

EXILE

*The*

# EXILE

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## Editorial

With this issue *Exile* completes its second year of publication. In evaluating the magazine during this time we are encouraged by the general reaction it has received from the "reading" element of the Denison community, as well as from outside sources, including other college, and alumni who have shown interest in the propagation of creative talent at Denison.

More specifically, we are encouraged by the appeal some *Exile* material has had for discerning critics who are confronted with judging the best college writing being done in this country. Three short stories which originally appeared in *Exile* are being considered very favorably by a national pocket book collection of short stories, "*New Campus Writings*." It is quite likely that one or two of these will be selected for publication this summer.

John Miller, a 1955 graduate, who was instrumental in the founding of *Exile* and whose poetry was published in both issues last year, has received a \$2500.00 award in creative writing competition at Stanford University Graduate School.

But also there is discouragement, most of which we feel is a result of the relative newness of *Exile*. We assume there are a certain number of talented persons here at Denison who would benefit from a magazine dedicated to developing and exhibiting their talent. Some do take advantage of this opportunity and put their talent to use. Many more do not. We do not believe in begging persons to make the most of their potential abilities. We do believe in encouraging them until they are able to recognize their talent. Once talent is uncovered, everything depends upon the determination and enthusiasm of the writer himself. There are two kinds of writers at

Denison; those who write for classes, and though they seem enthusiastic in class and do good work at this time, are not inspired to carry their writing any further; and those who write in class and out, for professors and for themselves, those who are pushed by some creative urge to master the art of writing. More self-motivating writers are what we need.

From the mass of talent on the Denison campus *Exile* is attempting to draw those who can become self-motivated. We have not been satisfied with the results. Our only consolation is that an ideal is not attained overnight. With each piece of writing that is produced outside of class and submitted to *Exile* we approach our goal.

Next year the board of editors will be Lois Rowley, Barbara Haupt, and Ray Peterson, with Nil Muldur assisting the first semester. We are confident that they possess the same determination and enthusiasm that helped make *Exile* a reality two years ago and brought it to where it is today. We hope they will take it even further than our fondest expectation.—J.B.

*In this issue the editors of EXILE are proud to publish "A Re-examination of Faith" by Barbara Haupt. This essay has been awarded the second Denison Book Store-EXILE Creative Writing Prize.*

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# Table of Contents

## SHORT STORIES

"The Jagged Edge" by Marge Sessions.....	16
"Friday Is a Lucky Day" by Nil Muldur.....	28
"Punk Days" by Jim Gallant.....	37

## ESSAYS

"A Re-examination of Faith" by Barbara Haupt.....	23
"A World Manifesto" by Gordon Harper.....	34

## SKETCH

"Tom Gordon: A Portrait" by David L. Crook.....	6
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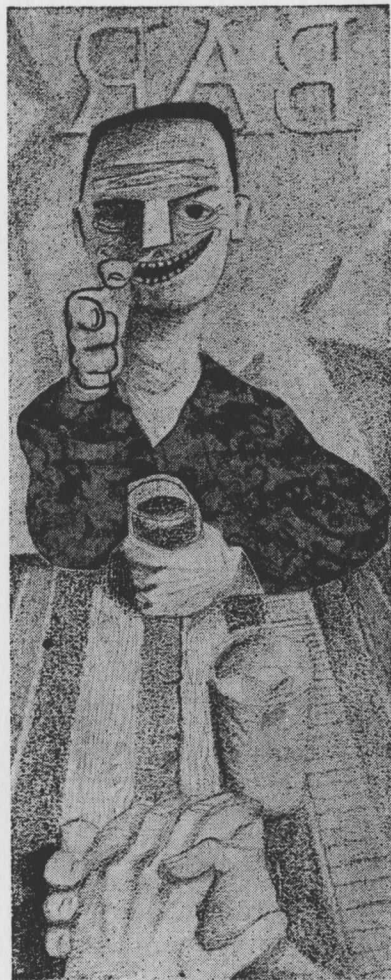
## POETRY

"Striving After Wind" by Jesse Matlack.....	15
"Quiet" by E. B. Chaney.....	22
"Faith or Flight" by Marylyn Hull.....	36
"Bernadette" by Sally Falch.....	42

*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.*

*Dave Crook, a married veteran from Lancaster, Ohio, leaves us no doubt that he has known a man.*

## TOM GORDON: A PORTRAIT



Ted Shaw

By DAVID L. CROOK

After Tom Gordon left, my wife closed the door, emptied the ashtrays, straightened up the living room, and we got ready for bed. While I was in the shower, we talked about the evening. Sue was amazed—even now is not sure that Tom was real. But I've known him for seven years, and I can't say I'm not puzzled at times. Tom is a person who stays in your mind. He is a conversation piece in any company; then later, when the company has gone home, he is still there — in your mind. That's the way it was the evening he visited us. We talked about him in a general way, and then we spoke of other things. But when the bed light was out and my wife asleep, Tom came back to my mind.

The summer after I graduated from high school, I worked for George Richards, a civil engineer, to help pay for college. Richards had signed a contract to survey part of a pipe line

that was to be laid across Pennsylvania from Texas to New Jersey, and I got a job on one of his crews. Our job was to stake out the right-of-way and prepare a basic strip map—but first we had to

probe out the old line that had been laid some years before. This was done with steel probe rods and old army mine detectors. Then we chained off the distance, measuring the roads, fences, powerlines, creeks and other obstacles, natural and man-made. Ours was a four man crew; the foreman, who kept the field book; two probers, and a chainman. Tom Gordon was the foreman and I was the chainman.

I had spoken to Richards early in the spring, telling him that I would like to get a job for the summer that would be out-of-doors. The evening of our high school commencement exercises, he called and said to be at his office at 6:30 the next morning. Mother packed a lunch big enough for an entire crew, and I was at the office at 6 a.m., ready and waiting. About 6:20, the two probers arrived. One of them, Bill Farmer, a dark haired phlegmatic fellow, I had seen around town before. The other was a person I did not know—a red-faced, balding man of about forty-five, and Bill Farmer introduced him as Amos Burdeen. We talked, got acquainted, and waited.

Richards came, unlocked the door, and we all went in and sat down. While he was explaining the wage scale to me, he kept glancing at his watch. Precisely at 6:30 Tom Gordon walked in. He was wearing an undershirt, seersucker pants that had no knees, brown and white oxfords, and no socks. He was about 5'4" or 5'5" and probably weighed 165 or 170. His hands, arms and shoulders seemed a little large for his body and legs. His light brown hair was sun-bleached and coarse, and stood up on his head like a mane. He appeared to be twenty-one or twenty-two, but later I found out he was thirty.

"This is Dave Crook, the new man for your crew. Better put him on the chain," Richards said.

"Tom Gordon," he said, shaking my hand. "We better get started."

We chained a half a mile or so that day while I was learning the work. Half a mile isn't much chaining, but my legs, back and arms ached as if we had covered thirty miles. That evening on my way home, I fell asleep in the car. When we got back to town, Tom woke me and said, "If you last a week, Dave, you've got it licked," and was gone.

I lasted the week out and found he was right.

By the middle of June we had to travel so far to get to the job that it became necessary to move to the next town. The first place

we stayed was a two room cabin in a second-rate auto court in Easton, Pennsylvania. Tom and I had one room of the cabin, and Burdeen and Farmer had the other.

Tom had spent a lot of time traveling and he knew how to do so easily and economically. He carried his clothes, toothbrush, tooth paste and razor in a paper sack, and said the only thing you really need to carry on the road was a toothbrush. He gave me no little ribbing over my wardrobe—as he called my suitcase. The only difference between his work clothes and dress-up clothes was age. He wore old slacks, faded sport shirts and oxfords on the job all summer. About the middle of the summer he bought a new outfit, and began to wear the clothes he had been using for dress to work in.

We would get in from the job about 4:30, have supper and go to the motor court. It took about two hours for all four of us to get cleaned up. We would lie around telling tales or playing nickel stud poker. About 7:00 we would get dressed and go downtown.

Usually we stopped at a drug store on the main street, for an ice cream soda. After that we'd go to a bar across the street for a drink or two, and then to bed.

One evening we varied our routine and ended up in the bar about 10 p.m. A few boys we knew from the right-of-way crew were there, so we sat down with them. Payday was one day past and everyone was buying drinks by the round. After an hour or so things began to get out of hand. Finally the bartender said we had to leave, so we went to another bar. By midnight, the right-of-way boys had left us, and we continued on alone. Because of my age I couldn't get served at about every other place we stopped, so Tom would order a full round and then drink my share. As the last bar was closing, he bought six beers to go and we headed for the cabin. Everyone seemed pretty sensible except Tom. He insisted on driving, threw the bottles as he emptied them at passing cars, and kept up a constant chattering. Banks and Farmer were out cold or asleep in the back seat, when Tom spoke.

"Somebody give me a pimp stick!"

I handed him a cigarette.

"I can't smoke it dry."

The very moment I got it lighted for him, he threw it out the window, tilted his head back and began to sing in a not-unpleasant tenor: "I sing of Olaf, a glad objector—"

"Gordon, I don't care who you sing about, but for Christ's sake watch where you're going!"

"Whose warming heart recoiled with war—"

"Tom, would you please watch the road?"

"And sir, while kneeling upon this rag,  
I will not kiss your goddam flag."

We finally got to the motor court and Tom parked the car in the middle of the driveway. While we walked to the cabin, he kept talking about finishing the job, once it was started. As I unlocked the door, he said goodbye and stomped off.

"Let him go," Burdeen said. So we went to bed, but I left the door unlocked.

Half an hour later Tom came back, singing at the top of his voice. He stumbled up the porch—the song petered out in the midst of a line; he began to cough and I heard him get sick. He came in, fumbled for the light, and when he couldn't find it, began to undress in the dark.

"You all right?" I asked.

He didn't answer.

"You better unlock the door."

Again no answer.

"Do you want a cigarette?"

Still no answer but the sound of a dead weight hitting a cot. I got out of my bed but he was sound asleep when I reached the light. During the night he was sick again, this time between the bed and the wall. In the morning he told me to get the car while he made with the mopping. When I stuck my head in the door I saw him mopping—dry—with the sheet off his bed.

We spent most of the next day under shade trees. When we came in that evening, our suitcases and Tom's potato sack of clothes were on the front porch as though waiting for the moving van. We finally found rooms that night, but we had to split the crew up—Tom and I in one house, and Farmer and Burdeen in another. To my knowledge Tom didn't drink any more that summer. But during that one evening—I computed it later—he drank twenty-four bottles of beer and at least a quart of other mixtures and blends of alcohol.

The rest of our time in Easton was rather uneventful. All of us were trying to save money and for that reason we stopped going to the bar. Instead we'd go to the drug store and then back to our rooms. Tom and I talked for hours in the evenings and gradually

the story of his life began to emerge and fall into a chronological pattern.

He was born in 1920, the sixth of seventeen children. Both of his parents are living, as are thirteen of his brothers and sisters. All seven of Tom's sisters have married, and he explained with pride that not one has been divorced, although one died in an automobile accident. All of his brothers—save Tom and the youngest Gordon, age eighteen—have married and like their sisters, none are divorced. Two of the brothers died in World War II, and four of the eight boys now living have college degrees. The miracle in all of this—as Tom put it—is that his father has never been regularly employed *because he could never find a job he really liked.*

The summer of 1936, Tom got tired of home and hunger—there had never been an abundance of food on the Gordon table and the depression made matters much worse—so he traveled the country, riding the freight trains. He often talked of the jungle camps and knights of the road. One day on the job we were crossing a railroad when a long freight came lumbering down the line. Half way back, on top of one of the cars there was what appeared to be a pasteboard box.

"I wonder what's in that box?" I said idly.

"What will you give to find out?" Tom said.

"Two-bits."

"It's a deal."

With that he walked up the cinder bank and waited. He waved to the engineer and fireman. Then, as the first box car rumbled up, he took a few quick steps and swung on the side ladder. He climbed to the top, ran back the train to the box, picked it up with some effort, looked in, put it back down, climbed down the side ladder and swung to the ground, then waved to the brakeman in the caboose. The train was doing at least thirty-five miles an hour, and when he was on the ground again he was about a hundred yards down the track. When he walked back I asked what was in the box.

"A hobo's head," he answered.

"A what?"

"A hobo's head."

"What in the hell is a hobo's head?"

"Don't you know?" he said. Then he changed the subject by explaining the art of boarding a moving freight train, and to this day I don't know what was in that box.

The summer he was nineteen, Tom had ridden a bicycle from Pennsylvania to Maine, from Maine to Virginia, and from Virginia to Pennsylvania. On this trip—he explained—he just wanted to see the countryside before he had to see from eyes corrupted by a college education. He did enter college that fall, his way paid by an athletic scholarship. But the athletic scholarship wasn't renewed because he wouldn't keep training rules and had been dropped from the team before the first game. Tom smiled as he told me this—and then explained before I could ask—he had won an academic scholarship for the next year. Then in the middle of his junior year he had been drafted.

During the war he had stayed in the States, due to some physical disorder, which he never explained to me. He didn't talk much about the army, except to say he had had numerous difficulties with army discipline, but was given an honorable discharge.

After the war he went back to college—or should I say colleges. He couldn't decide what to study, so he floated from one school to another. He had been asked to leave some of them, for reasons varying from hitting a professor during an argument, to being caught soliciting for three girls he was keeping in a house trailer. His G. I. Bill ran out in 1948. By that time he had attended five universities, had two hundred and fifty credit hours on his record, and no degree. He had majored—he savored this word—in engineering, mathematics, history and English. After he quit college he went to Mexico twice, had numerous jobs, and made his beginning on the pipe line two weeks before I started to work. That he had become a foreman of a surveying crew in two weeks' time he dismissed with a wave of his hand and the words: "I'd rather talk women."

There doesn't appear to be any place to begin to tell about Tom and women. As I said, he was unmarried. His reason for this, I think, he borrowed from Sherwood Anderson. It was: "Why buy a cow when milk is so cheap?"

His other advice concerning women was not to fool around with college girls. "Too predatory," he said. "They like to see a man at the breakfast table instead of the bedroom door. Me, I stick to unmarried school teachers."

This is the way it went that summer. He told me stories of freight trains, jungle camps, drinking, fights, jail—stories of the depression, college, and many jobs, and of course many stories about

women. He said that books are to be read, not put on shelves, and that money is only to be spent.

"I'm a consumer, not a collector," he told me.

By the middle of August we had completed the stretch of work sublet to Richards. The last day of work ended just like all that had preceded it, and when Tom said goodbye, it was as if we were to meet the next morning. I got ready to go to college and for the most part forgot about Tom. But when I went to school that fall I felt very wise and as if I possessed many secrets the other freshmen would be a long time acquiring.

It was not until the next August that I saw Tom again. One afternoon about four o'clock he called and said he would pick me up. Some minutes later he drove up in a late model sedan. I got in and we headed for a bar.

He looked tan and trim and could have been easily mistaken for a golf pro. He was wearing expensive sport clothes that would have been acceptable anywhere such apparel could be worn. We stopped at a neighborhood bar, ordered drinks, and Tom brought me up-to-date on what he had been doing.

After our surveying job had finished, he had worked on another section of the pipe line as an engineer and trouble-shooter. He had gotten a considerable wage increase, a sizeable expense account, and a company jeep for transportation. He said he had been saving money and was courting a war widow he met in a bar. Things went well with the widow until her children got on Tom's nerves and he left her. Then a few weeks later, he felt remorseful and went on a drunk that lasted from Friday afternoon until the following Monday. When he sobered up, he discovered he was in Philadelphia and had lost the company jeep. He walked the streets of Philadelphia for two days, and by the time he found the jeep he had lost his job.

He said that he was getting restless, so he took his savings, bought a used car and headed for Brownsville, Texas, to see one of his brothers who worked on the border patrol. One evening as he was on his way through Oklahoma he met a high school Spanish teacher in a restaurant. She was traveling by bus to Mexico City. He altered his plans and convinced her they should see Mexico City together. His money gave out after about a week of night clubs and bull fights, so they started on her savings. Just how long that lasted he didn't say. By the time he got back to the States he had no money, no car, and only the clothes he was wearing.

"I had put our last ten on a twenty-to-one shot and gave her the ticket," he said.

This didn't sound like Tom.

"Well the damn horse won. I stopped for a drink, and I haven't seen her since."

"You lost two hundred bucks then?" I asked.

"Yeah, but it was worth it, I guess. She was beginning to bother me."

He hitch-hiked back to Pennsylvania, drew unemployment compensation for a time, and then got a job as foreman on a highway job from Reading to Allentown. That job was finished in August and Tom decided to go back to college. He had enough money to take care of one year if he sold his car. He wasn't sure what he was going to study, but he said he wanted to take some courses in psychology and philosophy for certain.

"Why psychology?" I asked.

Tom's face slowly wrinkled with the grin of a home-spun philosopher.

"So I can figure that school teaching babe out and save two hundred bucks the next time."

"And the philosophy?"

"Oh I read a book on Taoism while I was drawing unemployment, and I want to have a look at some philosophy."

"You going Oriental?" I asked.

"No, but these damn Christians annoy the hell out of me with their smugness, and I want to have a few rocks to throw at them now and then."

When we parted that evening, Tom said we'd have to keep in close touch with one another. I didn't see him again for two and a half years.

During my junior year my father died, and I quit school to run the business he left.

About a year later Tom walked into the office. He was working in Reading at a factory as pattern and die designer. We had dinner together and as usual he brought me up-to-date. He had gone back to college and had stayed there for a semester and a half, then his money gave out, and he had been caught in the wave of futility that seemed to be going around at that time. Denying his own best instincts—as he put it—he took a job with a finance company as chase man. Six weeks later he went to Florida. When he came back to Pennsylvania he got the job in Reading.



"Guess who I met at the race track a couple of months ago?" he said.

"I don't have any idea."

"The school teacher who took me for two bills in Mexico. I was ready to pop her one when she handed me ten twenties and said, 'Thanks for the loan.' She has a dandy apartment in Reading, and I'm living there, collecting interest on the loan."

Tom and I saw each other every month or so until the middle of the summer.

He had become quite interested in music—especially jazz. Every so often on a Friday or Saturday we would go to Philadelphia or New York to hear some band or combo. Early in the summer we decided to go to Chicago to hell around for a few weeks. It was to be a vacation trip with excitement. We set the date to leave, and I made the arrangements at home. As the time for us to depart drew close, I realized that I hadn't heard from Tom for several weeks. The day we were to leave came—but not Tom. About a week later I got a post card from Nevada. It was a woman going to Reno for a divorce this time. Before he got back I had been drafted. Now, after having been in the army, I don't see how Tom ever managed to get an honorable discharge.

While I was in the army I met Sue and we decided to get married. We sent Tom an invitation and got a telegram from him just before the wedding. It read:

"Don't buy—price of milk hits all time low. Goodbye old pal. We'll miss you when you're gone."

He came to the reception but didn't go through the receiving line. Instead, he stood at the door, caught my eye and waved. Then he was gone.

Before I got out of the army, Sue and I decided I should come back to college. Last summer we made the arrangements and came to school in the fall, and last Sunday Tom Gordon knocked at our door.

He hadn't changed much, and he looked to be twenty-five instead of the thirty-five he is. He was wearing a brown suit and tie and his hair, which had gotten darker, still rose on his head like a mane.

The three of us sat down and talked. Tom was on his way to Pittsburgh to a new job. He had been offered \$900 a month as a designer with a large metal-products company. What was more amazing, the job he left was the one in Reading, and—he explained

with an almost apologetic smile—he had been there for four years. Then the old twinkle came back to his eyes and he began to talk about school teachers and Mexico. He had a new car that was full of clothes, books, records, and a phonograph. He had bought a piece of land and built a house near Lake Wyandotte. He said his drinking was now limited to good whiskey. He couldn't take beer, wine or rot-gut any more, and for the first time in his life, he has begun to plan for the future.

He was going to work for another three or four years, then build a house in Florida, and live there in the winter and in Pennsylvania in the summer. He had begun to study again, philosophy and Eastern theology. All this he told us in a few breaths—then he talked of going to Europe or Africa. Then, while we were eating supper, he said maybe he would go to Mexico and get an Indian woman who couldn't speak English, and marry her. He wanted to know what I thought about reincarnation, and said he was glad to see we didn't have a television set.

Later, at the door, leaving, he said he would come back in a month or so and take us to see his house at Lake Wyandotte. I wonder how long it will be.

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*Junior Jesse Matlack, of Lansdowne, Pa., presents a lyric longing for escape.*

## *Striving After Wind*

By JESSE MATLACK

Drunk with time and human number,  
Drenched with hot and humid air,  
I sip the sweat of idleness  
And breathe a silent song of slumber.

"Rape the universe for knowledge,  
Whirl the humid air to wind!"

Whisper this, O God, to me;  
For I stand begging on a jetty,  
Aching and afraid to plunge:  
Longing for the soothing blanket of the sea.

## THE JAGGED EDGE

by MARGE SESSIONS

A sudden path of sunlight swept over the brown hills as the dark clouds parted momentarily. It was March 21, the first day of spring; but spring was late this year. Already nine chimes had rung out from the carved wooden clock on the broad white mantelpiece, but the frost of the night before still clung to the steep slopes covered with last year's dead grass.

"It could easily snow today," Camilla Dust mused, her faded blue eyes staring at the far hills. For over an hour she'd been sitting in the arm chair by the window, her dark green shawl wrapped tightly around her as she watched the wind sway the one big beechwood tree just above the highway. Her lips twitched as she pushed back the ruffled white curtain and felt again the cold wind still blowing through the space between the window and the cracked wooden sill. It seemed even colder than at six o'clock when she first got up. She drew her arms back inside her shawl and rubbed her hands together, warming them. She had neglected to light the gas burner in the fireplace, and her knuckles had grown stiff from the cold so the blue veins rippled in her hands as she slowly bent her fingers back and forth.

She thought of getting the matches from the table behind her bed, but in the motion of rising she forgot about the burner and pressed her face against the cold glass of the window. Far down the road, almost out of sight beyond the curve, she could see the sudden break in the long sweep of the white guardrail. Five days had gone by and no one had come to fix it. Maybe they had forgotten. She

turned back to the room and rested her eyes on a tiny, old-fashioned china lady beside the clock. "Please don't let them fix the railing," she breathed softly. "Please make them forget. I have to have something to remember by, something to prove Amanda wasn't just a dream."

Amanda. Camilla had called her that. She didn't know her name. She had intended to ask the woman who called from the police station, but forgot, and had called her Amanda, the name on the base of the china lady. When Amanda's aunt had come to take her away Camilla still did not ask. She watched the woman folding the diapers that she had made from her flannel nightgown and had left drying before the burner. She heard the aunt apologizing for the trouble and worry the baby had caused her, and suddenly she did not want to know any name but Amanda.

Camilla stared at the corner where she had kept the baby's basket. The flowered print on the walls had lost its color as the gray clouds hanging low over the hills seemed to press into the room. Outside the wind echoed shrilly from the corners of the roof.

"Sounds almost like a scream. Maybe it was the wind that woke me that night and not a scream at all." Camilla frowned to remember. "No, it had to be a scream; there was no wind then."

She leaned back in the chair with her eyes closed and her hands clutched tightly in her lap. Just before she awoke she had dreamed about Amanda. In her dream she experienced again the feeling of rocking the chunky baby to sleep in her arms. Then in the dream she placed her in the large wicker clothes basket beside the fireplace and left the room for a moment to look for some safety pins that the delivery boy had brought her. Earlier they had been lying on her bedside table, but now they had disappeared. In her dream she searched through an endless row of drawers in her dresser without success and started into the bathroom when she heard the clock begin to strike and remembered that she had left them on the mantle.

The chimes rang on and on as she hurried to Amanda. The baby was lying on her face and hadn't stirred, but the clock kept ringing—on and on, louder and louder. Camilla seized Amanda and ran with her to the bedroom and closed the door, but the chimes rose to a frightful clang. For a long while she stood against the closed door and tried to soothe Amanda by singing above the noise of the chimes—before she was struck by the fact that the baby should have

been awakened by the bells. Only then did she notice how still, how almost stiffly, the baby lay in her arms. In horror she drew back the blanket and stared down into the still face. Amanda was dead—dead.

Suddenly Camilla had awakened and run into the living room. The clock on the mantle had said exactly six o'clock. She was alone in the cold and silent house.

She felt her hands grow hot and sticky. If only she could get out of the house and walk to the store. Mr. Herbruck knew how well she had taken care of the baby. He knew how she'd ordered strained baby food and Pablum and homogenized milk and paid the delivery boy extra to come the long miles to her house through the heavy snow. Every afternoon Mr. Herbruck had called to see if she needed anything from the store before he left for home. Then yesterday, after he learned that Amanda had been taken away, he called again and invited her to stop in at his store to see his display of handmade linen done for order by his cousin Mrs. Louise Bates—he had invited her to come to the store *since she wouldn't have to stay home with Amanda any longer.*

Camilla wished she hadn't left her order in the mailbox for the delivery boy. Now she had no excuse to go to the store, especially in such threatening weather. It was a long time since she'd been to town, but she wanted very much to go. She'd first gotten into the habit of leaving an order for the boy after her brother Richard had his stroke, and then after he died she kept right on leaving it in the mailbox. It was less awkward that way because she never knew what to say to the boys when they came to her door. Once the boy neglected to come, and she had had to go herself. At the store door she had hesitated and then turned back; after all she had enough canned food to last until the boy did come on the following Friday. Now she had to talk to someone—to Mr. Herbruck, for he knew about Amanda and how she had bought her special food and kept her warm and well, except as she forgot.

A distant roar, different from the turbulent noise of the wind, broke in upon Camilla's thoughts. She pulled back the curtain and watched as the black automobile sped around the curve out of sight. She sighed and looked far down the road at the broken railing. It was beginning to snow, and the white curtain of icy flakes helped the rail look blurred and mended.

Was it five nights ago that the piercing scream had awakened her? It seemed five years—but that couldn't be right, for Richard

had been living then. But was it only five—for a moment, as she had lain suddenly wide awake, she through she had been having a bad dream and had reached out to turn on the light. She had stopped, though, with her hand halfway to the night light fastened above the mahogany head board of her bed. The room was abnormally quiet, except for the sound of the scream that still echoed in her ears; and the moonlight coming in beneath the yellow shade cast a strange bright glow across the room. Slowly she sat up and slid her feet over the edge of the high bed into her woolly slippers. Her long flannel nightgown clung about her ankles as she reached out to close the window. Snow—it had snowed while she had been asleep, and a tiny drift that had blown in under the window clung wet and soft to the back of her hand.

"How pretty it is," she thought, as she lifted the shade and looked down at the highway below. Everything was covered with thick clinging banks of snow. "A beautiful night to go for a walk!" Camilla let the shade roll clear to the top of the window. She loved to go for walks at night. Then the highway belonged to her, to her alone. It was easy to imagine it was the road to the stars, or to a beautiful park; and only the approach of dawn would send her home again. Quickly she pulled on a heavy green sweater and hiked the folds of her nightgown up under the waist of her long black skirt.

The mellow chimes of the clock on the mantle startled her as she felt her way down the tiny dark hall to the living room. One, two, three, four. Four! She hadn't expected it to be so late. She would have to hurry—dawn was not far away.

She took her fur-lined boots from the coat closet beside the front door and began putting them on over her slippers. She loved the feel of the soft fur around her ankles and rubbed it gently with her finger before she fastened the snaps at the top and straightened up.

Something in the back of her mind vaguely annoyed her; and she paused, her eyes resting on the double light switch beside the front door. What was it she wanted to do? She went back into her moonlit bedroom and stared at her dresser. Nothing there was out of place. She looked at her hair in the tiny square mirror and pulled back the wispy, gray strands. Suddenly she remembered—the scream that woke her up, if it was a scream. She hurried back into the living room and peered out of the window. The moonlight glittered on the smooth, fresh snow; and the slender guardrail made a long blue

shadow on the glistening highway. For several minutes she stood and gazed. The steam from her breath clouded the window, and she wiped off the pane to press her face tight against the cold glass. Then she saw it—far off, just before the curve, the broken guardrail. Nothing else, just a break in the long white bar. She caught her breath. An accident—she had often wondered what she would do if there was an accident. She ran to the telephone on the table by the fireplace and snatched up the phone book. She snapped on the low pink lamp and began searching through the numbers. *Sheriff*. It wasn't listed under S. She turned back to the first page and sat down on the straight-backed chair beside the table. "How to dial, How to call long distance." At last she found it. "Fire Department, Police, County Sheriff." She picked up the receiver, and the dial tone clicked loudly. At the same moment she thought she heard the distant sound of a man shouting. Quickly she hung up, snapped off the light, and ran to the window. On the hill below she could see the tiny moving glow of a flashlight and the dark forms of two men heading up toward the house. They must have seen the light.

She ran into her room and pulled off her skirt and sweater. Then with trembling hands she knelt in her nightgown below her window and softly opened it. Now she could hear the men's voices, but they were too far away for her to understand. They had stopped moving and were throwing the beam of their flashlight in a broad circle about them. It swept in an arc across the snow toward the house. Camilla ducked. What if they had seen the moonlight shining on her?

She half crawled across the floor to the doorway and ran into the living room. "The light," she thought, "I'll have to turn on the light." She flicked the switch by the front door and ran back to her bed. "What if they want to come in? What if they bring a dead person into my house?"

She tensed, jumping at the sound of the heavy knocker even though she'd been expecting it. She stood up and walked mechanically back down the hall to the front door. She unfastened the chain and slowly pulled it open.

Camilla rubbed her eyes. She couldn't remember what had happened next, except that they were there, in her house, talking to her. In her mind she could still see the wet puddles left on the rug by their heavy boots and feel the tiny fingers of the baby clinging to

the folds of her nightgown. A baby. At first she hadn't been able to understand why the men were bringing her the baby. Then she realized and began rocking it gently back and forth. A moment later the men were gone, and she and the baby were left alone. At first Camilla didn't know whether it was a boy or a girl—its tiny face was so puckered up with cold—but she hugged it closer.

The next morning Mr. Herbruck heard about the accident and called to see if Camilla needed anything special. She sat with Amanda—it was a girl and she had named it that—on her lap as she planned its diet over the phone and found with surprise when she hung up that she had talked for over fifteen minutes.

All day long she played with Amanda and watched her tiny hands examine the pattern in the rug and the carved legs of the chairs around her. Soon after seven that night Amanda fell sound asleep in her basket beside the fireplace, but Camilla stayed up until after twelve washing her diapers and making a bib from an old linen napkin and two pink ribbons. At last she finished and hung the diapers by the burner so they'd be dry and warm in the morning. Then she opened the living room window an inch and went to bed exhausted.

Before dawn she awoke startled. She thought she heard someone crying, but listened, and all was quiet. Sleepily she reached out and closed her window, then snuggled back to sleep. Perhaps it had been the cold that woke her up.

The next thing she heard was the clock striking seven. Suddenly she remembered—Amanda. She had meant to get up in the middle of the night and check to see if everything was all right. She pulled on her robe and glanced out of the window. It had snowed again during the night. She ran into the living room and looked down at Amanda. Snow was on the floor by the arm chair, and the baby's skin and tiny fingernails had turned blue during the night. With a cry Camilla picked her up. "Poor baby, poor baby," she murmured over and over as she walked back and forth in front of the fireplace and hugged the baby close to warm its shivering body.

Camilla clutched her hands nervously. She had even cried before Amanda finally opened her eyes. "Now I don't even know where the woman was taking little Amanda," she thought. She stood up and walked dully over to the closet and took out her heavy black coat. "Maybe Mr. Herbruck will know where I can find her," she told herself as she pulled open the front door and felt the cold sting

of the snow flakes blown hard against her face. She pulled the door hard behind her and ran down the hill to the highway. Already the snow had buried the tracks of the last automobile.

She stepped cautiously onto the slippery surface. Suddenly she realized she was going to pass the place where Amanda's parents had been killed. She wanted to cut away up the hill, but her feet kept on moving slowly toward it. When at last she reached the broken place in the railing she stopped and felt the cold, jagged edge. She stared at the ground by her feet and then slowly looked down the steep hillside. Halfway down she could see the wreck of a black car caught on the slope above a clump of thick hawthorn bushes. Snow was sifting in through the broken side windows, and the door hung partly open. Camilla forced herself to turn away from the edge of the road and begin walking along the highway again. She barely noticed the bitter wind as she plodded on with her head and shoulders hunched forward. Once she grew tired and stopped to rest a moment before going on. All thoughts of finding Mr. Herbruck had flown from her mind.

"Amanda's dead," she thought. "She's dead in the cold and the snow, and they've taken her away." She walked on, snow stinging her eyes. Each step sounded the words, "She's dead." Camilla stumbled down the hillside and sank on her knees in the snow. "She's dead," she choked and covered her face with her hands as the rush of wet stinging snow carried away the sound.

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*Junior E. B. Chaney envisions an illumined . . .*

## Quiet

By E. B. CHANEY

White warm and white soft  
Shines the altar candle;  
Gold warm and gold soft  
Waxes from the cross;  
Music, the white pearl  
Rolling on black velvet  
Down an open aisle,  
Makes candles flicker,  
And ghosts of gods  
Begin an upward climb.

Page Twenty-Two

*Freshman Barb Haupt, in this award winning essay, defines mankind's constant search.*

## A RE-EXAMINATION OF FAITH

by BARB HAUPT

*"Till the gossamer thread you  
fling catch somewhere, O my soul."*

Walt Whitman

The question "Can we have a religion without God?" sounds preposterous to many people. Religion seems to be rooted in the conviction that God is, that He is primary and transcendent. And it seems almost as natural to assume that He must be known in a historical figure—a Jesus, A Buddha, or a Mohammed—who is God Himself or His sole spokesman. Yet for almost everyone there must come the frightening experience of real doubt, and out of this doubt comes a re-evaluation of faith and a broader perspective. Like all growth, this new experience may be painful; and it is often impossible to return to the comfortable confines of a static faith.

Everything we do is prompted by values—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. We work to eat, and our daily bread seems to be an obviously objective value, solidly material. We are driven to think and to inquire, and the universe seems to hold the rationality and order that we seek; but even modern science challenges the objectivity of these values, by recognizing that the apparent "laws of nature" are at least in part imposed on reality by the human mind. Geometry and causation become relative, practical formulas; and we lose the security of scientific absolutes. From here it is but a step to the realization that every value is relative to the valuer. As spiritual beings, we seek a greater Something which contains all life and in which we can lose ourselves. God, our highest value, is the reality of our wish for order, meaning, and security; and His existence is assured by the affirmation of our other values. But if these values are relative and subjective, what can God be?

Page Twenty-Three

There are at least three ways to adjust oneself spiritually to the subjectivity of values. Like the positivists, one can dismiss as futile all loyalty to a higher Something and direct his sympathies to a "religion of humanity," deriving his inspiration from the sciences. All spiritual values and even most of the intellectual values must then be to him not only subjective, but worthless: whereas the physical values become insistently real and worth one's total commitment. Devotees of this religion can point proudly to such wonders as fourteen-hour jet flights from London to Capetown, crease-resistant orlon, Salk vaccine, and the hydrogen bomb; but they have not found a cure for spiritual disillusionment.

If positivism seems glaringly inadequate, there is the still-more-modern religion of men like Edwin R. Goodenough, who, defining all spiritual values as only subjective creations of man, resolve to live bravely in faithfulness to their own best myths or wish-projections, knowing that mankind has no spiritual support beyond its own dreams. For these people, Jesus and God are man-made symbols in which men have concentrated their long-venerated ideals and cherished hopes; and each man must find his own spiritual strength in the adequacy of his symbols and of his allegiance to them. Paradoxically, this credo demands more faith than either positivism or orthodox religion. It makes God as subjective a combination of human values as Santa Claus, and every human hope a construct of imagination deriving its authority solely from those who believe in it, and it therefore demands the sort of trust which is most difficult to achieve—trust in oneself. Like the positivists, the Goodenoughists have a religion, but it is a religion without God. It is a moot question whether such a stand is the only valid one for the mature modern man who is honest with himself and with the world.

A third way to approach the problem of the subjectivity of spiritual values is a qualified return to orthodox faith. It is a belief in the objective reality of God and spiritual truth, of salvation and grace, as *spiritual* realities which are known only imperfectly by men and which become veiled in subjectivity as soon as they are communicated to other men. In this light, knowledge of "truth" is for every man an individual experience which must involve the total person. If God is infinitely deeper and broader and higher than I am, as He surely must be, then it must take every facet of my being to know Him—sense and intellect, heart and imagination. And still I

must know only a very small part of what He is, even if by the experience I am transformed in every part. Then how can I reduce Him to words—mere tools of the intellect—and say to another human being, "This is what God is like"?

Poetry comes closest to communicating such religious experience, because through imagery it informs the total person, not just his intellect. In fact, this is probably the only way it is ever done. But through this necessity comes endless confusion, for, although poetry itself is not deceptive, it becomes so when it is taken for something else. A Moses on Mount Sinai or a Saint Paul on the road to Damascus may be grasped by a direct spiritual experience; but in reducing the experience to communicable, concrete symbolism, the symbol itself may become the truth—and then it is no longer the same thing. A spiritual relationship between God and man is equated to the stone tablets of the Decalogue or to a historical Jesus. Thus orthodox faith in its own terms is for the believer in a qualified orthodoxy only a string of subjective constructions which veil the real, though elusive, experience.

If a believer, in examining his faith in the light of the subjectivity of values, has succeeded in preserving the reality of his God and of personal religious experience, but not of their mythical embodiment, he is likely to have a complaint against the dogmatism of historical religion. He can no longer agree that salvation consists in accepting certain spiritual truths in one historical context, and in commitment to these as historical truths which alone are God's Truth, His direct and once-for-all revelation. Historical circumstance in a faith is for him merely part of its subjective symbolism. The miraculous birth of Jesus, Mithra, or Lord Krishna cannot be irreducible dogma, but rather the poetic embodiment of spiritual understanding.

The thus-qualified orthodox believer attempts to understand the "embodiment" in which a given religion is expressed by studying the historical development of religious concepts. The fact that St. Paul was originally a member of the esoteric Gnostic sect is, for instance, significant to an understanding of Christianity. Again, study of the myriad changes undergone by a "revealed" religion as it is influenced by its cultural environment makes one less credulous about any particular creed. The pattern by which Zoroastrian and Hellenistic religion merged into the eastern mystery cults seems to be mirrored in the Immanuel embodiment of both Hebrew messianic hopes and the Greek Logos.

Once the historical and mythical elements of religion are defined as incidentals, their value comes into new focus. For a thorough skeptic they are only the strands of a phantasy, but for an earnest believer they are the tools of spiritual understanding. Just as a folk epic combines the cultural experience of a whole race, a religious myth focuses the spiritual experience of a whole civilization. A single man's direct experience is rarely so unified and inclusive; in fact, it can never be isolated from the spiritual heritage of the race. The American is likely to know only the God of the Bible or the Torah. For each individual the religious myth or imageric faith is a source of truth, the raw material from which he distills his own faith. The soul-shaking experience of Jesus' disciples with the Pentacostal fire can stir individuals today into the realization of spiritual rebirth. Thus faith is reconverted into faith: the actual religious experiences of mystics are reduced to symbolic expressions from which the individual believer reconstructs his own religious experience. In this light, the particulars of Christian mythology and miracle-story are seen as the symbols of spiritual realities which have gripped men as vital and meaningful. The Feeding of the Five Thousand comes to mean the efficacy of God's love in quickening selfless human love and sharing. The Resurrection is the expression of God's miraculous grace. Thus images are still indispensable to a faith, because they are the media of religious experience.

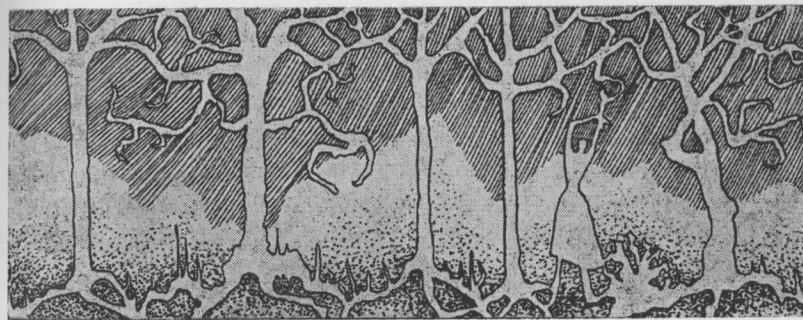
The analytical process of divesting a religion of its imageric dress has almost always been considered heretical, and with reason. Once symbolism is probed, the religious experience itself, which is very elusive, easily dissolves. Symbol-grasping man will not easily believe, without a symbol, in a salvation which is equal to a growing relationship with God. Without the Covenant story, the ancient Hebrews' intense encounter with God would not have been understood by succeeding generations of Jews; and without the story of God's incarnation in Jesus, the Gentile world would lack a traditional faith in the same experience. The tradition in each case is a historical one, but the experience is always personal and fits into the context of history only so far as personal experience is individual and specific. The human race is not converted, but individual men are.

But rational distinction between the subjective and the objective easily goes a step further; and here it destroys an essence. It seeks certain universal or absolute truths which exist in some outer noumenon ready to be discovered by enterprising men. Morality,

justice and truth are thought to exist as objectively as protons. The method of discovery may be either reason or intuition, or even practical experience (the kind which is followed by induction, not the direct experience of revelation); but the essence is purely metaphysical. Lacking personality—that is, Personality—it becomes pragmatic, since teleology is natural to man; if truth cannot be divine will, it must at least suit human purpose. At this point the "Be still and know that I am God" aspect of religion is modernized away. The "saving knowledge of God" of which the Bible speaks is reduced to the status of a subjective and therefore purely imaginary value; and absolute truths, which are now flat and objective, require no more commitment of spirit than the proton does, and are useful in about the same way.

In rejecting a static *historical* view of revelation and the religious relationship, one has also thrown out *personal* relationship and revelation. He no longer believes that a transcendent God encounters individual men. Human concern is limited to purely human values, collected and idealized, and men turn to the new social religions. The Marxists and the men of the Enlightenment have drawn such a following because men need a spiritual point of gravitation, and a transcendent God is readily replaced by the idol of a perfect society.

Ultimately, questions about the place of history and concrete figure in religion fade into the starker question about God's reality. If He is only subjective, then man stands in a cosmic loneliness with nothing higher than himself on which to depend. As a human spider, he flings his thread into an emptiness which can only hollowly echo his own loneliness; and he must either acknowledge himself to be the most miserable of insects or, with the courage of his own imagination, he must create his own points of gravitation and himself become the Titan of the universe.



Barbara Russ

*Editor Nil Muldur, from Istanbul, Turkey, writes about a lonely man who discovers . . .*

## FRIDAY IS A LUCKY DAY

By NIL MUL DUR

He had no idea what time it was. Night had drained out of his room a long time ago leaving behind only a single pale shadow that traveled from the center of the ceiling to the baseboard of the wall. When he looked at the shadow closely the old man realized that the shadow belonged to the electric cord which dangled from the ceiling, ending in a single, flyspecked bulb. Outside the rain beat rhythmically upon the tin roof and seeped in at the eaves, making damp, grey patterns on the wall. Water poured from the tin gutters, splashed on to the cobblestones of the narrow street and raised muddy rivers at the edges of the sidewalks.

He could see the street from his bed. He could also see the unmade bed across from his own. Five days, for five days he had stayed in his bed, sleeping, staring and then sleeping again. He had heard voices, voices that asked about him, now that his wife was dead. He heard the paper boys and their quarrels and he had heard the cat scratching at his door. Now he heard the landlady slip-slopping down the stairs. She stopped at his door and he lifted his head to listen. He wanted her to worry and to call the neighbors. She only rattled the double doors which were bolted from the inside and said, "When are you going to come out? Are you going to get out or are we going to call the police to get you out?" After a pause, when he didn't answer, she slip-slopped away.

He let his head fall on the pillow which had turned yellow with age. The wind whistled through the window panes, tearing at the newspapers stuffed in the cracks. Within the room the wind shook the electric cord and the pale shadow moved with it.

He smelled fish being fried—it was either around noon or early in the evening. He knew the cat would come again scratching at the door, purring and meowing. He also knew that with the coming of the night his wife would return.

He had heard her the first night after the funeral. He was ready to light a cigarette and he had dropped it when he heard her voice: "Why do you smoke so much? You know you shouldn't smoke, the way you keep coughing the whole night." He had stared at the empty bed and heard her talk. He turned back to his pillow but heard her move around the room, pushing chairs aside, pulling out the drawers of the small dresser. His forehead was damp and there was a funny noise in his ears, but his wife kept talking, "I really don't know why I stuck it out as long as I did with you. My father told me you wouldn't amount to anything. Do you remember the first time I met you? I bet you don't remember the first time I met you. I had long hair then." Then he heard her comb her hair, and the comb made the funny crackling noise which had always intrigued him. He had clenched his teeth and covered his head with the pillow.

"You had a mustache and all the girls of the village smiled at you, except me. You really tried hard to get me, didn't you? I didn't even look at you and that made you mad." She gave a small laugh and kept combing her hair. He could almost hear her breathing.

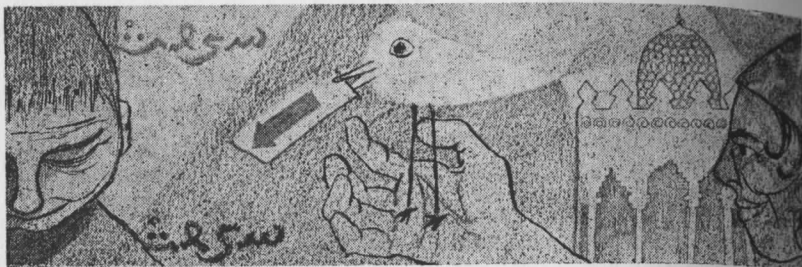
She had been a good-looking girl and she was the only one who behaved as if she didn't even recognize him. "I should have listened to my father; he told me you wouldn't amount to anything. 'Good looking but good for nothing'—those're his exact words. All these years and what are you, nothing but a common watchman at the tobacco factory. I should have married that officer in the cavalry, the one who kept writing me letter after letter even when I was engaged to you. You don't even know the new Turkish script . . ."

The room was cold and the blankets weighed heavily upon his chest. The cat made noises outside his door. It was her cat and he was determined not to let it in. He was also determined not to get out of his room. For twenty-seven years he had listened to his wife and now he lay in bed listening to her, five days after the funeral.

He had gone to the mosque with her almost every night; he never went inside to pray but sat outside and watched the people feeding the pigeons. He watched them swarm around the fortune-teller woman and he felt their hope as they listened to her fortunes.



One day he had gone near the fortune-teller, close enough to hear her voice. She was a tall woman with flashing eyes, and she was loud. She joked around with the men and yet no one seemed to dare make fun of her. She really wasn't the fortune-teller, he saw. She had a trained pigeon which sat on a wooden tray full of pink slips, and when the customer paid the money the pigeon would pick a pink slip and give it to him. The pink slip told the customer what day was his lucky day, about his love, and things of that sort. He probably should have bought a pink slip a long time ago to learn about his own life. He had never gathered the courage, not after the things his wife had said about the fortune-teller:



Ted Shaw

"She wouldn't think anything of sleeping with anyone. She just looks it. The way she carries on with the men, why I can't see how they keep her in the mosque yard, right in front of God's own house—that—that sinner!" She looked sideways at him and bit her lips.

Sometime, when he still thought he saw his wife lying across from him, he heard the relatives in the room. They were in the room, they had come back to take away the body. They had been here before, why should they be back again? "Go away, go away and leave me alone!" he shouted and stared around the empty room.

I should open the window and let in some air, he thought, I can't sleep without any air. He opened the window a little, and spray hit his face, cooling his cheeks. The street was empty except for a car that slowed down a little in the rounding of the corner and he saw a child wiping the steam from the window with his fist. After the car had gone down the street he saw something move in front of the door across from his window. He saw someone hurrying from one door to the other, hurrying to avoid the rain.

It was the fortune-teller woman. He was surprised, he almost smiled. "Hello, hello you there—" She didn't hear him.

He pushed the window open; all of a sudden it was very important that she hear him. He felt dizzy and he could hardly see now that he was sitting in his bed and he stuck out his hand and yelled, "Aren't you getting wet out there? You, you over there!" He saw the woman look at the house, he waved with both hands.

She had heard him. She walked across, trying to keep her shawl, the pigeon and the tray of slips from flying away. She came to the window and said, "What do you want?"

"Here," he said, short of breath, "do you want to come inside, you are getting wet out there."

She looked at him strangely.

"Come on," he said.

"I might as well," she answered, "the bird is getting awfully wet."

When she knocked on the door he was there, leaning on the wall with one hand. He was so dizzy he didn't think he could stand. "Watch out for the cat," he said.

The woman came inside and he closed the door, bolting it from the inside. "What did you do that for?" the woman asked as she crossed the room and sat down on his wife's bed.

"Please don't sit over there," he whispered hoarsely. "Please don't sit over there." His eyes ached but he said it again.

"You are a funny man," she said. Her face was wet and she looked tired. Her dress had come unbuttoned at the throat; her hair was disheveled, and the pigeon looked wet and little larger than a sparrow. "You see," he tried to explain, "my wife died and you are sitting—" He couldn't finish.

"Oh, I am sorry," the fortune-teller said, "I am awfully sorry."

She stood up and sat on the chair. Her head sank to her chest. She sighed. "The pink slips are wet, I have to go all the way across the city to get new ones. This poor thing is wet too—do you know what they call her kind? See her feathers, see the feathers of my bird? They call her Sultan's Favorite. The Sultans used to keep birds and this was the favorite kind because of the feathers on their heads." She spoke as if to apologize for the wet, shivering bird. She looked tired and small, almost as tired as the pigeon she tried to hold on her lap. She had looked so tall and strong in the mosque yard with the men around her.

"Are you cold?" he asked. "If you are cold we could light the stove or something."

He tried to stand up; his head swam and the whole room seemed to be shivering.

She was near him and she pushed him back, and he sat like a puppet whose strings are cut. "You must be sick," she said. "Do you have anything in the house? Something to cook, how about some soup or something?"

"Yes, yes some soup would be fine—you see my wife died, and I didn't—"

"Don't worry, you can't die with the dead. We get all kinds at our trade. People come to talk to us after they lose a husband or something, and this one here," she nodded at the pigeon, "this one here always knows which pink slip to pick. You'll get over it soon, it is harder in the beginning. I remember a young bride whose husband had died, she came and cried and cried."

He could only hear her voice faintly; he couldn't hear his wife, he couldn't even hear the other people. He wondered what the landlady would think. He could hear drawers being opened and chairs being pushed around again.

"There is nothing here," she said.

"I have money," he said, "I have money in the small leather billfold in the second drawer. Listen, please take the money and you can go and get something to eat. You could get some fish maybe — yes, some fish. We could get some fish and you could fry it, and—" He was talking breathlessly. It was important that she stay in the room and talk to him. As long as she stayed in the room and talked he knew he would be all right. He didn't want her to go away and the voices to begin again. He didn't want the rain to let up lest she go away. And the landlady, the landlady wanted the room; she wanted to rent it to another married man.

"Look," he said, "I am a watchman in the tobacco factory."

"I know," she said, "I saw you coming to the mosque each night. Your wife prayed and you sat on the steps and watched me." Her lips turned into a smile. She continued, "You never bought a fortune; I thought maybe your wife didn't want you to spend money on fortunes. We get all sorts in our trade. Husbands come and want to know if their wives are faithful and the wives come to learn if their husbands are faithful to them. I remember one year when a woman—"

Again she smiled and he thought: would she stay if he asked her to? She didn't seem very strong but she kept talking to him. He

wondered if her hair made a funny sound when she combed it. He wouldn't even smoke. He wouldn't even start looking outside when she kept talking, the way he did with his wife who died.

He started again, "I am a watchman in the tobacco factory; I don't make much, but we could stay in this room and you could work if you wanted to."

The woman drew in her breath. She looked frightened, the door was locked and the rain made noises outside. She covered her head with her shawl; her arms were bare and they looked white in the shadows of the room. Her eyes were sparkling. He didn't know if she was crying or angry. "Don't be angry—I really didn't mean any harm. Please don't cry."

"No," she said, "I am not angry. I am not—not at all. Nobody, nobody ever—" she stopped. "Maybe I shouldn't even tell you this, but nobody ever asked me, not like this."

"That's all right," he said. "Don't worry about that. We can go to the court house, we can go there as soon as the rain lets up. I mean after I get well, and you can get a new dress maybe, and we could get—" He didn't say the next word.

She was crying; the pigeon had its head under its wing. "What is your name?" she asked. "What day is it today?"

"Ali," he answered, "my name is Ali Makar and it must be Friday today. Yes, I think it is Friday today."

"Let's see," she said, shaking her shawl back on her shoulders. "Do you know how to read the new Turkish script?"

"No—do you mind?"

"No, not at all," she replied, "I can." Carefully she separated a pink slip of paper from the damp pile on the tray and read, "You have a good heart. Friday is your lucky day. You should start a business on Friday."

*Gordon Harper, a sophomore from Neeah, Wisconsin, crystallizes our world dilemma.*

## A WORLD MANIFESTO

by GORDON HARPER

*Sire, it is not a revolt,—it is a revolution.*

*—Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt*

*To Louis XVI, 1789*

On American college campuses a few years ago it became a custom for disgruntled students to mutter threateningly in their best proletarian accent, "Comes the Revolution!" In their own humorous way these students seem to have accurately forecast the present. I would suggest we are today witnessing a world revolution which few of these same Americans know much about or understand. And it is imperative that we understand it if for no other reason than that our enlightened self-interest and welfare demand it. Alongside this revolution even the clash between Russian communism and democratic capitalism—which seems of such significance to us—becomes of lesser import.

Permit me to sharpen and focus on this revolution a bit. What lies behind the Peron—empowering revolt of the descamisados, "the shirtless ones" of Argentina? Consider the Chinese, who, under the Communists, have regained human dignity and pride in their cultural heritage for the first time in many years. Observe Algeria and South Africa, the first already involved in a violent uprising, the second awaiting but a spark to explore the entire social and political structure. These are not isolated happenings. A definite unity of purposes binds them in a single fabric. To understand what this unifying purpose is, we must think back for a moment over the history of the past two centuries.

No one with a knowledge of history can be unaware of the injustices, exploitation and oppression practiced upon subject peoples by Western powers during the past generations. That great wrongs have been committed few would deny. But of the extent and of the contemporaneousness of the oppression, we are largely ignorant.

Is it entirely without significance that two-thirds of the world's citizens will go to bed hungry tonight? And that of this number, one-third will die within a year unless they receive more food in the future than they had today? What kind of conditions are they in which a Persian can say, if only he could have one can of American dog food a week for his starving family he would be happy? Against this backdrop, hear the statement of one South American industrialist, "In this city we expect at least 50 per cent yearly net income on our investment, but will not be surprised if we get up to 200 per cent."

How difficult it is for us of the United States to envision the unbelievably bad conditions under which so large a number of our fellows live. We pay but token acknowledgement to the fact that such conditions even exist, feeling vaguely that somehow "things like that, you know, must be." Though very unfortunate, fate, divine will or nature apparently ordains them. And, happily for our security, until only recently this feeling of fatalism was shared by most of the peoples doing the suffering. There has been more or less acceptance of their lot for two reasons: an ignorance of any other type of life and a sense of the complete futility of trying to change extant structures.

This is no longer the case. Something has happened to the man with the hoe. He has become aware of his condition in comparison with the fortunate of mankind. As a result, he has come to believe his position is unbearable and that something can be done about it. It is this which makes the present situation completely unique. There have been such conditions before; never before has there been such a determination that such conditions shall not continue. We are facing a full-blown revolution, one with far-reaching political, social and economic implications. The land reforms of Vinoba Bhave and Mao Tse-tung in India and China, the pan-Islamism radiating from Cairo, the aloof Neutralism of Nehru and other Asian leaders, the enosis movement in Cyprus, and the pervading drive for industrialization and an increasing trade are only a few manifestations of this revolution in its many aspects. The reasons for this awakening change of attitude are several, and it is not my intention to speak of them here. I am trying only to say that the revolution is taking place and urge that at least we should recognize it and refrain from trying to block it.

But where stands the United States while this spirit of revolution is expanding across the earth? While the South African government puts into practice *apartheid*, complete segregation, and places total power in the hands of the few European whites the United States government promises to supply it with arms and military equipment. In the United Nations we are lined up with our "allies," trying to help them keep their colonies. We vote against consideration of the Algerian demand for independence because France does not want U. N. intervention, and thus we allow the French Republic the freedom to do whatever it will with eight million Algerians. Worst of all, the American public shows concern only for Communism and agrees with the simple TIME declaration that the "world is going either in America's or Russia's way." It would seem that now might be the time for the administration and for the American people to make what Mr. Dulles has called an "agonizing reappraisal" of the world and our place within it.

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*Marylyn Hull, a sophomore from Lakewood, Ohio, wonders if it's . . .*

## *Faith or Flight*

By MARYLYN HULL

This farce that clenches tears within,  
This mocking mask that soon wears thin,  
This calloused covering conquering sin,  
    Men call it faith.  
This sacred trust toward which men aim,  
This Be-All answer of the partner game,  
This false faith I will not claim,  
    I call it flight.

*Freshman Jim Gallant, from Delaware, Ohio, writes of a father who enlists with General Hoosh.*

## PUNK DAYS

By JIM GALLANT

"Goodnight," says Pete, the little mustached guy who drives the bus I ride twice a day, Monday through Friday. I usually say "Goodbye Pete" but I get away from the bus as fast as possible tonight. Better to say nothing—and so I walk toward home.

It's been a punk day. It was drizzling and dreary when I got up at eight this morning—a half hour late. I didn't have time to shave and the coffee was scalding hot, leaving a blow-torched feeling in my mouth until lunchtime. Things went from bad to worse after that.

I learned that Lucy Anne, my new secretary, can't read sixteenths of an inch on a straight ruler. The specifications for all twenty-eight engravings on the rush order were incorrect, stemming from the fact that she can't read sixteenths of an inch on a straight ruler. Old Man Steele (he's the vice-president of Allied Hardwares Co. of Chicago) came into the office today and found that we would have to delay his ad for another week because of the engravings. He puffed away on his cigar and shouted and looked upset. I said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Steele," and he just stood there glaring at me, his hands behind his back and the cigar fuming. So, he's mad at us and the boss will probably call me in tomorrow morning, as he does in such cases.

And then Ted Johnson told me this afternoon that the firm selling the new breakfast cereal decided to give the advertising account to some other New York firm. Ted worked hard preparing the presentation. I told him that he would have had trouble trying to be very clever with a product "guaranteed to solve, at last, the nation's constipation problem," anyway. He didn't seem much heartened by what I said. Maybe I shouldn't have said it—he was pretty upset about the account.

I'm home. I walk up the lane, turn the door handle and go in. There's a light in the kitchen. It comes from the doorway leading from the kitchen into the sitting room.

"Anyone home?" I say.

A small voice—Joe's (he's eight)—comes from the kitchen. I'm glad that Joe is here. Usually he comes running to meet me, though, some new adventure to relate or some new teasing device to try out or a hint about a surprise. (Helen has discontinued her practice of giving him advance information about my Christmas and birthday presents.) Tonight, he doesn't come running to meet me. I had rather expected and hoped he would.

I take off my coat and hat and hang them in the closet in the hallway and walk into the kitchen to look for Joe. He will probably be hiding in some corner, prepared to shock me with a great, "Boo!" as I walk through the doorway. I walk through the doorway. No "Boo!" He is sitting at the kitchen table, a piece of paper and one of his picture books before him. He is drawing with a pencil. He is, perhaps, somewhat small for his age, red-cheeked, blue-eyed. And he looks happy all over when he smiles. His face is resting in his cupped right hand, supporting his elbow on the table. He is wearing blue jeans, a white sweat shirt that isn't very white and tennis shoes which show the effects of an active day outdoors. He looks up at me.

"Hello, General Hoosh!" I say.

"Mom's getting groceries. Bob's at basketball practice," he says sullenly.

"And tell me, what did the Hooshes do today?" I inquired solicitously.

"Nothing," he mutters, staring at the paper.

"No battles against the Corbels, nothing at all?"

"Nope." (Doodling with pencil, eyes downcast.)

"What happened at school?" I sit down at the table beside him.

"Nothing," he says without changing his expression.

"Ah, come on now. Anything wrong? Your math problems—were they OK—the ones we did last night?"

"Three were wrong," he says, squinting to add some minute detail to his sketch.

"What's wrong with them, pal?"

"Not much."

I observe him as he ignores me.

I jump up suddenly and grab him, carrying off my screaming, kicking captive to the sitting room. I throw him roughly on the divan and he smiles up at me, both irritated and teasing.

I stand at attention in the middle of the floor and say, "General Hoosh, attention!"

Now his face brightens. General Hoosh scrambles up from the couch and marches over to me, straight-shouldered, his lips pushed forward after the fashion of one sucking on a lemon (all Hooshes have lips like that). He is taking preposterous goose steps, Nazi style, and when he reaches my side, he says in a wheezy, nasal voice which he uses in playing the role of General Hoosh (who, as leader of a band of somethings called Hooshes, has existed for two or three years): "Captain, atten-shun!"

I stand even straighter than before and General Hoosh looks me over.

"Might I request an account of what has happened today in military headquarters?" I say.

He is familiar with the terms and replies, "We had a fight with the Corbels today," in an efficient, commanderish voice.

"Oh," I say, "any losses—any loyal Hooshes killed?"

"No," says the General. "We got twenty thousand Corbels as prisoners."

"Twenty thousand! Germinal or tetrachlorides?"

"Germinal."

"That's very good, General!"

"Yes," he says in his special Hoosh language, which makes it sound something like "Ysush."

"General, shall we take a ride to inspect the troops?"

"Ysush" is the answer.

I pause momentarily to remove my shoes, then fall to my knees in the pose of a saddle horse.

With all of the graveness of Lee riding toward Appomattox Court House, General Hoosh straddles my back, digging his shoes into my white shirt. We are off. The ride is moderately paced at first but develops soon into a lilted canter. General Hoosh, losing all graveness, giggles delightedly as I make jerking motions with the hind quarters. After innumerable giggles, hiccups, and digs of muddy tennis shoes into my white shirt, the General is unable to maintain his position and tumbles to the floor. I am immediately on top of him, pressing him to the floor. I assume the role of enemy.

"Now, General, I've got you," I say.

"No you don't!" The General flails me with his arms and legs. I stretch out my arms and pin him to the floor and, after he has kicked me in the side several times, I succeed in securing his feet. With a laughing moan, he succumbs and I let him up. He is red in the face, laughing and breathing heavily. So am I. He puts out his fists to reopen the fiasco but the fight is over and I drag him to the divan and tell him to cool off.

Joe disappears into the kitchen and returns with his writing equipment and his picture book. He perches himself in one corner of the divan and begins to draw. I sit down beside him and peer over his shoulder. The picture is of an alligator with a grin and a coon-skin cap.

"He's trying to catch this rabbit to eat him," he explains, pointing to the book illustration.

"I didn't know alligators liked rabbits."

"He's hungry and there's nothing else to eat. So he's trying to catch the rabbit. Only the rabbit is smarter than he is."

"He doesn't really like rabbits then—to eat?"

"No, but he's hungry. He's got to have something."

"Yep, everybody gets hungry," I say earnestly.

"But he won't catch him. The rabbit is smarter than he is. And he can change himself into rocks and everything."

"Well, the alligator sure can't eat him if he can turn himself into something like a rock."

"Uh-huh," agrees Joe.

He puts a human smile on the rabbit's face.

"I drew one of a Hoosh yesterday—want to see it?"

I do.

He throws the pencil, paper and book aside and gallops into the kitchen and opens his toy drawer. The picture seems to be well concealed. I hear books being thrown aside and toy automobiles being stacked elsewhere. In a few minutes he returns, triumphantly waving the picture of the Hoosh.

He hands the drawing to me and sits on his knees on the divan beside me, peeking over my shoulder to re-examine his sketch.

The creature in the picture is a bizarre mixture of human, horse and Hoosh. I recognize my glasses and my long nose. The ears are Hoosh ears. They have the general appearance of radar screens. Horse-ish features dominate the rest of its makeup.

"Well, that's sure the spitting image of a Hoosh," I say.

He looks proudly at the picture.

"Yes sir, you're going to be a real artist some day."

He chuckles and starts to put the final touches on the picture of the alligator.

"Bob says I don't draw good. He doesn't like my Hoosh drawing," he confides hesitantly.

"Bob's wrong—they're very good," I say.

"I showed the one of the Hoosh to my teacher today," he says, looking intently at the Hoosh again.

"What did she say?"

"She didn't like it. She said draw something real next time."

"She just doesn't know what's real and what good art is when she sees it. You keep right on drawing Hooshes as long as you can," I say, poking him affectionately in the ribs. His expression changes. He pokes my back and another fight is germinating. I end it abruptly by telling him to settle down and draw some more pictures while I read the paper.

I walk to the front door, open it, pick up the rolled newspaper and return to the sitting room. I slide into the armchair, half-sitting, half-reclining, the newspaper spread out over my chest.

The headlines indicate that the business in Morocco is still going on. More race troubles in Georgia, too.

I wonder what the boss will say tomorrow? He *could* fire me. He and Steele are close friends. Impossible. Maybe.

I look over at Joe. He is drawing an alligator with a coon skin cap who wants to eat a rabbit and a rabbit who can change himself into a rock and is smiling contentedly.

## *Bernadette*

By SALLY FALCH

Merry the mother drops her  
Led by the hand to the water's edge,  
A four year stitch of bar-sown life,  
Legs bare brown in lunch box glare  
That shows she will not,  
Will never go through a day alone  
Or with hunger gnawing that handful  
Of flesh ruffled in polkaed red.  
As a piper skits on diminishing toes  
She tracks the tide-mopped sand;  
Her wary eyes pierce morning haze,  
Her lunch box jettisons from deafened hand  
And she squats Buddha-legged to build a home—  
While round her bony bottom swirls the surf  
Where sandy shoulders shun the grasping sea.  
Shellacked by the shine of a summer sun  
Visitors, marionettes steered by  
Shortening strings, enter her whitening home;  
Puppy welcome sparkles her amber eyes,  
And wagging ruffles, she tosses seaweed curls  
And hurls oaths as soft as summer sounds;  
As welcome yet as strange as a foreign ship  
She sails, casting lines of warmth from  
Cabana tent to Turkish carpet and back again,  
Till the sun goes out and sun-seared sprawlers  
Wend away—and weary, her mother finds her  
Legs and arms akimbo upon the fading shore.

## II

Of fourteen summers, this one the same  
Except others swam more sweetly by—  
Apparent bones of adolescence and potpourri  
Belie a mind furrowed by seas of things  
That should not be in the seashell that is summer.  
Alien child growing from herself she walks,  
Not fathoming the many no longer in her grasp,  
Nor the love of one that starred last night  
In moon-cool kisses by the shadowed sea,  
Two bodies newly made for night  
Turned over-worldly by the day.  
Avoiding forms that sprawl till stopped  
By stubbled dunes, she picks her way  
Beneath the stars across the beach  
To stand upon their trackless space  
And stare with finite eyes  
That would snare the solace that surges  
And recedes—the enigma of the sea.  
As if in antiphony to her hope  
Tufts of ship's smoke dilute her gaze,  
And when the long awaited day is dawning  
She walks the slow mile to her fate:  
No house wreathed in smoke or smell of stove  
But a strange woman who could have made it so,  
Who passes disguised and denied as  
Any mistress of the street, her mother  
And herself within the mirror and compass  
Of the ever-eager, the all-devouring sea.

### III

After fourteen some summers slide  
Faster than scuttled ships at sea  
Till doubled they come back as inevitable  
As the tide that envelops tawny shores—  
She wanders, blending brown of skin with beiged sands—  
A fleeting oneness fused by onetime passions  
That cascade, then fade—  
Twenty-eight years of rebellion blacked  
By haze of unused smoke that  
Cowers behind page-like doors only to emerge  
In a kaleidoscope of loves and laughs  
To be shot down like the birds that fall  
At twenty-five for five along her beach and boardwalk life.  
As time tarnished shells rake her naked soles  
She rejects the raping surf to sink  
On drifted wood—brown-limbed relic  
That has merged—submerged and returned  
To the home that nourished it!  
Stoic warmth of summer and persistent sun  
Wipe her wetted flesh, unsmoothed  
By the creams of rising years;  
And having squandered its prey, the sea  
Chants the taunting love song of the Lorelei,  
As it withdraws to uncomplaining depths  
There remains the pledge of a widening shore.