



EXILE

The

EXILE

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Denison University

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Editorial

The problems encountered in publishing a successful literary magazine are numerous. This spring, we are confronted with a new (and in many ways delightful) dilemma—a surplus of printable material. However, there is a less delightful aspect of our dilemma: The budget books rear their ugly deficits.

In the past, *Exile* has been allotted a budget of \$425 per semester, sufficient to print 1300 copies of a forty page magazine. With this sum of money at our disposal, we cannot print all of the quality writing being done at Denison, nor can we afford to distribute copies to faculty, administration and off-campus readers.

In view of these circumstances, it is perhaps in order that we evaluate briefly what *Exile*, since its inception in 1954, has contributed to Denison University. Unquestionably, the magazine, in correlation with the writing courses, has encouraged many students to embark on creative work. This fact alone, we feel, should warrant *Exile's* continued support. In addition, staff writers have met with considerable success in off-campus writing circles. John Miller, *Exile's* first editor, has been granted a creative writing scholarship at Stanford University. The stories by Nil Muldur and Jim Bowman from last year's editions will appear in the forthcoming *New Campus Writing* anthology published by Bantam Books. Jim's story, "The Berry Pickers," was awarded first prize in the McGraw-Hill Company's short story contest.

Last year, however, *Exile* "went under" by \$58, necessitating a grant from University funds. To facilitate publication of this sixty page issue you have in your hand, the Denison Campus Government Association has generously added \$80 to the allotted budget of \$425. A budget of no less than \$600 can adequately support the present needs of *Exile*. We believe that the magazine already has its success story—and that it can attain ever greater financial status in the future. It is our hope that the current financial status of *Exile* will be seriously considered when allotments are issued next fall.

THE EDITORS

In this issue the editors of EXILE are proud to publish "Departure" by Yoko Kuyama. This story has been awarded the semi-annual Denison Book Store-EXILE Creative Writing Prize.

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

Contributors

Junior Lewis Clarke, from Waukegan, Illinois, grew up sailing the Great Lakes. He makes his first appearance in *Exile* with a sea story, "The Second Angel."

Barbara Haupt, sophomore *Exile* editor from Indianapolis, has published in the past three issues.

Yoko Kuyama, senior English major from Tokyo, Japan, and a contributor to the winter edition of *Exile*, plans to attend graduate school to prepare for college literature teaching in Japan.

A junior writing major from Canton, Ohio, Robert Marriott, Jr., is publishing in *Exile* for the first time. He has been a feature and sports writer for the *Denisonian*.

Senior Jess Matlack, a staff editor, will study this summer at the Sorbonne in Paris. A native of Philadelphia, he plans to enter graduate school in the fall in preparation for college English teaching.

Ellen Moore, junior history major from Maumee, Ohio, is president of the Franco-Calliopean Society and a frequent contributor to *Exile*.

Editor Lois Rowley, a writing major from Cincinnati, now completing her third year on the staff of *Exile*, published "the Molting Season" in the 1955 winter issue.

Junior Nikos Stangos, a philosophy and English major from Athens, Greece, is publishing in *Exile* for the second time. His story, "Three Stops for an Artist," was the *Exile*-Denison Bookstore award winner in the winter issue.

When Thomas Turnbull, a native of Lancaster, Ohio, submitted a poem to the winter issue of *Exile*, he invited the editors to select a title. The editors extending to Tom's poem their finest creative talents, managed to supply two—one for the table of contents, another for the poem itself. Tom submitted a poem for this issue—and suggested to the editors that it be printed without a title. It was.

Dennis Trudell, freshman from Snyder, New York, appears with his first published essay, "Little Movements and Little Noises."

Virginia Wallace, from Rocky River, Ohio, is a writing major and feature editor of the *Denisonian*.

TRADE WINDS

BY LOIS ROWLEY

Melanie pulled her hand away from the door knob and listened. From the corridor she could hear her mother's nervous murmur. At the sound of the man's voice Melanie stiffened, then relaxed. Some half-drunk Southerner, she thought. His mellow drone oozed with bulbous vowels like the slippery insides of grapes. No matter who he was. The heat of the last flashing hour of sunshine began to smoulder again in her face and shoulders in spite of the air-conditioning. She pressed her cool hands to her cheeks for a moment and opened the door into their suite.

Her mother was sitting at one end of the pink couch, her legs crossed so that her plump knees showed beneath the hem of the beige dress. An over-sized circle of a hat lay on the couch next to her and on the other side of it sat the man. He was about fifty, Melanie supposed, too old for her mother. His skin, hair, suit and all were the color of blanched almonds.

"Melly-pie, this is Mr. Eddy." Her mother raised her eyebrows at the man like a devilish Mary Pickford. "Jamey," she began.

As Mr. Eddy rose, Melanie noticed that he was the pudgy sort of man who doesn't wear a suit, but wrinkles it. He opened his mouth, but said nothing.

"He likes to be called 'Jamey'. I'm sorry, dear."

Melanie couldn't distinguish to whom the apology was addressed, but assumed that the introduction had been completed as far as it was going to go. For Mr. Eddy's sake, she sat down in the nearest chair.

His mouth was still open. "May I help you?" He motioned toward the cocktail shaker on the coffee table.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Mainert, laughing. "Melly is just fifteen. You'd never know it, would you?"

"I see," he said, sinking back into the couch. He winked slyly at Melanie. "Still a babe in arms, eh?" He chortled. "Or is it a babe in the woods?"

"Ha," laughed Melanie. Then she looked down and began to purposely demonstrate an interest in the little gold chain that dangled from her watch band. She knew that his eyes were scanning both of them in turn, noting the striking similarity. They had the same widow-peaked forehead, the nose that scooped perfectly into the profile. Their lips were really the same, but her mother painted hers like a story-book doll. Mrs. Mainert wore her platinum hair drawn back in a complex French roll.

Melanie felt her own long hair, still sticky from salt water and wet on the ends from the shower. She might get away with her chignon tonight if she just let her hair hang straight and dry that way. Her mother wouldn't want her to go out with it stringing down and there wouldn't be time to curl it after Tom called. Yes, this was the night for the chignon. She could picture it with the ice-blue dress and the high-heeled sandals and the coral lipstick against her tan. Melanie liked to let her face tan as deeply as the rest of her so that she was one perfect tone all the way up to the shock of blondeness.

She looked at Mr. Eddy. If there were even a dim hope that some of the men would interest her mother, it could not be this one. Melanie could see the waiting even now in her face—the face so smooth that no one would believe she was thirty-five years old. Mrs. Mainert's mouth was moving glibly, gaily, but the waiting was there in her eyes. Of course, Melanie thought, her mother couldn't help picking up these other men, and once she had them she was something like the Pied Piper with his rats, thinking what cute little fellows they were and that since they didn't seem to want to go anywhere else while she played her tune, the very least she could do was keep fluting for a while. It must have been a hard day for her

mother. Melanie wished Mr. Eddy would go. She even wished now that it had been Michael's voice in the room, although she had stood outside the door frozen by the very thought.

Melanie knew that no matter how much longer they stayed, he would never come to them. He was too smart not to know when he was loved. He expected love to grow inevitably out of any woman's contact with him. Her mother had even convinced Melanie in the beginning that she would love Michael. Not as much as her real father, of course, but then she had also told her that she would not be allowed to see her father again. Melanie had been ten years old when her parents were divorced. They sent her to her aunt and uncle when the storm began to gather and then one day her mother had come for her alone. Melanie couldn't remember exactly what her mother had said. It was something like "You will like your new daddy even more" — but the words had been obliterated by the new way her mother looked in her black checked suit with blonde pushed-back hair instead of the long brown shining curls. They had driven in a new white convertible up to a rambling house. Michael was sitting in the living room waiting for them. He was black-haired like Melanie's father but even taller and more particular about the way he spoke.

With the facility of youth Melanie had adjusted to the thick carpets and the several staircases as if she were only receiving a fifteen cent raise in her allowance. Her mother bought her soft sweaters and plaid skirts to wear to the new school, and she liked the whole situation immensely. But she didn't try to love Michael; perhaps because her mother seemed to worship him. Her mother went on loving Michael while he screamed at her and loved him more while she was screaming back. She loved him most, Melanie thought, when she was slamming through every room on the second floor. She would crash door after door and finally end in the last guest-room with Michael either pounding to get in or running out to the car and screeching down the twisting driveway to the street. Maybe though, her mother really loved Michael most on the day a month ago when she discovered that he had left Philadelphia with a divorce suit pending silently on his lawyer's desk.

Melanie listened to her mother and Mr. Eddy with just enough consciousness to find that her mother had not yet dropped the first hint. She sighed, wondering how long they would go on pretending

this vacation while they really were only waiting in hope that the law of what goes up has to come down would work on a lateral basis.

Not that it wasn't fun here with the beach and the people who didn't know you and didn't care who you were in Philadelphia or Johannesburg or West Unity.

Melanie could still feel the elation of the hour before. She and Tom, throwing themselves together on the float, had caught the third wave at its rill and surged in on top of the light-bubbled rolling surf. Melanie screeched until she felt her toes scraping against the sand. Then the thin warm water swirled once around them and was sucked back out. It was like playing with the final force of a thousand miles and a billion tons of water that had been gathering in mystic ocean caverns for eons only to make that one wave which they used and laughed at.

They pulled themselves up and Tom took the float on his shoulder.

"Would you like to go out for a few drinks tonight, Melanie?"

She had been sure that, once they were out of the deep water and he could reassure himself that she was not really so young as her face, he would ask her. Now that he had, she was triumphant, carelessly eager. "I'm too young to drink, Tom." She narrowed her brown eyes.

"How old are you, Melanie?"

He was wondering. She was exhilarated. "Fourteen," she said, trying not to laugh giddily.

"All right."

He didn't believe her and that was good because she was lying. She had been waiting for this moment since the night after they arrived in Florida. The waiter had believed her when she told him she was her mother's sister. Maybe he hadn't quite believed her, but it didn't matter because her mother loved the sister joke and the Tom Collins looked like lemonade and the man had paid the bill without looking.

"Really, Melanie, are you busy tonight?" Tom asked.

Melanie kicked at the hot sand as she walked beside him. She hated the feel of it, clinging to her wet feet and ankles. "No," she said, finally. "You see, my parents . . ."

"Oh," he said. He had heard that excuse three times. "Look, I'm not an unreasonable guy, Melanie. But why don't you let me meet them? Anyhow, they can't expect you to sit in every night.

My, God, you're on vacation. You're here for some fun."

"I have fun. For all I know they may go out themselves. I just have to find out their plans. Why don't I meet you somewhere?"

"Well, okay, but what are you going to do? Meet me or maybe meet me or probably meet me?"

"If I'm not there by 8:30, feel free, all right?"

"How are you going to get to wherever we decide to meet?"

"Goodness, you'd think we were negotiating a United Nations meeting. Delegate from France: Monsieur Thomas Piquet."

"Very much present," he said. "Et je vous menerez a la best bar in town."

She laughed.

"Look, I have to go to a Real Estate Brokers' dinner tonight, but I'll cut out of the meeting afterwards and call you at eight. If you're going I'll meet you in the hotel lobby at eight-thirty."

Melanie had left it that way and run up the beach to the shower room. The whole thing was beautiful. Sitting in the room with her mother and Mr. Eddy, she thought that it wouldn't be much longer before he would feel absolutely obligated to leave. Then she could talk with her mother and decide before the telephone rang. The more she thought about it, the more certain she became that although tonight would not be the last chance she would have, she could not wait too much longer. The feeling of power that precoursed every large decision began to swell within her. It would be easy.

Mr. Eddy stood up with difficulty. "Thank you so much, Alice. I'm so pleased to have met you, Miss Melly." The way he said Miss Melly was more like cantaloupe seeds than grapes.

Mrs. Mainert closed the door behind him and turned quickly. She snatched up the hat and went into her bedroom. Melanie looked at the mess from the cocktails. The door of the concealed bar was open as her mother always left it.

Melanie took the wash-cloth from a rack inside the bar and began to dab carefully at the sugary rings on the coffee table. She wanted to go in—she would have to—but not until there was nothing left to do. When the shaker and glasses were tucked away and the washcloth rinsed and hung again, she closed the door and transformed the bar into an innocent cabinet in the bookshelves.

Mrs. Mainert was lying on her big white bed. She looked like a small blonde curl which someone had cut off and tied in the middle

with a string before tossing it on the bed. Melanie sat down carefully and looked into her mother's face. Tension wrinkled the usually flawless forehead and Mrs. Mainert stared out of the window. Melanie looked, but there was nothing outside but the top of the other hotel.

"I don't know what to do." Her mother's voice was ordinarily bell-toned, and now it seemed to be jerking itself up from the hollow of her throat.

"Why don't you go out with Mr. Eddy?" Melanie had almost said "Jamey." Why at times like this did some spurious quirk of her mind try to twist itself into her words?

"He didn't ask to take me out. I just met him today." Her voice was tired and she was not telling the truth.

"He would have," Melanie said. "Really, mother, don't stay here tonight. Go out somewhere even if it's just for a little while. She could call any number of men. Three had proposed marriage in the month they had been there.

"I wonder if Michael will be at the Tradewinds tonight."

With Ellen, Melanie completed the sentence mentally as she knew her mother must be doing. She shivered, remembering the evening when they had found out about the Tradewinds and the other woman. It was the night after Melanie and her mother had arrived on the plane and taken this suite of rooms. They had chosen the Morehouse because it was directly across the street from the hotel where they knew Michael was staying. None of it had been an articulate plan. They had found out where he had gone and then they had come to find him, Melanie supposed; but the only voiced reasoning her mother had offered from the beginning was simply that he would never expect it. He would expect them to sit in the house in Philadelphia among the onyx ash-trays and the Italian lamps and wonder when he would come back.

The evening after they arrived, Melanie and her mother had walked across to Michael's hotel. The lawyer hadn't given them his room number, so they asked the man at the desk. He smiled at Mrs. Mainert and gave her a note from Michael's box. "Ellen, darling," it said, "I'm at the Tradewinds. It's the only decent place in this hunky town. Sorry I couldn't meet your train, but hope you won't mind driving over here. I've left the car in the garage for you. See you then. Love, Mike." The simple directions were penciled at the bottom. Melanie and her mother had stood and stared at each other. The car was

waiting. He had taken the black Buick—the car her mother had driven, ridden in beside him a thousand times. Mrs. Mainert held the piece of paper in her trembling hand for a minute, then gave it back to the man. "Just put it back in his box," she had said.

Silent wide-eyed tears were starting to roll downward toward the pillow. Melanie wished she could soothe her mother somehow, massage her back or simply reach for her hand, but the very thought knit her fingers together and chained them to her lap. There was one perfect word to say, but Melanie could not find it, and she knew that even if she could, she would never be able to say it. Any rapport which had existed between her and her mother had worn clear through on that night a year ago. Her parents had been entertaining when the maid discovered that they had forgotten to order the sherbet for dessert. Michael had called Melanie to go with him to the delicatessen and run in for it. Mrs. Mainert smiled at him and frowned at Melanie, so she went with him. When he parked the car and she opened the door, Melanie suddenly felt an unfatherly arm around her waist. "Don't hurry, honey," he said. "I want to talk to you about why you never call me 'daddy' like a good little girl." He was pulling her across the seat, but she squirmed out of his shaky grasp and slammed the car door after her, barely missing his fingers. Then she looked back at him over her shoulder. Melanie could still see the crooked laughter frozen on his face, framed in the car window.

She had wanted a chance to give him back that smile for so long, and now it had come. She would walk into the Tradewinds and see them, the strange woman's face half hidden by Michael's unmistakable sloping shoulder and square black head. Melanie would lead Tom across the room, walking as she had been taught in modeling class, very tall in her high heels. Then when they stopped at the table, Melanie would smile down at him.

"Did you pour out the rest of the cocktails, Melly?" Mrs. Mainert's voice resounded in the silence.

"I'm not hungry. Why don't you have something?"

Melanie got up from the bed. "I'm not hungry either." She glanced at her watch. It was almost eight o'clock. Until the phone rang, she could do some reading.

Her literature book was in the living room. It was the only dustless book on the shelves and Melanie thought, as she took it down, that all the rest of the volumes could be Gideon Bibles and no one

who stayed here would ever notice. The glamorous white telephone and the bar were the only things that justified the book-shelves. Looking at the telephone, Melanie thought that perhaps she could order dinner. She liked the idea of having them bring it, simmering in silver, on a rolling linen-clothed table, and then letting it stand there and get cold. Mashed potatoes would be good; they would congeal nicely and stick to the plate. She would add a luxurious tip to the check, of course, and it would all be added to their final bill. These things had to be done while the money was still coming in. It might stop quite abruptly, like the curtain between Acts Two and Three; and there might not be much to eat during intermission. Melanie decided that she would get her mother out on a shopping spree tomorrow.

While she stood looking at it, the telephone rang.

"Melanie? This is Tom."

"Oh, hello," she said, realizing that she had stupidly left the door to her mother's room wide open.

"What do you mean, 'oh, hello?' Don't tell me you've forgotten that there's a Security Council meeting tonight?"

Melanie laughed softly into the telephone. "Oh, is there? I guess I had heard about it. Would you hold the line a minute?"

"Happily."

She laid down the phone gently and went into her mother's room.

"Who is it, Melly?" There was apprehension in Mrs. Mainert's voice.

"It's just a boy I met the other day. The one I told you about."

Relief flooded over her mother's face. "The one who—which one?"

"I've only told you about one, mother. His name is Tom Piquet and he's very nice."

"Does he want to take you out?"

"Yes, I think he wants to take me to a show or something."

"Well, I don't know, dear. I wish you would bring him up sometime before you go out with him. Of course, I suppose you had no way of knowing that he would call tonight."

"I know. I would have brought him, but I never dreamed—"

"Well, you say he's nice. And really I suppose you've had enough experience to tell. You know, though, dear, this isn't like home where you meet boys at dances and know something about their parents."

Since Melanie had been going to private school, her mother had made a great effort to be as squeamish as the other mothers. "Yes, I know," Melanie said, trying to strain the disgust out of her voice.

"Well, go ahead, then."

"Are you sure you'll be all right, mother?"

"Of course. Goodness, don't worry about me, dear. Just have a good time."

Melanie went back and picked up the receiver. "I'm sorry, Tom, I didn't mean to keep you waiting."

"Oh, that's all right. Did you finish your dessert?" He was kidding.

"I'll be ready at 8:30 then."

"Well, I guess you didn't finish your dessert."

"Why don't you come up—oh, well, if that would be easier, I'll just meet you in the lobby then. Yes, I'm sure that will be all right."

"Oh," he said. "You're sitting in the same room with your parents. Well, fine, Melanie, I'll meet you in the alley around back. Wear your shorts. You'll recognize me by my conspicuously dirty trench coat."

"All right, Tom, she said, giggling quietly. "I'll see you about eight-thirty."

Melanie ran into the bedroom, unfastening her dress on the way. She opened the top drawer of her vanity and took out the springy mesh doughnut and the pins and the fine net. Opening the other drawers, she began tossing lingerie, stockings, shoes, everything she would need, on the bed.

The dress was still in the box. It was beautifully cut, straight and slim, lined with silk-tafetta so that the linen would not stretch. It went on easily. The shoes matched perfectly. Melanie was glad she had had them dyed instead of trying to find some exactly that ice-blue shade. She used only a light dust of powder over her rich tan, but took time to shape the full line of her lips precisely before filling in the glowing coral. The chignon took a little time, too. Finally it was spread perfectly into a shining roll, and the gold pins were fastened secretly and the invisible net snapped around. Gold round ear-rings were enough. She shoved in her vanity drawers and walked out into the living room. It was eight-thirty.

"Melly, are you ready?"

Her mother had heard her and started into the room. She stopped in the doorway. "My Lord. Come here, dear, and let me see what you've done." Her teary eyes were still wide and wondering.

"This is my new dress, mother. I showed it to you in the box."

"Oh, yes. I didn't know it had a straight skirt. Did you take my chignon?"

"No. I really had to do it this way, mother. My hair was horrible."

"Don't you think you might be overdressed for just a movie?"

"Oh, do you really think it's too much? I couldn't wait to wear it."

"I guess not. I-I'm just a little stunned to see you—I mean, I'm not used to you—" She paused and walked to a chair. "Did I hear you say that you were going to meet this boy in the lobby?"

"Yes," Melanie said. "He could only park in the hotel zone for a few minutes."

"Well, I suppose it's just as well. I look dreadful."

"No you don't, mother," Melanie said. She hated to see her mother like this. The hurt expression on her face; the worry. It wasn't fair, Melanie thought, to be hurt every time you turned around just because you couldn't help loving. "I won't be late," she said. "But why don't you go to bed anyway?"

When Melanie stepped off the elevator in the lobby, she saw Tom standing near a tropical growth which sprung incongruously out of the center of the expansive tiled floor. He was examining its leaves, fingering their unearthly waxen texture. Melanie could hardly stand to watch him. She hated to fondle things like that, probably because she had been told never to breathe on gardenias or let them touch your skin for fear of turning them brown.

She walked up behind him, but he didn't hear her. "Hello," she said. "You decided against the alley?"

He grinned and took her arm. "Let's go."

Melanie had thought that Tom would comment on the way she looked, but the approval in his eyes sufficed. He had evidently expected no less than what he saw. As they walked along the hot street, she looked at the women who passed them. Tom did not seem aware of them, much less their dragged hair and soaking armpits.

"My car is around the corner. We could walk over to the Marble Bar for a couple and then drive to the Sans Souci or somewhere to dance."

"Fine," she said. It would be good to have a few drinks before suggesting the Tradewinds. Her knees shook a little as she walked beside him. It would be easy to get him to take her there. She would just have to mention it, casually. Maybe he would even ask her if there was any place she would like to go. The white scrolled neon of the Marble Bar was glowing brighter and closer.

The sign hung out over the side-walk from one square of a long caravan of connected facades. Through the glass door, Melanie could

make out only a few greyed forms moving in the darkness. As they entered, she saw tables of people lit by dim halos of candle-light. Others were seated on pelican-legged stools around a piano-shaped black marble bar which filled most of the room. At the far end of it a man sat at a dwarf key-board, playing a melody distorted by the steady hum of voices and the occasional clink of bottles.

Melanie followed the tall black-sheathed hostess to a table in a corner. They sat down.

"What would you like to drink?" Tom asked her, smiling across the table.

"A Tom Collins, please." She had said the first thing that came into her mind. She wished she had thought of a stinger, but she could drink it fast. The hollowness in the pit of her stomach reminded her that she had had nothing to eat.

"What are you looking at?" Tom asked.

"The man playing the piano."

"Oh, I thought maybe you were thinking up a weighty proposal for tonight's meeting."

"No." She wondered how far he was going to pursue this meeting talk. It irritated her somehow.

The waitress left their drinks. Melanie tasted the Tom Collins. It might have been lemonade.

"How was your banquet?" she asked.

"Fine. Dull. Insipid. Thank you for saving me from the meeting. I gave my report to someone else because I thought I'd better leave."

"Oh, I'm sorry. We could have made it later."

"No. I didn't mind waiting for ten minutes either. I had fun with the strange vegetation. Have you ever noticed how they have it planted? In big troughs sunk flush with the floor. I think it's a tremendous thing when you first see it from the door."

"Yes, I love plants." That was a stupid remark. But it was rather a stupid subject. And he started it.

"Do you like animals, too?"

"Some of them," she said, thinking that if he were getting at any kind of animals like male animals, she had said the right thing. If he were not, it was at least more discriminating than "Yes, I like animals."

"Big or little? I like cows."

"I'm flattered."

"Melanie, are your parents normal people? I mean are they the

usual sort for parents—a little fat maybe, or a little skinny, or a little too friendly, but otherwise the ordinary kind?”

Melanie looked at him, wanting to tell him that her mother was a very beautiful woman, neither too fat nor too skinny. “What do you mean?” she asked.

“Well, why do you keep hedging about my meeting them? They can’t be out every afternoon.”

“They aren’t. It just seems like such a production to go up there with you.”

Tom looked away. The piano and talking and smoke rushed into the void between them. Melanie felt imprisoned, as if the corner were there for the sole purpose of separating her from the open street. She pressed her hand against the cool stucco wall and wished that it would suddenly crumble away and let her through. She would run out and find Tom’s car and get in and drive to the Tradewinds. If only she could do it now. If she could just escape while the moment’s inspiration held her buoyant, swept her forward, she would not need whatever weak impetus this drink could give.

“Could we go to the Tradewinds after this?”

“All right,” Tom said. “Is that your favorite spot?”

“No. I’ve never been there. Mother was telling me about it.”

“Say, she sounds like a good old girl. I’m beginning to think you don’t want your parents to meet *me!*”

Melanie watched him light a cigarette from the candle. His hands were very dark against the edge of white cuff and the light suit. They moved softly with a combined strength and gentleness that never existed together in boys. She didn’t want Tom to believe his last remark. Of course, it was something about him. But it was the most wonderful part of him—the fact that he was a man—that would have shocked her mother and ruined the whole plan. In an hour though everything would be explained, and once they had gone and it was over, she would be free to relax with Tom and talk and smile a different kind of smile. She would let him take whatever strange tangents he desired and she would follow him, joking and laughing, fascinating him, swirling lightly from room to room with a drink in her hand. She might even take a cigarette.

“Melanie, what are you thinking about?”

She liked the way he spoke to her. His honest interest was so unlike the artificial solicitude of people who knew, or thought they

knew, what she was thinking. There was nothing perfunctory or pitying about Tom.

“Melanie?”

“Oh, I wasn’t thinking about anything.”

He laughed. “Of course you were. Don’t deny it. It’s a great thing to do. Why don’t you tell me what about and I’ll think about it, too, and then maybe we could bring it up for discussion later.”

She didn’t know what to pretend to have been thinking about.

“I hope that’s a good drink,” Tom said kindly, obviously sorry that he had caught her at a disadvantage. “They water down everything tall and fancy.”

“It is a little weak.”

“That’s what I thought. I’m sorry. I should have warned you before you ordered it. Look, do you want to get out of here? Why don’t we just take off for the Tradewinds?”

“All right,” she said, but suddenly the corner felt snug to Melanie, as safe as her mother’s bedroom.

He signalled the waitress and she came flipping through her book of checks. Tom paid her and left a dollar on the table.

Outside the night heat still emanated from the pavement. It was a shorter walk than she had expected to his car. Melanie got in and sat quietly while he started the motor. In a moment they were driving swiftly through the glittering streets.

“Is it very far to the Tradewinds?” Melanie asked.

“No, it’s just a few blocks out Marathon. I’ve only been there once but I think I can find it.” He looked at her quickly and saw her hand resting open on the seat. Without groping, then, he closed his own hand over it.

Melanie felt a thrill run up her arm. Her thoughts were suddenly confused and what she had to do was no longer clear. She watched numbly the shadowy squares and darkened side-streets swimming past in the rush of warm air. If only he would stop for a moment. If he would pull off into this next deserted street and stop in front of any strange unmindful house to let her sort her whirling thoughts and gather up her certainty. Melanie remembered one night when Michael jerked the car-keys out of the ignition because her mother refused to slow down. But that was not the thing to do.

There were hundreds of bars and cocktail lounges and hotel restaurants in town. It was silly to even expect to find Michael and

the girl in this one place. But there was the note that they had read. Melanie knew that he would be there. She knew it the same way she had always known what he would do before her mother guessed. She had watched Michael, studied him unconsciously, she supposed, until his motions were calculable to her. She wished that she had waited at least long enough to finish her drink.

Suddenly the car slowed down and Tom took away his hand to pull in toward the curb. Thank God, Melanie thought, looking out the window at pure dark night, waving with ghosts of palm trees. The surf was not more than a thousand feet away. It swished softly in her ears as she turned toward Tom. Then, beyond his shoulder, across the street, she saw the tiny sign lit in blue neon.

"Well, we're here," Tom said. "I'm glad you thought of this. It ought to be better than the Marble Bar."

A laughing couple walked along the street and opened the door beneath the sign. Melanie strained her eyes to decipher a familiar form inside, but the door closed. Then she saw the black car parked near the door, and a flash of recognition electrified her. He was there. She had known that he would be and he really was. As she stared at the car, the image of Michael's leering face formed in the window. She shuddered and felt the last drop of resolution drain away.

"What is it, Melanie?" Tom asked softly. "What is it?"

She let him draw her into the warm close solidness of his encircling arms. His fingers stroked her hair smoothly, and Melanie felt her heart pounding against him through her deceiving breasts. "Please," she said. "I can't go in. I thought I had to but—"

"But what?"

Even with her eyes closed tight and pressed against Tom's shoulder Melanie saw the face and the frozen curling smile. "But it doesn't matter. It wouldn't help a thing."

Sun-Discovered

BY BARBARA HAUPT

Rain came in the night and huddled cold in the trees
And froze into beauty which the sun discovered
Trilling-glistening in a wingtips moment of touch—
Then fluttered down into time in a puddle, melting.

LITTLE MOVEMENTS AND LITTLE NOISES

By DENNIS TRUDELL

They come and they spend their brief hour of life on the little planet, and then they go. And while there they make little movements and noises, but actually they change nothing. For they cannot, and I think they realize themselves the futility of their efforts. Yet they keep on making the little movements and the little noises. They keep on in spite of the infinite universe which opposes them and finally crushes them... How pitiful is their struggle, those fools, those little people, those dots.

And what little noise—I ask—am I to make here? What noise is there which would not echo back from the far reaches of space to mock me? So futile are any words I could punch out, so meaningless to anyone observing our small doings here on earth. Yet I find myself forced to make the effort, along with the rest—to waste my brief hour shaking a puny fist at the heavens. I must take my turn at wearing the dunce cap, at being the foolish nothing. For what else have we to do?

So I write bravely of life, or the slice of it which I know. I am experiencing many things in this moment in space and time. All disconnected, these experiences, and perhaps insignificant and petty. Worthless, but they are mine if I claim them. I do, for they are all that exist. My noise:

The door closing behind my father, leaving a void in the bedroom, that emptiness present whenever a person leaves. My father being a strong personality, his void is large, but welcome now for I had been having trouble concentrating while he was here. He left a note on the

bed to remind me to turn down the heat before retiring. A strong personality that likes being felt even after departure, he wants to be sure that I am reminded, and yet I feel there is more—he wants to feel that it is he who actually accomplished the turning-down through his directions in the note. This is the nature of my father, who wants to do so many things and must constantly employ others to help him. His instruments really, for he is the real doer.

Ambitious, my father, who must feel as I do the necessity of making even a little effort. His directions, then, shouts in the dark, even as these words are. I'm only just beginning to understand the man, and therefore only starting to love him with a deepness not present in the filial affections of childhood. Things about this being who has given me so much of his strength, and from whom I have inherited so much of myself; things that used to bother me don't anymore as a result of this new affection born of understanding. Like the hymn singing in church.

My father had always insisted on raising his flat monotone as high as he could, claiming it was the effort that counted. I'd always said that it was foolish to ruin a perfectly good song just to show his good intentions, actually, of course, trying to save myself the embarrassment of the dark glances directed toward our pew. Now, seeing in his terrible voice, or rather in his willingness to display it, the vital individuality I want in myself, I no longer try to hush it. Indeed, having reached the conclusion that what anyone else thinks doesn't matter very much, I chimed in this morning with a fairly poor monotone myself. Well anyway, my father is gone and the experience of his absence and all that it may bring to mind, are mine.

What other things here, now, are mine? Sounds. Sounds coming to me, now washing away the void. Birds are chirping outside. Cars swishing past on the street out there. Once in awhile a heavier swish—trucks, doing important things, going to and from important places. A nearer sound, that of a typewriter grinding out ideas, slowly, laboriously. When it pauses for a moment, should the birds and cars pause also? Another sound—silence, heavier, somehow louder than the others. Silence is the sound that is always there; the others can only briefly compete with it. The universe is silent. I wonder where the sounds go after we stop hearing them. I wonder if once a sound is breathed, it can ever be erased. Or did it ever exist? Ah, a new one. A plane overhead, the dull, bored roar of its engines pushing it through the sky. A sound that far outruns the machine,

and stays long after it has disappeared. One whose echo rebounds back and forth in the clouds, belying the smallness of its maker. Now gone, but having left no void because it faded so slowly. To me a neutral sound, that of the airplane, yet how charged with emotion it must have been for Britons some fifteen years ago.

I can make sounds myself if the silence becomes too loud. I can pierce it with shouts, whistles. I can make the verbal noises which have been taught to me, communicate with others of my kind and tell them my thoughts. But what have I to say? What of value? I cannot tell them what they must want to know: what they are doing here, where they are going. I couldn't tell them even if I knew; I feel the answer is not of a nature to be passed around by a series of calculated grunts and groans. Sounds, then, exist, but also apparently without meaning.

Sights. I have them galore in this colorful room. And out the window, a whole world full of them. The walls are full of pennants, mindful of other sights in other places: New York City, the Thousand Islands, Cleveland O., Baseball's Hall of Fame, Bridgewater's Auto Museum, and Wasaga's Beautiful Beach. Cases full of books, stacked neatly there, most of them unread, doomed to be ignored until they are passed on, with recommendations, to the younger brother. A few on the desk, singled out for attention—*Bartlett's Quotations* (for creative inspiration), Schulberg's *The Disenchanted* (for overcast days), Plato's Dialogues (unopened; for the cultural touch in the bedroom), and others less interesting, like Bugelski's *Psychology*, and Brinton's *Western Civilizations*. Wallpaper, a Scotch plaid so alive when a shaft of sunlight favors it. Today no sunlight, it is merely wallpaper.

Signs announcing my various loyalties: New York Yankees, I like Ike, Pancho Gonzales Wins Again, Route 69, Fiji's, No Smoking, Carling's Black Label, and Denison University. Pictures of half nude tennis players and entirely nude girls, both in various contortions; and then another picture, my favorite—a portrait of San Francisco and the bay at night. It could be any one of the world's cities which gleam in the dark like so many jewels. Its billion lights cut through the ominous blue, lights even out in the bay, where the boats have too much to do to rest at night. One long thin light that is the Golden Gate Bridge reaching out from town. And at the end of it, another mass of lights, but tiny and almost lost in the haze of darkness. Oakland, another city, another portrait. But these are all cold things, and

not at all why I like the picture. It's the life down there. You can't pick them out but they are there. People are turning on those lights, people are crossing that bridge and sailing those boats. Great numbers of them, alive and powerful, they have built that city and made it grow. Teeming masses fill up those buildings and streets. You can't stop people, that's what I feel when looking at the picture; you just can't stop them. But soon—stop them from what, making foolish noises into space?

Myself, my two hands picking out the right keys to strike, pushing the carriage back across at the end of a line. Hands alive, and eager to please the mind. Unseen, the mind, eager to direct, but so unsure of itself. More sights out the window, but dulled by the clouds which are supposed to be "promising" rain. Everything's indoors today. So many sights, as there are sounds, and smells and tastes, yet all without connection, without unity, without meaning and therefore, without reality.

I have all these and so what? A thing exists, happens, and then disappears, leaving everything unchanged. The earth still moves around the sun, still has the moon revolving around it. What am I to do with the experiences which are my life? If everything we do is merely little movements and little noises, then what is the use of life? Why don't we just give up and forget about the whole thing? Or are we meant just to abide, not question, perhaps to serve only as amusing puppets for a Supreme? Does God, Zeus, Fate, Mother Nature, The Moving Finger, or whatever, mean for us dots to go through the motions, and say that we have lived, and pass on? Can our greatest efforts really be so meaningless; and does the universe mock us? If so, then the movements in this room, and on the street outside, and in San Francisco, and in other places like Hiroshima and Budapest, are all the same and useless. Sounds, too, the chirping of birds, the swishing of cars and trucks, the roars of planes and boats, are all nothing. And the cries of the newborn and those of the dying are one—and useless. Is life then, instead of being full of sound and fury, rather full of microscopic movings and barely audible soundings? signifying nothing?

Perhaps it is, we cannot know. But more important, we must not care. We are able to see our lives objectively, so we must be happy with our worm's-eye view. No matter how tiny or unimportant we are, we are. We exist—this we know, even if for what and because of what remain mysteries. We make our movements, and after

centuries, manage to lift ourselves from the seas. We fight and quarrel and run around in circles, but we are not so futile. For we have life, even if it is all we have, and the warm breath of it as we work and play is our song. And the song is not futile at all—for with it we can feel important, can feel we are something, somebody. That feeling is our being, our reason for existence, no matter how senseless it may be. It is why we build the cities, and when the earthquakes tear them down, we build again. It turns the treadmill into a super-highway that is going someplace; it is the sought-for meaning. And so a hymn sung loudly off-key in one of our buildings becomes a small voice calling out into space challenging the unknown. So very small—but heard.

The Optimist

BY JESSE MATLACK

Above his harbor home each night
Three red-eyed buzzards glide;
Mute as autumn's moonlit dust
On wrinkled roads they light
To dance and sing of dwindling seas,
Crisped by sun's indifferent might:
"Follow in footsteps the weeping rain."

He does not spit with foolish hate,
But gladly gives a pound or two
Of fresh-dead flesh for each to eat;
And turns with a smile to welcome fate.

Fragments of Finality

BY ELLEN MOORE

I

So sensible, they chorused, yes indeed—
Your parting; plate-glass faces quite agreed
As sliding eyes perused quick, spangled hands
Judiciously. Dear God, who understands,
I mutinied, my mourners all dismissed:
Love is not prudence; lost, not merely missed.
Curse all their fashions ordering grief suppressed,
Twice curse false pride that keeps emotion dressed.

II

Is this finality—this incomplete
Exchange of roles; this sudden, swift retreat
From certainty to that bleak neighborhood
Where tenements of fear have stood
And stand though long condemned? So would it seem,
For hostile, sleeping miles stretch-out between
Us now. For even met by accident—
What then? Brief smiles that neither of us meant?

III

Void is time's synonym—eventually
We'll speak the other's loss quite casually,
Shrug off the tumbled years, their empty shell
To hang as locusts' do. The carousel
Again shall please; the dual masquerades
Go out of style. The foolish, futile trades
Called promises you'll stack on some high shelf,
And I will sing the seasons by myself.

THE SECOND ANGEL

BY LEWIS D. CLARKE

The lifeboat moved uneasily with the swell somewhere in the mid-Atlantic, sinking into the hollows and rising on the oily crests. She was large for a lifeboat, but she served the double purpose of the Captain's launch and a vessel of safety. That she had not been cared for was evident—her lifeline of cork floats had broken in several places and trailed discontentedly in the sea. The name *Cambria* had almost disappeared from her port bow, and patches of paint had chipped off her top-sides, giving her the appearance of being slightly mottled. Her dejection was completed by the ragged stump of a mast which extended for several feet above her forward thwart.

She carried three men as complement; three dressed in the array of mismatched clothing that marks the men of the merchant service. The Captain, Captain Edward Gautier, was qualified by four years of experience as master of a coastal steamer. He was distinguished from the others by an officer's cap, now incrustated with salt, and the bars of his ragged uniform coat. He rose from his place in the bow, and steadied his middle-aged and once plump body against the fragment of mast to take the noon sight. Gautier stood for a moment; then, lowering the sextant, he called to a large, dark man in the stern.

"Lilly, get the chart and mark our position."

Lilly, the chief officer, grumbled forward and towered over the little Captain. "See 'ere, Skipper." He was British and unmistakably cockney. "What bloomin' good will it do? Haccordin' t' yer own calculytations, we've drifted out of all the steamer lanes. Yer bloody

sight proves it. You could 'ave used the pyrotechnics when we was where we had a chance o' gettin' picked up. Now where 'as all your fancy sailin' and such got us. Why," he mimicked the captain's shrill, high pitched voice, "only two thousand miles t' the east in the Frog Coast."

The Captain tried to assume an air of command, always a struggle, now more difficult before the Mate's sharp features and open accusations of incompetence.

"Mister Lilly, I want you to remember that you're still under my command and that you will remain under it until we have been picked up." The heavy clothes gave him a comic appearance and, as he was vaguely aware that his appearance did not help his prestige, his voice took on tones of appeal. "We're in this together and I have to do the best that I can. I have done the best I could. We must all help, Lilly, but I am the one that has to make the decisions. I mean, I have the responsibility."

Gautier handed the sextant to the Mate and worked his way aft, holding on to the gunnel of the life boat to steady himself against the roll. "Mister Spencer." Even the mild exertion of pulling himself over the thwarts caused his florid face to perspire and his breath to come faster. "Mister Spencer!" The slight figure dropped the wrench and a pale face turned toward the commander. "Mister Spencer, how much gas is there in the tank?"

"The same amount that there was yesterday," came the surly reply.

"I know. I know. But how much? If we sight a ship there must be enough to reach her."

The Mate had followed the Captain. He understood the ritual of the engine, and, though he disdained to take part in it, he was vaguely aware of its necessity to Gautier.

"Well, go on." Gautier continued to address the slight, sallow man. "You're the engineer now, although not competent I must say." He knew he could get away with berating the little man, and it added to what little prestige he had left to do so. "Start the engines. Start 'em!" His voice rose an octave in pitch. "We have to run the engines every day. They'll be ready when we're picked up." He seemed to be addressing the one-cylinder engine rather than the engineer. Spencer took up the crank and fell against it, using the weight of his slight body rather than his arm muscles. He could barely turn it over.

The Mate pushed his heavy shoulders between Spencer and the engine. "Ere, out of the way, you." His biceps bulged as he spun the engine over rapidly. The fly-wheel slowed and stopped with a final wheeze while Lilly sat on the thwart before it, panting. Spencer began to fiddle incompetently with the needle valve.

"There's water in the gas, Capt'n."

"Water in what little gas is left in the bloomin' thing." Lilly turned away from the others and seemed to be talking more to himself. "The damn thing wouldn't have done any good. We can see as far as she'd run on that little gas." Captain Gautier shivered as the wind penetrated his jacket.

"Mister Spencer, you're the engineer and you should know how to fix it. Shouldn't you know how to fix it?" he said, unscrewing the cap and peering into the dark interior of the tank. "There's gas in it. I can smell it. It'll run. Fix it, Mister Spencer."

Lilly looked at the jagged wood in the foresheets.

He turned to the big Mate. "Mister Lilly, go forward and rig the mast. We'll sail if there's a wind."

"That's all right. Use the oars. Lash them together." He moved forward again. "We'll make another mast."

"Oh! Yer will, will you. And wot are you goin' to use for a sail? You can't sail the bloody boat without a sail."

"We can use our clothes. No, I guess they won't be enough. The weather's so cold that we must wear them. It's nice, though, except at night. I'm glad that it isn't so cold that we're freezing. It could be hot, too."

He raised his voice. "Mister Spencer, would you rather have it hot or cold?"

"Hot or cold! I don't know what yer talkin' about. Hot or cold, what the 'ell difference does it make?"

Lilly stood with his feet planted against the motion of the boat. "Yes, what the 'ell difference does it make to us? What the 'ell difference when you've played at games ever since she went down." His voice fairly roared as he stood in the open boat against the sky and yelled at Gautier, making it rock as he described arcs against the sky and seat with his arms and all the cords and veins standing out in his neck. "I'll tell you this, Captain Gautier sir. Yer naught but a damn fool! An idiot! Do ye hear me, you blasted old senile, middle-aged, mock of a captain, do ye hear me! I'm telling you that you don't have sense enough to navigate a rowboat in a cesspool!" He

was screeching now. "Yes an ass!" He sat down on the thwart, weak from his exertion. "Yer an ass," he said in a tired voice.

Spencer stood by the engine, awed by the demonstration. He stepped forward, passing the broken Gautier who sat in the bottom of the lifeboat, his face in his hands.

"What's this?" the Second Engineer stopped to pick up the oil-skin packet that had fallen from Lilly's coat. "Here's another. What's in them?"

"Nothin'. Give 'em 'ere. They're mine."

A crafty expression stole over the Engineer's face. "Oh, they're yours, are they. I didn't say they weren't. I just asked what's in 'em.

Lilly tried to placate Spencer. "There's nothin' in 'em, just somethin' personal wot I had with me when the ship went down. Nothin' like food; if 'twas food I would 'ave given it over to split. You can see by the size that it ain't food."

"Well, you shouldn't mind if I took a little look-see, just to be sure - -."

Before he was able to finish, Lilly snatched the packets from his hand, but not before the white powder in one escaped its container and blew away on the wind. Spencer looked at the remainder in the palm of his hand, then back at the Mate.

"So that's it. I had an idea it was something like that. That's what you been keepin' to yourself—that's why you went below. Doppel!" His hand shook and he backed away from Lilly. "Doppel! You've been smuggling this stuff across and sellin' it. Captain Gautier, look! Look at the stuff! There's the reason for the ship goin' down and the storm blowin' us way out of the steamer lanes." Spencer had turned as white as the spray around him. "Damn you, Lilly. God damn you. You're the cause of all this. You and that evil stuff. You been makin' money off it."

"O' course I 'ave made somethin' from it. And I know a lot of other coves wot 'ave too. A man 'as to pick up a little when 'e can. A man whot's smart."

"A man that's smart! You've been makin' the ship and the rest of us part of your dirty work, don't you know that? It's because of you that we're condemned to this little tub a thousand miles from nowhere. Do you call that smart? Throw the damned stuff away. Throw it away! It's our only chance, you blind, stupid food. Throw it away, before we all burn in Hell for it!" He backed away from the bewildered Lilly, his hand outstretched, pleading. "For God's

sake, throw it away!" He stumbled over the engine, falling to the floorboards. "Can't you see what it will do to us, to you? If you won't think of the rest of us, at least think of yourself."

The Mate looked at the packages and stuffed them into his jersey, turning away from the two in the stern, his face dark. Spencer was crying now, the salty tears mingling with the salt spray on the grime of his face. "Captain, he's got dope. You saw it. Take it away from him and throw it away. Throw it into the sea. It's him that did it; him that brought it. You're the Captain, take it away from him. You have to make him."

Gautier looked at the pathetic figure once, briefly, and hid his head in his hands once more, looking like some broken toy that a child had cast aside. A comical, pathetic, broken toy. "Oh! God." He half sprawled, half kneeled against the engine, breathing broken phrases and sobs.

II

THE CAPTAIN

She was a British-built tramp of seven thousand tons, properly classed as an Emergency Fleet Standard Steel Steamship. Outwardly she had the appearance of hundreds of her kind—low in the water when she was loaded, deep well decks fore and aft, high derricks (a holdover from the days when steamers carried a steady sail) and a high black stack, from which the heavy coal smoke hung dark over the water for lack of a breeze. She would appear ugly to most, yet there was a kind of gracefulness to her long run and high poop deck. Finding her work in out of the way ports, she drifted with the trade and her nondescript crew drifted with her, from Alden to Madagascar, from Bordeaux to New Caledonia. And somehow she paid dividends to her owners.

Captain Gautier joined the *Cambria* at Rangoon. It was purely a temporary arrangement: Captain Eliot had died of a heart attack in the China Sea and she wasn't to pick up her new skipper until Newport News where she was due for an insurance survey and a complete overhaul. Gautier saw the opportunity; he jumped at the chance to escape from the dusky little coastal steamer with its crew of sweating natives. He was accepted without incident by the crew, to whom a change among the officers was as common as the next port of call. Routine went on as it had before as the *Cambria*

steamed slowly around the great continent of Africa and up the western coast.

Thus it was that a Saturday morning found her plowing through a glassy sea at her ever monotonous eleven knots. Gautier donned his coat and uniform cap and walked through the alleyway, picking his way along the white walled passage with the piping overhead until he reached the wheelhouse. The Chief Mate, Lilly, received him without a greeting, only mumbling the course and the last reading of the barometer before he disappeared to the deck below.

"Steward, I think I'll take my breakfast on the bridge this morning. Will you send it up?"

The dishes and silverware rattled on the tray as the steward carried them through the wheelhouse door and set them out on the chart table. The coffee was good and Gautier sipped it slowly as he stood looking out over the slow rising and falling of the bow to the sea beyond. He had come to like that spot in the corner of the wheelhouse where he could stand and watch the men on the fore-decks of the ship and keep an eye on the quartermaster and course. It was better than the cramped quarters on the dirty and odor-laden Malayan steamer of a month ago; here was more room, both in the size of the ship and in the open ocean that she navigated. Gautier liked the distinction of command on a deep water vessel where he could remain aloof from the crew, keeping the relations between master and man clean with an air of formality. Although he was aware that he did not exactly fit the criteria of command emotionally or physically, he could rely on this isolation of office to give him confidence and respect in his own eyes.

The Second Mate appeared on the bridge as the steward cleared away the last of the breakfast and Gautier looked up from the log.

"Oh, yes. Being a rather calm day, Mister, I thought you might have the Boatswain take a party of men and go overside and touch up the rust on the starboard quarter. The plates could be eaten half way through for all the care she's been given."

The young khaki-clad figure stood twisting his hat nervously in his hands. "Capt'n?"

"Well?"

"I though, sir, that perhaps, as we're goin' to lay up as soon as we get in, sir, that we'd better leave that to the yard. They'll just have to go over the whole thing again."

Gautier unconsciously readjusted trousers over protruding paunch. He knew that the details of the deck department were not usually the concern of the captain, but left to the junior officers. "All right, Mister. But find something for the men to do. I can't have any slack discipline on my ship and it's up to the officers to keep the men busy and the ship looking like something. I don't care what they do, so long as she keeps up her appearances. Just find something for them to do, Mister; find something for them to do."

It was evening when the Captain again ascended to the wheelhouse. The moon was just coming up from behind the invisible African shore and it cut a silver swath across the still calm sea. It climbed in the sky, giving a phosphorescence to the sides of the long, smooth combers and a silver, almost ghost-like cast to the plodding steamer, except where the glare from the stokehold skylight painted the superstructure a bloody red. An evening mist had come up, blowing over the water with the gentle breeze. It came in streaks, enveloping the *Cambria* to the rail and leaving the deck houses and bridge plainly visible, as if they had been cut off from the ship and were coasting along the top of the white fog by themselves. Except for those on watch, the crew, upon finishing its daily work had retired from mess to smoke and talk. The *Cambria* was silent except for the occasional slam of a furnace door and the rattle of the ash hoist.

Gautier pulled the cigarette from his fleshy lips and was just in the act of throwing it away when she struck. She didn't fetch up hard, but heeled over slightly with a long, tearing noise, like someone ripping a strip of cloth. In a moment she righted herself and went on. The Captain hardly heard the noise, but he felt the deck tremble under him with a series of peculiar shudders. He entered the wheelhouse, still not believing.

"What the devil have we hit!"

"I don't know, sir. I was just awheeling her when it come. I couldn't see nothin'."

Gautier threw the telegraph to "stop" and rang the engine room. No answer. He turned again to the quartermaster.

"You must have seen it." His voice began to rise. "A ship doesn't just hit something without anyone knowing about it. He rang the engine room a second, then a third time. "What's going on down there? What did we hit? I know you couldn't see it, con-found it, but is it bad? Is she making water? Is there any damage?"

Well, send some one to look up forward." Where's the officer on watch there? I don't know, I tell you, I don't know!"

The Second Mate came running into the wheelhouse his breath coming fast and dark patches coming through his shirt. "Captain! We're making water by the head. It's coming awful fast. I think she's been stoved in the forward hold; I never saw so much water!"

Gautier put his ear back to the telephone. "What? Are you sure there's water coming up? Well try and stop it. Yes, stop it! Stuff something in there. Anything!"

He turned again to the Second Mate. "The engineers say there's water forward of the stokehold bulkhead. She must have flooded the whole forward part of her. She's starting to make water in the firehold. I want you to go down there and make a report on the damage."

"But, Captain!"

"I don't want any 'but Captains' on this ship. I want to know the full extent of the damage to her and I want it quick. Quick! Where's the Mate? Where's Lilly? You see him down there, send him up, do you understand, Mister? Send him up to the bridge. The rest of the men. Send the rest down below. I want that water stopped."

Gautier was standing over the Second Mate as he finished his instructions, bobbing like an inflated seashore toy. He half pushed the younger man through the door.

The Captain half paced and half ran back and forth in the wheelhouse with odd little bouncing steps that shook his whole figure. He called the engine room again: no answer. He couldn't keep still. "Go below with the others. Get out! Get out!" He was ashamed that the helmsman should see him lose control of himself but he couldn't really help it. The *Cambria* was taking on a list now, and his feet slipped out from under him and he fell heavily on the slanted deck. Rising, he reached once more for the black box and the dangling receiver and, turning suddenly, ran out through the wheelhouse door to the deck. Gautier had to climb against the slope of the ship. He ran past the open ports of the bridge deck with his funny, hurried gait, a pathetic figure shaking so that he could hardly hold the rail.

"Lilly!"

"Aye, Capt'n?"

"Where the Hell have you been, Lilly? Tried to find you. Ship's goin' fast. Must clear away the boats."

"Aye. I'll get the men."

"No, Lilly. Listen to me. There'll just be us—the two of us. Can't call the others." He continued in the face of the Mate's astonishment. "There isn't time, confound you, there isn't time! The others'll come up here and swamp the boats, trying to get away. We'll wait for them and we'll all be lost."

The Captain trembled so that he could hardly speak, his brass-buttoned chest heaving jerkily. He stood with his eyes starting out of his head in fear, his flabby face gray with fright, and he held the arm of his First Mate and pointed down to the deserted decks of the ship.

"Look at her, Lilly, look at her! She'll slide under any minute! For the love of God, man, hurry!"

Lilly was a strong man, a good mate, but now he was led by the Captain with the wild, staring eyes.

"We'll take my tender, Lilly, it's larger than the lifeboats." He tore at the falls, cursing when the knots would not come easily.

"But, look, Capt'n, you just can't leave 'em on her. They'll all go down! You just can't leave 'em!"

"Don't be a fool, Lilly. They'll get off. There're other boats. They'll get off. The ship is sinking, Lilly!"

The other man, Mister Spencer, the Second Assistant Engineer of the *Cambria*, staggered to the deck as Gautier and Lilly cleared the falls, and he fell over the gunnel of the lifeboat just as she swung, creaking in her falls, to the water, now not so far below deck. The Captain and the Mate paid little attention to the engineer as he lay sprawled on the floorboards, senseless to his surroundings. The boat drifted away from the ship, a huge dark mass on the silver of the water. They sat dumbly watching as she rolled in the white path of the moon, her masts stark and pleading against the sky and her funnel smoking in a futile attempt. Then the white mist on the water came between them, slowly—at first they could see her outline as through a distortion of some gigantic lens—and then the white enveloped her completely and the three men were alone.

III

THE MATE

Lilly was a lucky man. He always had been. And he came to accept his luck as uniquely his, given to him as a gift, as brown hair

or blue eyes are gifts to others. It was hard for him not to look upon luck as something personal when, as the men knelt on the floor of a forecastle and the dice rolled his way time after time, his shipmates clapped him on the back: "All right, Lilly, you 'ave me. I don't see 'ow a chap could make a point the way 'e does." Then the dice rolled again and presently the men rose from the floor, shaking the stiffness from their bodies, and Lilly gathered up his winnings, smiling. "Oh, I say, it could happen to anyone." But in his heart he knew that it could only happen to him and the smile came to be for the luck that was behind him, rather than an apology to the others.

Yet Lilly was not only lucky in cards and dice. He could drink and stagger back to the ship almost blind with the liquor in him, and none of the water front toughs chose to pull him back into the shadows of the dingy buildings. Women, too, had Lilly's luck against them when they carefully laid their traps for him in the dimly lighted rooms with the cheap furniture, only to find that he had fallen drunk on the street and refused their proffered assistance. He carried his luck to sea. Once, when a heavy wave washed him from his hold in a howling gale and carried him along the buried deck in its swirling arms, it dropped him, head foremost, coughing and spitting out the salt water, just before it retreated through the scuppers.

And, when Lilly realized the tremendous value of his gift, he came to rely on it more and more. Gambling with the crew—a dollar or a pound at time—was only the beginning. During the war, Lilly found that men paid money, lots of money, for things that were hard to come by. Lilly carried watches or jewelry ashore in his pockets; his luck kept him from the customs officers. After the war he discovered the value of the white powder that some people wanted desperately. It would be a simple matter, he thought, to transport the powder from one part of the world to another and pocket the cash people would pay him for carrying it. He found it a simple matter for a man with his luck; and the money came easily.

But if Lilly was lucky, he was also an excellent seaman. He had been brought up in the tradition of the sea, in the lower east side of London, where the crews of ocean steamers and their families lived. His father, a mate on a coaler, taught Lilly to follow in his footsteps. Now he was chief mate on an ocean cargo vessel at a time when chief mates were easy to find. It was before the last trip,

in the carpeted and oak-paneled offices of the owners, that he had been told of a new steamer that the line was planning to buy and the opportunity of her command. He would be interested? Then the details could be worked out after his next trip.

Lilly thought of the luck that would soon bring him a fine, new job. Saturday mornings after his watch he liked to stroll around the decks and look at the ship. He never tired of watching over her, silently, and without the knowledge of the crew. It wasn't that he wanted to keep a check on them behind their backs or that he was pushing for a promotion; he merely found pleasure in it.

He passed the galley and met Spencer, the Second Engineer, whose watch coincided with his own.

"Well, 'ows things on the bottom side this fine mornin'?" Are you monkeys keeping heverything orl neat an' clean, or 'ave you been holdin' another one o' them loud parties wot make so much noise and keeps orl the decent seamen in the ship from gettin' their sleep?"

The little Engineer moved confidentially close to Lilly and answered in a low voice:

"No, things been pretty quiet this watch, the Chief was down there the whole time I was on duty, so we couldn't get away with nothin'. But I still have some of that good Puerto Rican rum that's sittin' in my room just waitin' for me to get to it." He nudged the Mate. "It gets awful hot down there, so I just take a little to put me to sleep." His pale face smiled as he thought of it. "Come along and tip a few with me. I'll have the lot of it gone before long."

"No, you go ahead and 'ave it. I'll just have a bite to eat before turnin' in."

"Say, there's something I wanted to ask you—Gautier, the Skipper—he don't seem to be the right sort somehow. He don't act like a captain, know what I mean?"

"You mean 'cause 'e caught you drinkin' on watch the other day?"

"Hell no, not that. I mean he just don't seem right."

"Well, 'e's only along for this trip, I guess. Least I 'ope so! 'E don't know wot 'es doin', sometimes . . . Say, I caught him muckin' around in my cabin the other day. 'E tells me 'e was lookin' for a polaris, or somethin'. Polaris! I don't know. I don't even think 'e can use one."

"He sure don't act like it."

Well, it's nothin' to be botherin' yerself over. Just be sure,

though, that when you 'and one on tonight you don't wake 'im hup. I don't mind you 'aving a good time for yerself, but heverytime I hears you, I think the ship's in port an' I 'ave to get out the moorin' cables."

Spencer laughed and scurried down the deck, leaving the galley to Lilly.

Later, when Lilly awoke, it was dark. He dressed slowly, then, kneeling beside his bed, tore up the blanket and threw the bedcovers in a heap. Pulling the two packets from their hiding place, he fondled them, turning them over and over in the lamplight. The Captain had been in his room this morning; he might come in again. He couldn't have been looking for anything, yet there was always the chance—well, he couldn't trust luck too far. He had to find a better hiding place.

The moon was rising off the starboard beam, casting long shadows over the port alleyways and decks. Lilly crept forward, watching, the packets bulging in his shirt front. The deck trembled under him with the thrust of the engines. The door, then the alleyway with its dim, red-orange electric bulbs, then the companionway. His hot fingers closed over the cold steel of the rungs as he let himself down into the blackness of the hold. The rumble, the pound, the beat, and the squeal, all the sounds of the machinery and the ship—metal in her making minute adjustments for the constant changes in stress—Lilly heard them as he searched for a hiding place. He thrust the packets in a length of tubing, one of a bundle that was chained down to the plates. He played the flashlight around in the gloom, and as he bent over a crack in the floor plating, the flashlight centered him in its orb. "If a cove could tike a piece of wire, now, and 'ang . . ."

A rending and tearing, the screech of tortured steel, and the starboard side of the *Cambria* opened as if a giant hand had run its finger along, crumpling the hull in a jagged breach. Lilly fell heavily against a barrel. He shook his head and tried to stand, trying to keep his grip on the smooth wood. Water poured through the gap and cut through the gloom like so many fire hoses. The flashlight had somehow escaped him, but he was able to feel his way to the stacks of piping and recover the packets before the flying water got to them. He lost his footing once again on the now wet flooring and struggled to the companionway ladder. The jets of water increased, throwing the barrels and boxes around in confusion, pushing them to the other

side of the hold, or hurling them away from the opening, leaving them to float, broken by the force of the sea, and spilling their contents into the surging, green water. Lilly hung to the ladder, trying to follow the extent of the damage with his eye and watching the water as it rose, slowly, up the rungs. Not until the gash had been completely submerged and the water rushed into the ship under a myriad of bubbles, did the Mate leave the hold and climb to the deck to find a safe place for the oilskin wrapped packets. The boats. Certainly they would use the boats if the ship were abandoned. Lilly ran for the upper deck to hide the white powder. Then, like the efficient mate that he was, he would help his Captain get the ship under control. But the Captain was already at the boats, shaking and crying as he struggled with the canvas covering.

IV

THE ENGINEER

Second Engineer Spencer wasn't a particularly good engineer. Most of his colleagues considered him rather poor. In fact, it was a minor miracle among the *Cambria's* engineering staff and black gang that Spencer held license at all. His fault didn't lie with his knowledge of his job, for his understanding of steam engineering, if it weren't spectacular, was at least adequate. The best way to explain his incompetence was in what seamen commonly call "a feel for things." The Chief Engineer, an ancient Scotsman who had been sailing for almost all of his undetermined number of years, had this feel—he could lie in his stateroom under the bridge and come running half-clad into the engine room if his engines paused once in their endless task. He loved and coddled them as a mother cuddles a babe, and coaxed them through their struggles. He knew, and could tell you if you asked him, the present condition and state of every rod, bolt, and pinion in the *Cambria's* power plant without bothering to give it so much as a passing glance.

But Spencer did not have his supervisor's feel. It was a job to him—not a very good one at that, and he never failed to complain of it to anyone whom he could get to listen. Consequently his life was a series of different ships and enginerooms; the crews would just get used to his repining ways when a letter came from the owners: "Mr. Spencer: This is to inform you that, due to an anticipated contraction of our crews, we no longer have need of your services after the first of the month." And Spencer moved on.

Yet Spencer had a whimsical air about him that saved him from complete rejection by his fellow officers. Most of them rather liked him, an unusual occurrence among men who judge their contemporaries by vocational skill. He knew just how to approach people and was easily accepted among them. Spencer was the first to be sought out as a companion for the wild, alcoholic shore leaves which occurred whenever the *Cambria* touched port, and was the only person on board who could claim membership in every clique.

Behind this exterior, though, Spencer was an extremely sensitive person—sensitive to his thin body, to the heavy, sweating, brutish men who made up the black gang, and to the soft sky that hung over the ship as she steamed through the tropical waters. It was this sensitivity, more than anything else, that made him drink more ashore than was good for him and ultimately drove him to keeping the bottle as a constant companion aboard ship.

The blue-black of the coming night crept across the sky from the distant line of horizon as a grimy stoker knocked at Spencer's cabin, entered, and gently shook his sleeping form. "Oot o' it, noo, sor. 'Tis yer watch and the Chief 'll tike yer 'ead orf, do he couth yer 'ear."

"Umm, fine, Hughes, fine. Tell the old boy I'll be down, soon as I get out o'the sack." He shook his head to clear the alcoholic fumes. "Oh . . . oh, my head. And the ship shakin' like she's about to fall apart. I'll spend this watch in m' bed." The Engineer groped for his shoes and rose, fully clothed, to sway against the door jamb. "I guess the best thing would be to take the bottle right down to the job with me. Yes, that's an idea." The bottle, half full of amber liquid, protruded from his pocket as he groped his way down the slippery ladders to the oily mists of the engine room. "My God, is it hot!" He sank into the worn leather chair on the lower gratings and tipped the bottle to his head. He felt sober. His head had stopped spinning; now if he could just hold it still; there, he was all right. Spencer sat still in the chair with the machinery pounding around him. He moved to view the oiler working at the other side of the engine room and immediately he felt the sick feeling return to his stomach. He had to sit perfectly still, his head down to avoid the spinning lights and harsh glare.

When the *Cambria* struck, Spencer, the chair, and the rum went tumbling in a heap on the oily gratings. The impact parred out the circuit breakers and there were a few moments of confusion before

the crew could reset them. The Chief Engineer was at his post almost before the shock occurred, directing the men and beating them verbally with his harsh Scottish accent. Dazed, he lay where he had fallen, slowly realizing that something out of the ordinary had occurred and trying to piece things together. The lights flickered, then went on. Spencer pulled himself up against the steel handrail. He looked around dumbly in the electric-lighted world with the gleaming shafts and rods and the globes overhead throwing their light on the white walls and polished steel, brass, and bronze.

"You, Spencer. Mister, you're supposed to be on watch here!" The Chief paused, the icy blue of his eyes piercing into Spencer's. You're no dom good to us, Mister; Drunk on your watch, you are, drunk and lying on the floor like the sop yer are. Noo get the hell out o' here, Mister, get out and go lay in yer bunk with yer eternal bottle. G'wan, noo, off with yel!"

Spencer pulled himself up over the handrails, swaying and falling against them, but not because of the ship's motion. He faltered in the open companionway, the cool air of the evening blowing over him and lifting the damp hair from where it lay against his perspiring face. The sick feeling returned and he lay against the side of the deck house, choking with vomit. The gray of the decks, gray chipped paint with rust showing through, stretched as far as Spencer could see and he felt it, cold, against him. He rose to his feet, staggering, holding on with both hands while the sea, the sky, and the ship reeled about him. His head bobbed on his shoulders, a rag doll with all the stuffing out of it.

Somewhere, somewhere far up above him, voices were calling, calling and arguing among themselves. Spencer thought they were calling to him. He crawled toward them until he caught sight of two figures with a white lifeboat between them, slowly swinging in its davits. It was all he could do to reach it and sink to the haven of its wooden floorboards.

V THE BOAT

They had sailed, the three in the lifeboat; they had sailed for many days. The big storm had come and carried away their mast, the gasoline engine had died of thirst, and they fought and quarreled

among themselves. It had rained, though, and there was food enough in the lockers for a long while with what they took from the sea. They had little to do but think, and most of the day they spent in that pursuit—Lilly sat in the bows, with his craggy head always looking out over the sea, his big hands carefully placed in his pockets and his eyes staring at something beyond. Gautier sat in the stern-sheets, his head bent, looking at the bottom of the boat, thinking and talking to himself. His whole life's history the others heard—of his life on the native tramps, of the steam *Cambria*, and of his helplessness dressed in the blue uniform of captain of the Merchant Service. And Spencer prayed. He sat looking at the useless lump of machinery and prayed, not in the manner of a child asking for a favor, nor as one who stands with his head thrown back at the heavens demanding deliverance from the pit, but as a man who has seen the error of his ways and asks nothing more than a chance to correct them. Spencer started praying the second day, after he began to recover from the agony of a normal life. The recovery occurred two days after he had fallen into the lifeboat as Gautier and Lilly lowered it between them into the water, as it slid into the water slowly, the line creaking through the blocks. They all had drifted in their thoughts.

They were sitting one evening, looking long into the sunset, Gautier looked up, then stood in the lifeboat waving his arms.

"A ship! I see a ship! A ship! The rest of you, look! There she is, off our starboard bow. She heading for us! Look, all of you!"

Spencer joined the Captain, clapping him on the back, shouting, pointing. "She sees us! Look, Lilly, off our bow she is! Look at her!"

Lilly squinted into the evening. "I don't see a bloody thing."

"Look, man, look! There she is, just over there she is! Look at her!"

"But I don't . . . Wyte . . . Wyte . . . I do too! There, over there! I see her!" He rose to join the others and, as he did so, the two oilskin packets shook loose from his jersey and fell, unnoticed, into the sea.

The ship came on. They could see she was a cargo steamer. Rigging, masts, and funnel stood out against the sky. The three danced and waved at her as she drew near. Water boiled around her cutwater and parted away from her long, black flanks as she

rose and fell, easing over the swells. The red from the setting sun painted her bloody and black, and her whole being seemed to shiver with the beating of her engines. She passed close to them, so close that they could see the red rust streaks running down her sides and the seaweed along her waterline. As she drew abreast they could read the letters high on her stern: *Cambria* of Falmouth. And as she passed into the sunset, a lifeboat rocked empty in her wake.

Along A Stream

By YOKO KUYMA

I stood alone on the bank
Spreading freshly green
With soft sprouts
And caught a stone
In the morning dew.

Along the murmuring stream
I followed in tone with
The peaceful hymn of ripples
Splashing down, down to
The white foam of the sea.

A yellow butterfly stopped me
And sat me down
In the dewy sprouts;
Sweet murmuring echoed
Far away in the early morning air.

Elegy

BY NIKOS STANGOS

Sing for me
In the dark breast of the moon
Unfolding your eyes in ecstasy

I have been dropping with the rain
Remembering the early breath of the Spring-earth
And the new seed
Transformed into a new rose.

Sing for me
In the dark breast of the moon
When I stood naked
Clasping the seven winds in my hands
Altering the pace of the birds
Which return always from the brown sun of Egypt,
The moment when my hands part the clouds
Offering the sun from old bottles of wine
The moment when my pulse surrenders to the infinity of my heart

O how can I remember all the days
How can I remember the moments
(And there was no moment to sing like a dead canary)
How can I remember
The unfolding light
Bathing my eyes in forgotten shadows of statues
How can I remember
The dark rooms where I liked to cry from fear
And the prayer forming itself on the dark lips of darkness

But still
I know that you wait somewhere
There, behind the corner of this street
Where I expect to find a face
And where I find another street
You are there, I know and I will never forget
Taking the flower or the sea in my broken fingers and crying
I know that you are waiting there, everywhere
Around and over and between and within

Sing for me
And brush the dust off my tears

You Sauntered Out To Love

BY ELLEN MOORE

You sauntered out to love, in carelessness
Assuming young sincerity assured
Some magic respite from unhappiness;
And I half-dazzled, left my beads, deterred
To worship at the goldness of your hair,
Your velvet, scarlet-lined fidelity
That cloaked my naked future from despair,
I sacrificed all time to instancy
When thorn-crowned gods cried faith to saints afraid;
I blessed an idol christened Permanence,
Its image yours, till retrospect betrayed
Its plaster feet which straddled innocence.
(All fool's gold gods before me fall) Dear Lord,
Rebuild the merely man, not quite adored.

JOURNEYING THROUGH THE BANKBOOKS

By VIRGINIA WALLACE

"You can never understand a people," my high school French teacher used to say, "until you learn their language." She accented her one great truth by tapping a nervous finger on the desk.

The notion that national personality could flavor a language was something only a French teacher could get excited about, I thought. After all, just how much could an adverb express, even in French? But last summer I began to wonder if nations might not, like individuals, be constantly dropping clues about their character in their everyday affairs.

Driven by the heat of early June, I sought air-conditioned refuge in reporting a week ahead of schedule for my summer job as bank teller. Rather than juggle work replacement assignments to fit me in, the personnel manager led me to a lean, leather-faced man, the head of the bank's foreign department. The section had been renamed the International Division just two days before and this euphemism was causing no end of delight to the secretaries and the two translators.

Bright with morning sun, the glass partitioned office (un-air-conditioned, by the way) overlooked the Cuyahoga River, port area. Great Lakes steamers nosed around bends and moorings, hooting warnings to each other outside our windows. A tugboat strike had tied up harbor traffic, and the ocean-going steamers had hard work navigating the narrow turns. That first day no one paid much attention

to me; the office was engrossed in the struggles of a sleek white Dutch ship aground across the channel, waiting for the afternoon tide to float it free.

Once this summer byplay of the harbor became routine, I discovered that I held a fascinating job. There is in every bank that has transactions with overseas banks a file of books of signatures of the foreign officials. These books—one for each bank—contain page after page listing the bank official's title, his name and a copy of his signature. When letters of credit and loan transactions need to be authenticated, the bank uses these Doomsday registers to see that they are dealing with a bona fide employee, not someone using stolen stationery.

Behind its somewhat formal front, a bank has the same headaches any other business has; and this is where my job came in. Bank personnel does fluctuate and when this happens, the signature books must be changed. So my task was to paste in the new signatures, cross out former employees, or move signatures as their owners were transferred from one branch to another.

Within the covers of these books I discovered a nation's personality. The German banks, for instance, sent out stiff dark blue or grey binders imprinted with square silver letters marching sternly across the front. The paper was rich and smooth to touch, the print and layout generous, yet not flamboyant. The directions for changing the pages were succinct—printed in German, French, Spanish and English—a mute testimony of an internationally oriented country.

The various German banks had different sized books, yet even that of the most insignificant of the banks—founded just after the last war—bespoke organization and authority. Consistent too were the signatures—page after page of dark stiff writing, strong down-sweeping H's, boldly crossed T's, not an inch of hesitancy in any of them. The well-known myth of Prussian character was there before my eyes, name following name with almost arrogant confidence and the feeling of inestimable respectability.

The French books bore a look of graceful shabbiness. The German books had been new, most of them published after the war, but in the older French volumes the paper was dog-eared in places and of a rougher quality. The signatures were written with definite style, smooth yet suggestive of a more pliant people. Dowdy, but adequate, the books and signatures said simply, we are French, there

is no need to presume more. One felt that it was just *not that important* to impress people by the way one's records were bound. They were accurate for the most part and that was sufficient. The few slim Italian books were much the same.

In the bottom of the files was the book that delighted me the most and seemed to fully justify this national personality theory. It was that of Argentina. The book was extremely thick and had just a single name on each page; the French and German ledgers had squeezed at least five on a page.

But this use of one-name pages was well justified. For these were not just signatures, these were pieces of the writer's personality, as assiduously artistic as the owner could make them. An initial O would be turned into a gigantic snail shell, the rest of the name cramped together to form the tail. F's and T's combined in fantastic bird shapes. The loops of a P encircled the whole name. A double O became a pair of spectacles. There was no end to it. Each name was executed with grace and dramatic flair, defying counterfeiting, defying reading.

The paper upon which these vivid signatures were written was the thinnest most easily wrinkled onion skin imaginable. Flimsy and readily torn, the pages clung by some miracle to the book rings. Was this the work of a bank—an institution supposedly steeped in dignity?

The papers on my desk fluttered with the afternoon breeze and I paused, lost amid visions of white-clothed bank tellers, in the shadowed stillness of an Argentine bank. Perhaps the leisurely atmosphere, the uncertainty of new governments, all this persuaded against the expenditure necessary for heavier paper, more elaborate layout. And who cared to fuss when the climate was warm and the nights star-easy?

In final further testimony of a nation's unconscious expression through its writing there was a sheaf of receipts for money orders to foreign banks. Among them three were Russian. They were small, compressed to the size of 3 x 5 file cards, and made of dingy white or blue paper. Most of the other slips had at least bi-lingual instructions on them; the Russian papers were printed only in Russian.

Even in that sunlit office, they conveyed one message: mystery. The backward R's, the partial Greek lettering wore a cryptic, secret look that raised a wall between the document and the non-Russian reader. I sensed a meeting with closed, ingrown personalities and

thought back to American accounts of Russian diplomats.

Intrigued, I took a dozen or so of the papers across the office to show to the regular secretaries. Nancy, plump and hot in her black print dress, stood lifting the back of her skirt to the cool breeze from the office floor fan. She expanded her usual smile to include me and took the signature sheets. The young liquid-eyed Spanish translator wandered over from her typewriter, anxious for diversion from the afternoon heat.

Politely they turned the pages, tracing the flamboyant signatures and tripping over the long German titles. Then the Spanish girl with a soft, shy laugh returned to clatter efficiently on her typewriter. Nancy handed back my treasures and leaned out the window. "Funny, isn't it?" she commented briefly.

"Funny and—different." Together we watched the drawbridge raise for an incoming ship.

"You know," she said, turning to answer the teletype, "Sometime I'd like to sail and see all the places where I've been sending letters."

Purple crocus flames, in struck green candelabra,
Set in harsh brown brittle leaf and fragrant loam.

—THOMAS TURNBULL.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

By ROBERT MARRIOTT

The French have a word for it—"amour." Context and voice inflection determine whether "like," "love," or some sentiment in between is the intended meaning. The French, essentially romantic people, who have been called a nation of lovers, need this word and use it frequently. The English probably don't miss it at all, but the American youth, who tends to be in love, or almost in love, most of the time, is often stumped for a word to express himself at those times when "like" is not enough, and "love" is too much.

We are either a nation without a word, or with one word too many. What the young American needs is a short caressing word to bridge the chasm between "like" and "love." Picture a young couple after a Spring dance headed toward their private world of romance. As Don's convertible glides quietly into a tree-guarded niche overlooking the stream, the headlights blend for a moment with the half moon, mirrored in the water. After turning the key in the ignition and adjusting the dial on the car radio, he flicks off the lights.

"College should be like this all the time," he says, glancing up through the leaves at the white May moon.

Don stretches casually and slips his right arm over Joan's shoulders. His left rests on the cool metal of the door. Slowly, but eagerly, Joan slides across the smooth leather seat, content in the tender affection of the moment and anticipation of more passionate moments to follow. One arm encircles his neck; her eyelids close out the moonlight. The carefully chosen "mood music" filtering from twin speakers flavors the evening's first kiss. The song ends and reluctantly they pull apart. Leaning her blond head back against the seat, Joan captures the depths of his brown eyes in the blue of hers and breathes in the faint night perfume.

But the myriad thoughts and emotions exchanged by their eyes are not enough for Joan, who feels the need to put her feelings into words.

"Don," she murmurs, her eyes still holding his.

"Yes, angel?" He feels the sense of urgency and importance in her voice.

"I like you so much!" With this inspiring declaration she again throws her arm around his neck, pressing her cheek to his chest.

Exerting an admirable quantity of self-control, Don resists his first impulse to throw his companion over the hood of the car and into the creek. He even suppresses a desire to take this nincompoop back to her dormitory, and eventually convinces himself that at least she meant well by her declaration. (Don is obviously a model of self-control.) But the magic of the girl, the moon, and the music is gone and won't be recaptured this night.

The evening is ruined but whose fault is it really? Taking for granted the popular notion that no woman can go for very long without saying something, it was inevitable that Joan should try to put her feelings into words. Her miserable failure can be attributed to the absence in our language of a word for the emotion she feels. Should she have murmured, "I love you?" No! To her these words have too much meaning to be lavished on a suitor who is important in her present life, but who, she knows realistically, may be replaced in a few weeks by another boy equally appealing. Who could criticize her for holding love precious enough to give only once?

The point is that neither "love" nor "like" even approximate the meaning Joan wished to convey. We like ice cream; we like dogs; we like summer. These things we like and these things we may even like "so much." But a young man and a young woman in each other's arms don't want to feel like ice cream, dogs, or even like summer—and the "so much" only added a ludicrous note to an already ridiculous tune.

So here we are in a country which seems to delight in coining new words such as Miltown, orlon, dacron, Dixiecrat, and anahist, but in a country also hamstrung by an inability to express the universal feeling of fond, passionate attraction which may exist between two people. Perhaps in time someone will find a word for misguided Joan, who said the wrong thing, and tongue-tied Don, who found it better to say nothing at all, and left his partner as frustrated by his silence as he was by her senseless "I like you so much!"

DEPARTURE

By YOKO KUYAMA

"I wonder what time it is," Ayako thought, lifting her head from the pillow. Her bunk was tucked into the corner of the faded blue wall of the little cabin. Through the window above her she caught a glimpse of the dark grey sky hanging over the freighter, and turning, she found the neatly made bed across from her own, and the bowl of soup on the low, wooden table beside her bunk.

Somehow the few green beans floating in the greasy liquid reminded her of the short steward who had brought the soup to her at noon when he found that she could not come out for lunch.

"How are you feeling?" he asked her, stopping in the middle of the room and hesitating over closing the door behind him. She stared at the dim blue ceiling, without a word.

"I thought you should at least have some soup," he said, closing the door, and walking slowly toward her with eyes only for her face. He put the tray on the table and touched the edge of the bunk gently with his right hand, as if he could cure her sea-sickness by his affection. Ayako looked askance at his big, hollow eyes and his neatly combed hair, damp with hair oil. She felt the sweep of his clumsy hands over her whole body through the thin blanket.

Shuddering, she said, "Just leave it there. I'll eat it soon. Please go and let me alone." At the sound of her voice—grating and loud—she shrank and turned her head toward the wall. She heard his slow steps and the door closed quietly.

She had slept since then in the cabin, unlit and silent. She would have felt she were home in her bedroom had not the rolling of the ship disturbed her. She took out the diary which she kept under her pillow and opened it to the picture of Ikuo. Looking into his eyes she said, "Why did I have to leave you? Why couldn't I change my mind and not go when I knew I had fallen in love with you?"

She took from the diary a letter she was going to mail after the ship got to San Francisco. She read her own words again, cushioning her head on the pillow: "I'll love you forever just as there is no end in the sky. I'll come back to you after four years. Neither time nor place will change my love for you. . ."

She closed her eyes and dreamed about the future when she would see him again. "I'll fly back. He'll be waiting at the airport. I'll run up to him and. . ."

Suddenly she sat up in her bunk and she saw her own image in the mirror that hung beside the door. "How do you know you will not change? How do you know he will be waiting for you?" She had heard the same voice the night before. She could not chase it. She shut the diary abruptly and thrust it back under the pillow. Slight and dark she stepped down to the floor, dashed the few steps to the closet and opened it. She slipped her slender limbs into her grey wool slacks and ran out of the cabin while she was pulling her red cardigan over her shoulders.

Through the narrow hall she passed into the lounge next to her bedroom. The bridge game was still going on around the small table in the middle of the room.

Captain Ishii, sitting opposite the chief engineer, Mori, nodded to her and smiled.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Much better, thank you," she said, sitting down next to the boy on the couch covered with the faded green velvet.

"I feel responsible for you two young ladies. We usually have only men for our passengers. We can hold but four or five passengers, as you can see."

"Captain, it's your turn, please." Hana, who had been absorbed in choosing her lead, urged Ishii.

A five of diamonds was on the table. Ishii threw the ten, looking at the ace on the opponent's side and at the last card in his hand. Hana laughed and said, "The rest are ours; we made it."

"Good, very, Hana," said Kenji, the boy who paired with Hana, looking up from the newspaper he had been reading.

"How long have they been playing, Hiroshi?" whispered Ayako to the tall skinny boy, who was reading Toynbee's history.

"Three hours since noon. They'll probably play till supper. Nothing else to do anyway on a freighter like this," said Hiroshi, adjusting his blackrimmed glasses and starting to read again.

"Not much to do, is there?" murmured Ayako and glanced indifferently through the book of popular songs which had been laid on the couch.

She knew she was pale. She felt the rolling of the ship as if it were a mild earth-quake. Outside, the sky was grey and the waves were high. Her mind wandered to the quiet green hill where she used to go for walks with Ikuo. The woods were cool even during hot summer days, and when they had walked past Yajima Shrine there was no motion or sound around them except their breath and the rustling of the thick, green leaves. Suddenly her half-closed eyes met those of Hana, who was shuffling the cards for the next game.

"Isn't it rather psychological to get sea-sick Captain? I never get sick because I don't try to think I'm on a boat in the middle of the Pacific Ocean," Hana said.

Ayako straightened herself on the couch and thought, "If I could forget everything by playing bridge."

Ishii sank deeper into his big leather easy chair and puffed comfortably on his cigar. Finally he said, "Some people get sea-sick more easily than others. It isn't necessarily psychological, Hana."

"Oh, I'm all right, Captain," Ayako murmured.

"You look it—you look much better," Hana said.

Ayako spoke to Captain Ishi, "Maybe I should eat something. I could not finish the soup the steward brought me. But I've been sleeping, and I feel like I've slept for a whole day."

"How about if I make some green tea?" The chief engineer, Mori, asked, his warm eyes smiling at Ayako.

"You mean real green tea? Powdered? You mean you can make that kind of tea?" Hana said, jumping out of her seat.

"Sure, the chief engineer can do everything. He makes tea, arranges flowers, draws, paints, sings, and he is an expert in bridge and mahjong—and most important of all, he moves the ship," Captain Ishii explained.

"I knew you were like that when I first saw you. Isn't it wonderful to be able to do all sorts of things. I guess you never get tired of life so long as—as you have friends." Hana was searching Mori's small face with its narrow eyes and wrinkled brow, his thin grey hair and his small, tense mouth.

"Do you write poetry too?" Ayako asked him.

"Yes, I do. It used to be a social grace to send poems to your friends and sweethearts. But young people are losing the social graces and do not appreciate the aesthetic life." Mori closed his pointed mouth, bent his head a little, and looked a trifle like a sad little goat.

Hiroshi lifted his head from the book and announced, "We are the younger generation, Mr. Mori. After that recent miserable destruction of shallow patriotism and moral standards we are going to build a new nation. The whole nation is now going through a great evolution. We cannot save all the trifles of the past."

"I agree," said Kenji throwing the paper on the couch. "I'll sacrifice my personal pleasure for the larger purpose. And I know perfectly well that I'll cherish the honor after death."

"Be ambitious. You all are young." Mori's voice became gentle. "But anyway, I'll show you the best way of making tea. I hope you'll remember the taste of it." He paused and when Ayako was ready to say "yes," he added, "Remember it after you go into the American college. It—life there—is anything but aesthetic, I understand." Without meeting her eyes Mori left the lounge to get his supplies for the tea ceremony.

"What do you do, Captain, besides being a captain?" Hana asked.

"I don't do anything except love my wife and worry about my only daughter." Captain Ishii paused and puffed reflectively and then decided to say something more. "I adopted her when she was a baby. She will be about to enter high school when you all are coming back. You are going to teach at Miyoshi, aren't you, Ayako? I think I'll let my daughter go there. Please take care of her, Ayako. She is rather shy, but smart." Ishii spoke even more slowly than usual.

Ayako looked at his sun-tanned face and imagined his strong shoulder muscles under the black uniform. She liked his quiet manner and deep eyes that looked serious but always ready to smile. She said, "Four years is a rather long time, Captain. I went to Miyoshi for six years and loved it, but I don't know that I'll be teaching there.

I don't think I'm old enough to make up my mind to be a teacher."

"Teaching is the last thing I would choose for my career. I haven't the patience necessary to be a teacher," Hana said. To prove her contention she hit the table with the deck of cards.

Ayako, ignoring Hana's comment, continued, "But Captain, your wife must be lonesome and you must miss her too. You're on the ship most of the time."

Ishii nodded, smiling, but serious.

"They say absence makes one fonder," he said finally, looking around at the blank faces of the four students.

"Perhaps that remark does not mean anything to you now."

"You must be awful lonely," Ayako said.

"Yes—I was. I almost quit going to sea when I got married. I started working in the office of the travel agency, but I could not resist the sea. There is nothing out here of that fuss and pettiness of human society. Nothing disturbs me between the sea and the sky." He paused, tipped the ashes off his cigar, puffed twice and spoke again. "I feel as though I am a part of the universe. Time means nothing to me. I see the glorious sun rising and setting in the horizon of the sea, but to me it does not mean the beginning or the end of a day. I feel the power of the universe; I live like a primitive man who wandered through nature in awe of its power. Even when the sky is covered with grey clouds for days and the sea runs dark, everything is alive, always alive. I feel life beneath the waves and beneath the color of the sky."

He snuffed out his cigar, then picked a fresh one from its wrappings and lit it.

"I hope you all will be attracted to the sea as much as I am before you leave," he added, smiling.

Ayako looked out from the small window behind the couch and saw the water glinting in the afternoon sun.

Mori came in with a black painted can, a bamboo spoon and a small bamboo brush to make tea. The steward followed him carrying six large tea cups, a tea pot and some sugar cakes on a tray. The steward put the tray on the table and stood still beside the door. Ayako felt his hollow eyes embracing her, and lowered her glance.

"You may go now." Mori, who stood in his black uniform even shorter than the steward, spoke without looking at him. The steward retired slowly, and the grin on his face lingered after him.

Mori, sitting straight in the chair, scooped a spoonful of the

powdered green tea into each cup. As soon as he poured hot water he stirred it with the split bamboo brush. With the wave of a mahotsukai he drew the brush through the mysterious green bubbles.

Hana, being offered the first cup of tea, said to him, "Very well done, Mr. Mori." She held the cup close, eyes wide with admiration.

Mori's small hands that coaxed life from the engines of the ship, worked their magic, filling all the white cups with the green bubbles. "I feel I can taste my power in this tea," Mori said, putting down his cup with both hands, resting the cup gently on the table. "Art is something you put all of your power into, the power of your body and mind. I find joy in my life when I can devote myself to something that requires my whole power." He closed his tight, little mouth.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Mori, I love your tea. I can tell there is something—something of you in it." Hana spoke with a smile, and a minute later stood up to clear the table.

Ayako, still sitting on the green couch, played with the white china in her hands. Hiroshi, sitting next to Ayako and leaning on his elbow, wiped his glasses with the edge of his grey sweater and then picked up the history book he had been reading.

Hana picked up all the cups, placed them on the tray, and set the tray on the shelf. A bunch of yellow and white chrysanthemums were still fresh in the blue vase on the shelf. The friends and families who had come to see them off had brought the flowers, wishing the students health and success on their journey. Ayako gazed at them; each one of them seemed to her the faces of her parents, teachers and friends. "Where are you going?" each worried eye seemed to inquire of her.

"Shall we start another game?" Mori said.

"Yes, let's do. You beat us this time, Mr. Mori, and show us how good you are in bridge, too," Hana sat down and started shuffling the cards.

"Would you like to play this time, Ayako?" Kenji asked.

"No, I guess I'm not in the mood for it now." She got to her feet slowly, stretched, drew a deep breath, and said, "But your tea was delicious, Mr. Mori." Hana started distributing the cards, half standing to reach the opposite side of the table.

Hearing their voices behind her, Ayako took the tray from the shelf to carry it to the kitchen. She stopped in her room and picked up the bowl of cold soup. Through the narrow, dark hall she went into the kitchen. One bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling lit

the small room. She saw the steward ironing in the corner.

"That's all right," she murmured and looked at his back while he put the cups in the sink one by one. "Are you anxious to see San Francisco and Los Angeles and all the other ports?" she asked, speaking so fast that she did not hear herself.

"I have seen them all before. Nothing is exciting for me. I don't have anybody to buy gifts for like the others do." He spoke without looking at her and took up the iron again. In a low voice he continued, "I just live on the boat, one day after another, working for the captain and Mr. Mori. Everyday I see Mr. Mori amusing himself and the others. . ."

"He has an unusual talent, doesn't he? Not many can be like him," Ayako said slowly, leaning on the door of the kitchen with her left hand holding the knob.

The steward lifted his head and his hollow eyes searched hers. "And you students all have the future, but I am alone in the whole world. I just wait for something big to happen some day. . ." He shrugged his shoulders.

"I know how—" Ayako's voice came almost as a sigh—"how you feel. But we—"

The steward laid down his iron and looked at her with glistening eyes.

"No—you must understand what I mean."

"I—I do," the steward said shrugging, and picking up the iron once more.

Ayako left the kitchen and walked out to the narrow deck which surrounded the body of the ship and led to the lower level. Outside she heard the gay laughter of Hana and Mr. Mori. She drew a deep breath from the wet air which seemed so abundant between the sea and sky.

"Exercise might make me hungry," she thought. She ran down to the lower deck and up the narrow iron steps to the prow. Behind the ship the sun was slipping quickly beneath the glittering water, and she stood alone under the darkening sky, watching the last few streaks of color disappear.

Song No. 7

a child's dream

By NIKOS STANGOS

Don't run
Don't run my horse so fast
There are so many seaweeds
We might fall
My horse
Hold your breath for the sea

Don't run
Don't run my horse so fast
I smell salt and dew in the wind
My mouth is full of moons

Don't run my horse so fast
You will hurt your breath on seashells

I will hang white jasmine
On every summer night
With jasmine I will make white nights
Don't run my horse so fast
The sea is coming to my feet
The sun is hanging from your neck

There was
There was
A little little girl
Who loved
Who loved to have seashells
There was a daybreak on her lips
And on her hair a thousand moons
There was rain in her eyes
And on her body there was wind
Run horse
Now run horse fast
We have reached the sea

Song No. 7

to child's dream

the stars become

Don't run

Don't run my horse to fall

There's a horse in my dream

We might fall

My horse

Hold your breath in my dream

Don't run

Don't run my horse to fall

I shall walk and live in my dream



There was

There was

A little girl

Who

She loved to ride

There was a horse in her dream

And she had a thousand names

There was a horse in her dream

And she had a thousand names

There was a horse in her dream

And she had a thousand names

He had reached the sea

