EXILE

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EXILE

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Granville, Ohio

One Moment in Time: An Editorial

A person reading a copy of this magazine sees a partial reflection of the current trends of thought that prevail at Denison. He is not aware of the 125 years of evolutionary development that are the progenitors of these trends. By failing to recognize the influence of the past upon the present we often lose sight of the responsibility we, the present college generation, have in forming and shaping the future.

Denison University was founded 125 years ago with one aim—to educate young men for roles of leadership in the Baptist Church. This original aim has slowly evolved into the Denison of today—something far different. Yet it is this concise and specific statement of purpose at the beginning that is in a sense responsible for the present moment. Each refinement of purpose along the way, each change of emphasis is responsible for what we have today. And it is today's emphasis and statement of purpose, the forming of which is the responsibility of the present student body, that will be the progenitor of the future Denison.

Exile, like Denison, was founded with one aim—to give students an outlet for creative expression, to stimulate talents that were being wasted or surpressed by lack of direction.

For some time there has been a growing interest in the arts at Denison. *Exile* is one of the results of this interest. *Exile* has a duty to foster this interest and to help it grow to its fullest achievement. Instead of examining *Exile* purely in the light of the present —seeing this issue as an isolated reflection of the moment—we should try to see the magazine as a product of the past and shaper of the future. This magazine then has its responsibility; and each person who is stimulated by an interest in the arts must assume his share of the responsibility for the projection of creativeness into Denison's future.

But it is, of course, the present moment we see most clearly. In it we create; and in it we recognize our potentiality. To do both these we must constantly seek perfection—a perfection of talents. These talents deserve a word of explanation. A perceptive scholar once distinguished a short story from a novel by describing a short story as revelation of character, a novel as evolution of character. Oversimplified though this distinction is, it has an aptness when applied to the development of the artist. This issue of *Exile* is a moment's revelation—and a step in the evolution of creativity at this school.

If we recognize the importance of the present moment in itself and as it takes its place in the total evolutionary process we will serve ourselves and the institution we help to shape. What this magazine will be tomorrow depends upon what those with talent do today. The same is true of Denison.

The Editors

In this issue the editors of EXILE are proud to publish "The Flight of the Falcon" by Hans Peeters. This story has been awarded the first Denison Book Store - EXILE Creative Writing Prize.

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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.*

Editor Jim Bowman writes of children, happy without the understanding they will grow to cherish.

THE BERRY PICKERS

BY JIM BOWMAN

Herbie Morton's aunt was Bess Meyers, the owner of Meyers' Berry Land. Most of us figured that was the reason she let him start picking that summer, when he was only ten. Tommy Robinette and myself, and everybody else, had to wait until we were twelve; that was a rule at Berry Land, until Herbie.

Ten acres of currants and red raspberries could keep a lot of kids busy. If you were twelve and lived on the west side of Sand City, and you had a bicycle, and your mother got along all right with Bess Meyers, then you naturally spent a month and a half that summer picking berries. It was something you looked forward to for years, like starting to school and wearing long pants. But, like all of these, it was a letdown after the first day. All the excitement was packed into that one morning, after someone had seen the small "berry pickers wanted" sign pasted to the telephone pole at the end of the long dirt driveway.

The three Burton brothers and their sister, Sarah, rode in ahead of us and parked their bicycles in the wooden rack, built against the rear of the basket-shed. Tommy and I rested ours alongside without saying a word. Sarah was our age – this was her first year – and she stood shyly by herself, ready to follow the moves of her big brothers.

Pat Burton, who was fifteen, stood by the bike stand while his twin brothers, who were a year younger, walked over with their sister and turned to watch. Pat held a brown paper bag up to us in his hand.

"Where's your lunches – or is she only gonna let the little kids work half a day?" he said.

"We're gonna ride home and eat and come back and work all day," Tommy said, flushing.

"You gotta eat here. There ain't no time for you to go ridin' home if you want to work here."

"We'll bring 'em tomorrow, Pat," I said, hoping he would go away if he found out I knew his name.

"Okay, Bowman, sure, but today you and Robinette are gonna sit and watch the rest of us eat. And if you squeal to Mrs. Meyers that you didn't bring no lunches she's liable to send you both home for good. You shoulda known to bring a lunch." Then he turned, shaking his head, and walked around to the front yard. Sarah and the twins tagged along behind him. Sarah turned once and looked back at us to see if we were following. She was clutching her brown bag tightly with two hands.

In the yard, Tommy and I stood apart from the Burtons who had sprawled on the love seats inside a latticed archway, twined with wild roses and dead weeds and shaded by the giant catalpa tree that grew next to the large white farm house. We examined our features in the mirrored surface of the crystal ball that sat on a birdbath stand in the center of the yard. Our faces appeared normal at a distance, but as we came closer, the forehead and chin began to stretch out – until the face was deformed into a huge elongated nose, with the eyes and nostrils appearing as black slits at either end.

By eight o'clock there were fifteen pickers standing or sitting in the front yard. The front door of the house opened and Bess Meyers motioned us around to the back. She was dressed in men's overalls, with her gray hair tucked up loosely under a blue cap, like a railroad engineer's. This was the only outfit I had ever seen her wear – in her horse-drawn wagon, delivering berries along Spring Street on summer evenings.

We stood in a circle at the door of the basket-shed while she gave us our instructions in a loud voice, as though she thought we were all deaf.

"We'll work in the currant field until noon and then start on the raspberries next to the house. I'm going to give one of these six cent tickets for every quart of currants you pick," she held up

a quart box of dirty yellow slips of paper, each one stamped with a pink six, and another box of pink slips stamped with a yellow eight, "and eight cents for each quart of raspberries. And I don't intend to catch anybody eating berries more than once, 'cuz the first time, you go right home. You hear that, Herbie?" She snapped her head at the small boy in blue overalls, standing, as though he had just materialized, at the corner of the basket-shed. He was picking in his left ear with his finger and when she spoke to him he jerked his hand away – to the wide brim of his new yellow straw hat, which he removed and held over his stomach. He lowered his head, as though he had just been caught chewing a mouthful of berries, then he walked forward and stood with us by the basket-shed door.

Everybody was looking so hard at Herbie they missed most of Bess Meyers' explanation about turning the tickets in for money on Saturday mornings. Herbie was listening to every word. He was shorter than anyone else there, by six inches, and had fine silky blond hair that hung in bangs on his forehead. His lips seemed painted on a white skin that stretched tight over the bones of his face, without the slightest trace of a tan. Often he lifted his straw hat, as if he was going to put it back on his head, but then only scratched the coarse weave a few times against his ear, and lowered it again. Everyone knew Herbie, and knew he wasn't twelve, or even eleven. Anyone could see that he wasn't old enough to pick – even if he was Bess Meyers' nephew.

Bess Meyers handed out ten stained quart berry boxes to each of us, including Herbie, and then she took off down the lane to the currant field at such a pace we had to trot to keep up. Herbie was marching right along behind her.

"Did you see the bike he came on?" Pat Burton said to anyone who was listening.

'A little girl's bike," said one of the twins, "not even as big's Sarah's old one."

"How's come she let him pick?" Tommy asked, dropping back alongside the Burtons. "He's only ten, I know that's all he is."

"He's a relation," Pat said, sneering. "He'll wish he wasn't though, I'll bet."

The Burtons seemed more friendly now, and Tommy and I walked along with them at the rear of the procession.

I could see the big yellow straw hat bouncing along up ahead, right back of Bess Meyers' behind. I didn't like him working with

us either, and I could see no one else did, especially Pat Burton who was keeping up a steady banter about boys who rode girl's bicycles being panty-waists. Herbie had been at our place once when his father came to see my dad about going to some meeting. My mom and I were on the porch and Herbie came up and sat down on the woven straw rug and began to play with the cat.

"I like yellow cats better'n black ones," he said, petting.

"Do you have a black cat, Herbie?" my mom asked.

"No." That was all he said.

"What color's your cat, Herbie?"

"Blue-green."

"He must be very pretty," my mom said, giving a little wink at me.

"Oh yes, he's beautiful – I like him better'n black ones," Herbie said.

He went on rubbing our yellow cat; first, backward, right out to the end of the tail, and then forwards again, up to the ears, leaving the fur standing in little clumps that buzzed like a wind-shaken oat field. I didn't even talk to him, because I didn't want anything to do with a little kid who talked about having a blue-green cat. He didn't try to talk to me either. When he left he jumped to the ground from the porch, missing the steps. He rolled over in the grass and lay still as if he was dead. Then he jumped to his feet like a rabbit, brushed his hair down over his eyes with both hands, and ran and got in the car ahead of his father, and lay down again on the seat. When the car pulled into the street, his head suddenly popped up at the window.

"Goodby sweet little yellow kitty-cat," he yelled. "I have to go home now."

At the currant field Bess Meyers gathered us in a group and said she was going to put three of us on a bush; when it was finished we were to go on the the next bush toward the east. She showed us new pickers how to snip the red clusters off by the stem with our finger nails. Then she told us about the poison spray that was on the berries and how we would get dreadfully sick if we should eat any. Pat, who was now our friend, whispered that it was only a trick, and to eat as many as we wanted, as long as we didn't get caught.

The rows of squatty green bushes were overgrown with milkweed, wild carrot, and timothy. Between the rows the ground was newly plowed and the furrows lay dark and firm. Bess Meyers named us in groups of three, and told us not to race with each other, and again, that we were not to eat the berries. I got a bush with Herbie and Sarah. Tommy was next to us with Pat Burton and an older girl with freckles who wore red shorts and didn't want to squat down in the high grass. Pat finally pulled her down and she laughed, brushing the furry beards of timothy away from her neck and legs.

Bess Meyers walked up and down the row, watching. She stood by our bush a long time, while Herbie's small white hands flew to the berry box and back. He paid no attention to her or to Sarah or me. Once Bess Meyers bent down and snipped a weed-hidden cluster from the bottom of the bush and dropped it into Herbie's box. Herbie looked up at her, then went on picking.

"Herbie, you can't miss any, now," she said. "You have to start down here," she pulled away the thick grass at the base of the bush and broke off another cluster, "and go right to the top, without skipping around – pulling off the big pretty ones first, and then forgetting some and leaving them to rot."

Herbie only made his fingers fly faster, while his wide blue eyes flicked up and down the bush and into the grass, trying to see everything at once. His box was almost full.

Bess Meyers yelled down the row to all of us: "I'm going to go back to the house now, and pretty soon I'll be back with the wagon to pick up the berries. When you fill a box, leave it by the bush." Then she was striding back up the lane toward the barns, swinging her arms and whistling, like a farmer boy, whose happiness is found around him, and under his feet, and over his head, as though nothing could exist except the perfumed air, the grassy lane, and the blue forever of the sky. When she had gone everyone relaxed, except Herbie.

There was still dew on the weeds and I could feel the dampness rub off on my legs. "You're going to get wet, Herbie," I said. I wanted him to stop picking so fast. I wanted to make him uncomfortable. But it was Sarah who stopped and stood up and stomped.

"I'm wet," she said timidly.

"You tired already?" her brother Pat called.

"My legs are wet," she repeated.

"Oh, sit down!" he said, and seeing little Herbie, unconscious of what was going on around him, he added, "Hey, Morton, where you think you're going so fast?"

Herbie didn't seem to hear.

"Hey, Herbie!" Pat yelled.

Herbie stopped picking and looked up, startled, as though he had suddenly realized we were there, as though he had been visiting in a world of his own where people didn't exist.

"Where do you think you're going in such a rush?"

"I'm filling my basket with berries," Herbie said.

"No kidding!" Pat said, looking around at us.

"You're going to get all wet, Herbie. See this–" I snapped a beard of timothy. The dew hit him in the face.

"It's like rain, isn't it?" Herbie said. One of the drops sparkled on his lower lip. He laughed and flicked it off with his tongue.

When we had picked the first bush we moved on to the next, leaving four full boxes; and Herbie and Sarah each carried a partially full one. But Herbie had barely covered the bottom of his, and Sarah had almost filled hers to the top. He didn't notice though, for at the second bush he found a hard, green beetle in the damp weeds. He raised it to his nose–and sniffed. "Like dead weasels," he said.

"Eat it, Herbie–they're good!" Sarah said.

I hoped he would, but he held it and let it crawl along his finger.

"It's a stink bug, Herbie. They're poison," I said.

He set it back on a weed and I thought he was going to cry–more from pity that such a pretty bug had to live as poison than fear for himself, who had touched it. Sarah took a clod of dirt, knocked the bug to the ground, and smashed it.

Herbie stared at the damp stain. "Where did it go?" he asked in amazement.

'I squashed him, he's poison," Sarah said. The clod was still in her hand and she tossed it into the dirt between the rows. I could see she was a little sorry, because she began to hunt for berries in a spot she had just picked clean.

But Herbie could not connect the spot with the beetle. As though he had not heard her, he said: "I guess he crawled away

into his hole. He's poison." And then he smiled at me, and I think he knew I had been lying.

The second bush had many withered currants and Herbie pulled each one off the ripe clusters before dropping them into his box. He put the dead ones in a pile on his lap and often he stopped to study one, turning it over and over between his fingers. Pat and Tommy and the freckled girl were a bush ahead of us, laughing, but picking steadily.

"Come on, Herbie," I said, "everybody's ahead of us. Quit playing and get to work." I was disgusted. I didn't want to be left behind because of a silly kid who was only working because he was a relative of the boss.

He had almost stopped picking now. Each cluster had to be judged. Some he placed in piles on his left and some on his right. From these he sometimes – after much study – choose one to go into the box. The pile of withered berries in his lap grew larger.

He held up a choice cluster of shining red berries. "If there's nobody bad here, they get to go on a picnic to the ledges and see the caves." He examined it closely. "Oh, oh, Jimmy cried and spit and was bad, so nobody can go today." He pulled away a brown berry and put it in his lap. "There was one bad boy, so nobody can go today." He put the cluster on the pile at his left. "But, tomorrow they can go, all except Jimmy, 'cuz he cried and spit and was bad. He can't go, ever, and neither can the other kids." He pointed to the pile on his right. Then he looked up and stared steadily at some point behind me, his eyes blank, waiting, and finally, after almost a minute, he smiled and picked up a cluster from the pile on his left. "All right," he said, holding it up to his face by the stem, "you can go now, but don't get lost or be runnin' off by yourselves – you hear." He laid them gently in the bottom of his box.

At noon when the sun had climbed high above our heads and Bess Meyers had brought the wagon we were two bushes behind the rest. Herbie had begun to poke his finger in his ear again, and Sarah told him he was lazy and a big baby for trying to get out of work with a pretend ear ache. He ignored her and began to scratch his ear with an empty berry box. I was too disgusted with him to say anything. I was trying to figure a way to get to pick with Pat and Tommy in the afternoon.

Bess Meyers and two boys carried the brimming red boxes from the bushes to the small wagon and soon the wooden floor was covered. We were not halfway done with our rows, and it was time to eat. There was a race for the house – twenty of us out-running the slow wagon, up the dirt hill behind the barns, and in a last charge, diving and falling across the back yard – and at the finish, leaning against the basket-shed, panting, unable to talk.

Pat walked around the yard, getting his wind while he fanned himself with his straw hat. Herbie didn't even race. He sat on the tailgate of the wagon, dropping withered berries off, one by one, on the lane behind him, talking to each one before he let it drop.

Tommy came up and asked if I was going to ride home and eat. I told him no – we wouldn't have time. Then he and I sat down under a maple tree, with our backs against the side of the basket-shed, and tried not to look hungry. But the twins gave us each a fried egg sandwich, and Sarah divided an orange for us. Pat and the freckled girl sat giggling by themselves on the grass by the bike rack. Herbie started toward us, after the wagon had stopped and he had climbed down, but his aunt came and talked to him and then he went into the house with her.

"Oh, no, don't let the cute little thing eat out here; the flies might get him, and we couldn't have that." Pat nudged the girl and they both laughed.

"I hope he stays in the house," I whispered to Tommy. "Is he a screwy dope! I wouldn't mind if he stayed there all day." We leaned back and took little bites from our egg sandwiches to make them last.

It was pleasant and cool in the shade, where glints of sunlight filtered through the thick maple leaves. A mother sparrow darted to her nest, beneath the eaves of the shed, directly above our heads. We could hear her talking softly to the young that were hidden in the shadows. Then she left them, swooping out into the light, through the maple limbs, over the house, and then back into sight again, high above the drive, circling, until she finally settled on one of the two electric wires that stretched from the house to the side of the barn. It swung gently with her weight.

Before Tommy and I had finished our orange Herbie came out the screen door by himself. He walked slowly to the bike rack and began to back out the silver bicycle. He kept his left hand against

his head, running the forefinger around the lobe of his ear, sometimes inserting it in the ear and poking it gently. He walked around Pat and the girl, ignoring them. As he brought the bicycle out Pat reached over and pushed it back in place.

"Where do you think you're going now, Herbie?" he said.

"I gotta go home." Again Herbie started to pull out the bicycle. He kept looking back at the side door of the house.

"Didn't pick enough berries, huh?" Pat said.

"My ear's funny," Herbie said, rubbing his finger behind his left ear. "Aunt Bess says she's got to take me home, and I don't want to leave my bike."

"Oh, and I'll bet you don't want to go home, do you?"

"No!"

Pat winked at the girl and then took hold of Herbie's arm and made him bend down. "What's funny about your ear; you mean 'cuz it's so big and floppy and red?" he spoke almost in a whisper.

Herbie leaned in the direction Pat pulled and spoke loudly. "It buzzes funny and hurts; a hummingbird thought it was a pretty flower and flew inside and can't get out, and he keeps pecking away, and it hurts." His finger was in his ear again.

"Your aunt tell you that, about the hummingbird, Herbie?" the freckled girl said.

"No, I felt him go in out in the field. I had one in there yesterday too, when I was playing at home. But he got out, and he didn't peck around so much." He made it sound so true, and his ear did look like a pale foxglove blossom.

"But you don't want to go home, Herbie," Pat said. "You want to pick raspberries with us!"

"I do want to pick berries! My dad said I could pick them, and he told Auntie Bess I was the best berry picker in the whole world, and she says so, too. But now I gotta go home because the hummingbird is here again, and she has to take me home when it comes – Dad said." Herbie trembled as he talked and his fingers touched the two yellow, six cent tickets pinned to one of his overall straps.

"I guess when you're ten you should only work half a day," Pat said to the girl, shrugging.

"I can pick berries forever and ever if I want," Herbie said. "And I can pick all day, too!"

"Well, why ain't you gonna pick, then, huh?"

"My aunt won't–"

"Tell her you want to – that your head don't hurt any more."

"But, it does hurt!" He twisted his finger around and around in his ear, as though trying to scratch at some terrible itch he could not reach. His lips opened, showing two rows of glass-white teeth clamped tightly together.

"Well, tell her it don't – if you really want to pick, that is."

The screen door slammed and Herbie looked toward the house and let go of the bicycle. Half out of the rack, it tipped, almost falling. His aunt had come from the side door with an armful of baskets. He ran to her. "Can't I pick, Aunt Bess? I'm not too little to pick, am I?"

She stopped and set the baskets down on the grass. Herbie stood facing her and she pushed a hand through his hair. Behind him, afraid to look up, we tried to find something to do with our hands and our eyes. Pat neatly folded the squares of wax paper that had held his sandwiches and put them, one by one, into his brown lunch bag. Tommy and I bit desperately into our empty orange peels.

When she finally spoke, it was to Herbie. "No, Herbie, you're not too young, but the hummingbird has come again, and I have to take you home. You know that now, Dear." There was a hesitation in her speech and I looked up. She was not looking at us, or even at Pat. She was staring blankly into the maple tree. She suddenly seemed very old.

"I want to pick, Aunt Bess. I want to pick berries. Let me pick, please! He's not pecking so much, now – please!" His voice was pleading, and his hand hesitated, as it started toward his ear, and fell back at his side. The thin, white fingers opened and closed.

"Herbie, you–" Her voice was pitched too high–it broke, and she coughed, and cleared her throat, and then started out calmly. "Yes, Herbie, you can pick. You can pick every day. You know you're the best picker I have." She looked down at his ruffled hair and flattened it gently forward under her palm. "You wait right here in the shade." Then she turned and hurried back into the house.

None of us spoke, except Pat, who said: "Well, I'm for a drink of water before we go back out there."

We followed him to the faucet at the side of the house. He used his hands as a cup, then he filled his straw hat with water and

let it drain out slowly through the crown. Suddenly, Herbie stood in our midst, waiting his turn. He kept tilting his head to the side as though trying to hear something on the end of his shoulder. His lips were paler than they had been in the morning, and they shaped words we could not hear. When his turn finally came we all stepped back. He drank from his small cupped palms – filled them, bubbling under the faucet, and then pressed them tightly over his mouth, letting most of the water run out between his fingers, down over his chin and the blue bib of his overalls. Again, he filled them – this time trying to carry the water to his ear, but it spilt over his shoulder. He tilted his head to the right and tried to pour from his empty hands. He grinned at the sky and filled his hands again; now wrapping them, wet, around his ear.

Pat watched, and then said: "Oh, now he's giving his bird a drink – that's nice."

"He's hot too," Herbie said. "He's hot and the water is cold; he's drinking it, standing in it, and now he's happy and singing."

"Hummingbirds don't sing," I said. "They hum."

"Yes they do – mine does! He's singing louder, too, and he's growing bigger." Then Herbie stopped talking to us, but his lips still moved – whispering to his hummingbird, or to himself, or to something we could not know. He walked away from us, across the lawn, and stood in the driveway. A bird flew in front of him, toward the barns, and he stared after it – still whispering.

We finished getting our drinks.

When Bess Meyers rushed from the house she saw Herbie was not with us. "Where is he?" she shouted, startled. "Where's Herbie – I have to take him home."

"He was right over there, in the driveway," I said – but then we saw him at the edge of the raspberry field.

He lay on his stomach in the high weeds. Bess Meyers sprang forward, calling his name. She dropped to her knees beside him, her hand stroking his back. Berry-stained fingers had left a reddish-purple crisscross pattern around his ear. His hand was a claw, digging at the ear, and we could see the blood dropping from the torn lobe. When his aunt lightly touched the other side of his head he groaned and covered both ears with his palms – and then, suddenly, he was still, and able to talk again.

Bess Meyers helped him to his knees. He knelt there, his head brushed by a lace of wild carrot and timothy; he knelt, staring at

his aunt's face while his finger traced a slow circle around his left ear, over and over again. Then the smile – the dazed, far away smile – drifted across his face and he spoke to her, "He's growing, Aunt Bess – big – and bigger and bigger. He's singing, too. He can sing, can't he? Hummingbirds can sing?"

"Yes – yes, he can sing, Herbie." Her arm tightened around his shoulder.

"He's a pretty song – green and blue and red. And he's going to fly now, fly away over the barns and the fields, and he's going to carry me with him – and he won't peck anymore, ever. The song is getting louder too – don't you hear it?"

"I hear it, Herbie – it's very beautiful."

"I like pretty songs," he whispered, "and pretty birds." He said other things in a voice we couldn't hear.

Bess Meyers lifted him to his feet and walked him to the car. "There won't be any more work today," she said to us. When we moved on to the lawn to let the car go by we saw Herbie's face pressed to the window and we knew he was hearing a song no one else could hear.

A junior from Connecticut, E. B. Chaney writes symbolically of a different dawn.

The Brightened Mirror

By E. B. Chaney

Death comes with the dawn,
The death of dreams . . .
The birth of death comes
Crawling to the prey,
Breathlessly.

With quiet tongues it licks
The faces of the dead,
With a smile
It lights the lovers,
Showing their fatigue,
Their disarray.

Softly,
Tantalizingly,
It lifts the veils of night . . .
The young artist turns,
Turns from his watch, and
Spits.

Death comes with the dawn
The death of black and grey,
The death of tempting equalness,
The death of tones of tones,
The birth of death comes
Crawling to its prey,
Breathlessly.

Lois Rowley, a sophomore from Cincinnati, writes perceptively of young adults in . . .

THE MOLTING SEASON

By Lois Rowley

As she turned to set down her martini Marcy noticed that the hem of her skirt was turned up showing its pale green lining. With a deft flick of Pink Pearl polished fingernails she unfolded it, letting the pink skirt fall into place over the hoop and crinolines. Aware that the large woman who stood beside her was watching her gesture, Marcy winked and said, "This must mean I'll get a letter tomorrow!"

The woman smiled. "That's such a charming superstition."

Marcy was so glad she had taken time to get a manicure. "Mrs. Greene, could you tell me of a good manicurist? You know, I think I miss my manicurist more than anyone else in Atlanta. My nails are such a sight. . . ."

The larger woman stopped gazing around the crowded room and glanced at Marcy's fingernails. "Why dear, you look as if you'd just had them done! I know how it is though, when you move. I'll bet you do miss all those people. When you live in a town for any length of time you get used to going to a certain person. . . ." Her eyes were wandering again – up and down and all around.

"But I'm beginning to feel at home in Cincinnati already. Everyone has been so kind."

"Well, I'm delighted to hear that. Say, will you excuse me, dear? I think someone is leaving. It was so nice talking to you."

Marcy watched her hostess squeeze her hefty shantung-draped form between two clusters of cocktail-laden people. She was wondering just what degree of society she was immersed in. Near debutante, she surmised. It distressed Marcy that she couldn't size people up immediately with the unerring accuracy that her mother

could. Mrs. Hammond could walk into a room of total strangers and in five minutes fit each one into his proper income bracket. Marcy guessed that her mother's knack had grown out of social necessity and boredom during twenty-five transient years with Admiral Roger Hammond.

In her own nineteen years' experience as a Navy daughter, Marcy had learned the importance of making a good first impression. She inconspicuously felt to see that her slip straps weren't peeping at the edge of her pink neckline, while a quick glance in the mirrored panel assured her that her ash-blonde hair was still smoothly compressed into a shining chignon. The same glance forewarned her of an approaching man.

Why did this kind always have to corner you when there were people you would like to corner? He was barely as tall as Marcy, blond and sallow, and, worse still, he looked like the type whose padded suits would conceal great hollows beneath the clavicle. At times like this Marcy could always hear her mother's reiterate warning before birthday parties, "Be nice to *all* the little boys, sweet, for the least promising in appearance often have the most attractive friends." She didn't want to be nice to this one, but habit compelled her to smile broadly.

"Hello, I'm Graden Edmonton and you're Marcy Hammond. You're here with a good friend of mine."

"I'm so glad to meet you, Graden. Did Dave tell you who I was?"

"Yes, I just passed him in the drawing room or whatever the hell that other room is. Excuse me. This house loses me every time. One night last year we all rounded in here after Ellie Hanover's party at Cincinnati Country Club. She made her debut last season. Anyway, we all ended up here at Bozzo Greene's at four in the morning." He was getting confidential. Marcy moved back a step on the pretense of picking up her martini. "Well, when we walked into the library what do you think?"

Marcy widened her eyes and shook her head slightly as Graden's question caught her in the middle of a sip.

"There were Mr. and Mrs. Greene, both totally bombed, sitting on the hearth in front of the fireplace in their evening clothes – roasting marshmallows!"

Marcy swallowed. "My word!" Graden was both drunk and impolite, but she could not help indulging in a mental picture, nor

would she forget to describe the incident to her mother in the morning.

Graden went on. "We barged right in before we saw them, but they didn't care. Mr. Greene had picked up an issue of a –uh– not a very nice magazine somewhere, and he was getting a real charge out of one of the cartoons. Finally Mrs. Greene asked me to go into the drawing room and bring her glasses from the leather-topped table. Well, I started out through the labyrinth with no idea where the drawing room was and . . ."

Marcy began to wonder where Dave Lundstrom was and whether or not he remembered bringing her to the party.

". . . When I finally found my date again she was sitting on Tyler's lap whispering that he shouldn't flick his cigarette ashes on Mrs. Greene's carpet. She'd been a pain anyway so I just let her sit there while I mixed myself a drink. Finally Jimmy had enough and – by the way – have you met Jimmy Tyler yet?"

"Wh-what? Who? Have I met who?"

"Jimmy Tyler. He lives here in Cincinnati, in Hyde Park. He's a real character. As I was saying, my date was sitting on his lap telling him not to flick his ashes on the carpet until finally he just shouted in her ear, 'Quiet, woman! or I'll drop this cigarette down the back of your dress!' You'd have to meet Tyler to appreciate it. He's a character."

"Where does he live in Hyde Park?"

"Beverley Hills Drive."

That was it. Marcy had thought that the name was familiar. The day before while she and her mother had been driving around Hyde Park with some friends, one of the women had pointed out a house on Beverley Hills Drive, mentioning that a prominent Cincinnati lawyer named Tyler lived there. "Well, isn't that strange! He must be a neighbor of mine. We just bought the house on the corner of Beverley Hills and Riverview."

"Oh, so your family bought the Blakely house? Well, Jimmy Tyler lives two blocks away from you. Say, you'll have to meet him. Where's Dave? We were thinking about dropping in on Jimmy after this is over, and I'm about ready to go now. These cocktail parties are only about half anyway. I'd really like you to meet Jimmy."

"Does he know you might come?"

"Oh, hell, we drop in on Tyler anytime. No women there to worry about. His dad's in Europe now. Great set-up. Lots of free food and alcoholic refreshment. To tell the truth I'm flat this weekend. I had to make some major repairs on my boat. We smashed it up cutting the wake of a barge on the river last Saturday. Where's Dave? Look, you wait here while I find your date and my date and we'll move the group to Tyler's for a few laughs."

"Fine," Marcy said. "I'll just finish this martini." Marcy set her empty glass containing the smooth unruptured olive on an ornate silver tray and began to visually browse among the faces of the young people in the room. So far, Dave's crowd seemed like a pretty good starting point. It was fortunate that her mother had had the connection.

Marcy caught sight of Dave's stocky figure and big red bull neck. He was talking to someone in blue lace. Marcy thought that he might have stayed with her a little more, but then, she didn't really care. She had met plenty of people and besides she felt a little better about drinking martinis when she wasn't being watched over by the son of a family friend.

Dave turned around and started across the room toward Marcy. His square face had grown ruddier and he flushed still more when she met his gaze. They had played together many years before, when both families had lived near each other in Westport. It was strange to be thrown back together in the middle of their college days. He grasped her elbow. "I'm sorry to have left you like this, Marce. I got involved with Graden's date." Dave was steering her toward Mrs. Greene.

As she passed through the bright maze of men and women, Marcy thought how much the room resembled a jungle full of brilliantly feathered tropical birds and tall loose-jointed apes all of which chattered, cheeped, and guffawed incessantly. Not that Marcy didn't enjoy the vibrant atmosphere. As she brushed skirts and arms gently in passing, she thought how well she felt there.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Greene," Dave was saying. The hostess put out both plump soft hands and Marcy grasped them in her long slender ones. Just like holding warm dough rolled in flour, she thought. "It's been a lovely party, Mrs. Greene. A perfect introduction to Cincinnati. I've been telling everyone how charming you've made my first week-end here."

Mrs. Greene's big bosom heaved with a deep breath that seemed to refresh her wilting smile. "I think it's dear of you to say that.

Really, I'm just delighted to have had the opportunity. I love your mother, Dear. I met her this afternoon, you know. Do say hello for me and tell her that I'll be hurt if both she and her beautiful daughter don't pay me a visit some afternoon. Tell her I'll call her, Dear."

"I know she'll be most happy, Mrs. Greene."

"Come again, both of you."

The air was cool when the young couples walked outside. It was a fresh spring night, black and sprinkled with clean bright stars. At first it was hard for Marcy to see and she let Dave hold her arm going down the stony driveway past the line of parked cars. That was another nice thing about Dave. His parents had given him a yellow Lincoln Capri for graduation. It was a year old now, but still sleek and luxurious.

Dave opened her door and Marcy gave him a flash of lime-colored lining as she stepped into the car. Mother had always believed that when a lady got into a car she should divert a gentleman's attention from the ungraceful motion of leg-swinging and seat-sliding by some small ruse like making a witty remark, or perhaps just smiling up at him. Marcy had developed several variations on the theme.

Dave closed her door leaving Marcy in that temporary vacuous solitude which always lent itself to a quick evaluation of the date. He was nice, she decided, for her purpose, but definitely not the type that attracted her. As Dave slammed his door shut and slid the key into the ignition, Marcy decided that she certainly couldn't stand too many evenings watching his neck get redder and redder like a big alcohol barometer.

Marcy had decided something else during the evening. She might as well meet this neighbor boy and find out early in the game whether he was obnoxious or interesting. "I understand we're going to visit one Jimmy Tyler now."

"Oh, did Graden mention it? Yes, we thought that might be a good move at this point. You'll get a charge out of Jimmy. I don't know why he wasn't at the cocktail party. You can never tell about him though. Sometimes he's all for a party and other times he gets on a big intellectual kick and doesn't talk to a girl for months. Just shuts himself up in the house and reads or listens to records. He has shelves covering half of the living room wall just to hold his record collection; it's worth a small fortune. He has everything

from Mozart to Louis Armstrong. Those early Armstrong records are jazz collector's items now, you know. Well, he has all of them, and when his parties really get going, he puts on these fabulous LP's of authentic African congo drums that his dad recorded while he was on a safari last year. The stuff drives you wild."

"Maybe he'll play them tonight if we ask him," Marcy said.

"Better watch it! After about four of Tyler's highballs they start plying on your animal instinct," Dave grinned at her quickly as he turned down a winding street. The houses were sumptuous, solid and austere, each set apart from the others by wide rolling lawns. "Look, Marcy, I don't know how you'll like Jimmy and I can't be sure who we'll find there. He has all kinds of friends. Ah, I hardly think you'll find anyone offensive, but sometimes – well, to be quite frank it wasn't my idea to bring you here. If my finances were in better shape I'd like to show you the sky line from the cocktail lounge in the Terrace Plaza, or take in a show at a night club in Newport, but as it is –"

"Oh, Dave, that's perfectly all right. Since you've all been describing Jimmy Tyler so vividly, I just have to meet him and see if he's really so unusual."

Dave pulled into a long driveway. "Well, I'm glad to see you're game."

The grey stone house was old and even in the dark exuded an air of spacious solidity. Dave pulled on the emergency brake and walked around the car to open Marcy's door. "It hardly looks as if a party's in progress!" She noted the single light shining in the right wing. Marcy knew he was looking at her foot as she set her pink silk pump down on the cement of the driveway. Her ankles had a nice curve when she wore spike heels, but as she stood up next to Dave she wished that he were a little taller. "What do you suppose he's doing in there? Reading up on savage lore in *National Geographic?*"

Dave laughed. "You never know. That light looks as if its coming from the dining room. He's probably eating mangoes over the *New Yorker.*"

As they reached the stone steps leading up to the front walk from the driveway, two more cars pulled in behind the Lincoln. Car doors slammed and several couples emerged into the night behind Marcy and Dave. They all trouped up the steps double file and someone near the back shouted, "Open up, Tyler, or you're under siege!"

Dave need not have bothered pressing the bell. Graden was serenading the entire neighborhood with a lusty baritone version of an unidentifiable drinking song. No sooner had they all had attained the porch than a light illuminated them and the door opened revealing Jimmy Tyler. He was tall, good-looking with a square jaw covered by a blue shadow of beard. Arrayed in baggy grey slacks and a white T shirt, he stood at the door jingling the ice cubes in the tall drink which he held in one hand, and lowered his eyebrows at the group. "I might have known. God damn it, get in here, all of you! You can help my date dry dishes."

Marcy hesitated. She hardly knew whether to act as surprised as she was or toss off a sophisticated laugh. As it was, she had no time to do either before she felt herself being literally lifted over the threshold by the elbow. When Jimmy Tyler released her arm he herded her to one side, "Don't stand there blocking the parade... just stand over here next to me and watch them pour in."

Dave was slightly annoyed. "James, this young lady has just moved into the Blakely house. She's my guest for this evening and I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't make yourself obnoxious to her until she gets used to your sense of humor."

Jimmy leveled a piercing gaze at his friend. "Did you come over here to pay me the $200 you owe me, David?"

"Hell, no! I came for a drink!"

They both laughed and Dave said, "Marcy, this is Jimmy Stuart Tyler, Jr. Jimmy, this is Marcy Hammond, the Rear Admiral's daughter. Her father is retiring here in Cincinnati."

"Well, it's nice to have you aboard. I hope the skipper doesn't mind a little amplified jazz in the night. Every once in a while I really get a bird and pipe the Hi-Fi out in the garden for an all-night party. No one comes right out and says it, but I think that's why the Blakely's struck out for the quiet prairie.

Marcy was attracted to men like Jimmy Tyler. She beamed up at him. "I'm sure Daddy won't mind. He likes a party as well as anyone. But, tell me, did you say you were – ah – entertaining a date? We didn't know –"

Jimmy laughed. "Yes, we just polished off a couple of T-bones. She's out in the kitchen scouring pans. My father and I affect women that way. They love to clean us up."

Marcy was curious to see what type of girl appealed to Jimmy Tyler, but she controlled her eagerness. Everyone else had already

begun pulling record albums out of the wall, and Dave had busied himself with swinging the phonograph out of its gleaming console. Jimmy's offer, "What can I fix you all to drink?" went unheard by the group with the exception of Marcy, who stood apart from the others not quite sure whether to join them or pursue her conversation with Jimmy.

He quickly solved her dilemma. "Well, pink lady," he grinned, allowing himself to be impressed with the total effect of her outfit from earrings to shoes, "if you will follow me into the kitchen, I'll introduce you to my industrious date and mix you your choice of my cocktail recipes."

The route led through the dining room. Although poorly lit by a dusty crystal chandelier which hung over the heavy rectangular table, the room clearly bespoke the masculine utilitarianism of the bachelor life it served. Marcy's eye lingered on the silver service, the only feminine object in the room; it reigned amid dinner crumbs on the white damask cloth. As they approached the kitchen, Marcy began to wonder just what sort of an evening she and her new friends had interrupted.

The girl looked up when Marcy and Jimmy entered the room, but continued to dry a large pan with a damp blue sponge as she returned Marcy's stare wordlessly.

Jimmy took the pan out of her hands and set it down. "Stella, this is Marcy Hammond. Marcy, this is Stella Gerscheski."

Marcy winced under her breath. The smile she forced belied her thoughts. This was the least of her expectations. Stella looked more Italian than Slavic. She was short and small-boned with thick dark hair that reached her shoulders. Her olive skin was smooth and seemed almost transparent where it stretched over the bony hump of her sharp nose. Grey eyes continued to stare expressionlessly at Marcy, giving her whole face the stony visage of one who realized that she should be impressed, but wasn't.

Marcy could not help staring at Stella's tight black corduroy toreador pants and black and white striped shirt with the tails tied in a snug knot around her tiny waist. "Why she's cheap," thought Marcy, "and she's out of place in this house." It irritated some basic instinct within her to see this girl who was so obviously the type you saw in the half-light of morning waiting at bus-stops—clutching her plastic purse in one hand and her cheap flowered silk headkerchief under her chin with the other – to see that girl being the woman in the Tyler house.

"Marcy, what would you like?" Jimmy held open the door to the liquor cabinet.

His question snapped her back. "Oh—uh—bourbon is fine."

Jimmy extracted four bottles, setting them one by one beside each other on the bar that split the large kitchen into two areas.

Stella opened the drain letting the greasy water gurgle out of the sink. As she wiped the porcelain, Jimmy reached over the bottles and, grasping her suddenly about the waist, boosted her up onto the bar. He startled her so that she dropped the sponge, but she caught it on one petite ballerina slippered foot where she balanced it long enough to bend down and retrieve it. "And what can I brew for you in my big rusty cauldron?" he murmured in her ear. "Perhaps some toad warts and the juice of a juniper berry."

Stella interrupted him with a wry smile, "Easy, Helios, or you'll turn me into an ugly monster with long hair all wound around a telephone pole."

"Exactly! And then I'll kiss you like this –"

"And transform me? Thank you just the same. I'm happy the way I am, Sir Knight." Stella slid down from her perch and turned abruptly to face Marcy.

Caught staring by the object of her interest, Marcy quickly looked away and moved around the end of the bar. As she brushed past a drawer, her hoop caught on the knob, tilting it at an unseemly angle. Marcy was humiliated. Her fingers trembled as she tried to release it, but finally Stella kneeled down and after examining the situation, lifted the wire frame off the knob. Jimmy broke the uncomfortable silence with a deep peal of laughter. "God, girl, what have you on under that? An umbrella? I can see that a kitchen is no place for bouffance. Forgive me for luring you out here. Now, I'll mix you a drink and you go entertain my friends in the living room. See that they don't disassemble my Hi-Fi."

Marcy was at a loss for witty repartee for the first time in her life. She just wanted to leave the room by the most expedient means. She laughed and murmured a thank you before she turned and walked gracefully out of the kitchen into the dining room.

Marcy paused to breathe deeply and to lean over the polished buffet for a peek in the decorative mirror which hung above it on the wall. Smiling a winning smile at the image before her, she smoothed her hair and stroked the fine arch of her eyebrow with a fingertip. She wished that this embarrassing incident hadn't occurred in front of Jimmy Tyler, and even more that his little Italian

hadn't witnessed the whole affair. Oh, but why worry about it? Marcy had read at the age of twelve that the first sign of a woman's character were her hands and her eyes. Since then, with the gifts of nature and the aid of manicurists and an eye-lash curler, Marcy had made quite a success of her character. She certainly could out-charm, outwit, and generally out-maneuver any Stella Ger-what-ski. Marcy supposed that she should pity the girl. Perhaps she would have, had Stella shown a little humility. As it was, she had simply stood there and looked at Marcy with that grey level stare. Marcy decided, as she started toward the living room, that whatever the girl suffered in comparison with herself was her just dessert.

Voices rising in the kitchen stayed Marcy's foot. She paused and moved back to her former position.

"Please try to be nice to them, Stella. I didn't invite them, and I guess they've ruined a quiet evening, but they're here. And they are my friends."

"Friends, hell. They come over here and drink your liquor and break your records and amuse themselves with your wit – for what? Jimmy, I told you I'd come and have dinner with you tonight on one condition. That I wouldn't have to put up with this gang of–of–"

"I know, I know, but what do you want me to do? Throw them out? I can't–"

"Oh, Jimmy, I understand that; you're your father's son and–"

"When you turn your face up like that I could be tempted to forget that–and all the rest."

"Why don't you? None of it's worth a whole lot. What you need more than anything in the world is–"

"What I need is a wife and to get the hell away from here. But I can't afford it. If I'm ever going to set up a law practice in Cincinnati, it won't be entirely on my father's name. I need Graden and his family and – well, you've got to be practical. This is a realistic world."

"All right. I'm no idealist. Do you think climbing out of bed at 5:30 every morning to catch a bus to a sticky office where I break my nails on a typewriter for $55 a week is the kind of life that makes you believe in good fairies? Well, it doesn't. It makes a stupid person into a machine and an intelligent person into a cynic."

"But Stella."

"Let me finish. You see, what's important to me is that I don't have to be nice to anybody for the $55. I'm the mistress of my

typewriter and if it upsets me I can damned well spit on the space bar if I feel like it."

"Well, I'm not asking–"

"Look, Jimmy, I don't get a chance to relax and have a good think all week long. Why should I purposely go into a room full of drunks on a Saturday night and sit and talk to some little fraud in hoop-skirts pretending either that I'm something I'm not or that I'm ashamed of what I am?"

Marcy gripped the edge of the buffet until she realized that she was digging her nails into the lustrous mahogany finish.

"Stella, I don't know what to say. If it wouldn't hurt anybody but me I'd marry you and take off for some little town in Utah where nobody knew me."

Stella interrupted. "No, Jimmy. You wouldn't be happy."

"Oh, I know it." Jimmy's voice cracked. "Stella, I love you. I love you enough to say to hell with Cincinnati's debutante crowd and to hell with pull and to hell with almost everything. It won't be easy, Stella, but we could work it out if only you'd give a little."

She spoke softly. "Give a little, Jimmy? I guess you don't realize how much you're asking. You know, it's really for the better that this happened tonight. If we had spent one more evening sitting out on the terrace in the dark, talking, laughing – Jimmy, when I'm leaning my head on your arm and listening to the things you believe, I can't see things the way they really are. It's been such a wonderful winter."

"Look, Stella, you're getting a little ahead of me. It's been a great winter and a great spring and as far as I'm concerned it's a great life all the way around. I'm certainly not going to let a thing like this break me up completely. So it ruined an evening. Maybe it's ruined a couple before. I'm sorry. I'll tell the gang next time not to drop in."

"Jimmy, this one instance wouldn't make that much difference in itself. It's just that it's made me see us the way we are altogether. What I mean is, you can't divorce a man's thoughts from his way of life. And even if you could – Jimmy, my things are beautiful to me and your things are beautiful to you."

"And you're beautiful to me because I love you. I love you because you're different from all these–"

"That's just it, Jimmy. This evening has made me see it. You may love me a little for myself, but I think you love me mostly be-

cause I'm different, because I have something that neither you nor your friends can ever have."

"Stella, don't–"

"You'll understand tomorrow. In the meantime, do you know what I'm going to do right now?"

There was a shuffling sound like the gathering up of things.

Stella spoke again. "I'm going to go out the back door and walk down to the corner and catch a bus home. When I get there I'm going to write a long letter to that Italian soldier you met last fall. He's in Austria right now running around with women, but he wants to marry me when he gets home. He's Catholic but he promised he wouldn't have me pregnant every ten months, and I'd just as soon raise my brood Catholic as anything else. I know how it is not to have any religion and I want my children to believe in some sort of God."

"Stella–"

"And do you know what you're going to do? You're going to kiss me good-by and open this door for me. And then you're going to close it and take those drinks into the living room and make your friends feel at home. And why don't you ask that charming blond for a date? She's not really bad underneath the top layer. She'll jump at the chance because she walked in here beaming like Cleopatra rowing down the River Cydnus."

"Wait, Stella, wait until I can think! I–"

"Good night, Jimmy."

There was a silence and the opening and the shutting of the door. Marcy leaned against the wall as if she were a part of the wallpaper. She listened to the unscrewing of a bottle and the glug-splash of liquor being poured out of a bottle into a glass. At the sound of the empty glass being placed on the bar, Marcy tore herself away from the wall and ran into the living room toward the safety of the colorful cluster of chattering forms sorting black discs around the console. She stood on the periphery, pressing her hands against her head. Her brain felt as if it had been rudely upended, spilling a tumbling jumble of thoughts into a cavity, like chicken noodle soup into a bowl.

Jimmy confronted them all quietly, but something in his posture made the talking stop. "Would you all please leave?"

Silence followed, but soon a voice shaky with alcohol broke in, "Hell, Tyler, we came for a party! Never saw you throw out a friend

before he's had a drink!" The girl in blue lace put her hand on Graden's arm, but before she could speak, Marcy felt herself step forward. "I really think we should call it a night. It's getting late."

Driving along in the car beside Dave, Marcy was still in a daze. She arranged her skirt unconsciously. Suddenly they passed under a street light and something about the way the beam of light shone on her hands caused her to look at her nails more closely; to clench them tightly in folds of her skirt that glowed equally grey under light that shone brighter than day.

Graduating senior Nancy McBride records in free verse a college . . .

HOLIDAY

By Nancy McBride

Ding dong, over the world we go–
Off to somewhere, no where, anyhow,
Steel wheels grind out
Rickety rhythms on the rail.
What a noise we make–
Faster, takes your breath away;
Hurry up.

There's not much time to get away,
Good food – sharpens up the appetite –
Ski and skate on a mountain top,
Private sunsets on the snow,
Cheap at thrice the price.
Come all, pay out, join the fun:
Somehow.

Ding dong, cocktails in the lounge car–
Luxury (it's reasonable).
You need a rest to set the world up-right;
Look – the sun, it disappears;
The fire is out – but here, have one,
And pull the shade;
The new moon stares at me tonight:
We'll be there – somewhere – in the morning . . .
Hurry up, somehow.

Barbara Haupt, freshman from Indianapolis, journeys overseas to sketch her . . .

PORTRAIT OF A GRANDFATHER

By Barbara Haupt

"Katarina, we are either men or mice, but only the mice stay alive," said my grandfather.

Grandmother reflected. "Yes, and not only the mice, but the children of the mice, too, Johannes. Remember that. Wilhelm's courage doesn't make it any easier for Emma to bring up the little ones alone."

It was the dilemma of the times. My grandparents' neighbor had dared to speak publicly against the Nazi regime; and the following morning his body was found in the water under the dike, a hole in the back of his head. "Suicide," said the Free Press. His wife, left to bring up the eight children, swallowed her bitterness and accepted the galling monthly pittance of a "widow's pension."

Grandfather thought of Wilhelm's family and remembered other cases – cases in which a man was not assassinated for his mistake, but left alive to see his family tortured. Grandfather thought of his own family – and compromised.

"I think of what might happen to you, Katarina, and the children, and I keep my mouth closed," he said, like millions of other German fathers. "But I feel like a mouse." Still, Grandfather is not really made of submissive stuff. When it was dangerous to vote against Hitler in the false "free" elections, Grandfather did so, even though he knew that his vote would be included in the "unanimous" pro-Nazi vote. When listening to any foreign radio station was forbidden by the Nazi regime, under threat of arrest by the omnipresent Gestapo, Grandfather gathered his family around the tiny portable at three o'clock in the morning to listen to the muffled undertones of BBC. And when all German homes were commanded to dial in to Hitler's broadcast speeches, Grandfather turned on the radio full blast – and took his family to the movies.

My grandparents live in the small German seaport town of Husum, where my mother was born. Husum lies on the Danish border in the part of Schleswig-Holstein once known as Friesia, the home of probably the last Teutonic tribe to retain its independence. Always stubborn individualists, the Friesians lived in medieval times by the tradition of "Death before slavery," and resisted the influx of Christian missionaries until a very late date. They persistently refused to adopt the nationality of Denmark and Prussia though both alternately annexed the little country in more recent times. My great-grandfather Hans Carstens sent most of his sons to America, determined that the Carstens should not submit to the Prussian government and serve in the army of the Kaiser. His thirteenth son, Johannes, who is my grandfather, is the product of this Friesian tradition.

Typically Nordic in appearance, Grandfather is tall and slim and fair, with light blond hair, now white, and clear blue eyes at once intelligent and childlike. He talks with animation and enthusiasm and, being very sensitive, is easily excited, irritated, or made happy, by things which scarcely affect other people. Listening to the lovely strains of a Bach cantata over the radio, Grandfather is lost to the world; yet no one must disturb him by so much as turning a page in the same room. He is terribly annoyed when some article that he is looking for has been misplaced, and he early became the victim of the practical joking of his still pre-school-aged children. Often when he came home from work and, trying to hang up his overcoat, found the closet bare of hangers, he would call out in vexation, "Kateri-na! My kingdom for a coat hanger! Those children have hidden them all again."

But Grandfather's sensitiveness has more pleasant aspects than unpleasant ones, and he really loved his children. My mother recounts the long dark winter evenings of her childhood, when Grandfather played his violin for his three children, awakening in them an appreciation of good music which has never left them. During the afternoon the Carstens' house became a music conservatory, emitting the mingled blaring, squeaking, and screeching made by trumpet, flute, and violin novices – the three Carstens children. And often in the middle of night three drowsy little Carstens were gotten out of bed by their father to view an eclipse or just an unusually beautiful night sky; and, like their many generations of Friesian ancestors, they stood in awe at the mystery of midnight sun and northern lights.

Like most Germans, Grandfather likes to hike. The communion with nature which he experiences, hiking through the beautiful German forests and along the North Sea coast, is to him a religious experience. At one time when he and the children were hiking together, they came upon a giant anthill. "Kathy, Hilda, Gerhard – look," said Grandfather, with a gentle sweep of his foot upsetting the whole anthill. "Now watch closely." In seconds hundreds of busy worker ants were scrambling up through the sand. "Each little ant is doing his part – you see how already they have tunnels going down in? – and soon the hill will be just as good as ever." The children watched round-eyed as a drama of a highly organized and co-operative society unfolded before them.

One of Grandfather's simpler hobbies is one which has tried Grandmother's patience for years: his habit of marking with a red pencil the grammatical mistakes in every letter sent by her sister from Copenhagen. "Look, Katerina," he teases, "Frieda is really improving. She's just discovered that the German language has definite articles. Maybe next time she'll even get some of the genders right!" The whole family needs patience when Grandfather pursues his language studies. "Just listen to this," he may begin, looking up from his copy of *"Spoken Danish"* (bought so that he can learn to read the interesting Danish newspapers); and Grandfather is off on an enthusiastic dissertation on some point of Danish grammar, naively believing that everyone else is as fascinated as he is.

Grandfather's affinity for languages showed itself in his early childhood. As a young man he wanted to become a professor of modern languages, but unwillingly became a bookkeeper when his domineering father declared resolutely that no son of his would live on a teacher's starvation salary. Yet Grandfather, who has never been materially ambitious, could not really conform; and he still made language his life – the real life that came after work hours. Eagerly he devoured newspapers, magazines, and books in English, French, Danish, Spanish, and German and built up a stimulating correspondence in each of these languages. In his later years he has been delighted to find the same interest develop in his only grandchild, and he writes to me enthusiastically in English, German, and Spanish.

Languages are tied up with people, and one who loves the one is usually equally fascinated by the other. The time Grandfather

brought a confirmed Communist home to dinner, eyebrows rose sharply around the neighborhood and even Grandmother was shocked. Grandfather and the Communist enjoyed a stimulating discussion, vigorously disagreed with one another, and parted friends. On the other hand, when the more tediously dull among the Carstens' relatives and neighbors drop in and overstay their welcome, Grandfather's honesty makes him rude. "I have to write a letter now. I do hope you'll excuse me," he often says to one or another of these tiresome visitors, and promptly takes up pen and ink.

We still receive letters from Grandfather as frequently as ever, but now that he is seventy-five his handwriting is less firm. There are more enclosures too. Last spring Grandfather sent newspaper photos of the hundreds of crocuses pushing their sturdy heads through the snow in the Husum public park – crocuses planted five hundred years ago by the first Catholic monks. Another picture was that of a flock of gulls, circling gracefully over the North Sea breakers. And pressed in a letter this summer was a spray of heather, violet and faintly fragrant. The fact is, Grandfather is lonely for his daughter far away in America, and he knows how to make my mother homesick. Independent though he is, he wants to see all his children once again.

Fate and Grandfather's own wisdom and values have joined to give him a satisfying and happy old age. He works every day in his vegetable garden, getting hearty exercise and supplying his family with a simple, healthful diet. He still plays his violin and goes to the weekly symphony with Grandmother, enjoys his foreign correspondence and literature, and hikes at least two hours a day with Grandmother. And best of all, he is able to satisfy his undying curiosity about an ever-new world and express himself openly under a German republic where he is free to be himself.

Editor Sally Falch brings us another tense story of vacationing youth.

THE BREAKING POINT

BY SALLY FALCH

It was a little after ten on a Cape May summer morning, a morning exactly like some thirty previous mornings, for the sun had fought the haze and come out an intolerant victor. The tide-smoothed rocks shed their veneer of dawn dampness unwillingly and Jan sensed an equal rock-like lethargy. Having leaped and skated across some hundred rocks she was content to stand and watch a small sea bird that promenaded with the tide. With one hand she shielded her face from the sun and with her other she clutched the sweat-corroded handles of a striped beach bag and the bottom rungs of an ancient beach chair.

She sensed her smallness, browned legs and shoulders separated by a white and clover dotted swim suit, bloomer style; her hair enveloped by a crew-hat, its whiteness relieved by scattered seaweed smears; and green Garbo sunglasses that followed the arch of her very dark eyebrows and threatened to slide down her cold-creamed nose. Her hand set the glasses in place and the sea bird vanished. She stared at its vanishing point, then shifted her eyes to calculate the sun. Deciding on a shallow rock trough designed to catch the sun, she put down her bag and unraveled her beach chair. It squatted with five feet on a tilted rock, the sixth protruding over a small basin-like scoop still filled with unevaporated brine. Carefully she slid into the chair.

In the sun's varnish her body became statue-like except for an arm that groped in the beach bag. Slowly, it emerged with a rumpled, paperbound copy of "1919." Crane-like, the arm arose to lower its catch on her bloomered lap, then reached up and pushed her sunglasses back against her nose.

The drying rocks parched to a pearl hue, and off the jetty the flamingo-feathered Sightseer appeared and grew large, its gaudiness accentuated by the costumes of those crowding its decks. Jan lifted her green-hazed eyes to watch, then glanced down at the book. On the fly-leaf she read, "To Jan from Bob Dos Passos, Spring, 1955." She frowned and the glasses slipped down again. "Damn these glasses and damn him," she muttered.

"It is impossible," he had said when giving her the book, "to read this masterpiece dispassionately." Not, "I hope you like it" or even "I think you'll like it." Just bland assurance that she would. Maybe she had already read it. Bob would never know. He would never ask her. His ridiculous assumption of the author's name was another charge she would like to convict him on – his casual claiming of the book, just like everything else in life, as his own.

The bobbing cork that was the sea bird returned, and as Jan watched, it dived and surfaced with its fish. Her eyes dropped to her book and again she heard Bob's words the night he left for Europe.

"Well, Honey," he said, "you ought to have plenty of time on your hands, so read your book. That ought to keep you busy for awhile. When you finish it you'll want to read some more of his stuff. He's really good."

Nothing about how he was going to miss her or how much he loved her – just read a book. Of course she would. Of course she was going to spend a whole summer at the shore reading books – books he had picked out so she could converse with him and his friends.

"Little did you know," she said to the image of Bob's face floating before her in the water, "little did you know, my friend, what a passion-piece this book could be. This book has become a symbol – an absolute symbol of you and me and the bogus relationship we've had."

In the brightness of a ten o'clock sun it was easy for Jan to be objective, to see that every minute they had spent together had been one-sided – his side. He thought everything in life had been put there for his amusement – college, fraternities, the summer, and her.

He had been very careful when he pinned her. "This is just for now – right?" he asked. "No permanent strings attached, OK?" And because he was so near and said those words so gently, she said yes. What he said made no difference. She wanted the pin

because she wanted him. The conditions she could ignore, because in the back of her mind was the naive thought that the pin could only make things better.

He had never been unfaithful, in the usual way. She had never had to worry about other girls. It wasn't that other girls weren't crazy about him, but he accepted female attention as his just reward and was calloused to it. It was just that she had never held first place in his mind. How many week nights all winter long she sat in the dorm while other girls, pinned and otherwise, went out for study dates, coffee dates, and to early movies. But not her. He had always regarded her as week-end fun. From Monday until Friday she sat alone in her room, planning all the things she would say to him when she saw him again. But when Friday came and she went down to the lounge to meet him, she saw only his smile upon her as she walked toward him – his smile and his all-over innocent hungry-to-see-you look.

And they had wonderful times. Fabulous week-end trips, plays instead of movies, swimming at mid-night, thirty straight rides on a roller-coaster, champagne when others were drinking beer – and she loved it. That she had not been included in the planning of these flights to the Land of Fitzgerald never really mattered – until she thought about it later.

She'd lie in bed in some hotel on one of their week-end escapades as the sun lighted a wholly unfamiliar room and ask herself what she was doing there. Guilt swept in slowly with the tide of day after Bob's greater power was gone. She'd think of her mother and how utterly appalled she would be. She wanted to talk it over with Bob, but was afraid. The thought that he might not understand terrified her. Twisting and turning, she couldn't stay in bed. But by the time she was standing at the mirror putting on lipstick the mirror would reveal only frivolous shining eyes, her eyes that weren't her own because in a few minutes they would be seeing Bob again.

Then she'd go down to the hotel dining room to meet him for breakfast and he'd smile and say, "Frivolous, you look great. You know, that's what I like about you. When I left you four hours ago, I never dreamed this vision of loveliness could appear at the breakfast table. Your recuperative powers, my dear, are amazing." And they would sing all the way back to school.

"Stop it, Jan," she said to herself. "Stop it, or the sea you sail will run neurotic."

The Sightseer was again passing the jetty on its return trip. From the next pier came three sharp blasts of the rescue signal. As Jan watched, the beach awakened. Sun-browned forms like elves sprang from under the distant toadstools. Jan sat up and squinted at the maze of multi-colored bathing suits that stumbled across the rocks. But the hurrying shapes slowed and then turned to make their way back to their towels and portable radios.

"That makes four false alarms in the past two days," she said to herself and lowered her chair another notch. She picked up "1919" and took out her bookmark – a letter from Bob. It was the third she had received since he boarded the Queen Elizabeth two months and fifteen days ago.

The envelope was marked "Par Avion," and the letterhead showed a hotel crest – a marvelous horse's head sprouting out of a crown. Jan reread the sea-smeared lines:

Dear Frivolous,

Just a note to let you know my plans after hitting New York, which is on Aug. 2.

As I understand it, we get in sometime in the morning after declaring foreign goods on Ellis Island. I plan to see about transportation to Cape May as soon as possible, and I don't see any reason why I shouldn't be able to get there that evening.

I will have to borrow some money from you until I get home as my roll has dwindled from a vast fortune to next to nothing. But what the hell, how many times do you go to Europe?

I'll tell you about the last part of the trip when I see you. Love, Bob

She was dressed in her tan-revealing black sheath on the evening of the second when she received his telephone call from Philadelphia. Before she had picked up the receiver she had known what she would hear. "How many times will this have to happen before I learn?" she asked herself. "Promises fall from his mouth as easily as wags from a dog's tail, and mean just as little."

"Why aren't you–?" she began when she picked up the phone.

"Hi, Frivoli," he shouted into her ear. "Listen, Baby, I'm as sorry as hell, but I don't think I'll be able to make it tonight. I met this guy I prepped with about six years ago – well, you know how those things go, a few beers and anyway he convinced me I ought to stay over in Philly for the night. So, I'll see you tomorrow or so, OK?" Then came a breath-drawing pause and then he added, "You're not mad or anything, are you?"

He's as sorry as hell–, she thought, –he's as sorry as hell – which isn't sorry at all.

"No," she said into the phone, "I understand. I'll see you tomorrow then – Bye."

She stood by the phone fingering her dress. Why don't I get mad at him when he pulls tricks like this. But no, she mimicked herself: "I understand."

Then she ran upstairs to do the impossible – explain Bob's actions to her roommates. And after they had gone in a slither of gossip at the door, she wept. She awoke the next morning with the thought that had finally put her to sleep. Europe was enough. Two years had already been too long for this fiasco.

She waited an hour for the train from Philadelphia.

"Whose oven did you crawl out of?" he exclaimed as he came to her and spun her at arm's length. "Why you're a veritable sungoddess. It's good to see you, Frivoli. I've missed you, you know that? And how's everyone doing this summer at Cape May, may I ask?"

"Every–everyone's having a wonderful time," she said.

"And we're standing here–Come on!" he said. And off they went to begin a better time than most. For money they squandered her best tip of the season–she had received it only that night at dinner. They went to Henri's, a little bar across from the hotel, and for once Bob talked as though she had ears to hear. He brought everything alive to her – the Existentialist he met on the Left Bank, a house party on the Italian Riviera, a Blue Grotto gondolier who sang about Pepsi-Cola, the nineteen century old whorehouse at Pompeii – even the bitter Germans at Heidelberg.

As he talked, Jan felt her summer fade to the nothingness of waiting it had been. There's time for all that, Bob, she thought. Tonight's our night, so talk about us. She wanted to tell him she forgave him the phone call and the times he had forgotten her, but instead she began talking – fictionizing a beer party in a tree-top, boat trips she dreamed of making with him, and an all night trip to Ocean City from which she got back just in time to greet her guests coming into the dining room for breakfast.

Then Bill, the bartender, said, "You're smoking too much. It's the excitement of having the boyfriend here, isn't it?" She laughed, and Bob put his arm on hers.

They left Henri's, took off their shoes and danced on a darkened beach to the juke box music from a boardwalk concession. "Let's not become tedious," Bob cried in the middle of "Begin the Beguine;" he ended the dance and they went for a swim. They rolled and tumbled in the night surf and eventually let the waves carry them up on the beach where they laughed and kissed and watched the sky clear for the dawn.

When Bob left her at her door in the hotel he asked, "What time do you get through serving breakfast?"

"Nine-thirty."

"Good, I'll be down at nine and then you can serve me breakfast and we'll get in an early morning swim. We've got to make the day a big one, Frivoli, because I'll have to leave this paradise the day after."

She was too surprised to do more than kiss him goodnight. Leave? How could he think of leaving so soon. He had just arrived. Why? No reason, of course – just going.

The noon-day sun turned the rocks of the jetty into a thousand hotplates. Jan reached into the striped beachbag for a towel and spread it underfoot. Then she pushed the glasses up once more into their rightful place and applied a fresh layer of cold-cream to her burning nose.

"Damn him, damn him," she said again. "He promised me he'd be out early. If he's not going to do what he says, I wish he wouldn't even bother to say anything."

At nine-forty she had left a note with the desk clerk telling him to have Bob look for her on the jetty. That had been two hours ago. How could he do this. Their first and last day for months and he was sleeping. Talk about self-centered, egotistical, thoughtless–. This is it, she said. This is absolutely the breaking point. As far as I am concerned, when he arrives–if he arrives on the jetty–before I have to go in and serve dinner, I am going to tell him to go. Just go. It is going to be the end – finis. And I am going to be the girl to do it. No one person has a right to make another suffer so much.

So there'll be no more dancing on the beach in the wee hours of the morn. I'll find someone who'll be content to do the two-step at a country club dance and I'll be a happy person – all right, it's settled. Just stop thinking about it, she told herself. From now on peace of mind is the cry and for the first time in three years I'm going to have it.

She was busily trying to shove "1919," the American masterpiece, in a crevice between the rocks when she saw him coming out on the jetty.

With her new peace of mind she could laugh. He was a ridiculous figure in the sun-tanned paradise. Europe had been cultural and broadening, but it hadn't put a healthy tan on his body. Onward he came, jumping from puddle to puddle on the rocks. Jan looked down at her own toughened bare soles and thought, this is going to be easy. For the first time since she had known him, the young self-assured gentleman of the world looked somewhat less than at ease. His vulnerability gave Jan a sense of power she had never felt before. "Hot feet, what a way to die," she murmered and laughed.

She was still laughing when Bob made a great leap and landed on her towel. "It's a morning to laugh at, Young One," he said. "It's really great to be alive, *nicht wahr*? Got to get some of that ocean of yours on my unseared flesh. Tell you what, Frivoli, I'll race you over to the next pier."

The always-cold Atlantic and the thought that she again dived, unthinking, into one of his escapades, struck Jan at the same time. She surfaced just in time to see his white body fuse with the green. She started swimming with long, strong strokes, but in no time he caught up with her, his arms whispering in a space-cutting crawl.

"Why didn't you tell me this ocean was so cold?" he gaily shouted. "I can tell you one thing, Frivoli – this stuff's a heck of a lot different from the old Mediterranean. Swam there once, you know."

"Don't talk," she shouted, "or a land-lubber like you won't make it. In case you don't know it, you've got a long swim ahead of you."

"What rot you talk, Woman," he said as he gave a few exaggerated kicks and passed her.

Jan imitated him and got a mouthful of salt water. She coughed and salt tears spilled from her eyes. Well, that's not going to happen again, she decided. Follow your own advice, my girl, and

take it easy. Her eyes regarded the far off jetty. The race was only something to be endured.

Methodically, she began counting her strokes. Wonder how many times I'll have to kick before I get there, she mused. She began to calculate but the attempt bored her. She turned over on her side and began side-stroking. She could see the beach as she swam. It looked strange and far away – like rick-rack bordering a blue cloth with each umbrella a multi-colored polka dot. She tried to eat up distance by allowing herself five kicks and no more between each umbrella. By the time she had perfected her system, she realized she had passed Bob.

Great! she thought, I may win this race in spite of myself. Her elation made her quicken her strokes. Suddenly, it occurred to her that she hadn't been swimming fast at all. What had he been doing? She was afraid to turn around and look – he would accuse her of stopping to rest. She swam on, slowly – dog fashion. She waited, but he did not come alongside. Then she heard him splashing, close behind.

"Hey," she called, "what were you doing back there – taking a sunbath?" There was no answer and then a faint, "Sure!" Jan listened but he said nothing else. His breath came in sobs to imitate her.

OK mister, Jan thought, if you think you're going to make me cry uncle you'll think again. She began, "He who cries wolf–" but stopped, although her own second wind suddenly came like smooth thread from a bobbin. Over the ice-like glare of the water, she located the jetty. Its fishermen and bathers appeared no clearer than they had when she had sat watching the false rescue a few hours before. She looked back at her own jetty and was shocked to see how far they had come.

She glanced at Bob and anger seized her – his eyes were closed and he was kicking up and down – imitating her. She whirled in the water and pushed his head under. "Mimic a woman will you, you big ape," she cried as her own arms, strong and sure, pulled her out of his way. "Come along, kiddo!" she yelled – then her turning neck grew rigid in fright.

Bob was stopped in the water, his head rising, his arm flailing helplessly, his mouth half opened to the inpouring sea.

"You aren't – you aren't fooling!" she cried, whirling waist-high in the water.

"I—I'm all right!" he coughed, and grew desperately and sadly quiet, his lips suddenly like purple lines of a plum laid on white cloth.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she cried, looking off to the pier ahead, to the pier behind. "Bob, Bob, you can—you can—" She held out her arms, treading water with her feet. He shook his head and struggled free of the waves.

"You—we could—we could swim all afternoon," he muttered, trying desperately to smile, as he fell back.

"We could swim back together!"

"Back?" he gasped.

"We're going back!"

"Not—not me!" With desperate effort he raised his arm and pointed— "Over there, the far pier, Frivoli!"

"Bob! You fool!" she cried. "Oh please, Bob—just this once listen to me. Please—please!"

A wave that broke too far from shore covered him for the moment and then he was twenty feet away, swimming with the batting, paw-like strokes of a puppy.

"Bob!" she called. He ignored her, didn't hear her — and in that instant she saw what she would have to do. Quick strokes bore her to him, and then her face sank beneath the green water, her mouth opened to inpouring brine.

"Bob—Bob," she gasped. "I can't — I can't possibly make it."

"You mean—you—" With valiant effort he raised her, raised her but let her down in water she was prepared to take.

"I'll—I'll have to go back," she apologized. "I—I can't make it."

Slowly, in something that just missed being a bow, he turned—and she rolled over on her side. The beach was at her back and nothing but endless ocean before her eyes. Arms-then kick, arms-then kick, arms-then kick. Over and over Jan repeated the formula. The rocks of the jetty loomed in front of her. Just a little farther now.

The waves broke against the jetty to return and pummel her. Each stroke became harder. Floating seaweed brushed her face and tangled her feet. Her hand touched a rock. She reached for it—missed—then caught hold.

Quickly she turned to him. "Only a little farther now," she breathed. "You can do it, I know you can."

His body was alternately covered and uncovered by the froth of the breakers. His eyes gripped the jetty. Jan reached for him—but slowly let her hand fall slack. At last he clutched a rock, heaved his body upon it, then fell, crucifix-like, across it. Legs still dangling in the water, chest pumping, face down, he remained. Unmoving, Jan stared at him. Finally, he made one last climbing effort and sprawled next to her.

The heaving of their bodies and the pounding of the waves filled the air with toneless sound. I should be glad, happy, Jan thought, but she felt dead inside and could give no thanks.

Bob pushed himself up on his elbow and looked at her. His eyes were lined with red, his chin smeared with brown scum. "Why —why did you turn around?" he asked, wiping at his mouth.

"Why did I turn around?" She suddenly felt sick. "I told you why," she shouted at him. "I was tired—I couldn't do anything else." Then she was sobbing.

"Never mind, I know," he said. "Thanks." There was a pause as though one kind of time had stopped and another started. "Thanks," he repeated. The corners of his red-rimmed eyes wrinkled in a smile. "Did I ever tell you what I like most about you? Your recuperative powers—my dear, they're amazing."

Ellen Moore, sophomore from Maumee, writes mankind's tragic, triumphant song.

CHRIST-SONG: THE DESCENT

By Ellen Moore

Come, my love, we must return;
The valley waits the mountain's fall–
Our blood upon the Golden City's street–
The maze, the coming of our feet.
Even now the midnight hour is past,
Far past;

The dawn flames high, then fades to cast,
On lamp-hung walls
And marbled halls,
The white-hot shadows of the day;
While only prisoned cellars deep
(From decadent complacency to false design)
The rats breed in the mouldy heat
With vipers' young
Yes come, my only own, my rock.

Turn not to glimpse what we have been–
Not yet–
Though never pass this way again;
Downward our way,
No more the heights–
  No more the dark night's starry wind
    The angel song re-echoed in
      Cleft to crag and back again;
  No more the rocky springs that bubble wine
    And boulders staff of life made more than life;
  No more the vision,
    Mountain meeting of the ages
      Shining robed and thunder voiced;
No more the heights.

Come, the glass holds but a grain
And now alone remain
The valley and its city–
Golden domes on crumbling walls.
You will forget, deny, this dream
Of cliffs and night and destiny;
And yet, betraying, love the more.
Ah, Peter,
Peter, we must go!
Since I am who I am
  Golgotha waits below.

Freshman Hans Peeters, in this award-winning story, tells a vivid episode of life in his native Germany.

FLIGHT OF THE FALCON

BY HANS PEETERS

A strong east wind drove lead-grey clouds, like canvas sails, across the wide Rhine valley, herding them into a small anchorage almost under the wooded hills in the west. The hills seemed to shiver from the cold, as though they might flow into the lowland and dissolve; but it was only the force of the wind that made the trees bend and sway.

The ground was soft and loamy. Wet-brown earth clogged the heel cleats of the man and boy, and the sharp wheat-stubbles bent unwillingly under their crushing soles. The whole earth smelled of moisture and rotting green, of summer gone, and barns filled.

The man, walking two steps ahead of the boy, was dressed in the loden worn by old woodsmen. Yet he was not an old man, and his moss-green felt hat shaded an aquiline face on which the tanned skin stretched across jutting cheek bones. His lips were only a cut in the high slope of his chin, and his eyes, set closely together, gave him an eager, almost animal look. And his were far-ranging eyes that constantly scanned the saw-edge of the distant woods, and the foaming sky overhead.

On a gloved fist — his left — squatted the falcon, sleek, clean, indifferent. Now and then the bluish beak reached through the leather hood, out and down, and pulled on the glove, brown and smelling of dried blood and rotten meat. Sometimes, when the jarring forward motion of the man threatened to throw her off balance the bird shook her plumage, earth-colored on the back, and soot and snow on the breast. When she shook hereslf, the brass bells above her orange claws jingled. Even when the man stopped,

the scythe-blade wings trembled with eagerness or fear; the falcon was a young bird.

"The wind is very strong," said the boy, listening to the hiss of the dry, flowing grass. He was thin and pale, and again and again his watery blue eyes, under a bush of straw-colored hair, stole over the falcon.

The man, too, looked at the falcon, and the sight of the trembling, narrow wings brought a proud smile to his lips. His eyes turned to the changing horizons.

"It will be easy for her." His thin, hard lips barely moved.

The boy's eyes dwelt admiringly upon the bird. Then his glance swerved to his own body, sleek also, but meagre, and wrapped with cast-off army clothes. He let out his breath audibly.

The smell of the grass and earth brought back memories of morning . . .

It was still dark, and cool night-air streamed in through the half-open window.

The boy shivered; he wore shorts, and he felt the cold floor through his socks. Bending over, he drew the strings of the knapsack. Leather squeaked.

Suddenly, hasty feet scratched on the pavement outside, and the vines draping over the garden wall rustled; somebody whistled softly.

The knapsack in one hand, his shoes in the other, the boy pushed open the door, and listened to the over-loud ticking of the alarm clock downstairs.

Then, a light flicking on below threw the bizarre shadows of the banister on the stairs.

The boy turned and rushed to the window, lingered there undecidedly for a moment as the stairs creaked. The knapsack thudded heavily on the soft lawn beneath the window, and the boy swung his left leg over the windowsill.

"John!"

His mother stood in the door. The hall-light glistened in her undone hair, but her face was in the shadow, and she looked bulky in her dressing gown.

He pulled his leg back in.

"John, I have told you, you can't go with him."

"But, Mother—"

"I know, darling." She came across the room and put her arms

around him. "But it's just too cold outside. Remember how you were sick in bed after you and Daddy went to Red Springs? Really, John–" Of course he remembered; he remembered many other things, too.

The light went out downstairs; he rubbed his feet on the cold bed-posts. Then, the boy cried, his face pressed into his pillow. Downstairs, somebody coughed. Outside, everything was very quiet – waiting for a whistle.

The man had stopped, and the boy looked up at him; the falcon shook her head.

In the distance, the sun burned a hole through the clouds, and the hole drifted along, guiding a giant finger of yellow light over the land. The woods on the hills glowed as the point of the finger passed over them, and for an instant they seemed to cease swaying.

A low mound bulged in the fields; it resembled an old man's head, with scarce grass growing on the slopes and a large, bald spot in the center. A boulder lay there, its scratched, wrinkled top sticking out of the soil, nude and grey.

The rock had been left here by a wandering glacier. The wind had piled dust and loose soil around it and had sown grass and weeds on it, and the rain and the snow flowed and rested in its wrinkles and scars.

The man and the boy stopped on the bare spot, and the boy put down a bag which he had been carrying by a strap over his shoulder. There was the number 705166 on the bag, and the letters "U.S.A.," and the olive-drab canvas was freckled with spots of old blood. Inside the bag there was a sharp knife, a slab of raw horsemeat, three leather straps and a small, oval, stuffed bag, with a pair of pigeon wings and a long cord attached to it.

Silently swallowing his cough, the boy went to work. Although he had never done it before, he had been told – it was his privilege – and he knew exactly what was expected of him. He cut the raw meat into finger-shaped strips, and tied one strip to the back of the stuffed bag. Then he checked the cord.

The man watched the boy, a smile of satisfaction on his lips. He thought of the envious looks of the other falconers at the last meeting. They had hawks, too, clumsy, brainless goshawks. But he, he had found the dream of every falconer, he had found a peregrine's nest after years of waiting and searching.

The rock had felt hot and rough under his straining body, and the cliff rose tower-high in the cloudless June sky. Flies were basking on tiny ledges; and cobwebs, silky and elastic, glistened in the cracks.

It took almost an hour to get to the nesting niche in the cliff, and when he finally pulled himself up on the ledge, his hands were bleeding. But there were three fledglings – peering out like prehistoric monsters, woolly, and yellow-beaked beneath popping, round eyes.

The mother bird, circling high above the cliff, swooped down and passed in front of the niche, as the man selected the largest young. The other young watched, and jerked their heads, as he put their sister in the knapsack, and started to descend.

The young bird was very quiet during the long walk home, and the man kept the knapsack in his hands, cushioning each step with his fingers.

The falcon had grown fast. The wings and the tail grew, and the claws came to look less large, and the down was replaced by gleaming, strong feathers.

And today, these wings and claws were to prove themselves for the first time. It was risky, the man knew; but the wings were long and powerful, made to master wind and storm.

The boy coughed into his cupped hand and arose from his squatting position; he quivered a little from the cold and the strain of resting his body on the balls of his feet.

With his teeth and his free right hand, the man loosened the laces of the hood. The falcon, annoyed, reached up with her left claw and tore the blinding cap off. The outer toe's black, shiny sickle-nail cut into the man's cheek. His head jerked back, but he smiled, and wiped off the blood with his sleeve.

The falcon's eyes shone like moist black marbles as they searched the sky and the country beneath. The hood had ruffled the feathers in the back of her head, giving her a fierce, proud look.

The man now pulled the leash out of the jesses; his breath came more heavily, and sweat appeared on his forehead. His eyes, too, became hunting wolves, running over the woods and the fields.

The falcon was without ties now. Testingly, she lifted her wings toward the rushing wind.

A crow cawed far off in the woods, and the falcon cocked her head. The man and the boy looked at each other. As though in

a trance they nodded. The wind pulled on their clothes, but their eyes met and smiled.

Quickly the man lifted his left fist and threw the bird against the wind. The falcon lingered for a moment on quickly beating wings, as if she expected the sudden jerk of the training-line. But then the fanned tail folded, the wings beat more regularly, and the wind carried her off.

A small, storm-torn tree waved its naked arms some two hundred yards away. The bird, not yet at ease in her new freedom, aimed her flight toward it. She flew low, keeping near the ground, avoiding the heavier wind gusts.

The man on the mound watched the flight with squinting eyes. His nostrils quivered, and tears ran down his brown cheeks, forced out by the biting wind. The boy at his side coughed freely now and then jumped up and down as though to discharge the phlegm in his chest.

As the bird alighted in the tree, the man swore under his breath. The skin over his cheek bones became white, and his eyebrows met in a frown. The boy looked at him from the side – questioning. In the tree, the falcon shook her feathers, and pulled one foot up underneath the long breast downs.

"Give me the featherplay. Quick, dammit!"

The boy, with trembling fingers, grabbed the stuffed bag with the meat tied to it. The cord tangled in his legs and he fell.

The man cursed again, and the boy jerked at the cord. Finally, the string came loose, and the man grabbed it and swung the dummy in wide circles around his head.

The bird in the tree suddenly stretched her body out, thin and long. She knew that clumsy, feathered, giant bee circling the man meant food. The falcon was hungry, and she was young. Slowly she spread her wings, and the wind picked her off the tree.

This time she was carried upward by the onrushing gusts, and she had to fly. The two feathered sickles strained, and when they beat down the primaries bent and hissed as the air passed through them. The wind rocked the bird like a dead leaf, but she made headway, fighting like a hooked fish against the pull of the line, yet unable to resist it.

The man laughed; he laughed silently, drawing back his thin lips. It looked almost like a snarl, and the boy watched him with wondering, thoughtful eyes. He stuck his hands into the pockets of

his baggy pants and jumped up and down. The man turned his snarling face upon him, and the boy stopped abruptly.

The falcon was now almost overhead, and the man hid the dummy underneath the green bag.

Hesitating for a moment, the bird slid off in a wide circle. The man swung the featherplay again, and the falcon, cocking her head, turned. The bells on her legs jingled with each wing-beat, and the small aluminum address plate flashed for an instant in the sun. She felt at home now, soaring, rowing under the fleeing clouds. The wings beat purposefully: driving, braking; and the tailfeathers shifted, fanned, and folded again.

The boy tapped the man on the shoulder. A pigeon came winging over the fields, swiftly cutting the wind. The falcon, whose attention had been centered on the featherplay, suddenly took a sharp turn.

The man's face twitched as he watched the bird shoot upward; he laughed nervously, half to himself. He stooped and crumbled a clod of earth in his fist, and the wind carried the dirt a little way before it fell to the ground.

High above the pigeon, the falcon suddenly dropped forward. As the pigeon doubled its hasty wing beats, the man shouted his delight and triumph. But the wind plucked the sound apart, silencing it. Like lightning, the falcon dropped earthward, wings drawn tightly to the body, claws stretched back under the wedge-tail.

The man's face was very red. He stood on the tips of his toes, with the wind pulling on his clothes – he seemed to be falling, too. The boy felt the blood prickle under the skin in the back of his neck as he watched the man and the bird.

No sound came but a small cloud of feathers billowed up as the falcon's talons tore into the pigeon's straining back. There was a turmoil of beating wings and spinning bodies that suddenly dissolved into a limp bundle of feathers dropping to the ground; and the sleek shape of the falcon hovered on the wind, then settled on her prey.

The pigeon was still alive; but the sinews and muscle strands of its wings had been ripped and cut apart, and it struggled helplessly. The falcon's blue hooked beak dug into the heavy neck plumage; there was a snap, as when one breaks a match. Two small, glistening rubies of blood appeared on the pigeon's nostrils. The falcon shrieked and spread her wings like shields over her prey,

filling her beak time and again with bloody feathers and shreds of skin and warm flesh.

The man had watched the kill with glowing eyes, his mouth open. In wild excitement, he ran down upon the falcon. The bird suddenly straightened and folded her wings. The sharp wide-open beak cried defiance, and the fierce, bright eyes sparkled in the soot-black head. The feathers on her breast, that had formed a pattern of black and white bars, were now smeared with blood, sticking together, standing out like scales.

As the man, lungs pumping, hands trembling, bent down, the falcon sprang aloft. Thrashing wings knocked the man's hat to the ground and shot the bird upward with the wind. Hesitantly, she circled for a moment above the stooping man, then, with sure, strong wing-beats, she headed upward toward the clouds, in the direction of the blue curtains of the distant hills.

Mechanically the man picked up the pigeon's torn body; the blood ran over his bare hand, warm and sticky, and dropped in regular intervals from the knuckles.

Suddenly he started running, his eyes fixed on the quickly shrinking shape of the falcon. Within a dozen steps he stumbled on the soft, cold-wet chocolate crust of a freshly plowed field. He struggled to his feet, the pigeon still in his right hand. Clumps of earth dropped from his coat. They were wet and small, and didn't burst when they hit the ground. The man turned around. The boy stood helpless, his open mouth hidden behind red-cold hands, his eyes wide under the flying hair.

"The featherplay! Quick! Dammit, run! Run!

The man shook as with fear; but then his expression changed and suddenly he started laughing. The boy stopped, turned, and gave way to a wracking cough. The bird was now a mere dot underneath the swirling clouds. From time to time, the wind brought back a note that might have been the faint jingle of bells of brass.

Editor Nil Muldur, from Istanbul, Turkey, proves Sappho must look to her laurels if the Greeks are ever to surpass the Turks.

FOUR POEMS

By Nil Muldur

A Preview

In striped darkness
I walk,
My shadow slips and falls
Round a windy corner;
I shiver—
Then I feel night's heavy arm
Over my wet shoulder,
And walk on.

Strange Land, Strange Altars

I would if I could
Come to you,
Strange Altars,
I would bring
Dusty coins
And beggar's prayers,
But ancient incense
Still singes my nostrils,
And in my ears
A quaint voice rings.

Two Love Lyrics

I

Moth desire
Edged in flesh,
Your lips
Touch mine,
In my limbs
Candle-warmth spreads
As we kiss,
Embossed in stillness
We stand
Then, part,
Shimmering.

II

Upside down bats
Of fuzzy memories
Hang in my brain,
Skeleton leaves
Of sacred dreams fall
Underfoot,
Tasteless tears
Burn my throat,
On my face
A lying scar spreads,
Itching.