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## Exile Vol. I No. 2

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## Exile Vol. I No. 2

### **Authors**

Nil Muldur, Jim Bowman, Sally Falch, Dottie Cartland, Betty Logcher, Diane Hostetler, Mike Cook, John Miller, Jane Erb, and Midge Greenlee

EXILE

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

*The*  
**EXILE**

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*Denison University*

*Granville, Ohio*

## Editorial

This is the second issue of *Exile* (third—if we count last year's *Campus Literary Issue*) and, for the first time, we have received enough good material to make the final editorial decisions a pleasantly difficult task. Many manuscripts showing a great deal of creative ability had to be rejected due to lack of space. But this enthusiasm on the part of students interested in writing must be encouraged and increased if *Exile* is to publish the quality of writing it has set as its goal.

Students will accept the competition of publication and will strive to make that competition keener if they seriously wish to improve their own writing. *Exile* can provide a stimulation for potential talent, but it is up to the student himself to develop this talent. He can do this only by writing. He must become more prolific, for his own benefit. *Exile* should only serve as a guide by publishing the best material available.

Many students have asked what kinds of material *Exile* wants to publish. An answer to this question must be general. We are looking for well written, thoughtful material of all kinds. Our standards are only those that have always distinguished good writing from bad. Any form is acceptable: short story, essay (any type), poetry, drama, sketches, and portions of novels. From the good material we will try to select the best.

Since the short story, essay, and poetry seem to be the most popular forms, we shall attempt here to set forth the standards we use in appraising them.

Many of the short stories we read are good stories, they are interesting, and deal with appealing characters and subjects. Their chief fault is that they show a lack of care in the writing. There are too many irrelevancies, too many over-worked phrases. The writer has usually not taken time to examine his own work critically, to make sure that he is expressing each idea in the best possible form and in the most exacting words.

The short story should not be a realistic newspaper snippet, nor should it be a stereotyped snaring of interest, a filling-in of necessary documentary details, and a smash finish. The short story is a form of art. As a form of art, it should take the materials of everyday

life (or otherwise) and attempt to use them to raise the consciousness of our lives to higher aesthetic and moral levels.

The writer must be thoroughly acquainted with his subject; it must be important enough to him that he feels compelled to present it truthfully to the reader in terms that will evoke the same appreciation and understanding that the writer himself experienced.

William Carlos Williams has made a perceptive comment concerning the writing of a short story: "It is not to place adjectives, it is to learn to employ the verbs in imitation of nature—so that the pieces move naturally—and watch, often breathlessly, what they do. That is the enlargement of nature which we call art, the additions to nature which we call art. . . . You do not copy nature, you make something which is an imitation of nature."

We set no limits on the subject matter, length, or the style of stories published in *Exile*. We only demand that they be well written, and that they evoke in the reader that inner action of mind or imagination that justifies the story as an art form.

Considering the many different subjects available to the college essay writer, it is odd that so few essays are submitted to the editors of *Exile*. Many of those we do receive are merely term papers and classroom themes that would have little appeal to any, except a professor who is thoroughly acquainted with the topic and who, incidentally, is paid to read them. We want to publish essays on specialized subjects—science, literature, current issues in politics, and philosophy—but they must be written with the intent of stimulating interest in the uninformed as well as providing an experience for the informed. In this issue we have two essays on D. H. Lawrence, written from two points of view. We believe they will interest those who have read many of Lawrence's books, as well as readers who know little of Lawrence and might be stimulated to find out for themselves what he has to say.

There is also a definite place in *Exile* for the personal essay and the humorous essay, especially the humorous essay that has something to say besides being funny. We look for thoughtful, clever writing that entertains the reader, rather than mediocre writing describing a ridiculous situation that wins a raucous laugh and then is forgotten.

The most important thing to remember in essay writing is the construction. Whatever its subject, the essay must be logical, and clear to the reader. It must avoid ambiguities. It must have some-

thing to say, and what it has to say should be said in lucid terms that leave no questions in the mind of the reader, except those all-important questions that begin where the writer's thinking leaves off. The beginning writer should spend more time with the essay, simply because the main object of the essay is logical communication; and without communication, writing is only words on paper.

Poetry submitted for *Exile* will be judged, only in part, on its content and its sincerity.

By content we mean the stuff of poetry that lies behind the mechanical devices of syntax, rhyme, and meter. Acceptable material must be something more than a mere exercise in prosody; it must work toward a clarification or revelation, no matter how small, of some element of life.

Sincerity is that virtue which allows a writer to share his most intimate feelings and striking observations with his reader. These must be actual experiences—physical, intellectual, emotional, or imaginative. Any emotion that is feigned by the writer is bound to show through and destroy a poem's effectiveness. Sincerity transforms the "I-thou" relationship between the writer and his universe into something which, because of its force and freshness, can never be regarded as hypocritical or wishy-washy. It is only by retaining this freshness of approach that a writer can hope to create a fresh impression on the senses of his reader.

Poetry of content and sincerity, abetted by the surge and flow of original perception—this *Exile* wishes to encourage. Although any editorial staff must assume a basic standard for the prosody of the verse it prints, we believe that such a standard should be kept elastic.

At best, form renders the exuberant flight of imaginative thought communicable to others. Any emphasis on form that looks beyond this requirement runs the danger of sacrificing the poem to mere poetizing.

J. B.

J. M.

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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.*

*Junior from Istanbul, Turkey, Nil Muldur travels home to the . . .*

## Summer of the Anatolian Cyclops

BY NIL MUL DUR

Snow flaked off the skies heavily. In the small eastern Anatolian village the fields stretched silent and sterile. Footprints did not remain long in the heaping snow. The houses fattened in the white of winter, the garden fountains mute, the cypress trees starkly leafless. Before walking up the steps of the house of my birth, I stopped and wondered—how long had it been . . . this place, these people . . .

The grey walls housed wheat-smelling women who washed the floors in the morning and went to their husbands' callings at nights. They still had their scarves around their heads and they still smelled of wheat, and to one of these mothers I had been born.

This place, these people. My people, people who loved me well. Standing in front of the door I blew warm breath into my cupped hands. The door was like other doors, a wooden slab hinged with two wide shanks of leather. Ice insulated the cracks. Before I could knock, the door opened, bits of ice falling at the edges.

Mother stood at the door. The full round face and still the unquestioning eyes. "We hoped you'd come," she said. The house was warm inside, warm from the bluish-orange fire of the white-washed fireplace. She led me to the room where the child lay sleeping in the night.

"We need you," Mother said. I knew so little of her, Mother with her cracked lips and unquestioning eyes. She was one of the many who did their job without asking, yet this time she had asked for me and I had come to her bidding. Her hand that held the kerosene lamp was strong and suntanned. The lamp unpetaled the

darkness above the small heap that curled warmly in bed. The boy was asleep. My brother, for whom I had been sought, breathed softly under the covers.

Mother called, "He is here!"

The boy was not different from many who lay sleeping in other houses. Too little skin for the bones, elongated torso and pink-soled feet. One of his eyes opened more slowly than the other; when they were both open I shrank within and wondered how this had happened, and I had not cared.

One eye flickered and the pupil shrank in response to the light above, but the other shamelessly stared, unwavering and cold.

"We really did our best with what we had," Mother said, uncomplaining, unapologetic.

With one eye, the warm one, the boy had stared and drunk the feeling of me. "You are here, you are here! I did not think you would come." The boy blushed, putting the blame of many unanswered calls upon himself. "Of course I should not have doubted. Mother told me you would come."

His hands were bony, yet warm; and looking at him I wondered. I wondered if I had been gone too long to come back with the completeness that was expected of me. I had not seen this boy before and yet was bound to him by his trust and blood. I wondered if I had what he so unknowingly demanded of me.

The trees outside twirled in the dark and the rivers crept underground. The trees and the rivers were all good and well, but this child . . .

He was sitting in the middle of the bed. "Listen," he said, "Do you want to see something, do you want to?"

"No," Mother said, "He is here; you just lie soft now. Everything is going to be all right." I felt the pain of trust.

We left the child in his room. Back in the kitchen I sat on the low stool near the fire. I had nothing to say to Mother. She never asked.

I was tired, so tired. I had worked hard at my task, for that I had no regrets. The wounds that oozed, the rapid answer of the flesh to the knife, the smell and the slippery newness of the babies—all these and long sleepless nights of greedy seeking. The momentary pang of wondering, wondering if this greed was the only reason I had stayed so long away from my people . . . or had I fears about returning to my land?

Mother dimmed the lamp to an undisturbing glow and before leaving the room she touched my forehead and I felt the fleeting warmth of her. The warmth did not stay long and I was left alone and tired in the kitchen. I was beckoned for this child. For this child a pain spread in me. For this child and many others before him I had been called. I had my days of glory when the wounds were small and incisions short and clean. Then I had enjoyed the trust and love but now . . . did I have what was asked of me? The veins of my hands swollen like blue worms, the rusty nailheads upon the wall—in the dark I longed for warmth.

The morning sun peeled off layers of snow from the houses. They stood leperously grey, their snowy flesh dangling from the roofs. The rivers, the earth and the rains went about their work, but in this house was a child—my brother.

The lamp stoically glowed in the sunlight, the fireplace had long been cold. Mother brought her morning warmth with her. She always was warm and soft. That I knew and remembered, but to that I no longer could lean. She had not asked what I planned to do. She never had questions or answers but she was warm and soft when the storms came.

She placed a dark wooden bowl on the floor and stirred molasses into corn flour for the morning meal. It had been so long that I had forgotten how this mixture spread to the roof of my mouth. Mother spoke.

"It wasn't so bad in the beginning. People were kind to him from pity, but when he started . . ." She continued her slow moving circles in the wooden bowl but her words melted in the air.

The child stood in the doorway. He stood barefoot on the rough wooden floor. His brown shorts were tied with a string around his waist. His rough woolen coat hung limply about him. His head stuck forward a little bit, and his one eye stared unblinkingly from too small a socket. He had the motions of a very young bird, but the birds were all right.

"I am going for a walk," he said. Together yet untouched, we followed the crooked road of the village into the hills. Underfoot I heard the impatience of the wheat soon to grow and the drops that would spill onto the marble slabs of fountains, and for all those I had no fears, nor for the people whose skins would soon be filled with the restlessness of spring.

We stopped at the peak of a hill. The child sat on the ground absorbing the wet of the earth. He had a blade of grass between



his thumbs, he tried to whistle but the blade was too fresh and it split. I too had learned how to whistle with a blade of grass between my thumbs. I remembered the urgent shrillness of a grass whistle.

"Look," the boy, my brother, spoke, "Look what I have." In his palm were a handful of false eyes. "Pink, green, yellow and even a grey one!" Just the cold, unblinking stare of them made me shudder. The boy fondly gazed at them, a spreading smile upon his lips. "I can see all sorts of colors, all sorts of colors. I can see the whole world with one color." He was talking excitedly now, shaking the many hued bits of glass in his hand. "I can see with them; I am not blind, I really am not in that eye. Look." He took the purple eye and quickly put it in the shrunken socket and said, "Give me your hand—no don't. Just put it in front of my eye and show me, show me your fingers and I'll tell you how many. Come on, show me how many fingers." He squeezed his own eye tight and I stared at the unflickering purple eye.

I lifted my fingers, three of them.

"Three!" he said. He couldn't have seen, not with the purple eye. "Mm, maybe you didn't have three fingers up, maybe you didn't have any fingers up at all." The child was silent for a moment and put his handful of glass eyes in his pocket.

"Other boys do not believe me, they don't believe me, they don't believe me that I can see, I can see all brown, all green. They don't, they don't. One day, a big boy, a really big boy broke one of the eyes and it bled my toe—do you want to see where it cut my toe, do you? You don't even care, do you? Answer me!" The boy was in convulsions, crying. I stepped back and did not touch him. Now was the wrong time to stroke his blue veined forehead swelling with defiance. In his right fist he clenched the purple eye and pounded the earth with it.

I had no answers to give. Admission of this left me hollow. Why did they ask so much of me? Had I what they sought?

Mother went about her work during the days to follow, leaving me alone with the child. The child tried to torment me with his different colored eyes, or please me, asking what color I liked so he could see the whole world with my favorite color. He did all this without asking answers for himself, and he cried and told me I did not care. I would not touch him because I feared that he would feel the tremble of my hand and the child would no longer hope and he would know that I too had my fears.

Spring came; snow relaxed on the fields so that the wheat could squeeze through. The child did not feel the spring but for the coolness of his false eye in the socket. He stamped his feet and no longer slipped his hand into mine. I shivered while the buds and the leaves and the rivers swelled with expectation. They did not have what this child had, and yet the leaves and the buds were all right.

Sometime in August, after spring had folded away, the hot sky cracked, the heat crept up from the earth and poured from the heavens. I had heard of a wife, ill, and had kept the thought behind me hoping the illness would not advance; hoping someone, some of the menfolk would intervene before it was too late. Wishing, hoping too much from the many to whom I had thought I had given enough.

A late August night, mother took her scarf off the nail on the wall. "The wife is dying," she said. Her scarf was sunbeige where it covered the top of her head. Outside the trees' silhouettes lengthened, solidifying with the shadows of others at the points where they touched. The child, my brother, was in the room cracking walnuts with the heel of his wooden clogs. We three left the house to see the wife who was about to die.

The child followed Mother's naked feet slapping against her slippers. The wooden hedges of the house framed us like an embossed picture abstractly hanging in the night. Each smooth, rounded stone bubbled in the dusty road. Mother's figure looked shriveled and the child sidled into her shadow wishing to be swallowed by it. The child no longer put his hand into mine and I could not touch him since he suspected.

The wooden hedges like rows and rows of skeletons veered about us, towered over us. Now and then someone came and nailed a fresh plank; the hedges did not care, their time was past. At the apex of the triangle that we three and our road formed, stood the house where the wife lay dying.

The moon-scarred night spread itself against the sky. The stars hung crookedly, and when the wind moved their strings, they twirled crazily in the night. When we reached the house, the rows and rows of hedges were rocking with laughter—all this for a woman dying in a grey house. . . .

The fireflies swarmed in batches. The boy sucked the August air and felt the thin coat of dust in him. He spat.

The house of the sick woman was very old. It smelled of refuse and sour milk. Mother and the child took off their shoes and put them neatly alongside the others lined at the door. The room of the wife was full. The kerosene lamps smoked the corners in pine tree patterns. The room was filled with women and children. Women, all, looked strangely like Mother. Girls sat on the floor, their tulip-stemmed heads bowed. Boys, their reed whistles clammy and wilted in their hands, crouched close to the floor. I stood at the door and stared. All this was like a nightmare I had pushed back hoping it would not happen.

Somewhere in the corner a hand, as if carved from vermiculated-wood, rocked the baby. I did not know that the sick wife had a child. The flypaper hung in broken spirals from the ceiling, covered with flies.

The wife was dying a strange death. The first death of this kind people of the village ever knew. The paisley cover heaved rapidly. Her mouth foamed with every bellowing breath. Froth spread and covered her face. Her life was slowly ebbing through the wooden boards of the floor.

The child, my brother, stood erect and tense in a corner, his stomach flat against his ribs, his face grey and dusty like his insides. I sensed his insides tremble.

Outside the menfolk stood tense in a semicircle, with their bare heads moon-shellacked in the night. They knew and sensed that the woman was dying but they spoke of the crops and the fields and the cows instead. Avoiding knowing that they, too, had neglected.

All of a sudden from hungerlike emptiness of silence, rose a voice, a thousand voices, a million voices. The pain and anguish in each and all curled and steamed and tore the shrouds of night.

The wife was dead and foam stood out fuzzy and white over her face.

The menfolk outside jerked up their heads—silent and shamed. The womenfolk had trusted them. Trusted that they could do something, and now they stood bareheaded under the glittering moon and the skeleton hedges held their sides with laughter. The menfolk could only offer to help with the burial now. I did not look at their eyes. We all knew and understood so we need not have looked to have felt the blush of shame. I left the house alone and walked my hills that night.

The boy was restless. Strange that he did not cry in his dreams and call for me and defy me. He whittled green twigs into ungainly shapes. He no longer wore his false eyes to scare people or enjoy my agony. I saw him squinting at each many an hour in his room. He threw some away, but did not come for questions. I desired to touch the child, but knew not the strength, so I did not. He drank from the rivers and the rivers were cool but they did not satisfy his thirst. Did the child know what he asked of me, did the child know that answers are not what questions seek at times?

Towards the end of the summer I walked to the house of the wife who had died. There was nothing left in her room except the flattened spot on the rug where her body once lay. Yet new starched curtains ruffled at the windows. There was even tightly curled new fly-paper hanging from the ceiling. The baby of the dead wife stood barebellied and brown in the dust of summer, sucking his finger.

In the sun outside the door, sat the grandmother weaving fresh brooms for the new bride. She called, "Are you The One Who Came Back? So few come back nowadays. . . ."

For this I had wondered and hoped. . . . Oh for the days I wanted to know more of the herbs and ointments to answer the questions. Were questions asked?

I longed to touch my brother, the child for whom I had been called.

My brother was not at our house. I looked for him at the fields. I found him standing at the side of a hill that sloped into a jagged cliff. His own eye, clear and warm stood out in his face. His hands were empty and waiting. Love and tenderness spread from our fingertips when we touched.

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## THE FIGHT FOR FREE WILL

BY DOTTIE CARTLAND

*Conformity, control, cultural engineering*—ambiguous words that emerge again and again in convocation speeches and classroom discussions; sometimes regarded with patronizing benevolence, clothed in “glittering generalities;” more often scorned, painted in blackest hues, and posed as evil adversaries of the ever-combatant “Free Will.” Is it possible to analyze these concepts objectively, to examine them as neither bogies nor saviors of society? How important is their influence on the behavior and thinking of modern man?

We are constantly reminded that the American people operate en masse, that there is a growing trend toward conformity. No longer can we find the “inner-directed” man, whom David Reisman described in *The Lonely Crowd*, one who is guided as by a personal gyroscope. In his place we have the “other-directed” individual, whose sole equipment for gaining experience is a set of antennae. Thus he functions merely as a receiving set for group ideas. No one likes to think of himself as a chameleon-like creature who takes on each changing shade of his environment. If we accept this interpretation, we find ourselves a sadly degenerate humanity!

Joseph Wood Krutch, in *The Measure of Man*, writes words of hope to those of us who view with alarm the increasing obscurity of human values. It is his contention that we *need not* sacrifice our belief in the free will of man. He launches a vigorous attack on the materialistic system of thought devised by Freud, Marx, and Darwin, and adopted by B. F. Skinner, twentieth century behaviorist psychologist.

Members of our psychology department at Denison have allied themselves with Skinner in maintaining that the concept of Free Will merits careful re-examination. Current developments in the science of the mind require us to take a realistic rather than an

idealistic view. On the basis of Dr. Skinner's textbook, *A Science of Human Behavior* and his novel, *Walden Two*, I have attempted to surmise how he would reply to the criticisms Krutch makes of his cherished theory, environmental determinism.

In his analysis of our so-called “Age of Anxiety,” Krutch holds that the people of almost every period in history have had the same hypochondriacal tendency to think of their own times as more troubled than those of previous generations. Psychologists might agree with that name for this age with one reservation: that man is naturally a worrying animal—that he always *has* been anxious and always *will be*. What then—we may ask—makes the distinctive mood of an age?

Krutch believes that what we think is related to what happens, and that by a continued pessimistic attitude we guide ourselves toward a conviction of coming disaster—and this conviction in turn becomes synonymous with the disaster itself. Going along with his reasoning, we must renounce absolute predestination, for whenever we “guide ourselves,” regardless of the direction in which we move, we demonstrate that fate is not the arbitrary ruler of our lives. But Krutch's analysis can be disputed—and would be by Skinner. It is experience which creates the mood of an age—the psychologist would say—and our age of anxiety is the result of two world wars and an economic depression. This emphasis on cause and effect clearly illustrates Skinner's deterministic philosophy.

The morass in which we of the mid-twentieth century appear to be foundering might be attributed to a cultural lag: man's ingenuity has outrun his intelligence. When wisdom and good do not keep pace with the necessity for them, says Krutch, we have two alternatives: we can simplify, in the manner of Thoreau, by returning to a political and social order which we would be capable of managing; or we can “get wise,” as was advised by H. G. Wells. Skinner would elaborate on Wells' contention for wisdom by encouraging the development of a science of human behavior; thus he would help decrease the differential between our relatively meager understanding of people and our encyclopedic knowledge of technology and of the physical world.

Krutch stands firmly in his belief that there is such a thing as free will—that man has the ability to recognize good and evil and to make decisions accordingly—for without this belief we would be powerless to act at all. “Not so!” our behaviorist psychologist would reply. “When a man is able to recognize that his actions

are determined by controlling factors in his environment, and when he learns what these factors are, he comes closer to freedom than does the man who assumes that human behavior is capricious and unpredictable."

Marx, Freud, and Darwin were all engaged in destroying belief in man's autonomy and in proving that the human is a product of forces outside his control. Building on the premises that (1) man is an animal, and (2) an animal is a machine, their logical conclusion was that man is a machine. Krutch accuses them of choosing the mechanical aspect of man because it was the easiest to study; he states defiantly that this is not the complete answer to an understanding of mankind. For example, the electronic calculator is as close to having human qualities as a machine can come, for it can "think." But it is not conscious of itself; it is not capable of imagination, curiosity, emotion, sympathy; nor can it have preference. These qualities compose what Krutch calls the "universe of consciousness," which distinguishes man from both animal and machine.

"Perhaps so," Skinner might say, "but looking at man as a machine is a beginning toward a scientific knowledge about him, and it gives us something practical on which to base our studies. If we can discover, through experiments with a rat or a dog, useful principles which are effective in dealing with human beings, why shouldn't we assume that man has certain mechanical qualities? We should be thankful for the similarities that exist between animals and humans!"

Another fear Krutch expresses is that "merely by being treated as though he could do nothing for himself man is, perhaps, becoming less capable of doing so." If he can do nothing for himself, will there be any limits on what may be done to him? Skinner would answer reassuringly that not only are people constantly being controlled by those around them, but they in turn are exercising control over others in various ways. It is a two-way proposition, so the danger of one person becoming overly-persecuted is relatively small.

In a chapter entitled "Ignoble Utopias," Krutch gives his evaluation of the Walden Two community—or "institution," as he calls it. In speaking of Frazier's "scientific ability to control men's thoughts with precision, thereby causing them to think benevolently and tolerantly," he points out the horrifying idea that Walden Two is devoid of thinking individuals! The products of such a conditioning

agency would be something less than human. Frazier—who is the spokesman for Skinner in the novel—might defend himself with this variation of the "end-justifies-the-means" rationalization: "When I educate people to think benevolently and tolerantly I am merely putting into immediate practice what theologians and moralists have been advocating for centuries. They may criticize my methods, but mine have brought results where theirs have failed." To reinforce his position Skinner might also quote Henry Huxley, who said:

If some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer.

In his re-examination of our society's value judgments and of the ultimate ends we seek to attain, Krutch criticizes Skinner's definition of the "good life"—that which contributes to the health of the individual and the long-continued survival of the society—by asking, "survival for what?" This proves a difficult question for me to answer on Skinner's behalf, and I can only guess at his possible reply: "The Walden Two society should survive to produce great works of art, literature, and music." At least its residents had plenty of leisure to devote to such pastimes—though I question whether leisure is the only condition conducive to outstanding creativity. Shouldn't we reverse the situation, however, and ask the theologians, philosophers, and artists, "What do *you* wish to survive for? What basically are you trying to do?" When we consider carefully their ultimate goals, we are apt to admit that most of them are striving to end man's inhumanity to man, to devise a way for people to live together comfortably and enjoy the wonders of God's world. Even the satirists and naturalists in literature, for example, pursue these same ends when they point up the worst in life so that people will strive for, and appreciate the best. In the light of this argument, Skinner could say that in the Walden Two community he has already achieved the goals which make the survival of a society worth while.

In my opinion, one of Krutch's strongest arguments against the environmental determinists is that they are so dogmatic—they take the "nothing but" attitude that man is the product of the economic, sociological, and psychological factors in his past history and can therefore have no autonomous powers. While Krutch has devised a minimal definition of a man, the behaviorists have taken

the maximal view. Admitting that we are far from being entirely autonomous, Krutch at the same time denies that we are absolutely powerless to control our own behavior. The "Minimal Man," who is even *sometimes* capable of independent choices—even if they are nothing more than tastes or preferences—is not completely the victim of environment. His reasoning is something more than mere rationalization. He is both an individual and part of an aggregate. As an individual he can exercise free will but as part of a group his behavior is primarily determined. In short, Krutch is saying, "One must be aware of the extent to which one is free." Skinner would say, "One must be aware of the extent to which one is controlled."

These men represent two poles of the magnet we see as free will. Krutch stands as a positive force, Skinner as a negative. Each of us may choose either pole we prefer. The *choice* itself gives encouragement to the believer in autonomous man. On the other hand, the person making the decision bristles with positive or negative ions he has acquired through his living with others—ions that will ultimately determine the direction of his attraction.

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*Senior from Glendale, Ohio, Mike Cook sketches the desolation of a . . .*

## Winter Forest

BY MIKE COOK

Acres of dead sticks  
Moving in brittleness,  
Trapped in a dirge,  
Frozen, like nerve-ends  
Chilled by fear.

*Editor Jim Bowman draws upon his summer's work with the wetback Mexicans in west Texas for this realistic approach to . . .*

## EL PATRÓN

BY JIM BOWMAN

When he came within sight of the concrete tank at four-mile well, Matthew Fennel saw that the cattle were gone. They usually lay in the long morning shade of the high tank, the Herefords rising to their foreknees and bawling, the more wary Brahms shying away a safe distance into the desert. As he nudged the charcoal mare forward he saw that the cattle troughs were half-filled with dry sand, as stark as untended flower boxes. Yet overhead the windmill cranked away in a breeze he could not feel on the ground.

Quickly he tied the horse and walked around the base of the big tank. On the west side he found the damp crack, and in the sand, the green hair he feared, a dozen blades that showed where tankfuls of water had seeped away into the blotting sand.

Slowly he climbed the rickety wooden ladder to the brim of the tank. It was empty. He knew he should go back to the ranch for Chapo and some tar, but the old Mexican would fake that he couldn't understand and it would mean dragging him. If Jesus were still here, Matthew thought, he could be sent out to fix it himself. But if he were here the crack would have been spotted days ago. He wished he had not sent Jesus away, but it was a matter of getting rid of one Mexican rather than losing two to the immigration men. If Jesus had only been as content as Chapo he'd have stayed at the ranch. Matthew grunted and backed down, cursing.

At least he could plug the crack until he got back with the tar, and save that much water. His eyes ran over his saddle gear, and his hands explored his pockets. He drew a rat's nest of cotton from his hip pocket. It shook out into a yard-square parachute.

"I might have known you'd find a way to show me your parachute, Kit," he muttered. "Good boy, too."

His eyes wrinkled into a smile as he saw himself telling Margaret—and the smile lingered as he climbed back to the rim of the tank.

He saw he would have to put the ladder down on the inside. Straddling the rim he began to pull the wooden frame up behind him. A nail jutting from one of the rungs caught. He tried to bend it over, but lacked leverage; he stood straight on the narrow wall, balancing, and jerked. The rusted head snapped. He felt himself falling and let go of the ladder. In slow motion it sidled to the ground and he tried to follow it. For a second he hung suspended, every muscle straining toward the outside of the tank. Then he knew he was going over backwards, on the inside. He grabbed at the edge, but he was too late and the rough concrete grated his outstretched fingers.

He tried to turn in the air, but his left foot, turned awkwardly inward, hit first, taking the weight of his body. His toes and heel ground together. The hollow snap of the boot sole, breaking, hung in the tank after the soft crash of his body. His breath left his lungs in a single hoarse choke.

He lay a long time on his stomach, waiting for the pain in his foot to stop twisting and jumping. When the throb became steady he rolled over from the waist up. He found he could move his left leg, but the attempt left him faint. He looked around in the quick appraisal of one accustomed to meeting nature at its worst.

The tank was a grey cell, twenty feet across. Its walls rose sheer and rough, shutting out all but the cloudless sky and the top of the windmill. The quiet was like a vacuum in his ears.

Rays of the morning sun had just touched the rim of the west wall—a tiny arc that penetrated into the shadow like golden paint oozing down the inside of a grey can. The heat would feel good at first, soothing the pain-chills that lodged in the softness of his back. But then the concrete would absorb its share, and the fiery rays would bound and rebound from all angles. At midday there would be no shadow.

But he would surely hear Chapo's horse by afternoon. Chapo would come then, see the black mare tied, and instinctively, after mulling over the muffled yells and seeing the overturned ladder, climb to the brim, and find him.

He sat up and bent forward, edging his hand slowly toward his left foot. The unornamented, tan Mexican boot, one that would have grown supple with age, was twisted into a grotesque form

that betrayed the foot within. There was a black split across the center of the sole. At one end of the fissure there was a sticky, half-clotted trickle of blood.

Cut the boot away, he thought, get it out before the swelling comes. The knife—ohhhh, tight pockets pull on the foot. Be sure it's the leather, not the skin. Lucky Kit hadn't had his hands on the knife. . . .

The steel blade slid easily through the new leather. Cutting now near the foot itself he was dizzy and knew he must finish in one long thrust. He braced himself and sliced from the instep to the toe. The knife cut leather and skin, and the feeling was no different. He wanted to stop then but he knew the boot must be pulled away. When the twisted foot was free, he saw there was no more to do. He fell back on the concrete to wait for Chapo and the sun.

The patch of light crept imperceptibly down the west wall and then seemed to spring across the floor toward him. It passed over the dust-soaked panama that lay near his head and lighted a face molded in two parts, young and old. The jaws were strong and tanned with a coarse stubble of bleached grey whisker; his thin lips, dry and creased, gave an appearance of withered age; fine dark lines met at the corners of his brown, watery eyes. Above the grey brow a line divided the young and old. The forehead above the line was smooth and milk-white like a baby's. Only a powdery veil of white hair betrayed this youthfulness of skin, and even the hair had about it an aura of something newly created.

There was no sound except the occasional creak of the windmill. Once, far away to the south, he heard the whistle of the Southern Pacific as it sped across the arid desert, in the lee of the Hornbacks, toward Tucson, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Giggling fools, he thought, from the Alamo, and Houston, and New Orleans in their air-conditioned compartments, ignoring the landscape to speak their babbled lies and hypocrisies. It will pass Margaret and Kit on their way to El Paso. Kit will wave and want Margaret to race, and they will lose. He listened for the whistle again, but it was gone.

Matthew Fennel tried to avoid the sun but his legs would not move themselves. Chapo will come soon, if . . . and the thought was new and startling . . . if he would come at all. He thought of the Mexican and the incident with the half-breed palomino the day before.

The palomino was the only extra horse in the corral when Chapo came in, riding the brown mare across the ranch yard. The mare's right front hoof was split and she was limping badly.

"Get down off that mare," Matthew yelled from the porch.

The tall, stooped Mexican slid to the ground. He wore a buttonless blue shirt with a rip across the length of the back, and blue faded denim pants behind a pair of grimy leather chaps. These same clothes, except for the chaps which he put on only when he rode, had been on his back continually, even to sleep, since Matthew, three months before, made him stand naked in the adobe shed and there sprayed him and cut his hair, while Margaret Fennel tried to wash away the crusted stench of his shirt and pants.

"Why didn't you lead her in? Look at that hoof!" He tried to be calm with the Mexican.

There was no answer. Chapo looked at his shoes like a dog being punished.

"Do you want me to turn you in—and back to Chihuahua with you?"

"No, *Patron*," Chapo whispered through clamped jaws. He turned and led the mare toward the corral.

"Take the palomino along the west fence," Matthew yelled at his back, "Patch that hole I showed you."

No answer.

The old Mexican took his time removing the saddle from the mare. The horse was nervous and turned in a circle when he tried to undo the cinch. He kicked at her hind legs. When the saddle, bridle, and sweaty blanket were off, he threw them over the corral fence, slapped the mare across her flank, and disappeared into his adobe shed.

Matthew waited on the porch, but the dust settled and there was no more movement in the corral.

He found Chapo on the straw mattress. His eyes were closed and his lips drawn tight.

"I told you to get the palomino." He pulled the Mexican roughly to his feet.

"Devil horse!"

"Devil horse, hell!" Matthew was losing his temper and wanted to hit the sulky face. "Get on him and out of here or the uniforms will be here to take you across tonight."

Chapo stood still as though deciding which was worse, the immigration men, or the palomino. Then he slowly strapped the chaps around his thin legs and walked listlessly back into the corral.

The palomino allowed himself to be caught and saddled; only his quivering nostrils gave away his fear. When he was ready, Chapo hesitated for an instant as though waiting for a reprieve, but none came and he climbed doggedly into the saddle.

The horse reared back, screaming, and dropped forward on stiff legs. Chapo kicked away the stirrups but stayed in the saddle. Without another kick or twist the palomino fell on his foreknees and then went into a roll. The Mexican threw himself clear.

"Devil horse!" he said when he got to his feet. Then he turned and hobbled to his shed leaving Matthew to put away the horse and saddle.

The sun was now like a white-hot ball being pushed by an asbestos monster, slowly up and over the wall of the tank, until, he imagined, it would balance on the edge and then, with a final convulsion, tumble in on him, leaving a smoking cinder and blue fumes. He tried to maneuver his head into the shadow but the sun was ahead of him now. His only protection was to place the panama over his eyes. If he took the sun now he would get the first shadow in the afternoon. He covered as much of his aching head as possible with the hat.

Chapo will come soon, he thought, bound to see Blackie tied and know where to look. Strict instructions to look for me always by afternoon. But Margaret and Kit in El Paso and can't tell him. Can't tell time. Too dense to look for me. The wet spiks—they're the honest ones because they have to be honest, and cheap, and dense. Should have kept the kid, he thought, Jesus had brains.

"I'm taking Jesus back to the river tonight and putting him across," Matthew said to his wife, when Kit had been put to bed.

"But Chapo's been so happy with him, why?"

"I caught him in town. Pretty soon he'll have himself and Chapo both picked up."

And that same night, Chapo talking to the young black-haired Jesus in the shed when Matthew came to take him away. The boy knowing he will go and the old Mexican smiling because he is about to solve a bad thing.

"He will stay here, *Patron*. He will no longer go to the town. He will work with Chapo, very hard. Jesus is good. . . ."

"Get a water bottle, Jesus. You have a long walk tonight," Matthew said.

When Jesus had gathered his belongings in a bag Chapo still could not realize that he was going. "Why do you fill your bag? We have much work to do. . . ."

"I will be in Chihuahua tomorrow," the boy said simply.

Chapo would not say goodbye. He busied himself, examining the rusty stove where he boiled his tomatoes and onions. His head was turned away when Matthew and the boy left.

The boy cried silently and was unable to answer when Matthew said he must get out of the car and pointed toward a damp irrigation ditch that led through a field of cotton to the river. He ran quickly into the darkness and Matthew waited until the sound of his feet disappeared before he started the motor and drove away.

Yes, Jesus would have come looking, he thought.

Matthew Fennel lay now in a pit of flame. The shadow had disappeared entirely and the air seemed to contain a strange gas, thick and without odor. It clogged his throat and nostrils and pressed heavy against his brain. He could not shut his eyes tight enough to keep out the glare. To open them, he thought, and find a red velvet moonless night when there should be white day, blue sky, rustling cottonwoods against a purple evening. Blackened orbs as useless as broken bits of coal in northern snowmen. Melting away into ice water.

He pictured Jesus climbing over the rim of the tank and dropping to his side, pouring cool canteen water on his burning tongue and over the broken foot. Chapo would not come now. He would come when Margaret got home from El Paso. He would be frightened by her frantic voice. He would search carefully, because she said, "*Con cuidado!*" in distinct Mexican Spanish that he understood and could not pretend to misunderstand.

Chapo would come at night when the fiery tank had died to an ember. Jesus would not come at all because he was in Mexico, because he was too smart.

When Chapo comes he will have to be told what to do. He will not have to be told why he must do it because he does not need to know this and would not understand anyway.

A ragged Mexican had come walking across the desert from the south. He was alone, and old even then, and across his shoulder hung a burlap-covered water bottle. Matthew stood in the corral

and watched him as a plodding speck in the distance. He came into the corral, his black hair caked with blown dust.

"Chapo knows horses, and cattle, and the making of adobe brick," the Mexican said. "I will work hard, *Patron.*"

"For six months, then I will pay you and take you to the river," Matthew said. He needed adobe bricks.

For six months of tomatoes and onions and two bags of coffee and a crisp alfalfa bed, Chapo made many adobe bricks.

"Another six months and you will be paid and taken to the river." Matthew needed many adobe bricks.

Chapo went back to Chihauhau then with his coins, and in a month he had returned.

"For six months . . ." Matthew hired him. For six months, and six months, and another bag of onions. Chapo knows horses, and cattle, and the making of adobe bricks, and that after six months he will be paid and taken to the river, but still he does not know to come to four-mile well unless he is told to come to four-mile well.

The shadow came slowly across the concrete floor of the tank. It was sinister and felt its way over the hot concrete like a timid spider. Matthew had watched it come down the west wall. It did not come gay and triumphant like the morning sun. It came sneaking back, ashamed that it must be the messenger of night. Matthew watched it crawl toward him and he did not want it, because he knew he must have it. He did not even want the hoofbeats in the sand when he first heard them.

He did not want them because Chapo should not have known to come himself, and there was no one to tell him to come, and yet he had come.

The hoofbeats slowly circled the tank at a walk, a nervous, stomping walk, the palomino's walk. They stopped. Silence. Matthew lay, waiting. He did not speak or yell or scream or even move. He only waited.

"*Patron,*" a voice whispered from beyond.

"Chapo," Matthew answered, and his voice trembled.

Again all was quiet.

A horse whinnied.

"Put the ladder up . . ." But already the two knobs of wood poked above the rim.

The ladder creaked as Chapo climbed. The familiar black sombrero with brown leather band came up, a silhouette against



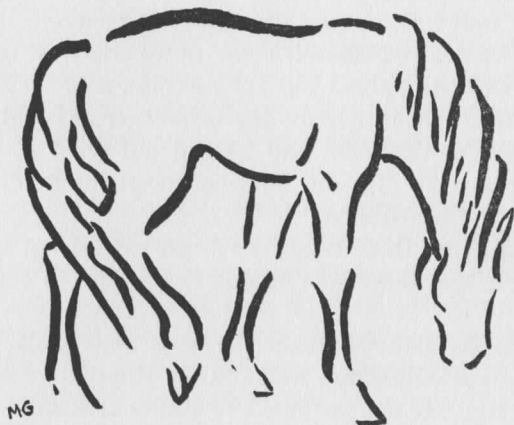
the sky. Grimy hair hid the ears and made the head appear large and rectangular. The face showed teeth but had no expression.

"Drop the ladder down inside," Matthew directed, lifting his head slightly. "Did you bring water?"

But the dark face was no longer there, and soon the ladder disappeared. It fell on the sand with a dry rattle of old wood.

"*Vamonos.*" Chapo's voice came loud above the sound of his hand on the charcoal mare's rump. The empty stirrups slapped against the black's ribs as she galloped away to the north, toward sweet piles of alfalfa and pleading voices that would mean nothing to her.

The nervous stomp of the palomino faded southward, and the grey shadow of a cool evening played in the fine white hair of the man in four-mile well.



Frequent contributor to *EXILE*, senior John Miller selects from his collection of verse . . .

## THREE POEMS

BY JOHN MILLER

### *Security*

A midnight tide had stormed the wall  
That guarded an arc of ocean glass  
From outside shock; fishermen remarked  
They'd seldom seen the reef-head's morning hair  
So capped with surf. But order was restored  
And water sheeted smooth against the sand;  
Bare-legged dowagers stepped out,  
Their wards still clinging to the skirts of shore,  
To snip the stems from liquid seaweed beds.  
Then one raised her eyes and saw  
A scimitar slice through its surface sheath.  
"Shark!" snapped out. "Shark!"  
And shallows boiled with wildly-churning legs.  
The desperado, turned back by the sea,  
Was swept toward resolution of his life.  
A vigilante boatload soon passed judgment:  
A rifle barked, a final spurt,  
Then acid blood turned litmus blue to red.  
Their trophy dragged across the beach  
Stained the sands, as peaceful citizens  
Hacked and mauled the six-yard corpse  
While children scraped the suckers from its flanks.

## *Kitten, When I Fold You*

Kitten, when I fold you, stroking down  
A crease of bone that dimples through your fur  
And feel the give of softness through your fur,  
Some overtone of sadness from your purr  
Throats in my hearing; fear of domination  
Within your jungle blood foretells the truth  
That you, like chicks and lambs and little girls  
Must grow and lose the givenness of your youth.

## *Fable of Two Ages*

On any legendary page, a girl  
Is moved to pity by the shaggy skin.  
When beauty bows and brute eyes beg release  
From evil spell, a deep well's liquids rinse  
Away disguise; and from the outward Beast  
Her catalytic love brings forth a prince.

But modern fables warn Red Riding Hood  
To heed her Uncle Freud: no girl should swallow  
Grandma's tale, or trust a pair of eyes;  
And under flannel flanks the beasts arise.  
The hair shirt is suspect, though shoes are shined.

Upon her first introduction to his "Holy Ghost," junior Betty Logcher is intrigued with . . .

## D. H. Lawrence and "Classic American Literature"

BY BETTY LOGCHER

I saw a little pocket book on the shelf in the bookstore. It was *Studies in Classic American Literature* by D. H. Lawrence. I knew the name of the author, knew he was a rather famous novelist. I also had to read a book for outside reading. So I bought the book—and read it.

Wow!

It is an unusual book, to say the least. Mr. Lawrence departs considerably from the general trend of literary criticism. He uses the book as a vehicle to expound his own philosophy of life. He also uses his criticism of American literature to cauterize the American.

Mr. Lawrence doesn't think much of the American.

He enjoys sticking pins in the American ideal of freedom. Then he sits back and watches us squirm. Of course it is his "Holy Ghost," his innermost self, that is motivating him.

His is an interesting Holy Ghost. At least it has a sense of humor, which, by the way, the early American writers didn't possess to any great extent, with the exception of Benjamin Franklin. But Mr. Lawrence doesn't think much of Benjamin Franklin.

He doesn't like him at all.

Benjamin, he feels, has built a little paddock with a barbed wire fence into which he has trotted all the wonderful virtues that all good little Americans should follow.

D. H. admires Benjamin, but he doesn't like him. Especially his statement on "venery." He doesn't like moral America, confined in the little corral. Benjamin takes away the dark forest, the freedom and wholeness of the soul. He "Americanizes" and typifies the "American spirit," and America is all tangled up in the barbed wire.

This is Mr. Lawrence's opinion on the matter.

Mr. Lawrence chuckles at Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, complete with Amiable Spouse and Infant Son. While Franklin is the "real practical prototype of the American, Crevecoeur is the emotional." He prefers Crevecoeur. Crevecoeur at least admired nature. But he lied! He idealized it, wanted to put it in his pocket. The "ideal, noble savage." Phooey! And phooey! says Mr. Lawrence. But he admits that he likes some of the minute nature description. At least when Crevecoeur isn't idealizing about it.

And Crevecoeur isn't struggling on the pin of idealistic democracy—not as much as James Fenimore Cooper. Of that novelist, Mr. Lawrence writes: "He feels he is superior, and feels he ought not to feel so, and is therefore rather snobbish, and at the same time a little apologetic. Which is surely tiresome."

Mr. Lawrence is not apologetic. Not at all.

He frankly admits that he believes in natural inequality.

But he believes that the Leatherstocking books are lovely. "Lovely half-lies." They are the "American Odyssey, with Natty Bumppo for Odysseus." Only there isn't any devil in this Odyssey. And no "cruel iron of reality." But D. H. admires the stoicism in the "stark, enduring figure of Deerslayer." Even if it is a myth.

In the chapter on Edgar Allan Poe, Mr. Lawrence has a chance to expound on his theories of love. "It is love that causes the neuroticism of the day. It is love that is the prime cause of tuberculosis.

Mr. Lawrence should know. He died of tuberculosis.

Poe, he feels, has the horrid American trait of attempting to make the will triumph over everything. And worst of all, he tries to make the will triumph over someone else. This attempt to "know" the innermost being of someone else is, to Mr. Lawrence, a cardinal sin. By losing the self, the living soul, a person becomes merely mechanized and without passion. He no longer lives by his Holy Ghost.

And everyone simply *must* live according to his own Holy Ghost.

After Poe and love, Mr. Lawrence gets a good grip on sin and tackles Nathaniel Hawthorne. "*The Scarlet Letter* isn't a pleasant, pretty romance. It is a sort of parable, an earthly story with a hellish meaning." But that inner symbolic meaning is "diabolical." Beneath the Puritan revulsion against sin is actual enjoyment of it. There are two consciousnesses—the blood-consciousness and the

mind-consciousness—and they always fight each other. There is no reconciliation. And Americans are always trying to be mind-conscious. Tch, tch! Thus, he says, that *The Scarlet Letter* is "the most colossal satire ever penned."

All women are devils. Out to trap a man.

And Hester is the incarnation of the devil-woman. Underneath all the goody-goodness, she is a devil. But *The Scarlet Letter* is a marvelous allegory, he says. He loves its under-meaning—and its perfect duplicity. It is a triumph of sin.

Well, each to his own opinion.

He actually likes Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. "Dana beholds himself among the elements, calm and fatal. His style is great and hopeless, the style of the perfect tragic recorder." He has lived a great experience and has recorded it in his book. And that book contains knowledge.

But "the greatest seer and poet of the sea . . . is Melville." This is because Melville has a great sense of the sea; also because he cannot accept humanity.

He made the mistake of idealizing the savage, but Lawrence forgives him. The only trouble with Melville is that he tries to stick to an ideal.

That doesn't work. He just gets disillusioned.

*Moby Dick* is a great book. Even Melville didn't know what the white whale was a symbol of, though. Ha, ha, says Lawrence. That's a joke.

It is deep mysticism, but it is also real and vivid description. And to Mr. Lawrence, the Pequod and its crew symbolize America and the Americans.

Mr. Lawrence believes in following his Holy Ghost. At least this theory is interesting. To him, *Moby Dick* "is the deepest blood-being of the white race," and the "maniacal fanaticism of our white mental consciousness" is what hunts him down.

Then Mr. Lawrence comes to Walt Whitman. Phooey on your democratic encompassing of eternity and the universe, he says. You lose your soul that way, and become mechanical. But he ends up patting Walt on the back.

It's all right, Walt. I understand you, and I think you're wonderful. No one else understands you correctly though. You're just misunderstood.

And D. H. puts his arm around Walt and the two of them stand on the precipice of death and look over it together. Buddy-buddy.

D. H. Lawrence ends the book with his theory that the essential function of art is moral. This is particularly true of American art. Only the Americans just don't look at it right. Morality should be a living thing. Not a step towards salvation.

Who knows if there is any salvation anyway?

Fiddle-faddle with self-sacrifice. Sympathy is the thing—but at a distance. Soul should meet soul, but not try to become part of the other. Each soul should travel alone and unburdened, though not unaccompanied as long as it can break away when it wants to, along the open road.

As I said before, Mr. Lawrence's interpretation of American classic literature is unusual.

Mr. Lawrence is unusual.

I don't know anything about him, but I like him.

I don't always agree with him, but I like him.

Perhaps when I have read his book about five more times, I'll understand everything he is trying to say. But I'll never try to understand *him*—that would be a sin against my Holy Ghost and his.

His book is entertaining as well as informative. It provides an insight into his personal philosophy as applied to American literature. It also gives an insight into his feelings towards the Americans.

His style is brusque and to the point. He doesn't hesitate to repeat a point several times or to put down exactly what he feels. That is rather admirable, even though it is not too complimentary to the Americans.

As I said before, I don't understand him, but I like him. He is honest. Or so he says. More power to his Holy Ghost.

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*Emerging from under the bed, Editor Diane Hostetler puts prophet and artist on the coffee table in her discussion of . . .*

## D. H. LAWRENCE

BY DIANE HOSTETLER

In the 20's, critics and readers alike tried furtively to keep D. H. Lawrence under the bed. A new generation is now flaunting him upon the coffee table. His plea for a renaissance of the body, which appeals to the lurid mind of the modern sophisticate, is still being misinterpreted. His come-back strongly suggests commercial enterprise, rather than a penetrating re-evaluation of his challenging philosophy.

He deserves a better fate. The prophet in Lawrence must be divorced from the artist.

First let us consider his unsystematic, paradoxical philosophy. Since Lawrence anticipated the current problems of a mechanistic age, he has been most misunderstood in his role as prophet. The philosophy he formulated as a solution to these problems was derived from his prophetic insights. His criticism of the denial of physical instincts has particularly challenged traditional thinking in a world geared to science. Lawrence felt that society had substituted an artificial being for the real, unified man. The artificial man has been made to deny his instincts; whereas the real man acknowledges and uses them. By tending to neglect the body and concentrating on the mind, science has destroyed the fundamental unity of man and has made us conscious of only our mental motives. This incomplete knowledge has induced paralysis and sterility. To restore the real man, man's physical instincts must be taken out of the mind and returned to where they belong—the body.

Did this mean Lawrence was anti-intellectual? He has been considered so by many critics. A complete dependence upon science—he felt—perverted the uses of the intellect. We did not know enough, nor did we know it in the right way. A life based upon

reason produced a distorted view of mankind. Lawrence was striving for a balance in a rational world that had neglected the physical element in man. Frequently, he was forced to go to the extreme in order to be heard.

Lawrence was hailed as the great literary exponent of psychoanalysis when *Sons and Lovers* appeared in 1913. His sensitive treatment of the Oedipus complex impressed psychologists all over Europe. While both he and Freud became interested in introspection, their interest was stimulated independently of each other. Lawrence was fascinated with introspection's mystery; Freud, with its psychological usefulness. Frederick J. Hoffman, a critic of Freud's influence upon contemporary literature, says in his essay, *Lawrence's Quarrel with Freud*:

Lawrence disapproved of Freud because he thought the latter had brought into consciousness what had best remain unconscious. . . . Understanding anything is the undeliberate functioning of ourselves as organic and individual beings . . . The mother-child relationship is vital so long as it remains on the plane of unconsciousness. . . . Lawrence always credited psychoanalysis with value as a descriptive science. Similarly, he distrusted the analytic situation; it placed too much emphasis upon complete submission on the part of the patient. Lawrence was unwilling to have any one person submit entirely to another; such a condition would destroy the organic individuality which gives life to so many of Lawrence's fictional heroes.

To Lawrence, then, Freud's psychoanalysis was too deterministic. While appreciating its worth as a descriptive science, he grew wary when it was applied. Psychoanalysis became merely the substitute of one kind of mechanistic illusion for another. Because their probing of the unconscious entailed an examination of sex instincts, both Lawrence and Freud have been read on that basis. The careful reader discovers, however, that they did not view sex in the same way: the novelist saw the unity of sex in its natural functions; the psychologist saw its component parts whose functions should be analyzed.

Lawrence and Freud agreed, however, that the normal sex life of man had been repressed and neglected. Lawrence traced this to the fall of Adam and Eve, to the apple incident which forced an awareness of their sex. Down through the ages, Christianity has reinforced this repression by emphasizing the spiritual Jesus. In *The Man Who Died*, Lawrence had the resurrected Jesus find the physical fulfillment for his body that he had neglected during his earthly life.

At this point the reader may ask—what did the prophet offer as a solution to this mind-ridden world? Lawrence formulated a creed which called for the reinstatement of the body and of the heart:

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. . . . All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without the fribbling intervention of the mind, or moral, or whatnot. I conceive a man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame, forever upright and yet flowing; and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around. And I am not so much concerned with the things around—which is really mind—but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing.

The primitive in man, then, must be reclaimed so that the dark and mysterious sex instincts can be acknowledged .

Lawrence realized we could not return to West African primitivism, so he advanced the idea of blood brotherhood. *Women in Love* and *The Plumed Serpent* illustrated this relationship between men. It definitely was neither sexual nor homosexual. It was a mystical-physical love—the only kind of love that could revitalize us. But he was not entirely satisfied with this; and as he neared death, he realized he had not yet perfected his creed of returning to the unconscious.

In the unabridged *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, published in 1928, Lawrence made his most complete statement about love. In it, he developed his doctrine of "phallic consciousness." He selected the sex act because it was the only form in the modern world that had maintained a polarity. Upon the claim that men and women were forever different, Lawrence began building an unusual, contradictory "system of philosophy."

To restore man's vitality, woman had to intercede, for she was the creature closest to the primitive forces in the world. She had to understand that the mystical and spiritual powers in the sex act of love could restore man's confidence. What he proposed was no obscene mass rape. It was true fulfillment through love, and most important of all, through tenderness. It was the old heart and blood hammer-hammer, but now it existed between a man and a woman. In it, Lawrence contended he had found the true, unconscious life for which he had so long been searching.

Lawrence, therefore, was trying to restore man as a unified being by emphasizing his physical aspects, but he was called a sex-

fiend and censored without discrimination. The biographical vultures who hung around his grave in the 1930's contributed to this misunderstanding. As Anthony West so nicely put it: "As soon as Lawrence was dead, there was a rush of wounded and abandoned people who were concerned to present to the world the picture of that golden period in which Lawrence found the center of his being in them." Lawrence never totally accepted the necessary isolation of a creator. Like a child starved for affection, he reached out to all who responded to him. He had the kind of personality that attracted people, but also the kind that rejected them when they showed signs of human failings. Nevertheless, Lawrence remained a great personality, sufficiently so to intensely dislike the "personality cult" that was, and still is, running rampant in modern society.

Perhaps the main philosophic difficulty in Lawrence was that he was a converted Puritan in theory; and he had all the convert's zeal of having "found the way." Tuberculosis accentuated his extreme sensitivity to the world around him. Because he was so much more aware than others, he was forced to draw away from society and focus his observation upon himself. His relationship with the universe became personal—a violent I-thou relationship that screamed of egotism. A reading of this introspective world of D. H. Lawrence captivates or antagonizes, for his world implies a dismissal of accepted societal codes. His philosophy is a dangerous one if put into the wrong hands. Unless the reader is willing to enter a new dimension of thinking, he cannot appreciate the value of Lawrence's insights.

But what about the artist in Lawrence? Up until now, the twentieth century has been more intrigued with his prophetic philosophy than appreciative of his literary ability. His use of the introspective method was a definite contribution to writing techniques, for it encouraged subsequent novelists to break with the conventional forms. Let us examine his writing to see how he so skillfully adapted his style to his philosophy.

Hardy and James had perfected the novel of character development, so Lawrence tried to evolve a new form—a form that could accommodate his introspective method. He introduced the novel of exploration. Generally, the novelist as an explorer sets out to express graphically those undercurrents that are present in his time, but which have not yet been made conscious. If the novelist is honest and lucky, he will open these submerged channels of thought. But because of this sense of mission, the novelist often becomes the

object of hatred, for he may take his readers where they do not want to go. Lawrence once explained what he was attempting to do:

It is the way our sympathy flows and recoils that really determines our lives. And here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead.

Thus, his novels tend to lead our sympathies right into his personal world. His motto was "Art for my sake," so it is not strange that we, as spectators, often rebel at our Virgilian guide.

No matter where his imagination may lead us, however, we can never forget the beauty of his poetic prose. He appeals to our unconscious. We are lulled into acquiescence by the rhythmic beat of the flowing words. Lawrence has always been recognized as a gifted writer, but because people have not distinguished between his prophetic philosophy and his artistic ability, he has suffered.

Provoking startling ideas, too strikingly and too soon, Lawrence has indeed been what one critic described as "a man so far ahead on the road that he seemed small." Because he was always revising, expanding, or completely changing his ideas, he has been severely criticized. The present publicity he is being subjected to could be of further detriment to his already delicate literary reputation. If he is going to be placed boldly and daringly upon the coffee table, he will receive as much misunderstanding as he did from those who tried to hide him under the bed. When people exclaim with an obscene glint in their eyes, "So *you're* reading D. H. Lawrence!" it is obvious where their interest lies. But when they start asking with honest intellectual curiosity, "What do you think D. H. Lawrence *really* means?" this unusual novelist will begin to receive the respect that has been so long overdue.

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*Sophomore Jane Erb, art editor of EXILE, joins the automatic millions who ride the . . .*

## **Subway**

BY JANE ERB

The catacombs  
Of a newer age,  
Stuffed with sickly air  
Inhaled and exhaled  
By too many lungs—  
Skulls, gray green  
In the murky dimness  
Move detached at a  
Practiced speed.

Long low arches  
Twist grotesquely,  
Shooting pains  
Of sudden aloneness  
Into staring  
Passengers waiting  
Numbly for tombs.

Persecuted platformers,  
Existing only in  
The hope of what  
Comes afterwards,  
Martyrs who live  
Death beneath  
Those and that  
Above.

*Sally Falch, a junior from Brecksville, Ohio, holds a realistic mirror to our generation in . . .*

## **THE FINISHING STROKE**

BY SALLY FALCH

New Jersey highways are the worst. Puny farms and punier towns, that all add up to just one thing: nothing. At least this was the verdict expressed by the three of us sardined into the front seat of PJ's coupe. PJ, Vern MacCaffery and I were enroute from Philly to a blast. You know, a sort of coupe de grace to a wretched summer, spent roof shingling, if you can imagine a more plebian occupation. Anyway the last roof was roofed and it was Labor Day and well, is there better reason for an uninhibited party or two? So, when PJ said, "How about taking off for the shore?" Vern and I yessed with much gusto. Decided we'd look up old Annie, a pretty good girl we all dated back at school who was playing waitress for the summer. But the best laid plans of mice and men etcetera—anyway, this billboard by billboard existence ceases to be too diverting after a while and with each ad, our fond vision of old Annie faded.

As we passed one particularly bilious creation letting us know we were entering the town Wildwood-by-the-Sea, PJ growled, "This place better be something! At this point your pilot could do with a little wildness."

"It looks promising, it looks promising," Vern decided as we passed the town's first building—a bar. That's right, the first building was a bar and so were the next three. We were laying odds on number four when PJ floored the brakes and made arm motions at this road sign. "Do I know the mark of fate when I see it?" and made a left to follow an orange arrow with "Boardwalk" printed above it.

Believe me, this town was really living up to its name. Wild, it was. There were the pink-shirted, pegged-panted humans all over the area. And the babes! Well, I live in a big town and see eager lasses now and then, but this sea town even widened my eyes.

The boardwalk was swarming. We could just tell by eyeballing that these were easy dates.

"It's been a long chaste summer," PJ sighed.

"And a long hard ride," Vern finished.

"The cocktail hour is upon us, am I right?" PJ demanded.

Well, there were two things on our minds when we succumbed to about the twentieth bar we had passed—women and booze. The bar had just the right touch. Small, dark—well, actually that described most dens, I guess—but this was a shore town, remember? So it was the rotting fish nets and the dehydrated fish carcasses hanging all over the walls. The place was neatly divided into three parts, bar in the center, long party tables on one side and little intimate dealies on the other.

PJ headed right for the middle, perched himself on a stool and ordered, "Three beers for the group."

This whole action hit me wrong. Partly, I guess, because he sat on the seat so casually. Me, I've been practicing for years and I still climb on a barstool like a kid who just grew out of his high-chair. And partly because he ordered beer. Once PJ starts drinking beer you can kiss the next six hours good-bye. The guy's a fanatic over the stuff. Besides I didn't even want any. I don't know why but I just can't hack beer. I'm strictly a Seven-Seven man myself.

When the bartender set the beer down, PJ turned around and saw Vern and me just sort of standing there. Now if there's anything PJ hates, it's people who don't look like they know what they're doing. With him the word is finesse. "Hey, Gentlemen," he yelled, "Get over here, I want you to meet a friend of mine. Say hello to Pete, world's greatest healer of parched throats."

I don't know how he does it, here we are in this place for about three minutes and already old PJ is joking around with the bartender and calling him by name. It beats me. I go to a place for a year and still have to say "Hey You."

Well, Vern and I hiked ourselves over to the bar and the three of us downed our beer. No one said anything, we were looking around too much I guess. The same kind of clan was in here that we had seen out on the boardwalk, spiffed-up guys and willing women. Never in my long history of barhopping have I seen so many women alone, one or two habituais maybe, but not this mass attendance. I was just getting myself used to this phenomenon

when PJ said, "Well gentlemen—" We're always gentlemen to PJ, who thinks any other term is for the peasants.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "We've got the booze, now how about number two? Some female companionship? What do you say we make our move?"

Vern mumbled something but whatever it was was drowned by the beer in his mouth. Probably affirmative, though. When it comes to the question of women Vern's one guy that's always ready and willing. As for my thoughts on the subject, if they had both forgotten old Annie still some thirty miles away, I certainly wasn't going to be the one to bring it up. And well, I'm never one to keep what promises to be a good party flat because of a lack of women, so I said to PJ, "OK, great, but what are we supposed to do, prance up to one of these dollies and say may I have this beer with you or something?"

"Nothing so crude my boy," PJ drawled. "Just pick your women and leave it to your Old Dad."

We finally decided on three fairly decent numbers down at the end. They were drinking beer so PJ figured our finances would last longer. He called Pete the bartender over and said, "See those three dames down there?" Pete did. "Good, how about asking them if they'd let three infatuated gentlemen buy them a round or two?"

We waited and watched, nonchalantly of course, while Pete performed his mission. There was much giggling and what they call "sidelong glances" from the babes and Pete came back and said, "The three ladies you indicated will be only too delighted."

From the looks of them, though, I decided that none of our conquests would even know what a three syllable word like "delighted" meant. "Marvelous," I said, "This'll be cozy as heck, won't it? We sit here and they sit fifty feet away drinking up our money. Good work Old Dad." I said this as sardonic as I could, the only one who heard though was Vern. Old PJ was already half-way over to where the girls were sitting.

I got over there just in time to hear him saying, "Well, fine then. How about that big table right over there." The girls looked at him as if he'd just suggested a trip to Bermuda and then it was the mass movement to the table. I really had to hand it to PJ. The situation was made—to use an expression I personally dislike.

The girls sat every other chair. These gals were nobody's fools. I moved in next to this blonde with one of those blue backless



jobbies on. "Well, it's about time we got acquainted," I slurred, "the minute you walked into this dump, I said to myself, now there's a woman I've got to know." Now I may not be as suave as PJ, but believe me I know how to get a conversation started right.

"Name's Dave," I said, "Let's see, I bet your's is Bluebell so you wear blue all the time."

"Oh, but you're wrong, Doll," she giggled, "My name's Colleen."

Maybe it was because she had this action of flicking her tongue out when she talked, but for a minute I didn't know whether she had said Colic or Colleen. I decided Colic would be more like it. Now, I don't know about you, but whenever I hear the name Colleen I think of some demure and pretty little Irish thing. Believe me, this was no Colleen by my standards. Neither were her two friends, for that matter.

Old PJ wasn't even talking to his babe, he was giving her the PJ shoulder. This shoulder act of PJ's is taking on the proportions of a psychological experiment anymore. Tonight's doll had the babbling response, which of course had no effect on PJ who was too busy studying one of those fish carcasses tacked on the wall. The guy must have an extra sense or something, because if there's one thing about PJ, he always knows when someone's looking at him. He turned on me with the same look in his eye that he had been giving the fish and yelled, "Tell me where the fishes come from."

Now I know PJ well enough to be fairly sure he didn't expect me to give a spiel on spawning, so I just sat there.

"I knew it," he shouted. "The poor sinner doesn't know. What's wrong with people anymore?" This last was directed at Vern and the babes who took my line of action, sitting with stupid looks on their faces.

"What's the matter," he repeated, "Don't you read your Bible? It's all there—right under Creation. The fishes along with all the other animals."

"Man," he said, looking at me, "If you all don't know that, then Brother, you sure do gotta be saved. I'se gonna put some of that Old Time Religion in your soul. It's Revival Meeting time!"

Well, now, I've known PJ for years and believe me he can always be counted on to liven up a party. He just comes up with one of his idea storms. That's how he does it—just announces Revival Hour or some idiotic thing and you'd think he was Napoleon or someone the way everybody hops to it.

"Brother Dave, you sinner you," he hollers at me, "you is about to see de light. Hallelujah!"

I'll be darned if everyone doesn't holler "Hallelujah" right along with him. We were off.

"We'se got to do this here thing up rightly now, Brothers," PJ draws. "The propa procedure in these here Revivin' Meetin's is to start things off nice and peppy like with one of them spirituals you all learned at yo' dear old Mammy's knee. Brother Vern how's about leadin' us in a lil' 'ol thing called 'Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory.' How 'bout it Brother Vern, is yo' with us?"

Well, Brother Vern was most obviously with us. And to prove it, he felt obligated to stand up and invite every character in the whole bar to join in. The idea caught on like a parade. You'd think the song was number one on the Hit Parade the way this Wildwood crowd hit those Hallelujahs. Believe me, the whole place really started jumping. One poor sucker got so carried away he ordered a round of beer for every "sinner in the bar," as he called us. And, well I guess, old Pete, the bartender, was having the time of his life bellowing out, "Brother have another beer 'cause it sure is good fo' yo' soul!"

Maybe I'm funny or something, but I was having a little trouble feeling any brotherly attitude toward these greasy characters in the pink shirts who kept panhandling my cigarettes. If that's brotherly love you can keep it.

Nothing was bothering old PJ though. The boy was really having a ball. Some of those spirituals weren't good enough anymore, I guess, so Parson PJ as everyone started calling him, was busy making-up his own versions. Right in the middle of one particularly lewd rendition of "Jacob's Ladder," this female voice cried out, "Brother, the Lord will thank you!"

For a guy who never misses a cue, old PJ was pretty quiet all of a sudden. Then he started laughing. I thought he was going to fall off the table, he was laughing so hard. Now, PJ isn't the kind of guy who gets carried away too easily. With him it's always saying something to make the other guy laugh, if you know what I mean. But there he was—I've never seen anything like it—hopping up and down and pointing his finger.

Well, this was too much. First he gets hysterical on us and then pulls this rude gesture of pointing his finger. For as long as

I've known him, PJ has never been so crass. Such action goes right along with thumbing the nose, if you know what I mean—two things a gentleman of PJ's stature just doesn't do.

Well, the boy had his audience right along with him. The whole thing reminded me of a play I saw once where this character on the stage pointed his finger out at the audience and the twenty other people on the stage pointed right along with him, mentally, I mean. Anyway, that's what we must have looked like. All of us mentally pointing our fingers right along with PJ at this motley crew of dames bearing down on us.

There were three of them. It was the outfits you noticed first. They looked like something out of the nineteenth century. Completely black except for these grey Grandma Moses shawls they were clutching around their shoulders. Then you saw their faces and everything else was like it wasn't even there. They were really weird. I don't think they had any make-up on. It just wouldn't go with the rest of their get-up if you know what I mean. But never have I seen any face without powder look so white. They were unearthly, I tell you. And their eyes—well, I guess the word is "piercing." But they pierced and burned and everything else. It was really gripping.

You could see that the number one dame was big chief. She was easily six feet and was walking through the bar like she was the Queen Mother or someone. The other two just sort of padded along behind. The big one was banging on a little drum and kept shouting in this hoarse voice, "You'll get your reward in Heaven, Brother. The Lord'll be good to you." Her two cronies just kept filling in with "Hallelujahs" and jingling these buckets they had. Forward they came. Three bonneted creatures among eighty peroxide blondes and greasy duck-cuts. What a procession!

By this time they'd gotten to PJ who was up there making these flourishing bows and scrapings to the big one.

"Get up there, boy," he said to me. "Didn't yo' mammy learn yo' to behave likes a gentleman does when there is a real lady present?"

"What are you going to do, Brother Parson," I said as I got up, "Offer her a beer and have her sit down and join the party?"

PJ ignored me and said to the woman. "Here, ma'am, you all jes' pretend like this chair here is a step up to the Lord. Jes' you all come up here and help me show these depraved wretches the true way and the only way."

This last he screamed at the top of his lungs at the fish nets on the ceiling. What a ham!

The woman sailed right by me, smelling like she'd found her clothes in someone's attic. All the time she was staring at PJ like she had found some Saint Michael and kept on shouting how he'd be saved and all.

"Brother," she said, when she had gone up one step nearer the Lord, "we who have heard the Word must unite. Together we can show these poor helpless sinners the way of the Lord. When he calls we must throw away our pride and enter the Dens of Iniquity. Together we must save Mankind."

The other two looked completely lost after their chief had mounted her pulpit. They just sort of grouped themselves around her feet and kept muttering those idiotic "Hallelujahs." You could tell they were afraid the Lord wouldn't like it if they said anything else.

One wise guy looked at the littlest one and yelled, "Hey, lady, what have you got in that little bucket, Easter eggs?"

She looked like she didn't know whether "Hallelujah" would be the right answer to this one or not, but said it anyway. Of course that was a complete howl. By this time the little woman was really snowed. She didn't see the joke and neither did I. I don't know why, but I felt kind of sorry for her. For some reason she reminded me of my little aunt who used to send me cakes and stuff down at school. Now don't get me wrong, my aunt doesn't wear a bonnet or anything, but she gets that same "I don't understand you but I'd like to" look about her every once in a while.

Mrs. Lord, herself, was now putting on a better act than even PJ had been doing. Everyone got so busy listening to her they forgot about the other two. They must have figured the Lord was on their side again and their "Hallelujahs" got a little stronger.

For a while PJ was enjoying the show with the rest of us. But our Parson wasn't going to stay out of the limelight long. Every time the old dame paused he would insert a solemn "Hallelujah." The poor woman got so moved that she didn't even notice that PJ had to have a laughing fit in between every "Hallelujah." Everyone else did though. And pretty soon the whole bar was bedlam. PJ was right behind her making all these mimicking motions. And as a caricature he was the greatest.

The old gal was playing a perfect straight man to PJ's hamming. He'd never expected any outside help but he sure was

playing it up now that he had it. The worst part of it was, the old girl thought PJ was leveling.

The louder and louder everyone kept laughing the louder the woman would praise the Lord. As I said it was bedlam—that's the only word I can think of—just plain bedlam.

After one completely hysterical outburst from her audience, she turned to PJ for some help in saving these sinners, I guess. But PJ was in the middle of one of his laughing fits and didn't see her soon enough.

Well, I guess I'll never forget the look on her face when she saw PJ laughing. She just stared—I don't know, but I bet Jesus must of looked something like that when He was on the cross. PJ just kept laughing—right in her face. Then she turned away, picked up her skirts and stepped down. It was the most beautiful move I've ever seen. She nodded to the other two and the three of them began to trudge silently toward the door.

Now I've never prided myself of being overly religious or anything, but I had to do something. I couldn't just let them walk out of the place like that. I had to at least talk to them and try to tell them that they had just lucked into a bad place or something. Make them see that it wasn't their fault. Oh, I don't know what I wanted to say, but I had to say something. I just couldn't stand the expressions on those white faces.

PJ saw me jump up and yelled, "Aw let the biddy go, Dave, for Chrissakes. We've got enough entertainment right here. Isn't that right Baby?" and he put his arm around that little witch he had picked up. Then he looked at me again. "What's the matter Kid," he said, "you getting a mushy cardiac or something?"

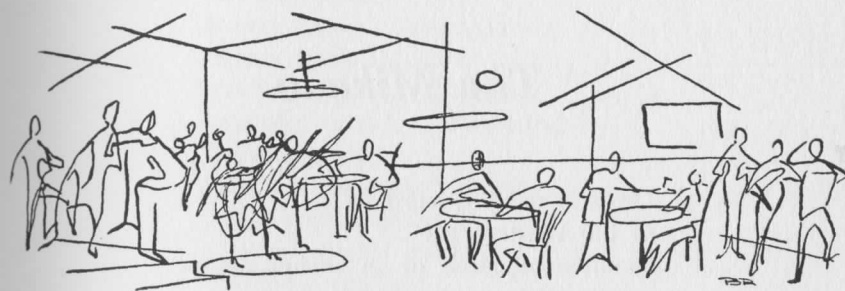
Colleen, or whatever her name was, grabbed my hand and said, "Davey, Honey, where ya goin'. You gonna give up your Colleen baby for that old crazy woman?"

Everyone started laughing again. This group—they'd laugh at anything. I grabbed away my hand and Colleen started yelling, "Why you no good. . . ." I must of knocked over a chair or something, anyway some other babe started screaming. But I just had to get over to those women. Tables, chairs, people, hands, beer—everything was in my road and their black backs were almost gone. I got to the big one just as she was at the door. "Ma'am," I said, "Please wait a minute, please, I want to talk to you." I put out my hand and grabbed her arm. At my touch she whirled around. She

was almost on top of me yet she didn't even see me. Her eyes were fastened on the chaos of the bar.

"Ma'am," I said again. Then she turned and looked at me. We must have stood a minute that way, just staring at each other. I hit a black spot. I couldn't say anything. It was those eyes of hers. Then I felt her whole body tighten and I removed my hand. She turned like she was escaping from something and was gone out of the bar—leaving the door swinging in my face.

I wanted to move but I just stood there. There was only the whine of the door as it quivered back and forth. I guess I must have been in a trance or something—but when I looked up I saw PJ leering and I knew I was alone.



*Editor Midge Greenlee executes arabesques in verse with . . .*

## FOUR DANCES

BY MIDGE GREENLEE

### *The Mikado*

Oriental notes discordant  
to the Western ear  
summon minstrels of an ancient song—  
composed in pantomime,  
developed in the unfamiliar's  
key of dissonance, with  
all meaning told  
in grace half-angular.  
Variations, masked in Europe's  
logic, obfuscate  
harmonies immutable to the inmost sense  
that reads words traced in  
clearer script by wiser Eastern hands:  
the lyrics of an older theme  
unspoken, singing  
always in the mind.

### *Cirque de Deux*

Pale, pastel,  
blue and gold-tasselled pink  
swirling cloaks  
sweep through muted glow  
of rose and dull gold  
into black velvet darkness—  
beyond, beyond, transcending—  
Delicately,  
over the gossamer web of  
pastel chords lifting to  
transient sunset trailing  
reflection, ethereal  
moths drift, float,  
leap in an upsurge of blue wings  
and pink, flickering figures  
in twilight radiance, dimming  
settling, silken web  
sinking to flutter,  
to rest—  
beyond, beyond, transcendent.

## *Madronos*

Castanets gossip  
where tempos flare  
with el Greco's intense flame  
and bell-skirted figures  
step patterns tradition designed  
then fade to one fine-drawn line  
chanting melody  
and lone figures  
on shimmering trails of  
violin brush-strokes  
swaying, sketch solitude's dance  
where single notes  
carve Renaissance profiles—  
brown, gold and chalky red—  
from darkness, with slanted light.  
Abruptly, many voices and hands  
copy designed conformity,  
seek reflected mirage of  
acceptance, the many  
unidentified voices—  
One persists, one note singing  
clear images for figures that dance  
alone, in eternal incandescence.

## *Gaite Parisienne*

Vivid in stark light—  
white light, harsh—  
mingled in the glittering portrait  
of night, gaucherie, sophistication  
hard-faced crowds and ingenue  
design kaleidoscopic patterns:  
light, bright world of color  
dipped by Lautrec's brush.  
From riotous background grace,  
drifting, clouds colored glass  
in wind-blown smoke,  
creating perfection's white  
flame flowing in uncaught  
beauty, in silence, alone—  
Crowds, strident, whirling in  
ever-shifting designs, return,  
rush through dream-colors, subtly **unreal**;  
fragments of polished patterns **vanish**;  
rising, one last silver flame  
glows undimmed perfection  
ageless in man's firmament  
over the city's checkered light.

