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## EDITORIAL

On October 4, 1957, man reached into the heavens to place one of his own stars there. To the amazement of the world, that first star was Russian, not American. The initial effect was stunning; the after effect is startling.

Named Sputnik, and since joined by a second fellow-traveler, this phenomenon has created consternation throughout the Free World, and free world scientists concede that this achievement proves that Russia does possess the most feared weapon of our age, the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. This missile, traveling in outer space and armed with hydrogen or cobalt warheads, could hit the United States within thirty-five minutes after hurtling into the air from a launching platform inside Russia.

Some three years ago Sir Winston Churchill termed the present situation in international relations one of a "balance of terror" rather than the traditional "balance of power." If his phrase was apt three years ago, it is even more apt today. Man can now destroy in a matter of hours, and possibly minutes, a civilization that it has taken him thousands of years to create. Man is caught in his "balance of terror," and the decision for or against survival hangs by the thin thread of his own rationality.

Never before has man faced so starkly the facts of survival. In times past each new weapon has been followed by some workable defense. But if the ICBM's were used in massive retaliation, there could be no defense. Both sides sending this weapon of massive destruction at each other would present a unique situation in history—a war without even a nominal winner. If the impact of the explosion didn't blot out human life, then the radio-activity of the fall-out would.

Global warfare of the ICBM variety—even if the United States must temporarily rely on the Strategic Air Command to deliver its hydrogen bombs—makes the frontline concept obsolete. The entire world is the front-line of any future war, and as the Russian Chief

of State Krushchev remarked, it is too late to talk once the missiles start flying. Facing our circumstance, neither spurred by false optimism nor frozen by despair, we must evaluate the foreign policy of our nation.

Our present policy, built upon the sands of fear and terror, is not a workable foreign policy; indeed, it is not likely to long be a tenable policy. Threats and counter-threats constitute the basis of our current relationship with the Soviet World. It is time we started building a foreign relation on the rock of co-existence. It is time we realized that only through international respect and tolerance can both Russia and the United States exist on this planet, and that non-cooperation is the most effective weapon with which to annihilate the human race.

The search for understanding may be centered in three areas, the first of which is international travel. The United States should lift its nearly complete ban on travel to Soviet countries. Most nations consider our ban on the travel of American newsmen to China, despite the fact that China will allow them to enter, to be a mockery of our freedom of the press. In the May 13, 1957 issue of *The New Republic*, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said, "Foreign policy diploma can not succeed unless it channels the activities of our people, and in that respect newspapers also have their loyalty and patriotic duty." The *Republic's* editorial staff commented pointedly, "It (now) becomes our duty not to know what is happening. However, if we do not know, how can we criticize those—such as Mr. Dulles—who do know?"

A second action which can lead to greater international cooperation is freer international trade. There has been some progress here since the Second World War, such as the "common market" plan for Western Europe, but the scope of such a plan must be broadened. The barriers constricting trade with Communist countries must be lifted. Already, the ban on trade to Communist China costs us the favor of our strongest Eastern ally, Japan.

Thirdly, steps must be taken to increase the interchange of ideas. The Russians recently held an international scientific meeting which was attended by several Americans. Upon returning, one American scientist commented that he felt that within ten years, barring war, the United States and Russia could be exchanging scientific data as freely as the US and Britain do now.

Of primary importance is the realization that mankind's actual battle is not between the Soviet and non-Soviet world, but between civilized humanity and poverty, ignorance, and intolerance. These are enemies that can best be fought cooperatively.

The theory of world government is not a new one. Men have been discussing its merits and defects for hundreds of years. Only recently has it become the alternative to world annihilation. The earliest records of history reflect a trend toward increasingly larger political communities. From patriarchal families, to tribes, to cities, to city-states, to nation states, and finally, to our present regional organizations, man has shown progress in cooperation.

It is primarily through cooperation that man has been able to improve the world around him. Now he must bring the warmth of his heart to the cold light of a man-made star to assure himself and his children a world and a future.—GG, VCW

*In this issue the editors of EXILE are proud to publish "The Accused" by Ellen Moore. This poem has been awarded the semi-annual Denison Book Store-EXILE Creative Writing Prize.*

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## Contributors

Editor Virginia Wallace's short story, "The August Rose," won a prize in the annual Ray Sanford Stout Contest. A writing major, she has contributed to previous issues of *Exile* and is the feature-society editor of the *Denisonian*.

Karen Howey, a sophomore from Marysville, Ohio, plans to teach English and history. "Hate Eats" is her first published poem.

Junior Barbara Haupt plans to study at the University of Bonn this semester. She acted as an editor of last year's *Exile* and has contributed to the last four issues.

Jerilyn Robey, whose interests vary from painting to horseback riding, is a biology major and plans to do technical writing after she graduates.

Two seniors whose work appears for the first time in *Exile* are Edmund Boynton and Sandra Miskelly. Ed, a veteran, studied for one year at Middlebury College in Vermont. Sandy, an English major from Keene, New Hampshire, is also interested in religion.

Anna Irgens, art editor, has turned to prose. Her art work is also featured in this issue and in Summer 1957 *Exile*.

Barbara Ann Jucius, who says she owes all successes to progressive education, plans to study law. She likes to travel and lived for a time in Europe.

Editor William Lewis, a senior from Akron, is an English major. "Thoughts of You" is his first published poem.

A philosophy and English major, Nikos Stangos has contributed both prose and poetry for this issue. Nikos, who is from Athens, Greece, won the *Exile*-Denison Bookstore Award a year ago.

Ellen Moore, president of the Franco-Calliopean Society, has been a frequent contributor to *Exile*. She is a history major, but she plans to study writing in graduate school.

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

# THE AUGUST ROSE

BY VIRGINIA WALLACE

"Sixteen, please, Pete." Miss Sidwell spoke to the nightwatchman and leaned back against the rail of the elevator, faintly weary in her navy linen suit. Drawing in her breath at the sudden upward thrust, she watched the red light flicker up the numbers of the control board. Everyone who rides an elevator does that, she thought, staring as "three" dimmed and "four" glowed in its place. Or else you look at the neck of the person in front of you. Necks were almost obscenely personal, though, in their revelation of uncut hair or collars dirty beyond bleaching. Old Pete's neck was suntanned, creased with age. Everyone that rides an elevator tries to put his back to the wall, doesn't he? Then no one can see his neck while he watches for the little light to summon his floor.

She stiffened as gravity caught the elevator. Old Pete reached out and slid back the tarnished brass lattice door. The handle gleamed in contrast, polished by the endless touch of fingers.

Pete smiled above his clean grey denim shirt with Burkhart Bld'g embroidered in red on the pocket. "Sixteen, Miss Sidwell. You planning to work late again tonight?"

"Not too late, Pete, but you know how it is. We're training a new girl and that cuts into my day." Miss Sidwell made a little step of departure but Pete leaned companionably against the door, the light from the elevator silhouetting his face.

"I've seen her: cute little blonde, isn't she? Wore a pink dress yesterday?"

"Yes, that's Mary."

The dress had been a crisp cotton, fullskirted, and the girl had worn tiny pink flower earrings, half hidden by her palely blonde hair. She seemed all of a piece, candy fresh and lilting as she walked among the dull grey rows of filing cabinets. Miss Sidwell had felt suddenly old, and the prospect of her thirtieth birthday in August grew much too real.

At noon the girl had returned from lunch with a pink rose wrapped loosely in green florist paper. The flower vender in the arcade where she ate had given it to her.

"It had a broken stem, you see," she explained, showing it shyly to Miss Sidwell, her blue eyes sparkling above the fresh pink collar, "And he said he couldn't sell it that way. Is there a vase? We ought to put it in water."

Miss Sidwell brushed against the girl's soft hand as she touched the half open petals. The girl's name was Mary Glory. Miss Glory.

In the back of the supply shelf they had found a dusty glass bud vase, chipped on one fluted edge. Mary Glory had disappeared down the hall and returned with the vase shining wetly. She put the rose in the narrow stem and moved it on her desk to where the sun slanted a prism scattering of light through the crystal fluting.

"Must be wonderful to still be young," Pete sighed, breaking her recollection. "Well, you just ring good and hard when you want to go back down, Miss Sidwell. If I don't come right up, wait a minute or two and ring again. I may be punching the inspection clocks."

The brass lattice clanged shut and Miss Sidwell was left alone to walk with staccato taps along the dusky marble corridors. The bloodless summer twilight filtered through the windows, giving a still cool afterglow to the white marble floors. On either side of her the frosted glass doors were closed and dark, the black title letters reduced to meaningless stencils. Really, though, it was rather pleasant, knowing she was the only live person in these silent floors. She might as well be alone here, typing, as alone in her third floor apartment, reading until it was time for bed. She thought of the office building as it would seem from the street, tiers of blank grey windows and then her window, a pinkish gold prick of light, secret and alive in the dead grey tower.

Miss Sidwell rounded the final corner and stopped, her footsteps fading in horrified echoes. Warm yellow light spilled from the open door of the office, a pool of brightness on the faint black veins of the white marble.

But she had locked the office when she—no, wait, there had been those workmen fixing the teletype in the other room. She ventured into the pool of light, startled at the sound of her footstep. Yes, they must still be there; she could hear the clank of a wrench against metal and then the low murmur of masculine voices.

Twitching at the jacket of her straight navy suit, she walked inside the office. The door to the back room was half open and Miss Sidwell could see two khaki backs bent over the teletype. The thinner, younger-looking one was smoking while he handed tools to

his companion. It was hard to see them clearly from this angle. The two showed no signs of have heard her enter.

She walked slowly across to the door sill, wondering if she should explain her presence . . . but of course not, it was her office.

"I'm closing this door," Miss Sidwell said with exaggerated clearness and reached for the knob, watching, waiting.

"O.K., lady."

Neither of them seemed startled at the sound of her voice. Her echoing footsteps must have been ample announcement. She saw the darkhaired one grind out his cigarette on the floor as she pulled the door toward her.

Her desk was tidy, as she always left it. She glanced at the pink rose drooping on the other desk. Perhaps it would be nice to bring something for her desk—ivy, say, in a ceramic pot. Swiveling in the chair, she stretched to remove the typewriter cover. Miss Sidwell paused and transferred the gold band from her left ring finger to the right, rubbing at the red mark to make it disappear. The gold band was worn so smoothly a stranger could never have seen the name engraved there. Joel.

It must have been five years ago that she had received it in the mail, a tiny white package with the letter from Joel's parents. They had not written of the accident until after the funeral. They had sent her this, because Joel had always worn it and had wanted her to—the ache of remembrance was only a familiar dull thing now, like a faucet that dripped because she occasionally forgot to shut it tight.

Wearing the ring on her left hand made it look like a wedding band. Joel's parent's hadn't known that he was to give her an engagement ring that August, on her birthday, and after their letter, brief and anguished, she had never told them. Often she wore the ring as she had tonight, on her left hand. When she sat alone in a restaurant she would trace the beaded surface of her water goblet with one finger, using the ring as a foil for inquiring glances.

The murmur of voices in the other room rose. They were laughing at something, secretly, in the intimate laughter of workmen. Miss Sidwell rolled a sheet of paper in the typewriter and clattered efficiently, drowning their warm secret laughter, thinking against the rattle of the keys, Joel used to laugh that way. The sound would swell up from within him, rich and deep and smooth.

She stopped typing. In the adjoining room there was silence, then the muffled accents of the younger one and the deeper tones of the other in reply.

She typed again and paused. Silence. And then the voices. With

a quick motion she looked at her watch. The tiny gold hands pointed beneath the crystal accusingly. It was a quarter to eight, later than she had planned to stay and here she was sitting, not even typing, listening against her will to the men in the next room.

Curiously nervous, Miss Sidwell looked at the closed door, trying to think beyond the rough edged laughter. There was no use leaving just now. Pete would be touring his eight o'clock inspection route, and wouldn't be back to the elevator for at least fifteen minutes. And it did seem ridiculous to grope down sixteen flights of dark stairs.

As she rolled the second letter in her machine Miss Sidwell concentrated on not hearing the voices. They seemed louder, now, raised in humorous argument, tone playing against tone, sensuously pushing against her eardrums. Then she saw that the door she had pulled closed had swung slowly open. She fingered Joel's ring, thinking to return it to her left hand. The younger one was speaking, banteringly, "Who'd know, Mike, who'd know?"

The man's reply was low and indistinct and the young one cut him off impatiently.

"All right, all right. Here, help me with this cover."

She got up to close the door again, pausing by the tall metal cabinet. Through the open door she could hear their breathing, heavy strained with lifting. A clank of metal followed, then the clatter of a hand searching in a tool box. "Hand me that damn wrench, will you?"

Their labor was punctuated with grunts and little sighs as the bolts were tightened. Then the young one's voice came again, at first loudly and then abruptly lowered as the deeper voice cut across it; apparently they were looking at the open door. The older man made a short sly comment and the two joined in cryptic laughter again.

Outside the first drops of a summer rain tapped tentatively against the window ledge. Inside the other room there was sullen silence and Miss Sidwell strained to hear their breathing, their mysterious warm laughter, their rough voices. Nothing. Just silence, and against the window, the growing trickle of rain. She extended her bare left hand, palm down, following the line of her spread fingers to the pink rose on Miss Glory's desk. Why were they so quiet? Four steps would take her to the door, but if she moved now, they would know she had been listening to them.

The elevator? Old Pete would not answer and then she would be alone in the dark tomb of the halls.

From the silence of the next room the old one cleared his throat softly. They're waiting, Miss Sidwell thought, marveling at

the quick way her thoughts marched, as clearly as though she was typing them on clean white paper. They're waiting for me to come to them, to walk to the door. Why, I don't even know the young one's name.

The rain died quietly, as quickly as it had come and she turned, drawn to the door with a strange anxious feeling she could not define. Just four steps, then———the teletype burst into life with a frantic clatter and she froze.

"That does it, Mike."

"Yep." The old one chuckled. "Thought we were going to have to stand there all night, waiting for some station to send a message." He spoke over his shoulder as he strode out the doorway, tool box clanking against his hip. The younger one followed, strong shouldered and smiling. He turned at the doorway, the laughter still in his eyes, "Goodnight, lady."

Their voices echoed, rough and warm down the hall, curved and mingled with their footsteps, fading in the maze of corridors. Then the marble silence rushed back in to fill their trail. The rain crept questioningly back and Miss Sidwell nodded, leaning on suddenly tired arms over her desk. In the rain-sifted stillness, she picked up her calendar. There were only eight days left until August.

## THESE WOODS

BY BARBARA HAUPT

I'm dizzy with these woods, amazed to praising at this symphony rehearsed how many springs have gone? compound of careless colors rioted in wind-tune and a dissonance of sun on mapledown here-there crashed pianissimo through crystal-green wet waves andante-rising crashing down to blue-winged flutes who catch the cue and burst upon the pond in key with two small boys whose shrill's oblivious too.

On all this askless skill there rides a questioning:  
how can the singer know the song  
or I yet sing?

## THE ACCUSED

BY ELLEN MOORE

Out of a scarlet storm  
Into the mouth of a multitude,  
One man stumbles  
    Leading a lash,  
    Bound by a bell—  
The brands of a crucified question:  
Beware the unclean!—  
While taut throats chant a preassumed conviction,  
Murderer,  
    Adulterer,  
    Dreamer,  
And a judge with dripping hands  
Delivers a Barabas.  
But who shall cast the stones,  
Drive the nails  
When crowds dissolve  
Into twisted vines on temple walls,  
Into vultures lost in hostile cityways—  
    No branch straight for a cross,  
    No talons strong to rend the flesh  
Of even one man?  
And who shall answer  
One man  
Stumbling out of a scarlet storm,  
Crying,  
    "Brother,  
    Friend,  
    Accomplice,  
Where now your miracles,  
    Your Christ?"  
Fog and the whisper of barren vines,  
The shadow of shattered wings?  
Who shall answer:  
    "Once there was a Judas,  
        a Pilate,  
        a Crowd"?





## BEYOND THE BAUXITE MINES

BY BARBARA ANN JUCIUS

Benedicta swung her arms slowly with the gate. Cars swept by in front of her, and behind her the Caribbean rolled onto the shore at regular intervals. The beach stretched unhampered in smooth crescents from rocky point to rocky point—a stage, she decided, set and illuminated for the most memorable drama, but devoid of actors. Benedicta looked out at it fiercely, resting her head on her arms.

Suddenly she lifted her head. A sand crab was crawling along the edge of the road, ponderously supporting its red and white body on disjointed legs. She pushed the gate open and knelt beside the crab, obstructing its progress.

In that moment, two bicycles rounded the corner. Benedicta squinted into the sunshine. In the lead was Grant, the yard boy. With him was another, compact, lithe, and heavily bearded. Benedicta surveyed them calmly. She knew that the man with the beard was named Eddy. He worked as a dancer in a nightclub and she'd heard that he could get as low as twenty inches doing the Limbo in his act.

"Look Grant, I caught something for your supper." The crab tickled her covering hand.

Grant knelt to see what she had captured.

"He goes to the sea from the mountains," he said, rising and boosting the crab with a hardened toe.

"And where are you going?" Benedicta stood up, smiling.

"To the town from the mountains," Eddy said.

"You must take me with you." Benedicta spoke as though voicing a line from a classic, and faced him solemnly, a little dazed at her own exuberance.

With much talk of his responsibility, Grant said she should ride on the back of his bike. Without another word Benedicta perched herself precariously on the rear fender, and threw her arms wildly around him as the bike lurched away over stones. Coasting down the long road that sloped into town, Grant raised his shoulders, as if to dislodge a mosquito from his neck. Benedicta became aware of her arms, and shifted her grip until she held only fists of tan shirt.

Suddenly, the day took on form and shape. Grant squeezed between two cars, and Eddy followed close behind. A bantam hen flew back into a niche in the wall, gold feathers settling in the path it had taken as they sped by. Benedicta felt completely disassociated from time and place; in mental aspect she was all situation. It occurred to her that she was not behaving as proper landed aristocracy should, but she was too far away to care.

At least I have as much direction as a crab.

The bike bounced over piled gravel as they entered the part of the road that was under construction. She waved a hand at the man who held the red flag out to oncoming traffic and they sped after an Anglia through a narrow lane. On wheels turned wings, they passed the St. Ann's Weavers, the post office, the theatre, the market place and the Church of England. Grant and Eddie yelled greetings to pointing friends, lounging against the grey stone fences that lined the road, or passing them on the road. Benedicta decided that this must be what it was like to be in a parade. She was creating as much interest as a great rosy snapper on market day!

They crossed the town and went swooping down the long turn to the bauxite mines. They swirled to a stop amid the red dust, and watched the S.S. **George Reynolds** being loaded. Benedicta breathed the rhythm of the giant machinery, and was lulled and intimidated by the masterfulness of derricks and cranes, but just as suddenly she was overcome by the magnitude of the labor of the helmeted, sweating workers, and tugged at Grant's arm.

"Let's go to the White River!" She shook the dust out of her hair as they turned to go, coasting quickly beside the stream that emptied into the Caribbean.

The White River broke every law in its flow. A few feet inland it was cold, saltless and restrained. A few feet the other way and it became salty, wild, and the owner of a sun-warmed body that engulfed the miles. Benedicta placed her feet cautiously on the river's rocky bed. Eddie and Grant waded immediately in, dipping the water up and letting it cool their forearms.

"How can you stand to walk on the sharp stones?" questioned Benedicta, staggering painfully towards the sandy sea.

"Just do it—that's all." Eddy nonchalantly shifted his weight in mimic dance, and Grant lunged towards him in mock attack. Then the two bounded forwards and backwards. From the safety of the sand, Benedicta joined the fray, splashing bravely at them. When the water had numbed their skin and speckled their clothes, they climbed the bank to rest. Then they rode back out into the hot sunshine, towards town.

As they pumped along, Benedicta sensed the eyes of the townspeople on her. She smiled wryly.

I am not, she thought, really the white witch of Ocho Rios, trying

to steal your native boys, ladies. I am just everlastingly tired of watching you laugh and be gay. Today I am one of you. I am the same kind of irresponsible, illogical, sun-drenched person that you are. I am weary of being a princess locked up in a tower, moated by social critics.

At the Northern Emporium, Eddy gave her his hand to help her off the bike, his brown eyes big with knowledge. Benedicta looked down, and concentrated on winding her way amid the piles of tins, bolts of cloth and barrels blocking the entrance to the store.

"Huntly-Palmer," she said, pointing to a box of cookies in the showcase. "Two and three" was the salesgirl's prompt reply. Benedicta held out a pound note.

In the corner was a boy seated on a stool, his black head bent over a ledger. Staring, absorbing his swarthy image, Benedicta felt slightly giddy. It was such a perfect set-up! She walked over to the corner, and started to talk to him. He met her glance with a broad smile.

So, my surreptitious flirting has had an effect. Even under the restraint of nosy brothers and parents. But today, the frontal attack! I shall be a cunning, devastating 1958-type Desdamona. But what does a vamp do in such an instance? Come right out and say "Well now, and just what time do you get off the books?" She opened the cookies and passed them around. Grant, Eddy and several others in the store came and sat down.

They sat and talked about American dollars and American ice cream. An old man leaned his machete on the floor in front of Benedicta's feet and told them about the great earthquake at the turn of the century in Kingston. They discussed Federation, and the Honorable Norman Manley's position on the Matalon industries.

Then they all worried about the droughts that Savannah-La-Mer and Port Antonio were experiencing. Benedicta felt herself one of them, but she still wondered how they felt about her. The guise in which she was there suddenly occurred to her. Slumming. She rose hastily and put the box of cookies in the working boy's hand.

What did I want you to do in my dreams? Take me back to the stock room and kiss me? Teach me that a black man's tongue and teeth are no different from a white man's? You were my negro David, one who could teach me that we are all God's children. Oh Benedicta, Benedicta, stop it! The only thing to do is enter a convent, she thought firmly.

She turned towards the sunshine, but glanced back and imagined that resentment crossed the salesboy's brow.

You see it now, don't you? You'll never be my special grocery-store friend. We do live in different worlds.

Benedicta forced her attention to the cricket game being played

on the field across the road from the Emporium. Small boys and older men played together.

Within yourselves you have a wonderful oneness. That's why I envy you. Why, I tell myself, that I am spiritually one of you. Yet I am as guilty as others of flaunting superiority. I felt very brave about my embarkation this morning, and thought of how you might have taken advantage of me. Yet, I have only used you to reinforce that imagined superiority.

The pitcher bowled the ball. The batter swung on it so that it was tipped backwards. A small boy ran to get it as it rolled near Benedicta. She was acutely aware of her own youth, the sun burnishing her light red hair, and the transparency of her tan that had hitherto made her an islander. The elements were supposed to have made her one of them.

A half hour or more had passed before Benedicta noticed that the sun was going down. When the game was finally ended, and all conjecture aired as to the possibility of the West Indies winning at Lord's Saturday, night had fallen.

Night! night! Make me one of yours and one of them. Enfold me, cover me.

She followed the crowd to a dimly lit, shelf-bedecked cafe. A group of people were clustered together in the dingy room. How many times had she passed and longed to be one of the laughing crowd? Someone pushed a plate of fish, ackee and plantain towards her. A bowl of rice and peas was circulated around the table. Benedicta was caught up in the earthy congeniality.

Last night, and unaccountable other nights, I sat on the porch of our house and listened to this calypso, this song of the island. Now I am in it, and part of it. She had half-eaten her plate of food before the fly-infested kettle on the stove in the back of the room caught her eye. She saw a hundred un-washed brown hands. They raked their fingers through grimy black hair, and then tended the stove. She turned from the food and concentrated on the music.

Somewhere she was turned out with the foggy, brimming crowd into the night air. Near the market place a religious-calypso ceremony was going on. Pokomino, or white magic. She turned her head.

Give me good old fashioned myal. Honest black magic.

They were all in the square, the Chinamen from one of the small shops, the slanty-eyed Indian boys that all looked like Kims, and the natives. It had turned out to be a sort of ethnic sorcery session. Benedicta reeled sleepily.

How am I representing the white race?

There was a fury in the air, and a deep rhythmic beat of life. All that is memorable in the warm night was there, with a certain intensity and purpose added. Weird and candle-flickering, the night became strangely devastating. Benedicta decided that it must be completely simple to be initiated.

Grant and Eddy stood on either side of her, Grant with a cigarette hanging on his lower lip, and his khaki cap pushed back on his head. Occasionally one of the men would strut in an impromptu dance with one of the village girls, inspired by the insistence of the drum and the magic of the guitar. People crowded and milled. Benedicta stumbled in the press of damp bodies. As she lurched forward to regain her balance, she became aware of Grant's arm supporting her. She nodded and smiled, and edged from the crowd.

She woke up the next morning in her own room. Everything was in its place, even to the delicate edge of the Pointsianna bush showing through the window. Once she was dressed she wandered out onto the porch with a half-peeled banana in hand, put her free arm around one of the columns and rotated slowly. Her glance took in the familiar fauna of the garden, the lemon trees, and Hannah, the yard dog, stretched out in the sun.

She caught sight of Grant, sitting in the walnut tree. She continued her circle around the column, then met his look and said as politely as she could,

"Good morning, Grant." And then to herself, "I don't think I'm extra good or extra bad. Just one of the petite bourgeoisie, and that simply means tempted."

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## ABERRATION

BY BARBARA HAUPT

What expectation, unsuspected  
Till a cloud passed,  
Transforms a butterfly  
Beyond the borders of a meadow-day?  
And then whose flitting  
From an instantly indifferent daisy  
Forsakes a revelation  
Someone might have lived with?  
Who's away?

# THE HARVEST

BY ANNE IRGENS

The first thing I saw was faces of strangers. There was a boy of ten or twelve with a dirty face, several men either middle-aged or older dressed in working clothes, and a number of women all wearing dark, worn and out-of-style dresses. Each person in the group seemed to be searching for something as he or she mingled and moved about, only a few feet away from me.

I was enclosed in what resembled a telephone booth; it was a transparent plastic case, with frame supports. For a few moments it kept the group away, but it was not strong enough to hold when some of the people began pressing towards me. Their hands broke through the transparent casing, first one and then another. I could see their outstretched fingers reaching in toward my body, and their faces pressed against the casing. I shrank back as I felt their touch.

Fingers reached through the wall and nails dug into my skin. They picked at my body; I sensed rather than felt the tearing of my flesh. Their hands came in and picked like all hands that have a farmer's or a housewife's job to do, when shucking corn or pitting cherries. They came with earnestness and were not malicious or cruel.

The door of the booth opened then and I had room to move. I knew I must look at my body to see what they had done, to know what I was. I moved my arm into my range of vision. It was no longer an arm, but a skeleton, a skeleton arm and hand that somehow obeyed me.

Several older women brought me out from the casing. As they moved me I saw I had just emerged from a telephone booth, and seemed to be on a street corner of a large city. Beyond the curb, many cars flashed by, and a policeman stood in the middle of the thoroughfare.

Other people such as I, that had no flesh on their bones, were lying in a small heap on the corner. I could see a woman's mauve dress and her fleshless legs protruding from underneath her dress. She still wore shoes; she did not move. People were milling about searching among the bodies and picking at them.

My head was lowered somewhat, and I had the sensation that I was hanging from a rope fastened to the top of my head. Faces looked down at me. Their interest quickened and some began to pick at my head. I felt—it was soft, gentle—someone cut away both of my ears. They picked away my skin on my face, and then my hair. A fear suddenly seized me: they might take my eyes. In the next instant I saw fingers reaching toward my eyes and I could not move. Suddenly it was done but I could still see. Nothing had changed.

A newer power seemed to be born within me. I realized that I was no longer tied to my body. With arms that did not exist—that I could not see—I pulled my head out of my skull. I was free.

There on my knees on the pavement I felt naked at first. Only one woman turned her head as if she saw me. Her mouth was half open, strands of her greying hair fell in front of her ears. My freedom seemed to make no difference to her. I looked back at my head. It was only a white skull now, and somehow I knew it had been dead a long time and its eyes had become sightless long before.

# HATE EATS

BY KAREN HOWEY

Hate eats,  
Eats and feeds on  
Human flesh until  
All that remains is  
The white blanched skeleton.  
How did this happen  
This love leached to hate,  
As slowly as  
The opening of a flower,  
As stealthily as a wolf  
Stalking its prey  
Unnoticed until  
The fangs are in the  
Neck—and then  
It is too late.

# RECURRENCE

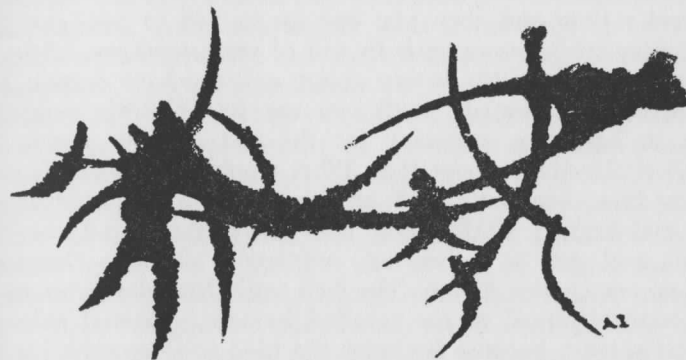
## A Prose-Poem

BY NIKOS STANGOS

Fast, fast, faster, to the closed, tightly closed-eyes of the corpse. Faster, faster to dig the flesh, to dig the life away in dirty earth-muscles. Devour, devouring everything: the black mothball-smelling formal dress of the funeral, the stiff white shirt and the collar, the white clean underwear, all. But first to the eyes, the nose, the lips; this is where the worms first rush; the corpse lying there always quiet, calm and in peace, in the breast and the blood of the first and last womb, undressed, tortured, made fun of by the worms, devoured and calm. Nothing, nothing to bother about, no annoying tickling in the nostrils and the corners of the eyes, no worms to tickle the limbs, and the naked, candlenaked shoulders. Deep, deep, deeper buried in eternal resignation and pleasure, deep in the mud from which we are or are not created but for which we always secure a repressed admiration, deep buried the corpse breathes a breath of its own, a calm breath of seadreams, an eternal breath singing and laughing, covering the whispering of friends and relatives who plant flowers and sigh over the graves. Sleep, sleep, always sleep, sleep sweet death and the dead. My lover's corpse has taken a sleeping-pill of necessity.

He lifted his eyes up and looked at the coffin-lid. It was a very regular coffin-lid, wooden and regular like the forehead of a young boy that has fallen asleep with a finger in his mouth. A red shadow, though, with a shape like the breast of a dead prostitute; and what to think when there are people who can never understand and they never will because they are mere accidents, accidents. O, who ever heard of the existence of somebody else when there is no way of knowing, when the child is asleep and there is no way of knowing whether he is asleep or not. And then the dream. A lake of green shadows raping your thighs, and the red shadow on the coffin-lid without any meaning but the meaning of itself. There are no meanings perhaps; and always trying to find one. Whoever thought of something having a meaning, and when we impose meanings on things because of our unsatisfied wishes, when we impose meanings

there is nothing left of the object that the meaning has been imposed on. Nothing left, because meanings have no colors or anything else. They don't even have mouths, and they cannot speak, they cannot cry, they have no tears. And what can you do without tears, how can you take all the fire and the force which curls and fights in the



breast . . . And just imagine that he pretended that he had no idea about it. He pretended as a mouse pretends that he has not seen the cheese on the trap. I could have blown his face up and then he would have to smile facelessly. His smile would be a mere meaning; how ridiculous. Maybe a public scandal would be better . . . But how can one receive the unexpected kindness which is sincere for sure, but, again, the doubt, a swollen aberration of a doubt; pity? Love? Spite? Which?

Down in the valley there are naked women washing their clothes, and the grass is growing, the grass is growing, and where can the kiss be, the sweet kiss of the Mayflower, and the Maymoon, and all the Maylittleloves which wander above and beyond in pools of light. And the sea grows all the fish in her eyes, the sea, my love, a million years' passion, the moving force which is an eye and a womb and a body and a breath and all, all, all the redblue pulses of

my blood. Kiss me, kiss me as you walk over the clouds, and he answered that he was not walking over the clouds because it was going to rain. But the rain is weeping, he remembered some lines from an old little play when he was waiting for the people to love and cherish him in their dreams as his mother and his lovers used to do; or didn't they? O light with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes and a thousand loves, love me. And as he walked down in the street with the curves and the danger waiting in every one of the curves, he played with a little god of a chain in his right hand, and the left hand was full of all, of all the nothingworthwhilessofar, and we will consider your case again, we will give you a definite answer in a week's time and then you can go to hell or you can go on masturbating while young girls fly out of your windows. Little, little to think about, and little to cry about, and much to despair about, and you despair, despair, until you are full of little sympathetic cancers to keep you company for the rest of your death. What would Berkeley think about that. What would he think if I were to persuade him that there isn't anything but myself, and this self higher and higher, 400,000 feet above everything and everybody, but still, and yet, or rather not, not lower all these thousand in depth, no, no, never, never. The hell with Berkeley who tried to distort nature instead of the so-called humans. Material substances, like objects, exist, because Berkeley too used to sleep with his finger in his mouth when he was a boy two feet tall and a heart empty of tears and full of nothing; he didn't even know that he had a finger afterwards, he gave up the idea of his finger and he took up the idea of his soul as if one could suck or play with a soul.

He squeezed his breath: Sweet river kiss my lips and never forget me. He would get out of bed and walk barefooted toward a window. The sun would be licking everything outside: the trees, the pavement, tired people hurrying to their dull work. Two birds would be sitting on the rail of the small veranda out of the window. Two sparrows tasting the first drops of the spring which dropped down from the new buds of the old trees. The two birds would be talking to each other in a high tone, the sun, the trees, the drops of dew, the morning with a hundred sleepy eyes and a heart made of wrinkled clouds. There would be no danger to fly down and start picking at the slice of bread which the old spinster had left out of her window for them. There would be no danger at all; but they would consider it seriously, with uplifted eyes and uplifted voices, swearing at the old spinster for not having thrown the bread a little further on the ground where it would be much easier to get without any fear or trouble. Spinsters are always doing the wrong thing in essence and

in action and they could never become existentialists because they have no existence to precede their action: the cold bed in the winternights the cold bed asking for somebody to wrinkle it with his dirty feet and his smelling breath and the nauseating odor of next morning; the cold lonely winternights when essence precedes existence, and always the same, recurring eternally, leaving its traces on every furniture in the tidy room, on the ceiling and the walls with the worn-out romantic paintings of a satyr raping a plump virgin, the lamp with the old decorations of grapes and another satyr hiding his nakedness behind the ripe purple, though not exactly purple, of the fruit. The ripe fruit, a pure condition of existence, a condition without essence, quite contrary to what a poor old spinster would expect to ever achieve: the neat bedspread covering the sinful sheets and the pillow, and the wishdreams with their washed away fauvistic colors, the vase, wreathed-flower vase, a necessary consolation, fadingshadow of old expectations of weddings and the pleasure of throwing away the bouquet to the ugliest of the girls. But no such pleasures, everything old like an old pair of shoes discovered after ten years in a cupboard with old things in it. The two birds flew away and hurried to make love at the top of a tree, an ancient, prehistoric revenge for old spinsters who always lack imagination because their imagination has faded away with all the orgiastic exertion repressed down to the center of a featherpillow.

Pavlo among the nightingales his father used to call his when there were visitors at home. The nightingales are queer birds, he used to sigh, they sing unceasingly without having any comprehension of the real problems of life, like the wife who has to be satisfied at least two times a week. And Pavlo was now deep buried in an unwelcomed grave. Thinking and breathing, looking at the red shadow on the coffin-lid, and where is hell or paradise, though there is an eternal life, a nauseatingly eternal consciousness of death or life, or both, deep buried in the bones of the corpse. How can there be an eternal life which is linked to the soil and the waters and the spade of the sun after the rain, but still, but still, never before have I embraced the soil so tightly, feeling its fertility between my thighs, and the taste of dead and eternal birds on my lips, and the taste of the sea forever forgotten in an ancient dream with curtains welcoming the white waves and their softpalmed love on the shell of one's heart. Who can embrace so tightly that earthly eternity but the corpse, my love a corpse, more alive in the eternal clutches of an eternally recurring earth. This is where eternity is: in the deep cycles of the water or the dream, in the feminine movement of the sea where Pavlo was drowned when he was twenty years of sun. Nothing to

please as one wants to be pleased, nothing to last eternally but the deep cycle of death which is the cycle of life and of recurrence. Death in the breast of the sun, and Pavlo loving the element like an eternal mistress, in her deep thighs the eternal orgasm, the eternal moment, death, life in its highest point, an absolute and unalterable everything. Lying drowned and alive at the bottom of the sea, between two black rocks, the water green around him, the taste of salt on his lips and the embarrassed eyes of the fish deciding his eternal fate. Naked, beautiful and calm he would have watched the procession of fish and mermaids approaching him, playing through the locks of his hair, singing his songs in the echo of empty seashells.

But the drops of the dream on the dry wishful lips never come, they never cool the passion which howls in the dark secrets of the blood.

Drop — never a drop to dissolve  
And never a dream in a drop to  
Dissolve  
The drop always hanging  
Never reaching, never dissolving  
But hanging from the fountainmouth of the sun  
Dropdrop the dream on the green eyelashes  
Dropdrop the moon spreading her hair in the forest  
Drop in a drop the dream  
Never a drop but a movement

and Pavlo swollen in the sea looking straight in the sun's eyes. Waves lulling his swollen flesh, winds whispering between them in horror, the rotten flesh projecting its shadow on the faceless sky.

The sailor with the angry hands looked at the sea lovingly: Mother, God, Virgin Mary, how beautiful she is, how false, how deceiving, moving her hips between my thighs, O, Mother, God, Virgin Mary, when she knelt and buried her head between my loins; she looks calm now but the tempest is hiding in the center of her breasts . . . those breasts, when they jumped and whirled excited on my face, and into my mouth, and on my breasts, like the sun that is rubbing the belly of the sea now, and there could be no God who created all this beauty, but beauty itself, the sun, the sea, her belly on my belly and our thighs clutched together in the promises of death; there can be nothing like her lips, a pear, a mouthful of sea when there is no tempest in it, when there are no corpses of dead horses.

Years without number, and years without meaning, years under the sun penetrating the surface of the earth and of the sky; all ages drowned in the sea, the cradle of eternity, of existence, of everything

which we have or haven't known, the kiss, the tempting arms of men and women, the tempting sky, fish with their dead eyes and dead eyes of young decomposed lovers who loved and hated and suffered from life, in life, creating and annihilating life in one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, numberless eternal moments. Eternity rolling on the sea, from wave to wave, from shore to shore, from color to color, from body to body, from sailor to sailor all of them with angry hands, all of them brothers of the light and of the night, watching the element, eternally watching the element and eternity rolling on it.

Detached.

The sailor detached and the swollen corpse detached from the sailor until they meet and they surprise each other. The sailor lifts the body, the boat hasts toward the shore, the policemen, telephone calls, relatives with their swollen eyes and empty hearts, the *consumatum est*, tears, the soil, the flowers, the incense burning holes in the nostrils, the coffin, and the coffin-lid heavy with artificial mourning, and then darkness, the eternal darkness, motionless, eight feet down in the breast of the earth full of worms and sterile imagination.

Pavlo among the nightingales, his father used to call him, and when his father died burying forty years of meaningless handshakes in a dark cool grave, Pavlo waved his joy to the long black hair of his young mother: maternity on top of the sun, on top of life, on top of everything meaningless, maternity like a seaweed in the eternal womb of the sea, the big black eyes and long black eyelashes.

Nobody has ever known the name of what I carry at the bottom of my being: a dream perhaps, the desperate fingers of the creator, the eyes of a mother searching the forehead of a newborn child, the newborn child older and younger than everything, everything new, everything different for everybody, everybody different, dragging behind him the unknown, nameless, faceless, motherless something at the bottom of his being. And who can understand? Who can ever melt the unknown name, his unknown name, into the unknown of another? Who can ever say: this is the beginning and this is the end, when there is no beginning and no end? Who has ever seen his self springing from the orgasm of a man and a woman who unite, love hate, and are destroyed in the clutches of a meaningless boredom? And the sun setting in his eyes, the sea, his hands, his yellow face, those eyes, my eyes, o, have I ever seen, have I ever touched the existence of all these things, the anxiety of this age, time, the present and the past linked together? Is there no beginning and no end? Pavlo? (Or is he?) The coffin-lid? The sea? The worms? The red shadow? The maternal rose? What?

# THE DAY OF THE PAINTERS

By EDMUND BOYNTON

"Number 248, this is it."

Oli Johnston and his assistants, Alex and Tom, walked over to the second floor apartment door. Without hesitating, Oli pushed the bell. The red metal door was similar to all the others he had waited in front of for the past six years, except that it was cleaner than most. The large brass doorknob was brilliantly shined. There were faint sweeping streaks over the deep red paint, traces of the path of a soapy cleaning cloth.

They heard no sound so Oli rang again. After another brief period of silence they heard light footsteps come to the door and then stop.

"Who is it?"

"It's the painters, Ma'am," Oli replied in a disinterested tone.

The rattle of a safety chain was followed by the clinking sound of a night-bolt. The door swung open slowly, but still no one was to be seen.

"Come in please," came a pleasant but timid voice from behind the door.

Oli swung the paint cans cautiously in front of him and walked in. The other two nonchantly switched their loads of dropcloths from on their hips to a position in front of them and filed in slowly, stopping briefly to wipe their paint-splattered shoes on the new hemp welcome mat.

"Kind of early for you, Mrs. Andrews?" Oli inquired, walking right through to the living room.

"Oh, my gracious, no," she replied in a pleasant voice as she following the men into the living room. "I'm always up by seven o'clock, and today I got up an hour early to have my breakfast dishes out of the way and get the last minute things straightened up. I watched you go to work on the apartment upstairs the last two mornings so I knew you would be here right at seven thirty."

The little woman paused a moment and then went on.

"You know, I told the office that I don't see any sense in painting this apartment. The present paint is perfectly good. But the office said you had to do it now."

"Yes, ma'am, we have a schedule to do each apartment every two and a half years, and yours was last done just two and a half years ago this month," Oli replied.

"But my place doesn't need it. Living here alone like I do, the paint doesn't get worn and chipped like a family apartment would. The Evans' apartment next door should be done instead of this one. Why, they have cracks on the livingroom walls."

While Mrs. Anderson was talking Oli set his paint cans down. Nonchalantly he reached under the left shoulder strap of his clean white coveralls and pulled a small leather notebook out of his shirt pocket. He thumbed it for a moment.

"The Evans' place won't be due for another nine months, Ma'am," replied Oli. "Theirs was done a year ago last February."

Mrs. Andrews looked at Oli for a minute and then down at the floor. Walking over to the center of the dark grey carpet she stooped and carefully pressed her moistened finger on a small piece of lint. She was a little woman, in her late seventies. Her snowy white hair had a blue tinge to it and it was held in place by a fine white net. Wrinkles seemed a natural part of her small round face. They ran perpendicular on her forehead and at her temples they spread back toward her small ears in a fan shape. Her round glasses settled snugly on her puffy cheeks creating the effect of being a part of the facial structure.

"The office said the floors won't be done this time."

"No, M'am, not this time," Oli replied as he and Alex lifted two easy chairs off the carpet. "They'll be done in about a month or two. The floormen don't work along with us, you know. They have their own schedule."

"Please be careful to cover everything well . . . and try not to get the floors messed," the little woman said as she got out of the men's way.

"All right, Mrs. Andrews," Oli replied.

Oli instructed Tom and Alex to roll up the carpets. Then the three men methodically piled up all the furniture of the house in the centers of the living room and the only bedroom. Pictures, mirrors, and other wall ornaments were placed carefully on the large grey couch. Regulations did not require the closets to be done, so, by Mrs. Andrews' request, they were left untouched.

"'Bout ready for the equipment, Alex," Oli remarked as he started laying the groundcloths on the floors.



Alex and Tom made three trips down to the ground floors and back, for scaffolding and supplies. When the two men had set up the scaffolding in the living room and placed all the equipment in one corner, they spread lighter canvas dropcloths over the islands of furniture. Oli, who had finished spreading the heavier cloths over all the floors except for the bathroom and kitchen, opened and stirred the paint. By the time he had the paint ready to use, Alex and Tom were ready to start work.

Mrs. Andrews had stationed herself near the covered furniture in the center of the room to keep out of the way and still observe what was going on. When Oli saw her eyeing the scaffolding he laid down his paint mixer and walked over to the aluminum and wood structure.

"This equipment is the newest and finest out, Mrs. Andrews," Oli explained with a slight air of pride. "You can adjust it to your work—high for working on ceilings and low for the wall work. The end pieces are made out of aluminum which makes them strong enough yet very light. It took us just ten minutes to set up; the old, heavier type took twenty or thirty."

"Yes," Mrs. Andrews replied pensively. After a moment of thought she timidly inquired, "Will they scratch the floor?"

"No, Ma'am," Oli reported. "Those rubber boots on the legs and the canvas dropcloths will protect the floor."

As he was replying, Oli walked back to the short square of heavy canvas which he was using for a mixing area. He filled a light-weight paint bucket with white ceiling paint and climbed up on a higher scaffolding. After checking the stability of the equipment he dipped his four-inch brush into the creamy white liquid and carefully scraped one side and one end of the brush before raising it to the ceiling. He started in the corner and worked along one wall, taking long, even strokes and feathering the end of the stroke skillfully. He not only worked quickly, but he never splattered paint even though he spent most of his time painting ceilings. His white coveralls were always as clean when he left at night as when he started in the morning.

As soon as Oli had finished a three-foot strip of ceiling down the length of one side of the room, Alex and Tom moved their scaffolding over to the same corner, where Oli had begun, and started painting the wall. One man would start in the middle of the scaffold and work to his right until he reached the end of the boards. At the same time the other painter would begin on the left end and work to where the first had started. Before moving the equipment to the right they would paint all the way to the floor.

The color was the same as had been on the walls before—dark cream for the livingroom and connecting front hall, and beige for the bedroom. The bathroom was to be repainted a soft maize. Kitchens were always painted white, by regulations.

Mrs. Andrews watched the painters for a while and then went into the kitchen and busied herself with cleaning her cupboards. She took the dishes out of each, a shelf at a time, and scrubbed the interior with a strong solution of Okite. Next she cleaned out her tiny broom closet and lined the shelf to it with a new piece of linoleum painted with tiny red tulips. As she was hanging up the wash rag on her towel rack she glanced over at the package of doughnuts on the shelf near the window.

"It's almost ten-thirty. The men would probably like coffee and doughnuts now," she thought.

In her quick-step manner she walked out into the livingroom. Alex and Tom were just finishing the third wall and Oli was skillfully painting the sash work of the one large window on the last wall.

"Would you men like some coffee and doughnuts?"

"No—thank you, Ma'am," Alex replied, glancing over at Oli.

"I can fix it up right away. I got a box of doughnuts yesterday—"

"No thank you, Ma'am," Oli replied. "It's against regulations, you know."

Baffled, Mrs. Andrews looked to Oli for a further explanation but Oli never lost his rhythmic stroke as he continued with the sash. As she started to leave Oli addressed her.

"Mrs. Andrews, did you see where the paint was worn off this window?"

The little woman walked over to get a better view. Along the bottom sash a small spot of darker shade of color showed through the old paint.

"Oh yes,—I—I guess I've worn a little of the paint off in scrubbing finger marks so many times."

"Well, this new paint will fix that up," Oli replied.

Mrs. Andrews returned to her kitchen and made some coffee. She closed the door to keep the smell in the kitchen as much as possible. When the coffee was made she opened the large package of doughnuts and took out one. A brief coffee snack always gave her renewed energy, especially during a busy morning.

"What will I do with all these doughnuts now?" she thought as she cleaned up the dishes. "Maybe the Evanses might like them."

The men finished the livingroom by eleven o'clock. While Oli carefully poured the remaining cream-colored paint into its original container and sealed it tightly, Alex and Tom moved the scaffolding

into the bedroom. When the two men had finished, Mrs. Andrews came in and asked them if they would move the stove and refrigerator out from the wall so she could clean in back of them. Alex looked over to Oli; he nodded.

By the time the men returned from the kitchen Oli had the beige paint already mixed. The three cleaned their brushes in a solution of quick-acting brush cleaner and started in. This room was considerably smaller than the livingroom. The men estimated they would be half done with it by lunch time.

Mrs. Andrews had busied herself in the kitchen, cleaning out the dirt from behind the stove and refrigerator. She had wanted to get back there for months; these were two places in her small apartment that she had no way of keeping clean. As soon as she had satisfied herself that the job was finished she washed up and took the doughnuts to her next-door neighbor.

Mrs. Evans, a stout, pleasant woman, in her mid-thirties with two adolescent sons, was glad to have the doughnuts but even more interested to learn about the painting. As Mrs. Andrews walked down her neighbor's long front hall the younger woman followed her.

"I've asked the office to paint my living room and front hall but they say I'm not scheduled to have it done yet," Mrs. Evans announced sarcastically. "The walls are a mess. Have you seen the cracks in my livingroom walls, Mrs. Andrews?"

"Yes, I have. Maybe if you show it to Oli Johnston when he leaves my apartment he will arrange to get it done for you."

Mrs. Andrews returned to her apartment and looked in on the painters. Oli addressed her without looking from his work.

"We'll be able to start on the kitchen about one-thirty, Mrs. Andrews. It'll be dry enough by six then."

"Fine, I'll go get my lunch over with now so I can be out of your way by then."

Oli wanted to get the ceiling done before noon so he had Alex start on a scaffold at one end while he started on the other. Tom worked on the one large window and later painted the door and closet sash.

Every time Alex worked with Oli on a ceiling he tried to keep up with the boss's pace. Alex would take faster strokes than Oli but the younger painter did not have the long reach of his taller companion nor his steady, even rhythm. He also lacked Oli's skill of refilling and scraping his brush quickly and without much thought. Consequently, the Swede would change his scaffolding a bit more often than Alex would, to the latter's chagrin. When they met, it was well on Alex's half of the room.

After the ceiling was completed the two exchanged their ceiling brushes for the thicker wall brushes and started in on one wall. They started at the end where Oli had painted so they would not track any wet paint around. Oli never spilled nor splattered paint from the ceiling work, but Alex was not quite that skillful.

At twelve o'clock the room was half finished, just as scheduled. The window sash, the ceiling and one wall had been done. The men left for lunch and were back precisely one-half hour later.

Before starting work again, Oli re-mixed the paint. Using a new mixing stick he stirred the beige-colored liquid around and around until all the oily streaks dissolved. Oli kept up his mechanical stirring until the paint fell evenly and smoothly off the mixing stick.

In the meantime, Alex and Tom took the dropcloths out of the livingroom and placed them on the tiny front hall and the bathroom floors. They covered the sink and bathtub with the lighter cloths and spent the few remaining minutes dusting the ledges and tops of the doors.

The men put the finishing touches on the bedroom a few minutes before one-thirty. Mrs. Andrews had gotten her dishes washed and put away and had placed all counter articles in cupboards to leave the counters clear; before leaving she had also taken her large geranium plant from the window and put it in the hall closet. While Oli mixed both the white and the maize paint, Alex and Tom spread two small dropcloths on the floor. They folded other, lighter-weight cloths over the refrigerator, stove, sink and counters.

They had a standard procedure for doing the kitchens, bathrooms, and halls. Oli always did the kitchens, Alex the bathrooms, and the least-experienced, Tom, would handle the halls. Before starting on the kitchen Oli always painted the hall ceiling, for Tom was not able to reach it with the small aluminum step ladder that he used for the hall walls. If there were more than one hall or bathroom Alex would help Tom or vice-versa until the work was finished.

Oli made quick work of the front hall ceiling. He had finished it and started on the kitchen long before Alex had completed his ceiling. While climbing up on his scaffolding, which had been moved into the kitchen, Oli noticed a small brown stain on the windowsill. He got down to examine it more closely. It was a ring left by a plant pot.

"Mrs. Andrews," he called out mildly.

Mrs. Andrews promptly entered the kitchen.

"Do you see that stain on the windowsill, Mrs. Andrews?" the Swede inquired.

"Yes, it's from a geranium plant which I have," she said.

"You know, Mrs. Andrews," Oli paused, but went on evenly, "it's against regulations to have potted plants in the apartments. They have that regulation because the pots stain the sills."

"But it's not a bad stain." Mrs. Andrews came forward holding out a china frail hand to cover the circle. "And it never shows because I always keep the plant in the same place."

"I know, Mrs. Andrews, but it's still against the regulations." Oli glanced from the hand to the equally frail face and added, "Yours is not a bad stain at all; some of them in other apartments are quite a bit worse."

"Well," Mrs. Andrews paused and sought his eyes as if to gain courage—"if I put something under the pot in the future?"

"I'm afraid that's still against regulations, Mrs. Andrews. You know, it's a regulation and I don't have anything to say about it."

Mrs. Andrews started to speak but stopped with a sigh.

Oli, feeling her anxiety, tried to console her. "You know, Mrs. Andrews, my wife likes to have plants in her apartment too. To take the place of the potted plants she now has a couple of philodendrons in little glass flower holders. You might get a couple of those plants—they would be all right, you know."

Mrs. Andrews' lips drew back but only for an instant, and when she spoke she thanked Oli for the suggestion.

Now that Oli had started in the kitchen, there wasn't any place Mrs. Andrews could go except the livingroom, which still had the island of furniture in the center. She decided this would be a good time to take her usual afternoon walk. On the way out she went into the closet and picked up the geranium plant.

Soon after Alex and Tom heard the front door shut they stopped work and gathered in the kitchen for a moment.

"What is it that's making all these women mad about potted plants?" Tom remarked. "I'll bet it's just because it's against the regulations that they have 'em."

"I think old Mrs. Andrews has been talking to her neighbors about us coming here," Alex added. "I'll bet dollars to doughnuts they're in trouble too and will ask us to come ahead of our schedule."

"If we are going to finish on time we'd better keep going," Oli remarked as he continued with the ceiling work. He nodded approvingly as the two men went back to their own work.

Because of the small size of the front hall Tom finished first. As the apprentice, he cleaned out all the extra brushes and put all the equipment on one cloth in the corner of the livingroom. When Alex finished, he cleaned his own brush and helped Tom fold all of the dropcloths except the ones in the kitchen. Then the two carefully

replaced the furniture, keeping everything four inches from the tacky walls, and leaving the pictures on the couch.

Oli put his finishing strokes on as the other two were laying the rugs. He cleaned his brush and inspected the equipment. Without anything being said, Alex and Tom folded the kitchen cloths and pushed the refrigerator and stove back into place. Oli was making his final inspection when the two returned after their trip to the ground floor with the scaffolding. Satisfied that everything was in order, he picked up the two empty paint cans. At this signal the men picked up the remaining dropcloths and carried them into the outside hall, being careful not to let them touch any wet paint.

Mrs. Evans had heard the men on the stairs. When she heard the three come out together she stepped out to meet them.

"Mr. Johnston," she addressed Oli, "would you please look at my livingroom?" Alex and Tom continued to carry their loads downstairs.

"Yes, Ma'am," Oli replied, as he put his paint cans down and walked in.

"It's been like this for months. That scrape by the door was made by the boys, but not those cracks."

Oli reached under his overall strap and pulled out his little leather notebook.

"Sorry, Ma'am, but you're not scheduled until August. I have to go by the book, you know. Maybe you can ask at the office to have it done early."

"I already have. They said the same thing."

"Sorry, Ma'am, but they're the boss, you know."

Oli picked up his empty paint cans and went downstairs. The men had already loaded their large wagon and were waiting for their boss. "We'll be in just on schedule," Oli said as he and Alex started off. Tom followed, pulling the wagon.

Mrs. Andrews returned about a half hour later. She was surprised to see that the men had already left, but she was glad the job was finished and the apartment bore only a faint odor of new paint.

"I won't be able to start supper before six o'clock," she thought as she entered the kitchen. She stood just inside the door and examined the gleaming white windowsill, first with her eye and then with her thumb. The paint was tacky and clung to her thumb. She freed her thumb with a sigh of physical anguish, and the brown sack she carried fell to the floor with a faint tinkling crash.

# EVANESCENCE

By SANDRA MISKELLY

Night air stung, the stars blurred,  
The road I walked stretched dark ahead—  
No sound sang my feet along  
Save fading footsteps of Julie dead.

## *Thoughts of You*

By WILLIAM K. LEWIS

When seasons stop  
And earth becomes  
Eternal winter,  
When colors melt  
And only black and white  
Are left to me,  
When all sound fades  
And only recollections  
Pierce the silence,  
The thoughts of you,  
Like well-worn leaves  
Of treasured books,  
Will set the earth  
In motion once again.

# SOPHOMORE SLUMP

By JERILYN ROBEY

One afternoon about a month ago I was studying, or perhaps I should say lounging, at my desk. I had on only a slip and blouse and I was relaxing while smoking the remains of my last Winston. I was really feeling proud of myself, because I could inhale well enough to fool even my closest friends and my roommate, who didn't know that I really didn't know how to smoke well at all. I blew the last puff through my nose and then doused the cigarette.

This was quiet hours for Cameron Hall and the busy clack of a typewriter and the giggle of the girls down the hall reminded me of it. The noise in this dorm made it absolutely impossible to study at any time, but it was really great for thinking and dreaming, which I was usually doing anyway. Once I had gotten so mad at all the noise that I had bought a pair of earmuffs and worn them conspicuously in the hall during quiet hours. I never felt that I actually belonged in this school. Pure rationalization, I thought, of course it was something deeper than that, something about my personality in general that they seemed to dislike. Funny, though, at home I was the most outgoing person of my small crowd. It was always me who was asked to go to the football game with one of the girls, or to a concert with another.

Last year at Ivy College I had been what is termed a superior student. I hadn't had many dates, but I had really slaved over my studies, and it had paid off. My name was on the dean's list, and I had made several honorary clubs. I had thought at the beginning of the year that being so smart, on the outside at least, would get me into the swing of this school and make me feel like I really belonged, but on the contrary, I ended up by vowing to myself (with the aid of my girlfriends) that this college must be a place to have fun, and since you're only young once, why not live it up? Consequently, last semester's grades had been a shock to me and my parents, but I could say, "Boy, was first semester of my sophomore year ever a ball." One thing used to strike me though—while I was out on this ball I just couldn't seem to get away from a plaguing guilt complex, and

that I really ought to be studying or reviewing my notes. Sometimes I thought that maybe just having fun was not the big thing in life that it had seemed during last summer and the last part of my freshman year. But just the same, was I ever a dope last year. Just to think how cloddy I was makes me absolutely sick. I hadn't been so intent on having a good time last year, and I hadn't gone to many parties or even gotten drunk or anything. The few dates I did have were shy boys with dull unimaginative minds who took me to a show or to a dance either because their fraternities required it or they were fixed up with me through a friend.

This year, though, I had gone out of my way, almost, to get myself a date for just about every weekend, and I was rather proud of it. It had made me rather ostentatious, I guess, and sometimes I wondered about what kind of reputation I actually did have at Ivy College, but then that was in the category of what people would think, which was a strictly forbidden subject at Ivy because all the lectures in chapel had been on not caring what people thought of your actions, and in doing what you darn well pleased. "Conformity"—what a slogan for Ivy. For our school we would die a martyred life, impaled on our knitting needles, and buried in our crew-necked sweaters and sneakers. Our inscriptions would be a tweedy expression from our tweedy school.

It was almost time for supper, and the chapel bells were grinding out their cheery hymns to a bunch of students who not only did not believe in God, but denied His very existence. Confirmed atheists, that's what they all are, I thought, but then I remembered that in a discussion group I had come out with the statement that I did not believe in God myself, so I was a fine one to talk.

"How do you like Ivy?" "Oh, I just LOVE Ivy!" That's a fine response for freshmen, but when you become a sophomore, and wise to the ways of the world, that sort of thing is strictly for the birds. You hate the place and you are not afraid to show it and especially express it whenever another sophomore who UNDERSTANDS comes into sight.

I snapped myself out of my reflective mood and slipped into my skirt and left the room. My roommate and I usually locked the door because there was stealing going on in the dorm, but that was just another thing to confirm my opinion of all the people in the school anyway, and besides who would want my old junk. So partly to defy any thieves, and partly because I do feel a sort of kinship with them, I left the door open. I knew that the thief must really hate the place even more than I do myself, and anyone who hates Ivy is a friend of mine.

I wondered what kind of slop they would give us that night. It was a purely rhetorical question, because no matter what kind of slop it was, I ate it all and so did everybody else, because it really didn't taste too bad, especially after you once started in on it and stopped complaining. Besides, they kept you so damned busy with homework that you had to eat out of self-defense in order to avoid mono from late hours and too many parties on weekends. At least, I consoled myself, it was Friday, and TGIF. Everyone said TGIF, and I said it too, even though I wasn't especially glad it was Friday—but classes were over for the weekend, and absolutely no one but clods wasn't actually glad it was Friday, unless of course you didn't have a date, but even then you said TGIF because you didn't want everyone to know you didn't have a date, for heavens sake.

Actually, I didn't have a date this weekend, and it was the third weekend in a row that I didn't. A boy from the nearby boys' school had told me he planned to come down sometime, but they all planned to come sometime, so it didn't mean a thing. Anyway, on Friday nights I could go down to my best friend's room and we could discuss why we were going to transfer and what was wrong with the school.

There was a beautiful sunset, and one girl had stopped to admire it on the way into the dining hall. Things like that always give me a queer feeling, like a boy's admiring my knitting, or my father's saying I look nice. Sort of like someone coming in and putting in something that was more beautiful than I or the world deserved.

That weekend passed rather uneventfully. There were always things to do, but we all had become conditioned to depend on dates, and without a date things seemed routine and common. Even though I had three hourly tests the next week, I did not study much. As usual before a dateless weekend, I had vowed that it would be study all day Saturday and Sunday, but as usual, I did about two hours worth of studying by Sunday night. When Sunday night came, I began to get panicky and remembered my hourlies. It was two o'clock before I finally turned out my light.

In my classes, I always try to give a big show of being a bright student, and always manage to ask questions of the right sort to make my classmates and profs think that I am a brain. I often wonder what my professors think of these questions, but they never reveal themselves by their answers. Once a professor had gotten really angry at me and had started shouting. I told the other kids that he shouted because he wasn't sure of himself and wanted to impress the students that he really was, but sometimes I wonder about that too.

Like the rest of this conformist school, I always knit through every class, but unlike the others, who knit only because of social

pressure, I knit because I like to, and because it gives me something to do. So far I have accomplished one pair of argyles and a half a sweater and the first semester isn't even through.

The convocation that week was, as usual, about conformity, not directly, of course, but the lecturers feed it into the students every chance they have. Always giving you something about speaking your mind, getting your ideas into the open and not being afraid of what

sight of him destroyed this thought. He definitely was not the type that I consider good looking. He was tall, thin, and had rather small eyes, close together. His chin jutted out sharply, giving him an aggressive appearance. His clothes were neat, but not the collegiate style that made the rest of the boys so tweedy at Ivy. "Hi," he said, "my name's Art Wheeler." He extended a hand and I grasped it rather

Betty and Johnny were sitting. We greeted one another and made the proper introductions. Art was driving, and the car was a fifty-five Buick convertible, which Betty announced that he owned. Maybe I could stand him for this evening, I decided, after I found out that he owned the car.

The conversation in the car lagged and then stopped altogether. I sort of coughed nervously once or twice to myself and started to ask him whether his father had given him the car or whether he had bought it, but decided against the idea. Every time I ask a question like that, it always turns out that his father has just died, or that the car was stolen, or something very embarrassing. So I said nothing, but really looked hard out the window, concentrating on the white line and the dingy houses which we passed on the road.

When we got to the show it was almost half over and I hate to go into a movie when it has already started, but I didn't say anything about it. The movie was one of those John Wayne B pictures and the plot was dumb and the film faded and flickering. My eyes hurt from looking at the screen and every once in a while I would look over at Art, but I got no satisfaction because he was always staring intently at the picture. Finally I thought I could stand it no longer, I shifted my position a little and recrossed my legs. Then I gave a small cough and glanced at Art. He didn't seem to notice me at all, and I was a little annoyed. I thought that he really should notice his date a little more than he did, especially since he wasn't such a neat guy anyway, even though he did own a fifty-five Buick convertible.

At last the picture was over, and he asked me if I wanted anything to eat. I glanced at Betty, but she was occupied with Johnny at the time and didn't seem too interested in whether or not I was hungry and couldn't stand the picture. She probably didn't even notice whether the picture was good or not. Out of some sort of ill-conceived compassion for Betty and the thought that our disturbing her and Johnny would be embarrassing, I answered no, thank you, and sighed a purposely audible sigh. As the next showing started in and good old John Wayne droned through the picture, I tried all sorts of little experiments to cut down the boredom. I tried to see how

these lectures and then go back to  
Those old lecturers don't have to  
state of things, and how you are th  
ent looking or different acting,  
always stress thinking, but it's look  
social career at Ivy. The intellectu  
my freshman year has long since  
true idea that a hole is to dig, co  
hell with tomorrow. A diploma  
marriage is the only real goal in li  
is to have dates and to be popul  
is to conform, and, by God, if th  
going to be the first one to be d  
about conformity, because that's  
conforming to talk about conform  
sophomore and to hate your sch  
around saying, "I just love Ivy" n  
to be called a clod. This country  
the Russians will soon take over.  
idea—a social reform would be in

At dinner that Thursday, Bet  
to me on the way out and asked  
I said "Nothing much." She then  
this guy that Johnny is bringing  
med and hawed for a few minutes  
he like?" Another purely rhetoric  
as she asked me that I would go  
I've never met him, but Johnny  
enough for me.

Saturday night I was ready  
am always ready ahead of time b  
getting ready. I wasn't too excit  
experience with blind dates has ta  
ing more than I would find. WH  
flashed through my mind that ma

long it would take the lady in front of me to feel me slowly pressing the bottom of her seat with my toe. When she shifted position and gave a half-glance around I stopped kicking and looked again at Art. He was still staring at the screen. How anyone could stare at John Wayne for more than five minutes without going absolutely batty was more than I could figure out. Art must have been a bigger jerk than



I had pictured him in the first place. After I had kicked the lady in front of me, I decided to work on Art for a while. Beginning with a very slight pressure against his elbow, I steadily increased it until one more centimeter and it would have slipped off the edge of the arm. You know, that is really a lot of fun to do, and it's even more fun if they have their chin resting on their cupped hand and you give a very sharp knock to their elbow. I didn't have the guts to really knock his elbow, so I just applied this steady pressure. Now this just shows how cloddy he really was; instead of applying opposite pressure

with his elbow, he just moved his whole arm and rested it in his lap, still staring at the screen.

When the last second, and I mean last second of that picture was over, the rest of them finally decided to leave. I was numbed to the fact that the show was going to last until next Thursday and it really was a great surprise to me that they actually decided to get up and go. When we got back in the car Art started in on the "wasn't that a good picture?" routine, which I absolutely despise, especially if the picture was as bum as that one was. I suppose I should have come out and said what I really thought of it but I didn't want to make myself obnoxious, and besides no one would have heard me but Art, and I didn't care if he knew whether I liked it or not.

On the road he said to no one in particular, "Well, where are we going now?" Betty and Johnny were busy in the back seat and they didn't hear and I should have said something but I didn't answer him. So he just drove us back to the dorm and parked out in the parking lot. Very surprisingly, he opened the door right away and he and I got out of the car and left Betty and Johnny still in the back seat. He walked me around to the front door and said thank you for a nice time and just stood there, so I said thank you also, and went inside. I don't know where he went after that because Betty didn't come in for another half an hour. Maybe he just stood outside the car or took a walk.

Up in my room, my roommate asked me if I had a good time. Of course I answered yes, and tried to build Art up. Believe me, there wasn't much to build up and I really had to work at it. I emphasized the car as much as possible and the fact that he was from State, but that was the best I could do. When everyone asked me if I would ever see him again, I told them yes, and that he was going to write to me, which was as big a lie as you can get.

You know, though, a guy like Art can grow on you, especially since he has a nice car and at least he was a date. That all happened a month ago, and I haven't had a date since then, but what can you expect at a hole like this. That's why I'm transferring to State, where there are lots of nice boys with cars, and at least you have a date once in a while.

## ***Song No. 1***

BY NIKOS STANGOS

There are birds in your eyes  
(Sweet wind kiss my lips and never forget me)  
There are birds in your eyes  
A sun in my pulse  
But where are you

I can hear the new leaves  
Breaking the spring in green arrows  
I can hear the birds  
Breaking the sun in a broken china vase  
And the birds in your eyes  
But where are you  
(Sweet wind kiss his lips and never forget him)

## ***Song No. 2***

I have knelt in the sorrow of shadows  
I have knelt in lonely places  
Where the sun only kneels with broken fingers.

## ***Song No. 3***

Quietly do I prepare my tomb  
In a corridor with shadows  
Black birds  
In their black cloaks like dead priests  
Pray with uplifted eyes for my breath  
Quietly do I prepare my tomb  
In the river with the long fingers  
Baring the forehead of the corpse  
On the broken pulse of the waters  
And never  
Never before have I felt my hands so empty.