,
A-stray, lost in the villages,
Mistrusted, spoken-against,

Lovers of beauty, starved,
Thwarted with systems,
Helpless against the control;

You who can not wear yourselves out
By persisting to successes,
You who can only speak,
Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;

You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:

Take thought:
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.

The EXILE

Winter 1955

Denison University

Granville, Ohio

This magazine was founded to bring artistic expression out into the open on the Denison campus. There are many ways to accomplish this purpose. Our goal is a jewel with many facets, one of which is reflected in the allegory of . . .

An Unforseen 4 o'Clock Appointment

Once upon a time a frustrated artist grabbed his pregnant bull by the horns and led the ruminant away from his cud-chewing friends to a secluded meadow where there was a solitary watering trough filled with cool spring water. And there his artist left him, bathing in the radiance of his own ideas.

The bull could still hear the familiar tinkle of the faraway cow bells. For a time they intensified his loneliness. But as he began to watch the creatures cavorting on the distant hillside, for the first time he could see more than red. He could see all the shades and hues of the rainbow. So he gradually became accustomed to his exile and grew to love and appreciate it deeply. This estrangement sharpened his perception, changing him from a single-minded bull.

His mind was now free from the frustrating ring and tether. With his keenly sharpened horns, the exile could toss up all the haystacks in his field. Now and then a few curious cattle, with their ears poised, would approach his fence for a good look at him at close range. Soon growing impatient with his indifference, they would give a few snorts, then kick up their heels and take off.

One day the bull gave birth to a wonderful idea. He could hardly wait for his artist to come and help him develop it. Minutes went by, but the artist failed to appear. What could be keeping him? Simply this. His artist was keeping a 4 o'clock appointment. Within his circumscribed meadow, the imaginative bull dashed wildly around, while his artist sat and smoked a boring cigarette and wished he were free to join the bull.

The bull could not have known there were any other bulls like him. He could not have known there was another meadow in which another inspired bull had already been greeted by his artist. Together they had bellowed so that all might hear: "Let's have a literary magazine! Let's have a place where we can express our ideas! A place that can inspire us to express those ideas!"

So now enclosures and cool spring water have been found by this artist, his friends, and their bulls. They no longer feel the nagging tethers, the twitching rings in their noses. They bathe in the radiance of their own ideas. They toss up haystacks in mad delight. They see whole new colorcharts. And as the bulls' potentials reach

a more intense dionysian pitch, they rush to the fences of their exile where their artists await them with fingers and hands itching to take over.

And as they draw, and as they photograph, and as they write, the cow bell tinkle of society grows louder and stronger. The clanging of appreciation, of interest, and of challenged minds threatens to hobble the artist's fingers. But the fingers are steadied by the conviction that both the artist and the bull thrive on this vital, rewarding exile.

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The cover for EXILE, designed by Jane Erb, was chosen by the Cleveland Art Directors from a number of contest entries submitted by Denison students. It will be permanent with each issue varying in color.

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Freshman Lynn Herrick recalls more than her "arrival" in her entertaining excursions with . . .

Louie the Cab Driver: A Portrait

By LYNN HERRICK

Some people join the Chicago Club. But for years, *some* people in Chicago knew they'd really "arrived" when they were accepted as passengers by Louie the Cab Driver.

If you or someone in your family worked in the Wrigley Building, Tribune Tower, London Guaranty, "333," or some nearby building, you passed the first requirement, for Lou's private cab shuttled back and forth between the commuters' entrance of the Northwestern station and the Michigan Avenue Bridge. The "first Louie" met the 7:39 train, the "second Louie" met the 8:05, and so on. Some fathers caught the first bus to work; mine caught the second Louie.

Of course, you *could* work your way into the "Louie Club" through a proper introduction from a "member," but it might take you some time. The main requirement, though, for being driven to and from work, trains, and airports by one of the best and most dependable drivers in the business was very simple: Louis Shaps had to like you.

If Lou didn't like you, the cab was full as far as you were concerned if there was one other person in it, but if he did like you, there was always room for you on top of eight or nine others. Somehow it was always more comfortable to be crammed into that five- or six-passenger cab with ten other persons than to have plenty of room in the common garden variety of cab.

Taking a "Louie" downtown was quite an experience; I know because I've taken them with my father. If you could see over the two or three layers of people in front of you, you were sure to be fascinated by the equipment in that cab—cigarettes, matches, mints, cough drops, and even extra money in case someone came downtown without his billfold. There was even a telephone right in the cab, so that Lou's customers could reach him any time and any place.

Like any loyal passenger, I still have this "membership" card:

Now me and my cab are as near as your phone!
Just ask for "Long Distance,"
. . . then ask for "Mobile Operator JL 4-2494" . . .
and tell me where you want to go and when.
And remember . . . Lou's service is DEEpendable!
I'm your *Lou*.

Don't forget, though, that if you were eligible to ride in Lou's cab, you were a fair target for his constant criticism, delivered deadpan but with a slight twinkle if you looked hard enough for it. He criticized his customers' ties, their cars, their haircuts, or anything else that fell short of his standards for them:

"All right, you guys, quit kickin' the seats! Keep ya feet off the seats! I just cleaned the car . . . Bowers, you should never 'a' got another brown suit; nobody but me knows when ya got a new one . . . Herrick's tryin' to give me pneumonia again; the colder it is, the lower he rolls the window . . . Boulton, with a cold like yours, you shoulda stayed home—they'd never miss ya at the office. I gotta trip north about three to pick up some film. If ya wanta be out front then, I could drop ya off in Evanston. O.K.? Not that I care about your cold—you're just another fare to me . . . All right, all right! Get out, get out! Now lookit that car! Mud an' ashes all over the floor! . . ."

As if this weren't enough, once in a while he would announce, "Guess I'll sing for ya," and burst into song. After one of his renditions of "Glow Worm" or "Peggy O'Neil" in a rather faltering tenor, he would turn to his audience and marvel, "All this and Lou too!"

Sometimes the wiry little cab driver would take off his chauffeur's cap and ask his passenger, "How do you like my haircut?" It's hard to decide what you think of one of Lou's haircuts—the small fringe of gray hair around his otherwise bald head doesn't change much from day to day.

When Lou picked our family up after a vacation, things used to sound something like this:

"I brought Herrick some cigarettes so he wouldn't have to borrow from me till tomorrow. Need matches, too, I s'pose. Now can we go, or do I hafta lend ya the cab fare? . . . Mrs. Herrick, don't let him touch that window! Even in the summer he can make a cold wind blow on the back o' my neck! Mrs. Herrick, can't you do nothing with that husband o' yours?"

Then my father would wonder aloud how long people could be expected to ride in a broken-down hack. He would detect a distinct

knock in the motor, notice that the automatic shift was lagging, and wonder if the car would run as far as Evanston, especially driven by someone who knew absolutely nothing about cars, let alone how to drive. This happy wrangle would go on as far as our house, then Lou would pull up and shake his head pityingly at the beautiful green lawn that is always my father's pride and joy. "Herrick," he would say, "you'll never learn to grow grass. That's got brown spots already!"

Lou really lived up to his card—he was as "DEEpendable" as they come. Day or night, rain or shine, if your train was on time or late, you could always count on him to meet your train, take you to your plane, or drive you home. If some advertising men at J. Walter Thompson were working late—even as late as 11:00—they would call Lou to take them home.

If they decided to stop and eat on the way, Lou flatly refused to join them, although they accused him of stuffiness and snobbery. (He's not really snobbish, though; he would play golf or go bowling with them, provided they were good enough players.)

By the time he had dropped them all off, one by one, at their homes in various suburbs, it would be about 2:00 in the morning before he got home to Chicago, but he was always up bright and early again to meet the morning trains and drive the "first Louie" from the station to the bridge.

Lou liked to announce to traffic, "One side, everybody—here comes Lou!" but you *really* couldn't find a safer driver. If you were in a hurry, rather than speed he would turn off onto some little street you never knew existed and come out right by your destination. The chances are he waved to every policeman along the way, too.

Yes, he probably knows every short cut and every policeman in Chicago. People used to say that if you were ever looking for Lou, he would be the one parked between the fire plug and the "No Parking" sign, passing the time of day with the policeman.

For years, those films of the Northwestern University games that you saw on television and the picture of them that you saw in the newspapers were the ones that Lou picked up at Dyche Stadium between halves every Saturday afternoon and rushed back down to the television stations and newspapers in time for the late editions and the sports programs.

And it was Lou that Evanstonians saw driving the Associated Press car that accompanied General MacArthur several years ago on his way from Chicago to Milwaukee.

Of Russian birth and Jewish faith, Lou certainly does his best to see that his friends have a Merry Christmas. For one thing, every year he and Mrs. Shaps—"Mama," as he calls her—stay up late at night packing the trunk of Lou's cab with more than a hundred boxes of Mama's very special, homemade fudge. As long as I've known him, he's sent home an extra box for me.

But Christmas, 1952, wasn't the same without the fudge. That year, Louie the Cab Driver was in the hospital.

A week or so before, Lou had been sure there was something wrong with his heart. The doctors couldn't find anything wrong. He looked fine, and his cardiograph didn't show anything. Just then—in the hospital, a doctor at hand, an oxygen tank a few feet away—Lou had his heart attack. As usual, his timing was perfect, and he proved what he had always told his customers: "You guys can laugh if you want to, but *Lou knows best!*"

No one who was used to taking the first, second, or third Louie forgot him. As his Christmas card said, . . .

I shout at ya . . .

"Don't kick the seats!"

I insults ya . . .

"Get out, get out!"

I calls ya names . . .

*"All right, you *!*!*, what are ya waiting for!"*

. . . And what do I get in return?

Love! Kisses! Checks! Flowers! Cards! Letters! Phone calls!

I'm overwhelmed! So's Mama!

Thanks a million! And a Merry Christmas to you, too.

YOUR EVERLOVING LOU AND MAMA

The picture on the opposite page showed Lou's cap hanging on a hook below a sign, "*Temporarily out of order.*"

That card, by the way, was designed especially for Lou at a joint conference of the art and copy departments of J. Walter Thompson Co. He gives them all his business because they're the largest advertising agency in the world. Nothing's too good for Lou!

Knowing that Lou's earnings stopped when he stopped driving, his friends took up a collection for him. There was nothing official about it, and nobody was in charge of the money, but they managed to accumulate over \$1,100—more than enough to pay his hospital bill.

When the hospital finally lifted the ban on visitors for Lou, I hope the doctors read between the lines when they heard visitors telling him how traffic had suddenly come unsnarled since a certain

cab driver was off the streets and what a relief it was to ride with someone who knew how to drive. As a matter of fact, as soon as Lou could have visitors "Mama" called up my mother and told her, "Tell Mr. Herrick to come and bawl him out. It'll make him feel better."

But no matter what they told Lou about the service they were getting, the "Louie Club" was never able to find a new Louie. They tried three or four other drivers, but nobody seemed to fit in. One wouldn't take more passengers than his car would hold. Another always left at the time he was supposed to leave. (How was he to know who would be coming out in a few minutes?) A third tried too hard, with his chauffeur's uniform and his white muffler. They were all obliging and polite and always trying to please . . . maybe *that's* what was wrong!

Discouraged, the "Club" has finally disbanded and become resigned to taking taxis.

Lou is out of the hospital now, but he'll never be able to drive his cab again. Just about the time he got out, though, the art department at J. Walter Thompson suddenly got dissatisfied with the way a certain "traffic" job was being handled. It was a small job with fair pay, and up to then it had been filled by one young man after another who had been either promoted or drafted. Now, all of a sudden, they started thinking that maybe some other kind of person could handle it better . . . maybe an older man . . . a *retired* older man . . .

Now we can take Lou literally when he says to a Thompson man back from a trip, "We got a new account while you were gone." Now the world's largest advertising organization with agencies can point to its offices all over the world and its hundreds of famous accounts and brag, "All this and Lou, too!"

The Examined Life Re-examined

BY DOUG JAMES

Socrates once said that the unexamined life is not worth living. In this day of continual struggle for the minds of men, I think that he might have amended his statement. The life that neither knows nor examines its own bases is not only not worth living, but in our day is dangerous to its society. In our "other directed" society, this is the main weapon we have to fight the pressures of propaganda and conformity. Being the children of our culture bars us from complete escape, and we dare not lose our sense of reality. At the same time, we must continually re-examine these realities in the light of our greater knowledge and understanding. Thus I am attempting to set forth in this paper some thinking now six years begun. I hope that it may focus another small ray of light on our thinking.

The central idea in my thought is that the universe is causal in nature. Or, more simply, every cause has an effect and every effect a cause. To the best of my knowledge, everyone, whether consciously or not, accepts this hypothesis to a limited degree. We depend on

the validity of causality every day and exhibit our dependence on it continually. Very few people will consciously walk off a cliff without expecting to fall. In addition, most people's actions reflect the assumption that those actions will produce certain reactions in other people. When you punch someone in the nose, you do so with some idea of what his reaction is going to be. In spite of this common acceptance of causality, most people do not accept it as a *universal* principle, however. This is quite understandable because as a universal principle it forces one to several inescapable conclusions:

1. There is no "free will."
2. There is no morality in the universe. Thus it is a moral.
3. There is no absolute purpose in the universe, though there are movement and energy.

These conclusions do not coincide with our present cultural traditions and so are unpopular, especially because they seem ominously close to some Communist assumptions. But unpopular or not, they are valid to

me, and popularity should not be a criterion for validity.

Due to the expanding knowledge of science, and especially of psychology since the Pavlovian experiments, there remains only one main argument against these contentions. Those who oppose these ideas say that causality doesn't apply to men's minds and wills. They maintain that there is something within man that has no connection with other factors, but makes choices. This they call "free will," or "spirit," or "man's inner self." The proof that this other self exists supposedly lies in the fact that no one can completely predict his or another person's actions. This premise neglects the many actions of man that *can* be predicted. This is the fact that deserves our attention, for the major obstacle to more accurate prediction is not that causality does not apply, but is the difficulty of knowing the complete situation in a person's mind, a difficulty of observation. The existing methods, such as behavioral analysis, have been remarkably effective in spite of their indirectness. Time after time in his short history, man has assumed that there were mystical causes because he did not fully understand the nature of things, and time after time, these beliefs have disintegrated because of the scrutiny of fuller understanding.

An excellent case in point would be the changes that have come about in criminology, penology, and the treatment of juvenile delinquency. Though we have not arrived at an Utopia by any stretch of the imagination, we are finally beginning to break away from the fiction of utter individual responsibility. There may be a limit to which we can apply this, similar to the limits of Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy, but this does not negate the universal nature of causality.

In all this thought, there is one disturbing factor. To me, and to every other human being, free will is a reality. It seems to us that we *do* make choices, and that free will is implied in these choices. Naturally psychologists can explain this feeling in causal terms, but such explanations lack meaning because we always have the illusion of free choice with us. To fit this disturbing factor into our thought, we must understand the basis of causal analysis, and become pragmatic.

Whenever someone tries to discover a causal relation, he must assume the position of a perfect observer, that is, he must know all the relevant factors, and must observe the action objectively, without disturbing it. Thus the methods of causality become useless in all the personal relations of an individual

because he can't possibly detach himself from them. In addition, the "reality" of free will is directly contradictory to the whole idea of causality. Dr. Max Planck, a brilliant German theoretical physicist, further observes that it is impossible for a person to predict his own actions completely, because whenever he analyzes the situation from which to predict, he has changed the situation he was analyzing.

If causality is the central idea of my thought, then I must add that the reality of choice in the human situation is equally important. It is not a refutation of the causal assumption. It is a very necessary practical admission, that is, for a certain frame of reference, we must consider illusion a reality. The importance of this idea is so often lost by determinists that it seems like a new idea. Too often, the determinist is carried away by

the primary implications of causality into a mechanistic system that completely ignores choice and the whole realm of human relations. Such oversights are the origin of many ill effects that science and determinism have had upon our society.

A concluding premise can be taken from this analysis. Though we are constantly drawn to the human frame of reference, and often feel far removed from what we consider the "cold, hard and inanimate" nature of things, our conclusions gain validity from casualty. If we do not recognize this, and do not continually seek to keep in contact with true reality, our conclusions are liable to harm both ourselves and our society. This is true not only of such things as touching a hot stove, but is true of basic human "rights," religious beliefs, and philosophies.

Sally Falch, junior from Cleveland, in her first published poem, catches the music of the . . .

Carousel

BY SALLY FALCH

Plaster pirouettes parade
On girating ground,
Heirs of Eohippus break
Toward blue grass sound.
Riders sway, suspended,
And time taps on.
Patient, the ponies pause,
Then resume their marathon.

Jane Erb, sophomore from Columbus, finds peaches and a world traveller a strange combination in . . .

ANNA DIETRICH

BY JANE ERB

Red brick flashed past the train windows. Black pyramids of coal lay simmering in the white August sun. Anna Dietrich reached into a paper sack and pulled out another peach. On the seat next to her she had carefully arranged seven peach pits in a pile on a newspaper. The pits were not as lovely as the peach skins, she thought, but still they were satisfying to look at because one could never get such peaches in Vienna. In fact, she had had no peaches like these in all of Europe! But of course, there had been other, more important things to do in Paris or London.

The train slid around a curve and several of the pits slipped to the floor. Anna kicked them under the seat and wriggled her feet into a more comfortable position, leaving her shoes in a half-on, half-off position. Few travelers could do this on a strange trip, she thought; they would be bothered with anxieties as to where to get off and when to get their bags down. But when one has gone to Rome alone and has lived in Vienna without knowing a soul—well, one can enjoy the worldly luxury of relaxing with shoes off.

The train was going to Chicago, but Anna was going on to

Colorado. She had succumbed to the red and yellow travel folders which lured one "to the West, to the land of enchantment, where the skies are not cloudy . . . vacation on a dude ranch . . ." It would be different at least.

Her teeth cut the skin of another peach. The juice ran down her pudgy fingers covered with rings. Some of the juice had stained her rumpled rayon navy suit. It was much too practical; the frivolous dresses she had worn to the operas in Vienna were much more to her liking. Oh, there was no place in the world like Vienna: the music, the gay people, the beer gardens. And Paris was almost as much fun.

Anna could remember traveling through the Alps as a child, taking skiing lessons while her parents were away. How many places she had been—her blue eyes closed, her hand relaxed and a peach rolled from the sack. It fell from her lap to the floor of the car. A sudden lurch of the train caused the peach to roll against her suitcase. Because it was so heavy and awkward, Anna had not bothered to lift it up to a rack. The bag was peculiarly shaped; it was twice as long as it was

wide. Stickers were smeared on all sides and a rope had been tied around it.

She had collected stickers from everywhere and some of the older ones were beginning to peel off. There would be a new sticker, though, to replace the old one; it would be red and yellow with a cowboy and horse on it.

Brown brick of industrial buildings passed by the windows now and the train rumbled to a stop. Anna sat up and looked about. The outskirts of Chicago. She gathered up her coat and the bag of peaches and moved the suitcase a little closer to her legs. She sat very still in her seat, trying at the same time to wake up and to think how she would get from one train station to another in twenty minutes. She had been so confident in Europe. Why shouldn't she have been, for she had gambled at Monte Carlo, gone to the Riviera. She had met royalty; she was a world voyager and she could do anything.

By the time the train finally stood in the dark terminal, Anna was standing in the aisle of the car, bent at the waist so she could slide her bag along with her. The person behind her kept kicking the suitcase so she would move up the passageway. Somehow she struggled up the

ramp, ignoring two of the peaches that fell from the sack and rolled away from her feet. Breathing heavily she reached the huge rotunda of the station.

Which way should she go? Pulling out her ticket she read slowly, her lips forming the sounds, Parm-a-lee.

What was that? The loudspeaker: "Trainloading on track two for Garymichigancity-bentonbarbor and Detroit!" Was that her train? All these strange names of cities . . . Parmalee: Where did a person get one? A woman carrying a baby jostled Anna and the paper sack began to tear. She shifted her coat, dropped the suitcase and grasped the peaches more firmly. Her hands, still sticky from peach juice, annoyed her. "Trainloading on tracktwo . . . Kansascityst.louis." Parmalee . . . Perhaps she should just stop anyone and ask them, or was there a Traveler's Aid? The loudspeaker blared again; was that her train they were calling? She had better hurry. Parmalee . . . "and points west" . . . the sack was tearing again and she had already lost two lovely peaches and Vienna never had peaches like . . . another person bumped her. She gazed about. She felt rather sick and bewildered . . . maybe she had better . . . find a seat and . . . sit down.

Keith Opdahl presents his first short story, a different portrayal of the proverbial successful businessman.

"Ground Level Appointment"

BY KEITH OPDAHL

The cocktail lounge was cool compared to the heat outside, and the tinkle of glasses and quiet laughter was soothing. It smelled of bourbon and scotch and women's perfume, all cool and easy. No blaring juke box, just soft lilting music coming from nowhere in particular. Harry liked it. He settled his rotund figure on the leathered covered cushion of a bar stool.

"Your order sir? May I have your order?"

The practiced smile of the little bartender flickered below a thin mustache.

"Uumm, give me a . . . scotch and water—better make that a double."

Harry could really use the drink. Better get some gum though. Can't be too careful when you're dealing with a man like JC. You never know. He could have a prejudice against drinking. Harry folded his hands, his elbows resting on the bar. It wasn't like dealing with Thomas and Co. He had been in six times without a tumble. But they were nothing compared to JC's outfit. Something like this comes along once in a life-time. It was now or never.

He could see his head and shoulders over the shelf of oddly shaped bottles before the mirror. A flourescent light above the bar made his round face seem pale. The darkness behind him reflected as an empty void, accentuating and contrasting his image. He took off his panama hat and laid it on the bar. Millie had thought the plaid hat band very poor taste, but he liked it. It made him feel young. He checked his image for any signs of untidyness. It had been years since he had had any dandruff, but he still liked to check. One of the advantages of growing old, he always said. It was one of their standing jokes.

Funny how it happened. Millie hadn't told him much about JC. Just that they had gone to school together and that JC had once had a crush on her. From the expressions on her face he guessed that JC must have been quite a boy. But something had happened between them, and JC had gone on to build his dad's business into one of the biggest and best in the country. He was even made trustee of his school. Millie had married Harry.

Harry took another puff on his cigarette and put it in the ash-tray. The thin wire of smoke arched upward and curled into a silver cylinder, and then was blown away.

It wasn't that he was a failure. No, he had done all right. But nothing big. Nothing that made people sit up and take notice. He was just Harry Smith, who lives down the block and who drives last year's model.

The bartender brought his drink, and he threw a dollar on the bar, carelessly, not even looking at the bartender.

"Thank you, sir."

His collar ends had turned up, and stuck out of his coat. He tucked them in, rolling the edge with his finger. Like a fool he had forgotten the stays.

It was getting so he didn't have a decent shirt anymore. Have to get a few new ones. Probably get a couple for his birthday. Jean and John would chip in together, and buy him some shirts. They always bought him just what he needed. They'd discuss it for a long time, and then go to their mother for advice. Millie would know exactly what he needed, and would cheerfully discourage any of the wilder ideas. Harry smiled. What was it Millie said they wanted to buy him two years ago? A four year subscription to *Country Gentleman*. He could see the postman delivering *Country Gentleman* to their two-flat on 3rd Avenue. The year before that it was a set of monogrammed shoe-trees that Jeannie had seen in a shop on Michigan Boulevard.

He smiled, but the reflection of his teeth was crooked, and he closed his mouth. Got to be careful about that wide grin, he thought. Can't be too grinning.

He was sorry now, that he had been against Millie going to that homecoming celebration. They couldn't afford it, he had said, and besides, it was just silly sentimentalism. But it had meant a lot to her, and the kids had been getting on her nerves, so they had that the Christmas savings money and off she had gone. She had even bought a silly little hat that sat on the back of her head, and that could hardly be seen from the front. The new dress that she got wasn't fancy, but it had a simplicity that she said was the height of fashion.

She was just like a kid, and when she got on the train, she said later, she had felt like the freshman girl, who, years before, had kissed mommy and daddy goodbye and had gone off to her first big adventure. Harry liked the feeling of seeing her young again. He was glad that he had let her go.

When she came back she hadn't told him exactly what had gone on out there in Granville. She told him of the parades and floats, and went on for hours about how old all her classmates seemed. But it had taken her a couple of days before she had mentioned JC. And then just casually. They had been talking, she said, and she had just happened to mention that Harry was a salesman. JC seemed interested. "Why doesn't he drop in and see me? I just might have something."

She had said it casually, her head bent over her knitting. And then she had gone on and chatted about Aunt Martha in the same tone of voice. Good old Millie.

He gulped his drink, and immediately wanted another. There was still some time. He raised a finger toward the bartender who glided over to him. The mustache quivered as he said,

"Yes, sir?"

"Another one just like it."

Harry stuffed his cigarette out and checked his image in the mirror again. It was cool in here, and his silver-rimmed glasses didn't slip down his nose. He had always thought it funny that his nose should sweat. It was a source of constant irritation to him. Nothing looked less efficient than glasses low on the bridge of your nose. He took them off, and in the mirror he could see the indentation they made between his eyes. He gently massaged the small of his nose with his thumb and index finger. Bringing his other hand up, he rubbed the loose flesh under his eyes. They were large, and gave his face strength. They seemed to be on the verge of smiling, but never quite made it. A little pale, he thought. Been too busy fixing up the flat to do any golfing. After this I'll have to get out more often.

Suddenly he was conscious of a face next to his in the mirror, looking at him. The face was dark in spite of the pale light, and served to set off a long thin nose. Their eyes parted, and the face moved down a couple of stools. Its owner, a little man with squinty eyes and round shoulders, sat down on the stool. His dress was very conservative, a shoulderless coat of dark tweed, with a dark little tie and a vest. Harry had seen that face before.

The little man ordered a Tom Collins. He was staring out into space. Harry didn't particularly want to speak, but he knew him from somewhere . . .

"Say, pardon me."

"Yes?" The little man looked up. The expression in his eyes was quizzical, searching.

"Don't we know each other from somewhere?"

His eyes narrowed.

"Yes . . . I think so. I was thinking the same thing."

"Lived in the city long?"

"No, no. As a matter of fact, I was just passing through. Have a few hours between planes."

He lifted his glass and sipped his drink.

"I just can't place you. How about the . . . school! State, '31."

"Of course, good old State."

They stood and shook hands.

"Good old Sammy. How are you?"

The corners of Sammy's mouth went up, exposing his well-formed teeth.

"Harry. Harry Smith!"

Sammy stepped back, looking Harry over from head to toe.

"You're really looking good."

They stared at each other, chuckling spasmodically.

"C'mon, let's have a drink."

Harry slid his drink over and they sat down. There was a self-conscious pause.

"Never would have known you, Sammy. Gosh, you look dignified."

Sammy laughed.

"Oh, yeh. I've been doing all right. Still plugging along in engineering. On my way to the west coast now. Consulting on a project out there."

"Consulting, eh? Sounds big."

Harry motioned to the bartender, and ordered two more drinks.

"And all this time I thought you were in business."

"I did try business for a while, but it wasn't for me. Engineering's a better deal." Sam chuckled. "I've done all right. But c'mon, what about you. Where do you get off sitting in a high-brow lounge this time of day?"

Harry shrugged. "I'm in sales. Just on my way to see a customer up in his office."

"Who's the customer?"

"JC Nordell."

Sammy's thin eyebrows arched.

"You mean the JC Nordell of Nordell Products?"

"Yeh, that's him."

"Very good, very good. Nice to know people like Nordell."

"Well, you know, business brings you in contact with a lot of

people, and you make friends where you find 'em." Or Millie does, he thought.

Sammy fondled his empty glass, his ringed hands catching the moisture.

"I—I know what you mean."

His hands were tanned, and the nails had the grooming of regular manacuring.

"It seems as though most of my friends are either engineers or work with engineers."

He took a drink.

"Of course, there are my wife's friends, but they're all a bunch of psuedos."

Harry was a little high, but he didn't care. He felt good. He felt confident. A couple of clorets and he'd be all right. But time was running out. He'd have to leave in a few minutes.

"Hey," Sammy suddenly said, "What about your family? You ever get a woman to marry you?"

Harry took out his picture of Millie and, holding it on the edges, handed it to Sam. Holding it at arm's length, he stared at it.

"Wow, she's a looker."

Harry was proud. Millie had kept herself up. Not like some wives who got fat and sloppy after 35. He could almost see her walking into the lounge right now. It was a good idea of hers to meet him after his talk with JC and have a cocktail and then dinner somewhere. The kids could take care of themselves, now, and it was good for her to get out. Lord knows she'd worked hard enough the past few years. Harry smiled as Sammie raved on about Millie. He'd choose that little booth in the corner, and the two of them would sit there in the darkness, listening to the tinkle of glasses and the soft piano played by that colored fellow. The one with the big smile whose picture was outside. And he'll tell her how he sat there before seeing JC. Tell her how he had thought about her and the things he could do for her, now that his break had come.

She wouldn't say anything, but inside she would about burst. He smiled again in anticipation. He'd throw a ten spot on the table, and let the waitress take what she wanted, and he wouldn't even bother to keep track himself. And as they left he would leave what was left there, and when Millie reminded him, he'd just pat her gently, and wink.

"Name is Millie," he said, "she's going to meet me here at six. You'll have to meet her."

"Did she graduate from State a year after us?"

"No, she's a graduate of Denison. One of those little schools in Ohio. You remember her. I had her down for a couple of dances."

Sammy bit his lip and stared off into space. The bartender

eased their ashtray off the bar, emptied it, cleaned it, and then smoothly replaced it.

"Oh, yes, that short blonde you were so crazy about. Well, what do you know."

"We got married about two years after I graduated . . ."

Sammie handed the picture back.

"You'll never guess who I ended up with. Remember Cynthia Hadell?"

"Cynthia Hadell—was she a tall redhead, her old man loaded to the gills?"

"That's her."

He took a black morrocco bill-fold from his coat pocket, and with a flourish presented Harry with a picture of a matronly, well-groomed woman just starting to push middle age. On either side of her were two scared teenagers. Harry whistled.

"Good old Cynthia. She's still looking good."

Sammy laughed. "She was a good catch. Still wonder why she ever married me. Guess she had faith in me. She knew I'd be a big success."

He stretched his thin lips across his face in a toothless grin. But his eyes had a tired queer look. He was looking straight ahead, but Harry could see his image peering over the row of bottles.

"It has been rather nice. Her mother's a bitch, but her old man is tolerable."

Harry wrapped his hand around his glass and took a stiff swallow. The glass was clammy and cold, and he unconsciously wiped his hand on his pants.

"Those are my two kids."

Harry glanced at the picture again.

"I've got two children myself. A boy and a girl."

He produced their picture and shoved it to Sam.

"Girl's Jean and the boy's John. Really smart kids."

"Hey, the girl looks like Millie."

Harry beamed.

"Sure does. She graduates from high school next spring. Going to send her to Denison like her mother."

Sam looked at him.

"Nothing but the best, eh? That school isn't the cheapest in the world."

Harry laughed.

"We don't worry about that. She's going and that's all."

At least we don't worry anymore, he thought. JC's signature is going to take care of everything. He felt a little funny about going up to see JC. Have to get going pretty soon, though.

Sammy also sneered. "Follow in her mother's footsteps, eh? God, I wish mine weren't so much like their mother. It gives me the creeps."

Harry could remember that first day when Jeannie came down

wearing her hair like Millie always does. He was a pretty proud guy.

The music was louder now, and Harry was starting to get warm. They were near the kitchen door, and whenever it swung open, the rattle of dishes and babble of sharp voices drifted out with the smell of food.

"So sale's paying off, eh?"

"Yeh," Harry said, "it has its ups and downs, but it's pretty good."

"Never had you figured for the salesman type, Harry. It's funny how we turned out. You never know, do you?"

"I guess not. Remember how we were going to set the world on fire? Pretty cocky bunch of guys."

Sammy smiled with his mouth, but his eyes were still serious.

"Yeh, you were going to be a teacher and I was going to be one of the biggest men in the country. Funny how you never know what to expect."

"What happened, Sammy? How come you switched?"

Sammy looked at his glass.

"Things just didn't turn out, that's all. And Cynthia was on my neck. Finally gave in and her father put me through engineering school. Took me in the firm after graduation. What happened to you?"

Harry took another gulp of his drink.

"I just couldn't see living on canned spaghetti for three more years while I got my Ph.D. The kids came early, and hell, I wanted to really set them up. You can't make any money teaching. Millie wanted to put me through by working, but I couldn't see that."

Sam traced a design with the water that had formed on the bar

"I've been an engineer now, for 27 years. It's not a bad deal. Drop in at one of our jobs, make sure that the boys aren't just sitting around, and then go home. Actually it's a soft touch. But I'm thinking of retiring one of these days. We've got a home on the Cape. It'd be nice to sit back and relax."

"But what about your firm? You can't let that go."

Sam smiled a tired smile.

"Oh, they'll get along. My brother-in-law can handle things. He thinks he owns the place anyway."

Harry and Millie had often dreamt about retiring to a little farm somewhere. Everyone had the same dream, but to them it was special.

"I guess it would be nice. Just you and the wife and the kids, eh?"

"It's hard to say. Cynthia likes it down in Florida. Stays down there most of the year. Plays with all her friends down at Miami. I don't care, though. Hell, it's been a good deal. And I don't know if I don't prefer it this way." The gin was starting to get him, and a faint flush had risen to his cheeks.

"The kids are away at school, of course, but there's a lot to do on the Cape."

"Oh?"

"There's golf and my sports car, imported, a real beaut, and then I subscribe to several journals, and like to take my time reading them."

He winked and poked Harry with his elbow.

"And don't think it gets lonely down there. The neighbors are awful friendly. Ha, Ha."

Harry gave forth with a strained laugh.

It's a good life, Harry. A little consulting now and then. Or dinner with the father-in-law. The rest of my time is my own. Hell, it really is a good deal. You'll have to get away from your ball and chain and come up for a week or two."

They both were silent, staring at their glasses. Sammy glanced at his watch.

"Jeez, I've got to catch that plane."

He stood up.

"Well, Har, it's been good."

"Yeh, Sammy, it has. It's been nice talking to you. Good luck to you. And listen, drop in next time you're in town. I'd like you to meet them family."

"The same to you, Har. Say hello to your buddy JC for me when you see him. Ha, Ha."

He strode off in short confident steps. Harry hadn't noticed how little he actually was. From the back he seemed to be twenty years older.

Harry glanced at his watch. He had an hour until Millie would show. Better hurry, he thought. But he didn't move. A rivulet of sweat washed down his glass, leaving a line in the frosty condensation, and joined the puddle on the bar. The bartender was shaking a cocktail, the quick beat of the swishing contents contrasted and spoiled the rhythm of the song that came from somewhere, rebounded about the room, and then was gone. It was a pleasant tune. From some light opera. Harry took out a cigarette, fondled it, and finally put it to his lips.

He stared into his reflection in the dark puddle on the bar. Millie would understand if he didn't see JC. She always did understand. They could get along. The state manager had told him just the other day that he liked Harry's work. And he hadn't been in to see Thomas for a month. He just might be ready to bite. And then there was Harris of Acme. He could call Thomas up tomorrow and invite him to lunch. Take him to that place on Washington Boulevard. The old guy likes German food. Better wear his darkest suit, though. The one with a vest.

He felt in his shirt pocket for matches. He could hardly wait for Millie to show up. That little booth was still vacant. It'd be good to sit alone, again. He could see Millie now. She'd say that he was stubborn, but she'd smile. And she'd take his hand. We'll

make out all right, she'd say. Wait and see. They would have dinner, but they wouldn't say much. Except she'd probably wonder if the kids were all right.

And after dinner they'd sit there and listen to music. But not too long, because he had to get a good night's sleep if he was going to see Thomas tomorrow. And then, before they left, she'd tell him she was really proud of him, and that she understood.

Harry smiled. He'd throw that ten spot that he had planned to use for the fights on the table, and let the waitress take what she wanted. And he wouldn't keep track himself.

He lit his cigarette, and watched the match burn itself out.

And when they left he would leave what was left there. When Millie reminded him, he'd just pat her gently and wink.

To relieve the seriousness of Joyce, Faulkner, and Kafka for her Honors Project, senior Midge Greenlee finds that "March and Yesterday" are here before today.

March and Yesterday

BY MIDGE GREENLEE

In March, the snow;
and restlessness—

Black gaunt trees
swaying without grace;
Wind crying news
of persons and places.

Snow swells streams
and still the wind cries
down long yellow fields
and wet brown hills
and the long roads—
How are they, the old friends;
what do they say,
what do, what think—

Today without Yesterday or
Tomorrow is gone;
Now, one past; and Tomorrow—
Tomorrow has always come.

In March
the wind came
crying down the long roads
a whisper of a song
a whisper of a laugh
bright threads of a broken pattern
caught in the wind—
Yesterday
cries down the long road
to Tomorrow.
In March
we listen to the wind.

Dave Schieber, junior from Bucyrus, Ohio, makes a new comparison for American litterateurs . . .

Concerning Flem Snopes and Benjamin Franklin

BY DAVID SCHIEBER

With slight exception, William Faulkner's major novels and short-stories have centered in a legendary Yoknapatawpha County in Mississippi. Faulkner has peopled his county with a great many characters, amongst whom the most fascinating are the Snopeses, a tribe of parasitic liars and idiots, thieves, platitudinarians, morons and sodomites, who recognize few of the moral rules governing their Yoknapatawpha neighbors. The bellwether of this nefarious group is Flem Snopes, whose very name is disagreeable, "Flem" suggesting "phlegm" and "phlegmatic," "Snopes" suggesting Anglo-Saxon monosyllabic unpleasantness. Flem is cold, shrewd, without sentiment or visible emotion, an incarnation of personal aggrandisement.

The whole of *The Hamlet*, published in 1940, is devoted to the invasion of society by this vicious family, during which Flem is able to progress from his initial position as a clerk in Varner's store in Frenchman's Bend to the presidency of a bank in Jefferson, the county-seat, riding rough-shod over everyone in the process. The novel, except

for a few passages—notably the cow-idiot scene—is overflowing with a robust, hyperbolic, humor. Even Flem at first is humorous, only later becoming alarmingly evil and unscrupulous. The Snopes clan is at the same time warmly absurd and coldly realistic.

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, certainly one of the best and more famous autobiographies in the English language, was begun at Twyford, in England, in 1771, when Franklin was sixty-five; it was not until 1788 that the final section was written. Franklin was a remarkable man in many ways; he realized this and was proud of it. He admitted that he was vain, "being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor and to others who are within his sphere of action." His life had been one huge success. From poverty he had risen to become one of the world's great figures. His original purpose in writing these memoirs was to inform his son—and through his son the world—of those qualities and facets, concerning himself, generally unknown; he also wished

to hold himself up as an exemplum to future talent struggling in the dust of poverty.

The memoirs (as he called them) cover his life until approximately 1757. The first half of the memoirs is delightful reading: it has a youthful, light charm. In the later sections Franklin's moralizing becomes more noticeable, and consequently these sections lack the charm of the earlier ones. In reading these memoirs one will be reminded strangely of Flem Snopes in several of the good doctor's habits and thought-patterns. Although extensive analogy is fruitless, a few similarities can be examined.

Amongst Franklin's characteristics evident in the memoirs one finds what has been termed his leading intellectual quality: his ability to take a detached, impersonal, dispassionate point of view. This dispassion, this impersonality, is precisely what distinguishes Flem from the ordinary caitiff. Flem is a humorless, cold, person; this is apparent in his early days as a clerk. He is detached from life, viewing it from somewhere outside. Franklin is somewhat similar in behavior: he impresses one as a debonnaire, intellectually superior man, yet, contrarily, lacking in humor. He is, in D. H. Lawrence's delightful phrase, "middle-aged, sturdy, snuff-coloured Doctor Franklin."

There is something disturbing in the cold, factual, unemotional, reporting of his son's death with smallpox in 1737. Doubtless he felt a great sorrow, but Franklin forced himself to diminish the grief, since the wise man he was striving to become could not allow personal sorrow to triumph over the perfecting of the soul and character. This smothering of his grief may draw him nearer to a god's stature, but it decreases his stature as a man. Especially in a memorable does one not expect to find such frigidity of emotion. Immediately the figure of Mink Snopes arises, and that of his cousin Flem, disinterested in the murder which had brought Mink to prison. Flem here quite well displays his phlegmatic character, his want of feeling even to a cousin.

Quite an amusing passage in *The Hamlet* is the imagined encounter between Flem and the Prince of Darkness, in which the soulless Flem cozens the Adversary into giving up Hell to him. One might imagine what would have happened were Franklin to make the same journey. He would be, of course, not soulless, not with his thirteen moral virtues. By the time he was to leave, he probably would have established a newspaper, provided for street-lighting, got up public libraries and "moralizing clubs," and even had

Lucifer himself sweeping his Plutonic streets.

One of the better-known sections of the memoirs is concerned with Franklin's notorious thirteen moral virtues, which he sought to inculcate upon himself in his attempt to realize the stature of the wise man. D. H. Lawrence, in his mordant essay on Franklin, leaps into a frenzy over these virtues. They are quite sombre, humorless, heavy, practical. In that frightening sub-division, Chastity, Franklin speaks of "using venery," an execrable phrase, this, which frightened Lawrence badly. Only a dispassionate, objective, sombre person could conceive of such a phrase.

Here is the most striking similarity, then, between Flem Snopes and Benjamin Franklin: their moral views. What would be the result were one to attempt to set up a similar list for Flem? He is temperate, neither drinking nor smoking; he is usually silent; he is frugal and industrious. He is quite sincere in his determination to progress, sincere in his demonic glee over the stupidity of his unfortunate neighbors. Regarding the "use of venery," one cannot say, although Flem gives the impression that, it not sterile, he is at least impotent, incapable of reproducing in the lush Eula his "froglike" type of creature.

An ironic situation is there here, which doubtless would

have bothered Franklin exceedingly: his noble moral virtues can be applied, not only to god-like person, towards whom he was struggling, but also to a despicable person, a dehumanized man, a personified principle of exploitation, like Flem Snopes. Were Flem to keep a little progress-book, such as Franklin used, it probably would have been as free from check-marks as was Franklin's. This type of conjecture is damning for Franklin, since it destroys the single-valuedness which he thought he saw in the virtues.

It must be admitted that Franklin was one of the great men of his century. A prolific inventor and an original scholar, he was a disciple of Pythagoras, a Mason, a bon vivant, a wit, and a sage. Flem Snopes, on the other hand, is in the end a revolting, disgusting, fulsome, animal seemingly regarded by Faulkner with a mixture of incredibility and nausea, a bloodless, soulless wraith.

Obviously Franklin can not be compared with the odious Flem in every way. It is only in the less noxious qualities that the two men rencontre. Nevertheless, therein lies an inconsistency of Franklin's moral character. It is Janus-faced: it can face towards good, or, without changing terminology, it can obvert itself and stare into Hell. Flem stares into—and out of—Hell. Franklin grasps at Heaven.

Past president of the Farnco-Calliopean Society, senior John Miller adds another poem to his English Honors Project, a collection of verse.

Amusement Muse

BY JOHN MILLER

The comedy is curtained off the stage,
The last sweet drops of make-believe
Squeezed from hands' acclaim at curtain-call
To cloy our conversation as we leave.

No swallowed thought tragedians prescribe,
No pill, no purge, no cleaving empathy;
No phantom-hero Hamlet can emerge
To follow home in quiet dignity.

Senior John Hodges, ex-serviceman who has done free-lance writing, posts the...

North Watch

BY JOHN HODGES

Stark cold
The wind rips the rag of hope,
A snow sogged boot drags forth
And ploughs
To fall inches from
A knee mark in the snow.
A waning spirit strives up and stumbles once again,
One corporal surge and yet another thrust—
Then rest.

The swirl of blizzard uncurls
A blued fist.
The fury of the storm sweeps down,
Inters its captive,
Leaves no mark
And howls defiance through the world.

President of the Franco-Calliopean Society and still struggling for the Golden Mean, senior Diane Hostetler desperately grabs her shot-gun and asks . . .

Who Fathered The Footnote?

BY DIANE HOSTETLER

Footnoting literature is a basically unsound practice. It recognizes the freedom of the reader to be as allegorically profound as he fancies and the author to be as allegorically obscure as he desires. Such an individual relationship with words is bound to result in misconstrued appreciation and subjective aggrandizement. The reader unfeelingly neglects the creator as the creator carefreely neglects the reader. What has happened to the representative expression of the age in the process is recognizable to neither.

Homer and Dante may well illustrate the extremes of this footnoting abortion. Should the ancient Greek poet peer into the introductory comments of a present day edition of his *Odyssey*, he would scarcely recognize that it was his primitive story that was being so symbolically discussed. A simple narrative of a man's travels over 2,500 years ago is now a classic journey of man's wandering life—"the unresting spirit of man that is always on a quest for new knowledge and new experience." Homer could well drink ten bottles of Schweppes and sacrifice ten thousand bulls to Zeus

in appreciation for such divine attention. And so the Homeric epics have been hallowed into a presidency, into an Achillean armor that fits poorly and whose clanking has forced many a reader into a sulk. As wise as Odysseus was, he could never have foretold such a marvellous future—a future that has out-Helened Helen and has nurtured a stallion from a wooden horse.

Now that the Greek-Trojan skirmish has been immortalized, let us see what has perpetuated Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Here, the footnotes disagree because Dante saw more that could be disagreed about. T. S. Eliot says, "The less I know about the poet and his works before I begin to read, the better." Paolo Milano pleads, "For the critic, the *Commedia* is a palace that no one should enter without an absolute knowledge of its structure." Now the reader asks himself, should he gather his cloak of personal experience around him and grope through terza rimas to the "dazzling glimpse of the divine mystery of Trinity in Unity" or should he equip himself with theological paraphernalia that prohibits him from scholastic flights up to the

Rose of Paradise. This, too, is a "story of man's journey through life," but instead of burrowing under the front stoop as has Homer, it has trampled down many a ranch-house television aerial.

Thus, today's reader arrives "midway the journey of his life," wondering whether the test of a work's greatness must be measured according to the number of volumes of critical essays written about it. Finding such a conclusion the only safe alternative, he is forced to place Homer and Dante at the summit of Mount Olympus, sitting in rose petaled easy chairs. But the question still rankles—would these poets be reclining so indolently in their scholastic security if authorities hadn't decided that was where they belonged? Where would they be if the ordinary layman had read them without any preconceived idea of their greatness? Why not rub the tablet clean and see what new wax impressions of the Literary Ideal would be reflected if the individual could

collect his own anthology of classics? There is always the danger that a fresh approach might prove to be more hair-splitting than have the "barberous" footnoters of centuries, but at least the layman would recognize the problem of criticism and acquiesce with a free and willing spirit.

Obviously this has not solved the footnoting issue. Perhaps such a shift would prove that it is insolvable. It would reveal that literature's bastard child must not only be permitted to live, but also that it is no longer a foundling. The taint of his illegitimacy remains, however, in the minds of those who would like to read a book without a preface, without a mental set of its greatness, without the presence of a scholar's life-long search for its "hidden" meanings. Perhaps some day there will be a work written that requires no discussion, but only an acute attention. It would need no shotgun to find the father, for it could stand alone and face up to the situation. Its very purity would speak for itself.

Freshman from Chicago, George Mahon freezes on an ice-loading platform beside the . . .

CONVEYOR BELT

BY GEORGE MAHON

It was raining as I stepped off the bus. The gray light of dawn was just beginning to filter through the blanket of clouds that hung in the sky. I stepped onto the curb, avoiding the refuse and filth of the city slowly floating towards the drain. When I reached the plant I turned and walked up the stairs that led to the loading platform.

I saw Vic sitting in his usual place, and waved at him. He flashed me a toothless grin in reply. I entered the plant. The odor of ammonia gas cut my breath. I hurried past the whirling machines and the gargantuan control board with its numerous switches and buttons, then down a flight of stairs. I groped in the dark for the handle on the door and entered the locker room. Another more pungent and nauseating odor hit me. I stepped over to the corner where the toilet stood. Someone had neglected to flush it. I pulled the plunger and walked over to my locker and began methodically to pull on my boots, sweat shirt, and jacket. Putting my gloves in my pocket, I rose and walked up and out on to the loading platform.

Vic was still sitting in the same place. "How was the day off?" he asked, his seamed face stretching into a grin.

"Good enough," I replied.

We sat until the first truck came, then we went into the store-room. I put on my gloves and pulled up the collar of my coat to keep out the cold. We began to pull the huge blocks of ice on to the conveyor belt that took them out to the platform. After a while the heat began to drive the cold from all but my fingers and toes. A little later even they were warm. Vic came over to me.

"That's all for this one. You wanna rest for a couple of minutes?"

"Yeah, might as well. I'm warm now."

Vic walked over to a cart filled with bags of crushed ice and sat down.

"This hand, she never gets warm," he said, pulling his right glove off. "You see this?" The smell of alcohol was strong on his breath as he leaned toward me and held out his hand with its fingers bent and the thumb flattened so it looked like a pink soup spoon.

"I caught her in the rollers in the belt. See how she's bent. I can't straighten them fingers out. She's always cold."

"Co-ld?" I said—and I could have kicked myself for shivering right then.

"Cold! I mean cold, boy . . ."

Just then a call came for more ice, and we went back to the conveyor.

About an half hour before lunch, the men up in the cubing department came down the stairs. First came Tom and Vito, both quiet, nearly to the point of sullenness. They were followed by Hank, a thick, heavy joweled, almost neckless man of about fifty. The five of us sat down on the stairs to wait for the lunch whistle to sound.

Vic started rubbing his bad hand. "What if Frank should see us up here? I don't think he'd like it."

"Don't worry about Frank," Hank burst in. "He can't do nothin' to us. Ain't that right, Tommy?"

"I'm cold," replied Tom without taking his eyes off his shoes.

"Yer cold! Yer always cold. I'm telling you they don't make men like they used to. I remember in the old country I used to have to walk miles through the snow to get to school. My food was just bread and potatoes. Ain't that right, Vic?"

"Yeah, but you always got plenty of potatoes."

Hank went on, "You would just touch a piece of fish to the bread so you would get a little of the taste of fish on it. Right, Vic?"

"Yeah, but like I said, you always was full of potatoes."

Tom looked up from his shoes. "And what you full of now?"

Hank laughed. "Vic, he's fulla whiskey. I bet he was in a tavern all day yesterday, and it being a Sunday, too."

"Why shouldn't I be in a tavern? You think I go to church or something?"

Vito looked up. "I used to go to church. I liked to listen to the choir. There was this one girl that could really sing. Just like an opera lady. But she died or got married or something and the choir was never the same without her. That's when I quit going to church." Vito looked at Tom. "Like I said, I just quit."

"Boy," Tom said, "the one job I wouldn't want to have is a priest. Those guys really have it rough. They can't do nothing."

Hank leaned far over the stair railing. "You think not, huh. Those boys aren't as holy as you think. I heard that one of them was caught . . ."

The door to the storeroom opened. It was the foreman.

"Hello boys. Getting ready for lunch?"

"We was just going out," answered Hank. We all got to our feet and moved out the door.

The afternoon was short and went fast. As I left the plant I waved to Vic and Hank who went the opposite way. I turned and walked toward the bus stop. It was still raining and the sky was completely overcast. I could tell it would rain for the rest of the day. I looked down in the gutter. There was a tangle of leaves being pulled by the current flowing along the curb. Every once in a while the leaves would catch on a rise in the street and seem to fight the water, but they were eventually swept from sight. I turned in the street, and saw Vic and Hank several blocks away. The rain distorted their images and they appeared to float as if they were walking in water. I ran to an awning, for it had begun to rain harder.

Vice-President of the Franco-Calliopean Society and Literary Editor of KAMPUS, junior Jim Bowman finds more of life in the bay of the hounds and the hunt in . . .

Pursuit

BY JAMES BOWMAN

Race, hound dogs, wildly,
Your black leather scarred
And half-healed, dappled ears
Hung with a fresh bloody
Bristle of burrs.

Race after your chosen
Prey, whose quivering flesh
Will soon pleasure your tongue;
Taste it now; now forget it;
The pursuit, the pursuit is the thing.

The scents scatter about you,
Pungent and sticky—race faster!
Your throat, foam-flecked with
A thorn-red split sounds the chase
That ended, begins.

Turning from the theatre, senior Jean Duncan discovers that her tour of Europe stimulated her to write . . .

THREE POEMS

BY JEAN DUNCAN

Venice

An inviting sun
Inspects a small walled garden:
Thick glistening greens
Suspended by a saint,
Imperfect in his marble mold,
But set to fascinate the sun.

Innsbruck

Our street, a Gothic cavern
Many arched,
Thick, damp and populous.
Our house, once home of Mozart
Reached by uninviting stairs
To the clean inside.
From high windows
The sunset sang
To clustered rooftops
And distant mountains
Enclosing our city.
Where below,
In small shops
And ancient hotels,
The market masses
Echoed deeper notes.

Darmstadt

Montage in silent darkness:
Hollows of empty cellars,
Holes of forgotten frames
Where fragmentary fences hesitate.
A street paved with shadows
And reflections
And memories.
The silence
Of what is silence
Now
And forever.