



EXILE

The

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EDITORIAL

There is a spectre haunting the small college campus—the spectre of well-roundedness. The integrated student is haunting the campus along with a host of other undergraduate shades, who are all carbon copies of himself. It is not that we all part our hair in the middle, have blue eyes, or read books. But it is that we all seek the same tweedy look, that we try studiously to avoid seeming “intellectual,” that we read few books that are not assigned.

What is this highly advertised well-roundedness? Perhaps it arose with general education as an antidote for specialization in education and thought, and as an ideal for the development of the whole man. But what has happened to it since then? Well-roundedness now looms before the incoming freshman as a scholastic, social, and intellectual norm, and beckons him into the cult of mediocrity.

More and more courses are available to us, in subjects ranging from stage-lighting to contemporary ethics, but scholarship is falling into disrepute. It seems that the goal of our liberal education is only a well-rounded smattering of knowledge and ideas. We have made learning only one small piece in the neat mosaic of our college life, a piece which, like knitting in Chapel and white blazers, fits into the pattern of what the casual collegian is doing and wearing.

Nothing that we do must be too intense. Enthusiasm is dissected into compartments, as we set a precise balance among class-time, study-time, and party-time. Having droodled attentively through a philosophy class, and having carefully avoided sticking our necks out intellectually, we efficiently bustle off to the student union, where the hour of scheduled procrastination begins. We collect a foursome and begin mechanically shuffling cards, just as we shuffle friendships, committees, dates, facts, ideas and ideals, all well-integrated into our scheme of life. A round of unlucky hands and the thought of an hour exam impel us to the library, where study, too, gets its fair share of our time. Then the prescribed dose of booking is followed by a return to the social scene, where we wash down the bitter taste of study.

Why do we submit ourselves to this social-intellectual feeding schedule? The reason is that we are trying to be normal, well-adjusted, well-rounded. We are trying to be integral members of a democracy; but what do we mean by “democracy”?

Too often we make democracy mean a compulsion to abide by the decision of the group, in all matters ranging from the service project for the semester to what will be the clever jargon for the season. That each of us had a small voice in the group decision does not prevent despotism of the group, for democracy that decides too many things for us becomes undemocratic. Personal freedom exists within the framework of democracy only when people know the sources of their preferences.

Democracy must be expanded to mean freedom to be a person distinct from the decisions and habits of the democratic group. This freedom is not a natural right which we can expect the group to hand to us; for instance, no fraternity will urge a boy to become a pacifist or a poet. Too often we have allowed self-realization and reflection to be smothered entirely in the clan instinct. We sacrifice individual creative thought to collective activity, because we assume that it is everyone's duty to do so. Rarely do we stop to reflect that if we met in groups to find values we could call our own, we would not need to call our meetings and parties “compulsory.” “Group spirit” would not have to be artificially elicited. A hectic whirl of contrived duties and mechanical activities cannot keep us from being Hollow Men; it cannot save us from the fear of purposelessness.

If we are to search for real purpose in our activities, we will have to do it with a greater consciousness, because as good college guys we are too used to spinning in a groove of well-roundedness. In all we do — our learning, our thinking, our social responses — we will have to be more aware of our own purpose. Once we have found purpose, we need to have the courage to act on our discovery, rather than to become shadows of the popular external pattern.

The re-evaluation that we need demands an initial aloneness — a thing that for so long we have feared so much — for self-knowledge and the discovery of personal purpose are not social activities. We need to rediscover the art of contemplation, to read and study with genuine curiosity. We need to pursue the knowledge and skills which will give us competence to make our own judgments in politics, art, fashion, ethics, friendships, entertainment — in everything once decided for us by our groups.

We need to carry this searchlight of self-knowledge to our groups also. Is the form—the organizational structure, the many committees and meetings, the accepted style of behavior—an empty thing? We are likely to find only a well-organized skeleton if we have denied purpose and meaning to our groups by paring down the real character and judgments of their members. If Sorority "A" decides to have a date party, it ought to be because the girls who belong to "A" really want to have one, not because all sororities have date parties. Moreover, Sorority "A" should not entertain tuberculosis patients unless the members have an honest desire to do so. How deadening it is to say, "Well, we've got to do something for somebody."

On the other hand, not even purposeful people live alone. The moments of reflection are followed by a return to the social-intellectual-academic milieu. It is among other people that we are going to fulfill ourselves, as campus politicians, social leaders, creative writers, students of science, etc. The choice is ours, and the dignity of choice—a dignity which comes only from the moments of reflection. The reflective experience is painful because it focuses a brilliant light inward, but it is essential if we hope ever to beam our own lights adequately outward upon our fellowmen.—MLC, BH

In this issue the editors of EXILE are proud to publish "Three Stops for an Artist" by Nicos Stangos. This story has been awarded the semi-annual Denison Book Store—EXILE Creative Writing Prize.

EDITORS

Jim Gallant
Barbara Haupt
Jesse Matlack
Lois Rowley

STAFF

Robert Canary
Mary Lou Conroy
Carol Dugle
Carol Hornby
Doris Nelson
Amy Peterson
Louise Schwallie
Janet Siegel
Nicos Stangos
Phyllis Winsor

ART EDITOR

Judy Lofton

FACULTY ADVISOR

Paul L. Bennett

Contributors

Contributors to this issue of *Exile* refuse to be categorized, as do their contributions.

Among the seniors, Editor Jesse Matlack plans to do graduate study in English literature to prepare for college teaching . . . John Kenower, a pre-theological student, looks forward to a career in the ministry . . . Robert Whitlatch, a member of Maskers, has been active in Denison theatre productions . . . Yoko Kuyama, an English major, plans to return to her native Japan as a teacher . . . E. Burnell Chaney, a speech major, has frequently contributed poetry to *Exile*.

Junior Nicos Stangos, a scholarship student from Athens, Greece, is a transfer from Connecticut Wesleyan University majoring in philosophy and English . . . Junior Ellen Moore, a previous contributor to *Exile*, is a history major.

Editor James Gallant, a sophomore writing major, has worked on his hometown newspaper and published free lance writing.

National Merit Scholar Robert Canary, is a freshman pursuing theatre, music, speech and writing interests . . . Carol Dugle, also a freshman, is interested in language, science and writing . . . Thomas Turnbull is a transfer to Denison this year from Middlebury College in Vermont.

Judy Lofton, junior art major, plans to do graduate work at Ohio State University . . . Janet Siegel was art editor of the *Adytum* last year. A junior, she expects to study after graduation at The Chicago Institute of Design.

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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.

THE DREAMER

BY JESSE MATLACK

F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel, *The Great Gatsby*, opens with this quotation from a French poet, Thomas Parks D'Inwilliers:

Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her;
If you can bounce high, bounce for her too,
Till she cry, "Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover,
I must have you!"

Such a quotation invariably sets my imagination roaring. Before me I see a dashing, comical young man in a tuxedo, with top hat and cane, leaping in an artificial, cockeyed manner, clicking his heels together in glee. He is flanked by a gorgeous, equally convivial and double-jointed young woman, and the pair stand glistening amid a shower of purple and silver champagne bubbles. They look much like the illustrations frequently found upon napkins or menus in fashionable restaurants, and as I try to comprehend the racing, screaming romance that is passing between them, I get a glimpse of their lives:

Soft words spoken in intimate booths of iridescent cocktail lounges; angry taxi-cabs, colorful friends, hors d'oeuvres, midnight floor shows, slight hangovers and breakfast in continental hotels, gold and blue.

Golf, tennis. A mixed odor of perfume, perspiration and lipstick. A swim, a breathless footrace to a zig-zag, glassy bungalow. A walk by the soothing sea, under the star-freckled sky.

Clandestine meetings, soot-puddled streets, faint kisses in breezy alleyways, singing hoof beats.

Moments of total understanding and compassion, inexplicable moods of lonely indifference. A rushed, strained phone call—and all is well again!

An occasional serious thought (about death, maybe) but soon the universe is baby-faced again, unbiased as a puppy dog and twice as safe.

Eternal laughter and tingling, movie-sensuous music are essential backgrounds for my lovers, and as for drudgery, detail or tediousness, there is none. No constant subways, no shopping, no bothering with strangers, no reality. It never rains in my dreams, and cars are always freshly polished beside impeccable front lawns. There is only beauty, gentle youth and slumber; and the lovers whisper to the hovering moon, "Who goes there?"—and the moon darts sheepishly behind a drifting cloud.

Inevitably I am jolted from my vision by the chiming of a clock or the voice of an irate truck driver who wants to turn left. I then wake to find myself humming "It Was Just One of Those Things" or "Lullaby of Broadway" and I have smoked my Kingsized Cigarette down to its healthful, T.B.-preventing filter. Soon my dreams become faint and grey, like cigarette ashes, for I am thinking of buying a birthday card for Aunt Eva, or washing the car before meeting Mr. Swackhammer, and I curse the terrible humidity.

I have other dreams too. Of the romance of being a farmer on the lonely prairie, a professional athlete wildly in the public eye, an airline pilot, or even an heir and world traveler, selflessly paying my way heavenward with gigantic quarter-annual donations to the church I never attend.

But alas, I have been brought up with enough practicality to realize that when a dream is attained it is always abused. It becomes faint and fragile, and, in the end, ceases to be a dream. It looms as real as the chiming, ubiquitous clock, eternally present to remind us of something unpleasant—something as real as time itself.

Between dreams this summer, I have been spending my time selling cemetery grave space from door to door. People sometimes snicker when I tell them this, but though it is strange work and I am a poor salesman, I earn excellent wages. People have developed, through the years, a strict sales resistance towards kitchen gadgets, lingerie and vacuum cleaners, but when faced with the problem of where to put their deceased bodies, they are absolutely lost. Then my work becomes interesting, for I often hear unique ideas about death. Sometimes, however, what I hear is most depressing.

One day, for instance, I was canvassing in the slums of Philadelphia. (I have found that it is usually easier to sell things to poor people—one reason, perhaps, why they are poor.) On Corson Avenue, a particularly dingy street, I came upon a couple sitting on their

doorstep smoking what appeared to be a before-dinner cigarette. I concluded that they were married, for they showed little interest in one another.

I was a full twenty yards away when the man, sensing that I was a salesman, growled: "Just laid off, mister, can't buy nothing now. Sorry." He was a gigantic, muscular man with a gravel-rough face. I conjured up a vision of him in a steel factory lifting red hot ingots with his bare hands.

"Yeah, got no dough. Can'tcha see?" echoed the plump woman beside him, gesturing at the shabby house. She was missing a front tooth, and her hair drifted and waved in all directions, like the tentacles of a giant sea anemone.

For some reason the situation amused me—for I like working people. Nodding my head that I understood, I approached, stopped before them, and introduced myself. Soon my hand was engulfed in the man's limp paw.

"I'm Harry Handley. This is my wife, Myrtle." He pointed at her accusingly. I shook her hand; it was damp and rough. There was an embarrassing silence.

"If you're selling insurance," said Myrtle, "we've got too much of it already!"

"Yump. She's right," said Harry, stoically.

I told them glibly that I was selling resting places for those the Lord had called, and Harry suddenly came alive.

"Haw, haw, hee," he guffawed, "we ain't ready to die yet, are we, Myrt?" He nudged her roughly with his elbow. "Do we look that old, mister?"

"No sir. No you don't, neither of you," I said. Then I told them the advantages of our "Buying Before Need" system and the luxuries of our easy installment plan. Next I opened my display kit and showed them some colored photographs of the cemetery. They were awed at its beauty. At their request I quoted some prices.

"Cris'sake, it costs a lot to die," mused Mrs. Handley.

"Yump," agreed her spouse.

It was that easy, and it took no skill. I sold them four graves—enough for the whole family. There were two children, and I would have sold them a fifth lot but little Harry had been cremated the year before after he was crushed in the street by a steamroller.

They chose to pay five dollars down and three dollars a month. "Good thing I worked overtime last week", said Harry, signing the contract quickly. He never bothered to read the fine print that said they would owe six per cent interest after the first year, and if they

fell only two months behind in their payments, the company would confiscate their lots and keep the money.

I shook hands soberly with the Handleys and turned anxiously away, up the street. I didn't turn to look back, but I was certain that they were waving goodbye, smiling and grateful.

As I drove homeward the tires of the car slithered over the seething sunbaked streets. It was dinner time when I arrived, and I peeled off my sweaty shirt, removed my shoes and read the paper. I learned with no surprise that tension was mounting in the East, and that Robin Roberts was pitching against the Giants in a televised night game. The clock in the hall struck six times.

After some toast, marmalade and tea, I settled before the T.V. set, sipping a can of beer and eating pistachio nuts until my finger tips, tongue and lips were dark red. Roberts lost his sixteenth game of the season and Willie Mays hit his fourteenth home run. It was a dull game.

I lay in bed, reading into the night until I finished *The Great Gatsby*. I then turned again to the D'Invilliers quotation and thought of the lovers, racing up dazzling streets, subduing the city and its millions. Then I thought of myself, and finally of Mr. and Mrs. Handley, who looked neither before nor after the pressing moment, and I felt very sad.

But then I had another thought. I saw an enormous, ageless man, strutting through dingy streets, his beard blowing in the time-less wind. He was feeding peaches and red currants to the hungry children, and soothing sad lovers. He hummed a high tune, harmonizing with the singing birds; and joy followed, prancing in his foot steps.

Calmly, I fell asleep and dreamed of the lovers. But this time it was I who was scintillating and gay, and who carried a top hat and cane. And I danced toward a ghost-like young woman who, upon my approach, turned out to be Myrtle Handley dressed in an evening gown. She smiled at me, holding out her beefy, bare arms, and cried, "Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover; I must have you!"

And Now A Response

By JOHN KENOWER

Mary Lou Conroy and Barb Haupt have written an editorial in this issue of *Exile* defining the spectre haunting the small college campus. I would like to dig up the same ghost, not to criticize their opinions, but to offer somewhat different conclusions from a somewhat different Denisonian. Let us first look more closely at the nature of this malady—the desire to be “tweedy” or “shoo.”

If our parents' generation was the “Lost Generation,” ours is the “Scared Generation.” I shall never forget the last words of advice my father gave me before I left for school my freshman year, for I think they might be a motto of our age. “Son,” Dad said, “be careful what you join. You never can tell how a group or movement will look to an investigating committee twenty years from now.” And this is the feeling of our generation, isn't it? We have seen the liberals and crusaders of the 30's smeared out of public life because of sincere but imprudent affiliations in their college days. We have been bombarded, in magazines, movies, and college courses, with portraits of American business in which the man who sheds his grey flannel suit is lost. We have looked upon an America that demands conformity of thought and action and have lacked the courage to be other than stereotypes. In short, we suffer from Shooous Desirus.

Why, though, should our generation be slaves to the group? What causes our worship of mediocrity? Why do we lack the courage, and often even the desire, to be abnormal?

I think it is because we are enormously pessimistic and insecure. We have never known a time when there were not “wars and rumors of war.” Every boy among us knows that he must “do his

stint” in the military, and none of us can escape the possibility that we may be engaged in a shooting war. Gone, in the world around is the happy optimism of “peace in our time,” and “day by day, in every way, I grow better and better.” Present, instead, is the terrible anesthetic of constant crisis, and the hopeless cry, not “where are we going?” but “can we change where we are going?”

Western civilization in our time has had its naive optimism in its ability to solve its own problems shattered by a world war that never really ended and gives no indication of ending except in renewed warfare. As our civilization has held out to us a future that, with our best efforts will be worse than the present and without our best efforts will be terminal, we have been moulded. Plunged in an insecure world, and apparently cut off from a secure or even meaningful future, we have fled to the security of being Shoo and have defended ourselves against the demands of originality and conscience with the sophistication of pessimism or indifference. The best of our energies and potentials are used to mummify us in mediocrity. Our generation is in the coma of Shooous Desirus because it can find nothing worth getting knocked about for.

* * * *

What is needed, then, to bring us out of our coma is something worth getting knocked about for. We need something that is of itself worthwhile, that is valuable enough to leave the security of “the group” for, or that is vital enough to be inescapable. We need some value that can command our commitment and dedication. Where is there something that is worth getting knocked about for?

Let us read Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano De Bergerac*, for here is the story of a man who found himself in an age that conformed, but who would himself bend to no one. Cyrano's answer to the death of Shooous Desirus was Individualism—his pride in himself and his own integrity to himself. I know of no greater or more moving appeal for individualism than the second act of Rostand's play. Cyrano's famous “No thank you” speech, which sums up his stand, ends with the five final dramatic lines:

“I am too proud to be a parasite,
And if my nature wants the germ that grows,
Towering to heaven like the mountain pine,
Or like the oak, sheltering multitudes,
I stand, not high it may be—but alone!”

Alone. Whatever else happened, Cyrano stood alone, his white plume unbowed to the world. Cyrano was eloquent in the cause of

Individualism as few men have been, and how stupid and senseless our cowering to mob opinion seems beside the unstained white plume of the man with the nose so suited to being raised. We look at Cyrano, and our cowardly conformity is unpalatable. We find that our lives, which have been totally dedicated to the nothing of normality, are exposed in all their shallowness and meaninglessness by one wholly dedicated to pride in himself as an individual. Cyrano was too proud to bow to the group, and we who are lost in the anonymity of "fitting in" find our lives bitterly hollow when confronted with Cyrano's white plume. How can we look at Cyrano and be content with Shoous Desirus?

But though Rostand brings home painfully the futility of our mode of life, he does not give us a desired goal. In the final act of the play, the hero, dying, said:

Philosopher and scientist,

Poet, musician, duelist—

He flew high; and fell back again

A pretty wit—whose like we lack—

A lover not like other men.

Here lies Hercule-Savinien

De Cyrano de Bergerac—

Who was all things—and all in vain!

Cyrano's life was lived for a purpose, and so he stands above the purposeless conformity to mediocrity. But his purpose was himself, and as he died he had but one achievement—himself. He who was talented above all men of his time found he "was all things—and all in vain!" Individualism—human life lived only for itself—has not the absurdity of excessive conformity, but it is, ironically, valueless beyond itself.

* * * *

If, then, Individualism presents a false remedy for Shoous Desirus, what is there that is worth bucking the crowd for? If Individualism cannot rightly make it worthwhile to stand against the currents of the time, what is there that is so valuable that we can—or must—seek it rather than the security of conformity?

God. I think that our student generation can become creative thinkers and significant individuals only as we discover that the universe is the creation of God, and that meaning and significance in the universe and in the lives of men come only as men realize that they are creatures of God and respond to Him properly as His creatures. We must discover for ourselves that value is essentially religious, and that human life must be lived in response to the Almighty.

Now, this is a value judgment, a confession of a point of faith. And if this is an improper value judgment, if the universe is not a creation of God whose only meaning lies in responding to Him, the solution I outline will in all probability be badly mistaken. But let us not assume that simply because the solution rests on a confession of faith it is false, for any solution rests on some leap of faith. Before we can prescribe a remedy, we must have some idea of what man, ultimately, is like, some image of his basic nature. And that idea of his basic nature is a value judgment, a non-objective leap of faith. Whether we decide that man is just a natural phenomenon, or is something more, or is something less, we make an unverifiable leap of faith. Recognizing, then, that some unprovable value judgment about man's essential nature is necessary, and recognizing that one judgment is that a man is a creature of God for whom there is meaning and significance only as he responds to God as His creature, let us examine my proposed treatment of Shoous Desirus.

Since our lives are suffocated by conformity, and since only meaning and purpose will permit us to shatter the stupor of Shoous Desirus, and since our lives have true meaning and significance only as we respond as creatures of God, how can we as students at Denison respond so as to become creative and significant? In other words, how does my abstract proposition relate practically to the problem of conformity on Denison's campus?

It relates in this way. Men cannot merely serve God in abstraction; they must serve him by doing something in particular. And the "something in particular" that is the proper activity of a Christian student is to be a student. As a student attending an institution that is trying to educate him, a Christian is committed to become educated—to learn, to learn to think, and to think. This is the significant student, one who has not merely reacted against, but has recovered from Shoous Desirus. Our generation does not need persons who are different just to be different, but it does need students who are honestly seeking to become educated, and who cannot abolish or seek to hide their departure from the mass. The Christian student is not a dogmatist seeking intellectual justification for a position, but a student who is convinced that he can serve God best by becoming well educated.

One final contention should be made, however. It might be argued that any dedication to education, not just a Christian dedication, would be sufficient to make students seek after education regardless of mass opinion. This is very true, of course, but it is not enough. First, there is the practical question of how to get

students dedicated to the truth—the question with which we started. But of greater importance is the recognition that education is not the Absolute of the universe. God is. So education as an end in itself, completely divorced from some basic commitment to God, is foolishness or idolatry. When critical education springs from the impulse to serve God, not only is there the motivation sufficient to bring about vital and significant education, but there is an ultimate purpose for education. Therefore I do not believe that the academic problem of surrender to the mass can be solved by “secular” means. The cure for Shoous Desirus is not merely theological, but it will not be found apart from God.

Of Darkness

BY BURNELL CHANEY

The miles of night that
Wrap me in a silent shroud
Of empty worlds have
Pricked a throbbing vein—
And loneliness is just the falling drops of
Bright, red solitude
Till morning comes again.

TWO SCENES FROM A PLAY

BY ROBERT WHITLATCH

The following are from a play which, to quote the author, has this idea as its premise: “The justification for existence is a faith in the inherent ability of man to achieve greatness.”—(Editors)

SCENE ONE

(The scene—a mound surrounded by mist. On the right is a dark, barren tree. It is night. A man and a woman appear.)

MAN: We’ve walked a thousand miles today. Around the earth it feels like. It’s lonely here. The void transcends the being. Let’s stop.

WOMAN: You’ll never stop stopping. How shall we cease our wandering if you insist on stopping?

MAN: That’s your trouble. If we cease our wandering we’ll have nothing to struggle for. I wish we’d brought some matches. But then I guess it doesn’t matter. We haven’t any wood.

WOMAN: You could go out and find some. I don’t like the cold myself. You don’t look after me like you should. Is it my fault we came this way?

MAN: Then you think it’s mine? What other way was there to come? The road only runs one way and we don’t want to go back.

WOMAN: If we go forward much more we shall be back. That suits your mood I believe.

MAN: I beg your pardon.

WOMAN: Around the earth. Didn’t you say you felt like we’d been around the earth?

MAN: It doesn’t matter. What other way would it take us but around? We can’t go up you know. Do I look like a bird to you?

WOMAN: If you were, you could sleep in the trees. Then I wouldn't have to make the ground comfortable for you.

MAN: When have you ever done that? You wouldn't even make my burial ground properly. Most would treat a bird with more respect than that.

WOMAN: I'd make your grave the most cherished place on earth. But you haven't got the decency to die.

MAN: I dare say you wouldn't like it much if I died. Then who would take care of you? You've got to care for me because there isn't anyone else to do the job. I care for you and many thanks I get.

WOMAN: Care means the same as love and I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be right if someone caught us.

MAN: Who would care?

WOMAN: It would ruin my reputation.

MAN: How will you know you have one until you lose it? Come put your head in my lap and I'll do the same for you. It's the only thing left with any warmth.

WOMAN: No!

MAN: I certainly won't force myself upon you. One of us must sleep under the tree. I would if it weren't for the birds. You can if you wish. It may be warmer here.

WOMAN: I should rest easier if you will promise to leave me alone.

MAN: You may rest as easy as you like. I have more demands than a common animal. The release isn't enough. That is accomplished singly. My very make-up demands more than this.

WOMAN: Good night.

CHORUS: An endless progression of social transgression,
A mass of obsession called oral confession,
A physical digression caused by depression—
This is a race confused.

(The lights fade as the Chorus speaks.)

SCENE TWO

(The scene—a desert. The color and feeling are that of reflected light on sand.)

WOMAN: What are you thinking? You haven't said a word for hours.

MAN: You'll get no money for my thoughts. I haven't thought in months. My eyes are always forward in the daytime. At night I look to where we've been, now I look straight ahead, but I mustn't think.

WOMAN: You have the gaze of a leader. I have followed many leaders in my time and they all look as you do now. I wonder if they never thought for months at a time. Now that you mention it I have a feeling they didn't.

MAN: Please don't refer to me as a leader. I cannot even lead myself out of this desert; the desert of my mind that heats to insufferable desire in the daytime only to be dulled by the cold of the night. Always wanting to be fertile, but lacking the substance to give life to the humblest of ideas and returning to a dormant state that it could never release itself from in the first place. No, a leader is someone who won't admit even to himself that he has no direction. How can I be your leader when I admit even to you that I lack the final goal of our journey?

WOMAN: I followed Caesar's men. I was one of many that left every thing for adventure. They loved me and took me to them at night and by day they spat on me and called me whore. I was more fortunate than the others. I was Caesar's. I came, I saw . . .

MAN: You were ravished! Last night you refused me. And yet you thought of me as leader. How can you feel you have any reputation left? Or has time cleansed the cleve in your well-used maidenhead?

WOMAN: Those that knew me can know me no longer as they have long since ceased to be. When we come to our destination I will be as virginal as any to all that come to me and only you can take this from me. I am coming to my glory and must reach for the clouds. Your hands and mine must not be allowed to reach down to the coffers of obscenity.

MAN: I wish I'd known you before; I might understand you now.

WOMAN: If you'd known me before you now would be as the rest. I care for you enough not to wish that on you. They found all they desired. We desire what we have not yet found. If you should find only me you might cease to desire what we journey for. No! You shall have none of me without the rest.

MAN: I shall have none of you at all it would appear. I cannot lead and you insist on following me. My being staggers with the weight of your dependence and yet you are my only support. Why won't you take me by the hand and show me the way to lead?

WOMAN: It is you who must do the taking. But all that in time. Let us never lose sight of our own being. Union only after the mem-

bers are strong. We are together again after a long time. After we were evicted you no longer would have much to do with me. Now you want me because there is nothing else. You must find yourself before you can find me; before you can find anything else. Aren't you afraid I'll betray you again? You never tempted me but others always have.

MAN: I fear every traveler because of that. I hate you and love you and worship and detest you but without you I should never be able to live, for loving and hating are essential to my nature. The love was there at the beginning and out of it you filled my life with purpose and dreams. I came to you often as a child and you nursed my hungry spirit. You shone the light of my purpose and acted as seer of my dreams. Then as a boy throws a rock at a streetlight you shattered and your white hot filament streamed to the ground, grew more brilliant and then, out of its vacuum, lay before me, a charred twisted formless mass of dirt. Whatever became of the boy with the rock?

WOMAN: He is still around, but does it still matter where? He can be with us but do us no harm as long as we don't yield to his rock. Round and firm as it is, it can never shatter what is strong. Time should have tempered our plates. They should not now shatter as easily.

MAN: Our ivy-covered cloister of introduction was as warm and as sweet as anything I have ever known. Why couldn't you have enjoyed it as I did and not have given the pitcher a chance to strike us out? There is no harm in refusing to play. It's your temptation that has thrown us into this millenium in the arena. How long will I survive before I can no longer hold my own? Why did you force us to enter this combat? Does peace mean nothing to you?

WOMAN: Did peace mean anything to you then? How could you know what peace was until you had experienced conflict? Peace was then only tranquillity that leads to apathy. Your purpose fell into this pit and was lost because you didn't know it to begin with. Peace can only come by struggling for it. You cannot have your honey until the bees have been conquered. Your cloister of introduction had to fall. Your only hope, my only hope, the only hope left is to continue on our journey and to find the golden city where you can build not a new cloister of introduction and deviation, but a house of dedication. No matter how large or how small you must build before you may find that for which we search. I will help. I have always wanted to help. I helped by releasing us in the beginning. Don't you owe

me thanks for the opportunity I have given us?
MAN: I try to follow your plan. But I am weak. I want it as it was before. I can't stand this constant struggle. The sweat-stained armpits of my shirts turn yellow and at the same time I too turn. Age follows me and I have tired of conflict. No! I do not thank you. I damn you for what you have done to us. I hate you for the bitch that you are but I am afraid of the loneliness without you and must love you and follow you and lead you so as not to be left with myself.

WOMAN: Think of me as you will, but come with me. You will thank me, our children will thank me when we have built our house, and have found our way through its rooms and passages. But we must reach the city soon. Do not delay. Remember the cold of the desert. We must be through it by nightfall. I feel expanded to the fullest but may break if contracted again. Walk before me,

CHORUS: Always degrading what it should be persuading,
Always blockading follows masquerading,
After evading there follows the fading—
This is a race confused.

Wolf In Sheep's Clothing

BY ELLEN MOORE

It arrived one day—
On a Friday morning, early,
When sunlight spilled yellow squares on the rug,
Quite carefully arranging them in patterned place;
It came and sat on the bedpost,
Watched her with small, splintery eyes—
Eyes that pierced the satin coverlet
And knew her heart's desire.
Oh its voice was soft,
Smooth as brookwater over moss:
 “My peace be unto you.”
But its eyes were sharp
 And cold
 And green;
 And it had three heads.

The Urgency of the Situation

BY JIM GALLANT

Ideas leaped from the open book to my mind, butted fruitlessly against resilient stuff there and limped back to their white beds in defeat. I pulled off my glasses and set them whirling lazily about my right hand—it had been a tiring day. I slouched down in the desk chair, conjured up an id-ish daydream and let it carry me away.

Suddenly I was in my chair again, arms and legs straining, stomach empty as planet Horn-Rimmed swung out of its orbit and tumbled in whirligig from the sky. Glass met hardwood with a staccato ping.

“Oh, no!”

I groped around in the darkness below my desk, touched one piece of glass enclosed in plastic, stuck my finger into a hole where something should have been, found two pieces of glass nearby and hoisted all the ruins to the desk top. I reared back to bring the wreckage into focus. “Damn!” The clock on the desk had lost its face, the desk lamp now had a twin.

I opened the desk drawer and deposited the remains there, studying them glumly for a moment. A square of black and white nearby attracted my attention and I finally made out that it was my ten year-old brother staring up at me from his West School class photograph. He was wearing his glasses when the picture was taken.

From the outdoor basketball court at West School, I watched Ellie Saunders spin on the merry-go-round. “Look out!” someone screamed and I turned my face. A black globe rushed at me, bigger and bigger. The sound “thunk!” snapped my head and I rode backward on a diving roly-coaster.

Light returned slowly, specked with wiggling worms. I looked

up. A circle of boys' faces shut off the sun and one of them said, “You OK?” He handed me the broken glass and twisted plastic. “Ought to keep your mind on business.” I would have hit him, but I had the broken glass and frame in my hand.

Fifteen minutes later, I walked jauntily across the playground toward home at peace with the world. I could hear the broken glass jangling rhythmically in the right-hand pocket of my plaid jacket. It was early spring and five o'clock was oak-shaded and orange, beautiful to eyes freshened with tears. Tomorrow I would carry to school a piece of white note paper with wavy blue edges. Written in my mother's large, precise handwriting, the message would say, “Please excuse Jimmy from all reading and written work. He broke his glasses yesterday and will not have them for several days.” No studying, no recitation. Good-natured chides from my classmates when Miss VanMitter announced my honorable discharge, which she would. It had been perfect.

The night ahead was an unexpected holiday and anything worth doing in life was possible in the four hours after supper. I could play electric football with my brother or develop pictures in my basement darkroom. I could sit in front of the fireplace and toast marshmallows and listen to Sam Spade on the radio. I don't remember reaching home. I don't remember what I did with my glorious, blurred vacation. I only recall planning the hours ahead as I marched toward home with the broken glasses in my pocket.

Broken glasses. What an asinine trick! I slammed the desk drawer. The examination was scheduled for Monday, the essay was due Tuesday. There were class assignments to be prepared, the letter about a job for next summer to be written. Ellie had to receive the dance invitation before the end of the week. And I was blind. I plodded downstairs to call home.

Mother answered the phone and I explained to her what had happened and the urgency of the situation. She was cheerful—Mothers always are. “Now don't you worry, Doctor Markson can have them by the first of the week. You just drop everything and get a good night's sleep.”

She wondered what I was laughing about.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

(An Impression)

BY BOB CANARY

*"Now this Cabell did many of doughty deeds
and sang most well of loue and fortun
and the deeds of manley men . . ."*—SONG OF LADE NARSHERK

As they tell it in Richmond, it began one afternoon as Cabell was strolling alone through a wood near his home. He seemed much like the other young men of Richmond, possessing a surpassing reverence for his ancestors, the young ladies of his acquaintance, and for words of every kind, being remarkable only in the form of his worship of the last. For as his contemporaries bowed down before round-bellied words like "progress" and "socio-economic" and "forward-looking", so he laid his gift of irony before the dim-lit altars of almost forgotten words—"chivalry", and "honor", and all manner of words little used of late.

Strolling, Cabell suddenly found himself face to face with a stranger, half-boy, half-man, fair of face and slender of body, whose unfamiliar features seemed to bear some strange resemblance to his own. Horridville (for that was the stranger's name) smiled good-naturedly and a little wearily. "Come with me, James Branch Cabell, and I will show you all manner of things, the like of which you have never seen."

"Well," said Cabell, after a respectable pause, "it seems like a generous offer and one I am little-minded to refuse."

So it was that Cabell followed the stranger whose name was Horridville through the forest to a sudden clearing. In the midst of the clearing rose an exceeding high mountain, which Cabell, who had roamed these woods with other companions, could not recall having seen before. A little mist played around its peak, and at its base stood a white stallion with gold trappings.

"No doubt," said Horridville, "you will tire of stock situations such as this, but we must abide by tradition. Three times must I bring you to this mountain, and three times shall you have a choice to make."

"I am ready to choose, strange lad," said Cabell, although he was a trifle uncertain as to the nature of the choice offered him. Horridville gave breath to a sigh. "Well, then let us be on with it. This stallion, whom some call Kalki, is yours to ride where you will. Your first choice, then, will be where you wish to ride. There is no sense to it, but the Fates, being women and unpredictable, have so ordained, and it must be so."

"My gratitude . . ." Cabell began, but Horridville went on almost immediately.

"There are two paths that you may take. The first is to the right . . ." He paused and waved his hand in that direction. Cabell saw that he had failed to notice a road to his right. It was paved with asphalt and littered with garbage cans; tumble-bugs crept along its side; and where it crawled into the horizon he could make out the black towers of smoke stacks.

"This is not the road I propose to travel," Cabell said firmly. It is the sort taken only by those dreadful Realists who have no aesthetic sense."

"Very well, then," said Horridville. "There is the road to the left." Cabell looked to the left and saw there a dirt path he had not noticed before. Animated animals chattered in human tongues along the wood-shaded path; he would even have sworn he could espy in the distance an armored knight, riding toward some distant turret on a distant tower.

Horridville spoke quietly in his ear. "This is the road of dreams," he said. "All things come true on it if you wish hard enough, for here is absolute beauty and justice and love and goodness. All the ideals that men have sought lie along this road, waiting to be plucked and held to the breast as a suckling rose or the wild flowers that grow by its side."

"I certainly admire all these things," replied Cabell with regret. "but I cannot quite believe in them. No dream is quite so good in its telling, and no beauty remains absolute to its spouse. Most men live on dreams, but I fear that I could not be quite comfortable doing so. In short, I fear that the air of that path and that strange country might make me over-Disney, it being too rarefied for my poor earthy temperament."

"We seem to have reached an impasse," said Horridville, scratching his ear.

"Not at all," said Cabell, and he mounted that white stallion whom some call Kalki. "I will make my own path, according to my own liking. For I am a Branch and a Cabell and cannot forget it, and so must I go my own way according to my own thinking." With that he lifted the golden reins, and the silver steed bore him off through the underbrush.

"You had better beware, lest your horse fall and break that bone which connects his head with his trunk," Horridville called after him, but Cabell was out of hearing by the time Horridville had worked the sentence around in his mind to his liking. He sighed once more and shook his head. "It does not greatly matter," he told himself. "I shall assuredly see him once more in twenty years time."

James Branch Cabell rode off in a direction much his own and created a country that was largely his own and called it Pointsell. It was a strange country and much to his liking. All that happened there seemed a model of chivalry and of honor, yet men behaved there much as they do any place, which is very badly indeed, and some women behaved a great deal worse. They developed many weapons—swords and lances and spears—and all of these were double-edged and particularly potent. They had good need of these weapons, for they had many enemies; those to the right said that it was a flowerly land of false ideals, and those to the left said that it was an obscene land of phallic symbols, and both sides attacked it vigorously.

When twenty of our years had passed, Horridville came to Pointsell to speak once more with Cabell. They put the golden trappings on the white stallion, which had stood for twenty of our years in an unchanging stable, and Horridville directed Cabell to the exceeding high mountain. This time they did not rest at its base, but rode to its mist-shrouded top. There they descended from their mount and mingled with a large group of other horsemen. Cabell was secretly glad that there were others there, for cold, fast winds buffeted the mountain-top, and at one side it seemed to end in a sheer drop.

Horridville set about introducing Cabell to some of the assembled horsemen. One of these was a bearded man with red fire in his eyes. "I will tell you what the world is," he said. "It is a gyring spiral through the four-and-twenty phases of the moon though confidentially I only half-believe that myself. It is the trembling of thighs of a human woman beneath the lustful beak of a divine swan. Once I thought it could all be wrapt up in a rose and a virgin, and I

was wrong; now I am sure, and I can put it in the mouths of a mad whore and a beggar. The Japanese knew what it was; read the Noh plays."

He was followed by a thin man with glasses and a shabby hat. "What do you think the world is?" Cabell asked him politely.

Woo—said the man. First it is warm then it gets cold—and a very good time it was; no, not me, I will not . . . So warm, now cold. Waah! Cleritas, integritas, veritas, I say. Aquinas, you know. Cursed Jesuit. Look at that epiphany!

Cabell repeated his question.

Shame—came the reply—Potato here. Soap here. Boylan there. Shame. Don't think. Think of Keyes, crossed keys—do you get it, Telemachus, my son. Crossed keys, like what is home without Plumtree's? Incomplete. Reached the first plateau: come back next week. That woman over there—bet she wears frilly underwear. Like Molly this morning. Coming to practice. Blazes and Boiling over the kidney. Shame. Shame. Shame.

"I can tell," said Cabell righteously, "that you are one of those dreadful Realists without aesthetic sense, no sense of larger values.

He turned away and did not hear the man answer him—river-run, rockridded satyrist, shanning fartyard, by Hearse Costel Environs ruins an invalid agument, All-living Power, internal yea with priests and pears, panarchy and anarchy and mehitabel. Men fail-fall prehistoric tumblescence of finny answer-tors to Gallypuppy questionearwigs. Guilting man and riverrun woman, Tree-, stone, and daughter, I sold them all, all internal yea-seers.

There were many other riders there. There was a pinched little man with a red sign on his back painted with a white zero and blinkers on his eyes marked with the sign of the cross, and there was a thin, sickly-looking man who stood apart from the group, his eyes closed in memory. There was a naked man with a feathered serpent wound about his neck; he was giving chase to one of the few women on the mountain-top, a snobbish lady with a tailored suit, who seemed to be wearing an imitation of the shabby hat of the incoherent gentleman Cabell had just spoken to. Around the American flag, which had been planted there by some New England marines earlier, was a large group engaged in some sort of a brawl. They were being urged on by a portly gentleman, who seemed to be of German descent, and who was most certainly drunk. Cabell looked on him with affection, for he offered Cabell a beer, and Cabell was thirsty. One of the group around the flag cried out "we must be He-men!;" another cried out "We shall achieve high art through

idiots and allegories;" and a third gave a long speech, which Cabell could not quite catch, but which seemed to be largely composed of snatches of Shakespere and Whitman, considerably elaborated on.

Cabell started to look for his guide, stumbled over two young French authors engaged in unnatural practices, and hurried over to the white stallion. Horridville joined him there a minute later.

"These people are insane," Cabell said quickly. "And this hill-top is uncomfortable; it is even dangerous." He cast an apprehensive glance at the sharp drop from the edge of the mountain-top. "Then, too," he added, "though I am not one to criticize any man's friends, I feel yours act a trifle eccentric. I would like to make my choice and leave."

"You have already made it," said Horridville without regret. "Shall we ride back to Pointsell?"

"I think not," said Cabell. "I have lived in Pointsell for twenty years as men reckon time, and I know it rather well. There is many a tale I may yet tell of it when the winter fires grow cold, but I don't think I care to live there much longer. To tell the truth, I am a little bit sick of Pointsell."

Thus it came about that Cabell rode this time at the base of the mountain along a different path than he had followed before, though it was quite close to his previous path and he rode on the same silver steed. "I'll see you in twenty-some years," Horridville called after him.

Cabell turned in his seat to reply. "Pray make it forty," he called back, "for another visit such as this would turn me into one of those dreadful Realists who have no aesthetic sense."

Horridville agreed, and so Cabell wandered in the forest for forty of our years, stopping first here and then there, never knowing where he was going or why, and having all manner of adventures, some of which would be too long to tell here and others of which pose yet other problems for the faithful transcriber of old legends. Suffice it to say that he was, by most standards, some eighty years of age when Horridville came for him for the third time and led him to where he had tethered the white stallion whom some call Kalki and directed him to the exceeding high mountain and on up to the top of the mountain. All this Horridville did without a word, and by this did Cabell know what choice it was he had to make on the mountain-top.

"First of all," he said, "I am positive that this is a real choice before me, not pre-determined by god or man." He looked at Horridville, but Horridville remained silent. "Just now," he went on, "I am

pretty much in neglect, having been once well-known for a multitude of wrong reasons." He glanced at Horridville again, but the boy did not reply.

He stirred uneasily in the saddle. "I am a Branch," he told Horridville, "and a Cabell; I hardly care to meet the most dreadful of those dreadful Realists who have no sense of humor."

His cheeks were somewhat red from the cold wind that blows on that hill-top, and he shivered slightly as he sat on the white stallion with the golden trappings. "Somehow in my wanderings," he said, "I've outlasted two wives. That's quite a record." He looked at Horridville as if he expected a smile; if he did, he was disappointed. "I think I've done well enough with life; I'd do it over again any time—but now . . ."

There was a long silence until Cabell spoke again at last. "I've made my choice already," he said, "haven't I?" Horridville nodded and waved his hand to him in parting. For the great white stallion, whom some called Kalki, bore its sleeping rider off through the air. No one knows where they rode or flew—not even Horridville, who is always left on the hilltop, standing and waving good-bye.

The Stars Have Fallen

BY TOM TURNBULL

The stars have fallen,
Yes, still fall
To earth to shed their fading light;
The ashes of their consummation
Glisten yet.

Hence from Nirvana,
Fevers now cooled
Fresh snow.

Was Rasselt im Stroh?

BY CAROL DUGLE

Tar oozed between the pebbles and stuck to the old man's shoes. Perspiration etched the lines in his withered face. His humpback was conspicuous as he stopped above the cans lining the sides of the street. A fat woman in a dirty bathrobe leaned out of a second-story window and shouted, "Get out of there." He shuffled on, stopping to add his collection of paper to the stack at the corner. A pack of teenagers eyed the curved shaft of steel protruding from the limp sweater sleeve and the street echoed a screeching, "Hey—Captain Hooke!" A bundle of paper under his arm, he trudged behind the stores and through the alley to the garage. He spat; the dark brown juice ran down the wall, leaving a flecked stain. Awkwardly he tied the papers with a piece of burlap cord a neighbor had thrown away. He picked up the bundle with his hook and carefully placed it next to the stack of paper he had collected last week.

The dull heat of mid-afternoon crept through his sweater, and the sunshine, bouncing off gleaming, silver blocks of cement, came to rest in his dark eyes. The air was still and he drank in the silence. "Hello," said a tiny voice from far down the humming, beating path of reality. The towhead who lived up the street and his frail mousey sister were crouching near his feet.

"Hello," he replied.

"Tell us a story."

"Eia, popeia, was rasselt in Stroh?"

Die Katze ist fort, die Mause sind froh?"

The children laughed and laughed at the words and the old man, caught in the spirit of things, wiggled his ears.

The girl's high voice piped, "What's wrong with your arm?"

"Well—I was working out in Washington. Do you know where that is? It's right next to the blue Pi-cific Ocean. The forests were filled with lions and tigers and bears and even kangaroos. One day I was chopping down a tree wider than this porch when a fierce lion, the King of the Jungle, attacked me. He bit off my left arm, but I strangled him with one hand. Just as the government gives medals to soldiers for service beyond the call of duty, my friends gave me this hook for bravery."

A slender finger crept out and felt the shining smoothness of the hard metal.

"Supper time, Jimmy!" called a woman's voice. "Marcia!"

As quickly as they came, they went.

The gray-white blur of the present drifted over him. Slowly he turned to the stacks of papers and his eyes took on a calculating gleam. He would collect paper next Tuesday, and next Thursday, and the Tuesday after that and the Thursday after that, until the bloody thistle in the western sky speared him and pulled him into the burning beyond.



THREE STOPS FOR AN ARTIST

BY NICOS STANGOS

I

My condition is getting worse and worse. I act as if I were thirteen again. All I try to think of is who has and who hasn't invited me for tea. I suspect conspiracies, I make stupid jokes, I spend my time with the idle philistines of the city, I am insulted. I imagine things that have never been said or done. I am ridiculed. I cannot find any rest among those that appreciate me. I like to return all the time to the rooms of the fallen princes with their pointed self-centeredness, their nihilism, their boredom. O how I love those that ignore me. I am expecting to get my redemption from their empty hands, though I very well know that they will never get out of their state of boredom, satiation, the movies, the new automobile, the high-class bars. And even those snobs (*sine nobilitatis*, if you don't remember) declare that I am a decadent and a snob. I know, I know very well my condition, but I cannot do anything.

No, I am not sick; the sickness isn't in me, it is in my dreams. But why should one ignore you, consider you ridiculous, hate you at the end, when you say that you love him or her? What makes people love those that ridicule them? But why am I talking about others, am I not doing the same? Am I not ridiculing those that give me their love, and adoring those that fill me with bitterness? I have always admired the great despisers. When I was very young I admired F. because he had the privilege to be admired by everybody. But as soon as we came closer, when I took that halo off his fair head, I despised him. I have always loved G. His pride has always enchanted me. I loved D. when she was making fun of me; I don't, now that she appreciates me. Now I admire her as a talented person, but where is that pleasure she made me suffer when I was crawling like a worm, humiliated, so much humiliated? O how I love, the one after the other, those little gods of arrogance and of pretense.

Maybe I am in love, and love is a dangerous thing for babies.

Then my art. But what art when my head echoes that buzzer, when my heart burns. Now a new face takes place in my agony. He has a room behind the house where I live. A very clever, blond, young somebody; he looks like a German and they say that he is very intelligent. I hated him from the first minute. How jealous I am of him; he has fascinated me. He is the personification of success in life. I know that he is a poor painter; his paintings are like washed bleached hair of a prostitute in Frankfurt. His life is a dull exclamation mark hanging from nowhere, and this coincidence . . . Yes, he is going out with M. and the other night they came and made love under my window. They were sighing and moving in the thick summer night like two devils in flames. Their whispering echoed in my room and my empty mind, and what could I do? What did I do? I organized a party the next day in my room and I invited them too; to take my revenge. In some time everybody was drunk except myself. My wine was the best red wine; you could get drunk just by smelling it. They were all lying on the straw-mats on the floor, under the faint light of some candles, and I had those two in front of me making love again, kissing, sighing. The huge mirror on the wall was reflecting everything like a huge eye, and under the simmering flames, little devils of candles, I was sitting there for hours looking at them, and everything started to faint in my eyes from the smell of wine and sickness around me.

I was trying to concentrate on everything as hard as possible. I wanted to see everything; their lips coming together, pressing, and then the feeling of the excited tongue slipping, penetrating through the teeth; eyes piercing through eyes, wounded animals, weapons in disguise. O how I wanted to see and feel everything; the hands gripping and then the lips on the hands, and the little tongue again, burning, burning; the limbs in tension moving as if lost in the summer night. I could feel every muscle shivering in my body, shivering and moving, ready to jump out of the flesh and lie down on the floor looking stupidly at me. I didn't want to move. I couldn't move because I was sure that if I did, I would dissolve on the straw-mats, in small pieces of muscle. The half-full glass of wine was glistening red light and the light from the torturing candles. I didn't want to see those candles any more, I didn't want to see the red eyes of the wine glass looking at me in embarrassment, I didn't want to have the odor of love on my nostrils, dancing naked and insane, cutting her breasts off, making love to a monster, raping babies in their cradles; but I couldn't do anything. I had to stay there and suffer all that. If I could only get hold of a sharp knife, then I would end all that, deeping the sharp edge of the knife in

closing eyes, in this hateful flesh, the stinking candle-flesh; everything would easily come to an end in that way . . . This lasted until three o'clock in the morning when everybody silently and cautiously left. There I was with a throb locking life out of me. I had to do it. I had to suffer so much.

II

Now I can work again. Colors and shapes take life in my hands once more. My work is one and the same with my dreams. I am so happy that I can work again. My life is now monotonous, unreasonable and strangely exotic. Something has changed. The weather maybe. No, it isn't the weather. It is a very little thing that happened five days ago; it gave me strength and something new, new. O, my head is turning, my heart is wounded. But I didn't mean to hurt her, I didn't, as a matter of fact. It isn't that I suffer from bad conscience either; I never do, anyway. But I will tell you everything as it happened. Five days have gone by since that night that a young girl, ten years old, was posing for me. It was the day that L. had left for Paris and I had mixed feelings as always. That young girl—how can I ever make her portrait, I would never be able to handle all this beauty and grace, a little devil dancing on the lakes of her eyes, her nose my Sunday loneliness and contempt, her hair the waves of the sea or the waves of the light-brown soil when you look down a mountain. We were left alone that night, by God's will. It was a night for wine and love. One of those nights when you can smell the faint odor of lemon-flowers in the air, when you can hear the slightest noise, the noises of the city coming from far away, the noises of the city traveling on crowded busses and on old taxis, a night when you want to lie down on the grass and take in you everything that is, while you can feel what is not, to lie down on the grass, facing the night, smiling at the embarrassed eyes of the stars, wedging a tear in the white heart of the moon. That was a night for wine and love. One of those nights when you lie on the grass by yourself and cry because there is no head of the beloved to weigh on your chest, to listen to the strange events of your heart. After trying again and again without any success, my pencils were in ecstasy looking at her, I caressed her hair with trembling fingers. You cannot imagine hair softer to touch than hers; she looked at the floor. I kissed her and she kissed me too. She said that she loved me. Can you imagine those ten-years-old-sea-lips of a girl whispering "I love you?" I kissed her again on her young breasts, her hands, her lips, her feet. She was trembling like a dry leaf left alone on a winter tree. She was trembling but she wouldn't say anything. When she left, and I was left alone, I didn't know what I

should feel. I couldn't feel anything but the perfection and the tenderness of her skin and the perfume of her spring-body.

Next day I went and told everything to D. She said that I was an animal and then she told me to go away. But why? What is so bad about it? No, there is nothing bad. They are all ignorant. They are jealous because they have never felt a ten-years-old voice saying "I love you." I felt it though, five days ago. It was blue velvet on my ears, it was my lover the sea drowning my body in the heavens.

I will take her with me on the mountain out of the city. We will climb up, high up together, and I will hold her hand. The snow will be whiter than ever, the sky will be the most precious stone, the fir trees will bow like young bridges and the quietness, the absolute, infinite quietness will pierce our mouths to make them dumb forever. What do I care now whether I can explain it to D. or not? What do I care about anybody who will stick his nose under my coat to find out what in the world takes place in the factory of my heart? What do I care about anything? Ten years old, and she loves me as innocently as a daisy-dawn. We will walk together silently and the icy wind will fade in our beauty, because we are beautiful. The black snakes of my past, the snakes of that night in my room crawling on the strawmats, making love and mocking . . . Now I can laugh, I can cry, I can make my art jump high in the air and shock all the little somebodies. Do I pity the small arrogant fallen gods and princes? No, I don't. They are too small for me. I love them now as ever. But I have nothing to do among them anymore. Do you hear me? Who cares about their pointed red tongues licking their empty life in admiration? Ten years old and she gave them all to me, with a sad smile, a sad trembling of the body. They are fragile, those ten years, but my hands are so soft; there is no danger. What does D. know about me? What does she know about my hands? My father used to say that I should become an archbishop so that the people will kiss and admire my hands, their whiteness, their slender form. I can hold those ten years in my hands.

Up on the mountain, in the coolness of the air and the whiteness, of the snow and the green, green fir trees bowing like young brides, I will take those ten years on me forever. I will never give them back to anybody. They are mine. Who has the right to touch me? I am sacred. Those ten years will sing a song for me every morning and the song will come from the sun, over the cities and the world, over all those that die too early or too late, that song will come to me and for me only.

III

Everyone holds a different pain in his palm. When I was there I used to think: They will wear their tear and they will live in loneliness, counting the past on their fingers. They will count every incident, those who have died and those who still live. They will count the tapping of their pulse, my pulse, their pain, their joy, everything, because everything can be counted.

When I left, I thought: Everything created is the product of two opposing forces, the product of the struggle, of the process of their struggle. When one of the two opposing forces overcomes the other at the end, creation loses half of its values, it acquires a title. My art was everything to me. My art was my dreams and myself and now my art has reached the point of stillness. I was redeemed and my art has lost the other half of its value because what is art but a struggle for redemption, a struggle toward a white flower, a struggle which has no end as long as one lives the life of others. I was redeemed and redeemed art does not exist but in the mind of the hermit, and that is the perfect art, perhaps.

The sea looks like an old dream. I will walk down to the sea now; I am happy because I am empty. If I could only sing a song for the sea . . . But I cannot. Because a song is art and there is no art in those who are calm and happy; in them there is only God and light. The sea is beautiful, but this is not the same sea I knew. Something is lost and something is gained.

"The child is innocence and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a self-propelled wheel, a first movement, a sacred Yes is needed: the spirit now wills his own will and he who had been lost to the world now conquers his own world." I have said my "Yes." That girl was flesh for one moment only, then it became spirit and the spirit became myself. I can even die now. There will be nothing more, I promise.

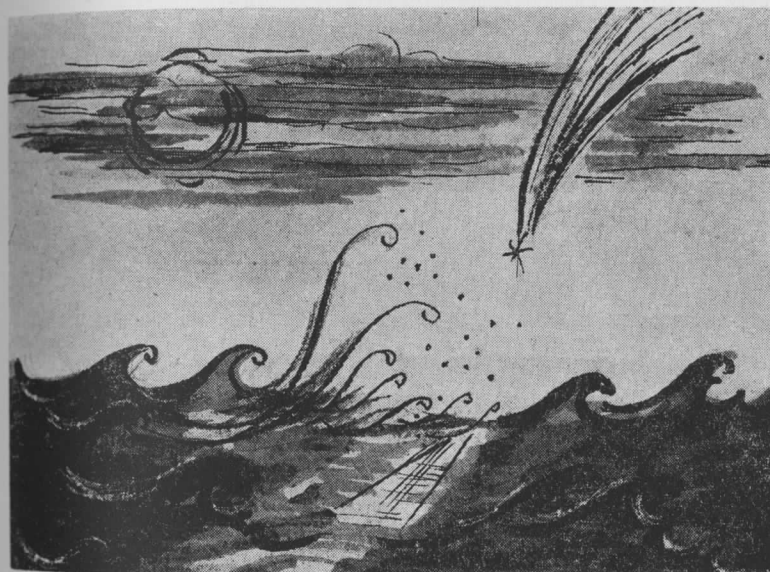
When I Left Home

BY YOKO KUYAMA

In journey upon the unknown sea,
I left home behind, and stood
Alone on the deck, cold and closed
In the veil of a dim October night;
The ship sped, tossed in the furious waves
Like a leaf in the whirl of a winter storm.

I went to seek the moonbeam soft and warm,
Silver starlights upon green velvet waves,
And ripples' serenade as I dreamed of
The sunny field I had left;
I would sleep when the evening visited peacefully,
Until the sun was up to embrace me again.

Light was nowhere in my reach,
The night was obsessed with raging wind,
The fierce roaring of the ocean;
Across the black veil a meteor streamed down,
An evanescent vision of a distant snow-field—
I was left blank and divine.



jan siegle

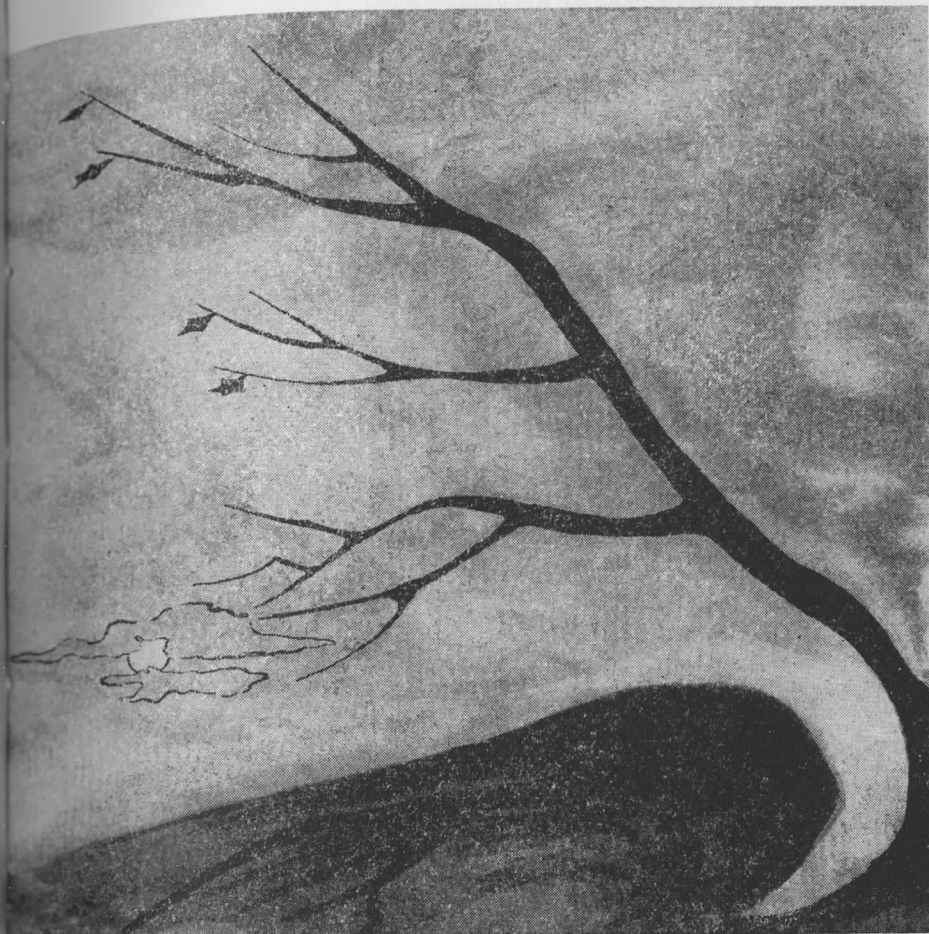
Standing Under A Tall Bare Tree

BY YOKO KUYAMA

Standing under a tall bare tree
On a winter afternoon
I gazed upon three passers-by,
Their cheeks glowing against the severe west-wind,
Their shrieking voices conversing happily
Of yesterday's tea party,
The wedding shower of tomorrow.

No one saw a shadow under the tall bare tree,
Time was idling with them from morn to night.

Well I knew I was with them,
Yet could not walk;
I looked up at a naked branch
Soaring into the dim winter sky,
Stinging pain I felt—
Then I saw an angel settling down
Towards the tall bare tree.



judy lofton

I Have Been Alone Too Long

BY ELLEN MOORE

I have been alone too long—
For soft-shod fears follow me
Where once we walked,
Strange stars whisper
Where we have speechless stood.
Without you,
I have stumbled there—
Sight distorted, memory blurred as if by sleep—
And catching at dreams
Have touched the lips of death,
Breathed the stench of rotting hours and wasting years.
Space looms up,
A cliff too steep for broken wings;
Where moonlight burned your face against the wind,
The weeds grow high.
I have heard old songs
And fled, afraid.

Dirge: For Myself

BY ELLEN MOORE

You came to me—
Again you came—
A dove-child you,
White-winged and smelling of April dew.
But, oh, I knew;
I knew:
A three-tongued wind
Denied your song of spring.
False one,
Faithless one,
Hell's curse on this—
This serpent-love—
That comes by night
And coils around my tomb.