



CONTRIBUTORS

Among the contributors in this issue are four seniors whose writing is familiar to *Exile* readers. JAMES GALLANT was an editor of *Exile* in his sophomore year. He recently received a Woodrow Wilson Scholarship, which he plans to use at the University of Minnesota where he will study English and philosophy. DENNIS TRUDELL, a present editor of *Exile*, will go into the service after graduation. He won the *Exile*-Denison Bookstore Writing Prize for his story "Ride Through a Mad November Night" which appeared in the Winter 1960 issue. An insightful editor and consistent contributor, he will be greatly missed. WILLIAM BENNETT will be at the University of Missouri graduate school next year majoring in psychology. He received the *Exile*-Denison Bookstore Writing Prize for his story in the Winter 1959 issue. ROBERT CANARY will be majoring in history of culture at the University of Chicago graduate school next year. His one-act play was performed recently at the Denison theatre.

CHRISTINE CONDIT, a sophomore, began publishing her poetry in *Exile* in her freshman year. LEE CULLEN, a junior and an editor of *Exile*, was recently tapped for Mortar Board and elected to Phi Beta Kappa. JEAN LUDWIG, a freshman, contributes the first "Haiku" ever printed in *Exile*.

The art in this issue is by two senior art majors, PATRICIA WAGENHALS and RAYMOND BERGER, who are both members of Alpha Rho Tau, the art honorary.

S T A F F

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Any student of Denison may submit manuscripts of poems, short stories and essays to the editors or deposit them in the EXILE box in Doane.

EDITORIAL

Last fall, in an article about the effects of the rise in population on the world's food supply, *Time* magazine presented a number of statistics. One of these was that "between 7,000 and 9,000 people die of malnutrition every day." As it appeared this fact was rather unassuming; it fit neatly into the context of the piece and was only one of many such details that helped make the total point. It would be difficult to quarrel with the article using this particular statement as it did. There are those who feel that this is always the best kind of writing, the presentation of information in a crisp, objective manner that leaves the widest range of freedom for personal interpretation by the reader. Many believe that such facts are of value in almost direct proportion to their tolerance for being shaped into numbers. Moreover, these people often feel that much writing is mere verbiage that can serve only to distort truth and that literature, imaginative writing, is perhaps the greatest distortion of all. There are others who would disagree. While the *Time* article is not being criticized here, the opinion that exalts its type of writing above others in terms of social worth is being questioned. It is the view of many professional and non-professional people, of college student majoring perhaps in biology or economics, or perhaps even dissatisfied English majors in their last year, that any subjective presentation of reality is largely "bull."

Yet there are a number of imaginative things that could be done with that single fact from *Time* magazine that would not be "bull," that somehow might come closer to truth than the painfully-calculated statistics. And many of these could be in the realm of literature, where illusion and personal world-views are often thought to run rampant across the rigid boundaries that other, more "exact" disciplines maintain for themselves. For instance a man, perhaps a young man who has never seen malnutrition, might read this fact and decide that it hasn't been said well enough. He might feel that the tortured, shrunken bodies of the small children who must make up at least one-third of this statistic demand a closer look. Such a person need not hold anything against *Time*, whose function is simply to state the important events of each week, but still he might be bothered by what was left unsaid. If he had access to further information on the subject he might write his own articles

presenting ramifications of the food problem, examining its causes, present effects, and probable consequences for the future. More than likely he would present some personal views along with statistical documentation, some private impressions from either his own background or the experiences of others.

Another person discovering that "between 7,000 and 9,000 people die of malnutrition every day" might be equally affected by an image fashioned by his mind upon reading that statement. This person might not need any more information, that fact alone might be enough for him to picture, say, rows of emaciated human frames lying outside crude huts at night, too weak to crawl inside or to fend off the swarms of insects around them. He might even see them move, arching their backs against the pain that had grown too big for their frail bodies and now seemed to be crushing down from outside their skins. Perhaps he might even hear the sounds from those frames, he may even imagine what their eyes must look like as they lie there waiting in the hot night. It is not difficult to see why this person would be dissatisfied with the brief statistic; it is not difficult to understand why he might feel that the communication of that imagined scene outside the huts, perhaps through a poem or short story, is somehow a step nearer to truth.

This is not to say that literature, that the pretend-world of creative writers is more worthy than any other endeavor. At this moment there are perhaps hundreds of dedicated men in various laboratories across the world working to reduce that frightening statistic. Some of them may not have had seven hours sleep last night; a few may not have had any. Certainly essayists or novelists are no more noble than these. Writers cannot be measured by their ideas or intentions; they must be judged by what they are able to get on paper, and often this is far less worthwhile than the crisp, objective statement that appeared in *Time* magazine. But neither is there any reason to deny their contribution, to turn away from what they say, simply because their message does not appear in numbers. These people are dealing with the facts that exist beneath the facts of the weekly magazine, a realm where there are no statistics. But their truth is just as real, and it has been recorded as literature in every age of history. There is no necessity for every man to read this work, but those who turn away must not condemn it and call it "bull." That would be denying too much.—DT



Haiku^{*}

By JEAN LUDWIG

Winter trees; barren
And dead from a distance, yet
Impatient with life

Rain; the voice of a
Parent, sometimes warm, sometimes
Harsh, sometimes silent

Time flies on silver
Wings, and with the voice of a
Coo-coo heralds the hours

Why is it that I,
Who love color and texture
And design, am blind?

A youth's beliefs are
Like sand, and ancient's like rock
Is there no mid-point?

A kite caught high in
A tree, the forlorn banner
Of forgotten fun

Our closeness has fled
As a swallow on the wing,
But swallows return

Why is it when I
Can see so well, my words don't
Look before they fall

* A form of Japanese poetry which presents a pictorial image complete in three lines of five, seven, and five syllables, designed to arouse an emotion and suggest an insight.

Four In Another Punchbowl

By DENNIS TRUDELL

The two girls who were smoking wore only their slips, yet they held their cigarettes in a manner that suggested cocktail dresses and the hum of conversation around them. They sat on the two beds, having placed ashtrays within reach, and faced each other across the room. The window behind one of them was open as far as it would go. When they put the cigarettes to their lips the girls' heads turned and their eyes would seem almost to close. Then the filter cigarettes would return to the resting position at the end of slender arms that held them at a careful distance away from both the slips and the bedcovers. The larger of the two girls performed the act more skillfully and managed to tap her cigarette over the ashtray only when it was necessary. Her slip was dark blue and she filled it easily, in fact her ample breasts pulled against the silk as she leaned back and sent the smoke from her throat to mingle with the lazy curl from the cigarette end.

"Di's always doing things like that," she said.

The third girl in the bedroom had her back to the others and was examining herself in the dresser mirror near the doorway. She was wearing a man's dress shirt that had not been tucked into her plaid slacks. In one hand she held a pair of tweezers. A sorority decal was repeated four or five times on the top part of the mirror and the girl had to bend slightly to see clearly into it. She had thrust her chin forward and was feeling along it with her free hand.

"Last week it was my blue cashmere which I have not seen since. Tonight it's a belt," the girl in the blue slip continued. "I wonder just where the hell she gets her nerve."

"There you go again, Marge," said the girl at the mirror, interrupting the study of her chin. "Remember what happened last fall."

Marge sat up and the top of her slip relaxed. "Christ, I've got to work on that," she said to the thinner blonde girl on the opposite bed. "If I pull another deal like that my father's liable to do something foolish."

TRUDELL

"I remember the first time my mother heard me swear," the blonde girl said in a softer, more hesitant voice. She was prettier than either Marge or the other girl and seemed perhaps a year or two younger than they.

"It couldn't have been as bad as referring to your Lit prof as 'that bastard' in front of both your parents," Marge said. "You should have seen the look on my father's face. I thought the old boy was going to explode." Marge laughed and the blonde girl smiled. The girl at the mirror grunted.

"I've only got a week to work on it so you two better keep after me. I've got to be a perfect lady while they're here or he's liable to nix California this summer."

The blonde girl put out her cigarette in the ashtray. Her skin was pale compared to Marge's deep tan. She breathed deeply and seemed to enjoy the fresh air from the window more than she had the filter cigarette.

"You were saying something about Di and your cashmere," she said to Marge.

"Well the point is she never returns anything and I think we ought to do something about it. One of us ought to have a serious talk with her or something."

The girl at the dresser clicked her tweezers impatiently and turned away from the mirror. "Never mind, Dianne," she said, "Nancy's the one around here that needs straightening out, and bad." She looked at the thin girl, whose features seemed suddenly to have grown quite fragile. "No kidding, I don't see how you can go on rooming with her. It's about all I can take to live across the hall."

Her voice managed smoothly its undertone of anger. Although the girl in the slacks had neither Marge's figure nor the blonde's pretty face, she appeared capable of using even such things as tweezers as though they were part of a country club setting. The jeweled pin on her shirt contained the extra chain and letter worn only by officers of her sorority. Also there was an engagement ring on the hand that had been manipulating the tweezers.

"Me too," Marge said. "Did I tell you what she was doing last night? About the dancing?"

"She's not so bad, Fitz," the blonde said, looking at the girl by the mirror.

"Look, Karen, I know you feel sorry for her. We all do. But I

don't think it's being fair to Nancy just to let her go on the way she has. It's not fair to us either. She seems to have some kind of fatal effect on any fun that gets started around here."

"That's right," Marge said, nodding at the girl called Fitz, who looked as though she had just finished proposing an amendment in a sorority meeting. "This floor has been like a morgue ever since she transferred in at semesters. One glance at her staring at you like a cold fish from behind those damn glasses is enough to . . ."

"It's not that she doesn't want to—to join in," Karen began, with a shake of her blonde hair. Her voice was slightly stronger but still far from anything that might be taken as quarrelsome. She had lighted another cigarette and was sitting forward on the edge of the bed.

Fitz frowned at her and put the tweezers on top of the dresser beside a framed picture of a clean-faced young man who resembled Karen. She picked up a comb and ran it through her short hair a few times.

"Oh darn it," she said, noticing the comb. "This thing's got blonde hairs all over it. Karen, why don't you wash out your combs?"

Marge laughed and put a hand to her own hair which obviously had been shampooed in the near past. She winked at Karen. "Don't pay any attention to her, she's always bitching about my stuff too. You're not the only one with roommate problems."

The blonde girl smiled briefly and Marge leaned back until her head rested on the pillow. She lay silently, staring up at the pale green ceiling. The walls of the room were painted the same ugly green, although with the various colored banners and signs adorning them, it hardly mattered. Marge sighed and made a noise with her mouth. She had large hips as well as being rather full-breasted, but her waist and ankles were trim enough to keep her from being considered "big."

Fitz had been picking hairs from the comb. "About Nancy," she said suddenly, turning back to Karen and once again speaking quickly but with definite control. "Maybe it's none of my business. I mean, she's got a right to lead her own life, and maybe the rest of us should be quiet and make the best of it. Personally, though, I think she needs help. She doesn't seem able to—to communicate with anybody."

Karen stood up and walked to the window. At nine o'clock it was dark outside but the air seemed likely to remain warm all night.

"She talks to me," she said, facing the window. "And besides, she wasn't so bad when she first came here. She was shy but at least she seemed to be trying."

Fitz was about to speak when Marge interrupted from the bed. "She's been pretty weird right along if you ask me," she said. "Know what I found her doing in the john last night? Dancing back and forth in front of the sinks. And singing to herself. At two o'clock in the morning, for Christ sake. She got mad as hell when I walked in and wouldn't even look at me. She acted as if I were the weird one or something. From the way she was sweating, I'll bet she must have been dancing like that for about ten minutes."

"You told us this morning," Fitz said.

"She does that a lot," the blonde girl said in a dull voice. "But really I don't see what's so bad about it. She's high-strung and something like that helps relax her."

"The girl sneaks around all day, won't say a word to anybody so at two o'clock in the morning I find her waltzing around the john and singing to herself. I'll say she's high-strung."

Karen turned back to the others. She drew on her cigarette and exhaled the smoke a second later. The thin girl looked younger than ever in contrast with the businesslike manner Fitz had assumed and the almost sensual relaxation of Marge, who was stretching her arms over her head.

"I wish I was back in Florida," Marge announced. "I wish I was on the beach with what's-his-name, the lacrosse player from Maryland."

"That's nice," Fitz said.

"You should have seen the build on that guy," said Marge, closing her eyes and smiling up at the ceiling.

Fitz walked over and took a cigarette from the pack on the bed where Karen had been sitting. She lit it and glanced at her watch as she blew the smoke out.

"You ought to be glad you made it back to school without being raped by that guy," she said without looking at Marge. "From what Marty says, it was a near thing."

"Baloney. I had the boy well under control."

The blonde girl watched Fitz move back to the dresser. "You're right, though, about rooming with Nancy," she said, seeming to have framed the sentences in her mind before uttering them. "It does get

pretty bad sometimes. I never know what to expect from her. Sometimes she . . ."

"Who are we dissecting tonight, girls?"

A tall dark-haired girl with a tan equalling Margie's stood in the doorway, having entered through the outer part of the suite. She was grinning broadly into the room. The newcomer had a long face but she had managed her hair well and gave an impression of being quite attractive.

"The playgirl of the western world returns," Fitz said.

"Hello Dianne," said Karen. Marge waved from the bed without looking at the door.

The dark-haired girl smiled at the three of them and apparently at everything else in the room as well. Her hair bounced against her shoulders as she walked into the room and went over to extract a cigarette from Karen's pack. Like Fitz she was wearing slacks and a shirt with a button-down collar.

"I just stopped to borrow your driver's license, Fitz," she said, the cigarette moving up and down in the mouth. "Jerry and I are going over for a beer."

"Jerry who?" said Marge, rolling over to face her and leaning on an elbow.

"Williams. I met him at the library. How about it, Fitz?"

Fitz was looking for a place to put her ashes. "It's in the room," she said, "on my desk. You've only got about an hour."

Dianne walked to the door. "I know. That's the trouble with weekday dates." She stopped beside Fitz and drew on the cigarette. The girl's quickfire speech somehow fit her appearance. She leaned against one side of the door and smiled at them again. "Who were you talking about when I came in? These things don't have any taste. Why don't you smoke a man's cigarette, Karen?"

"We were discussing what to do about Nancy," Fitz said, having discovered an ashtray among the numerous other objects on the dresser.

"Why not leave her alone? Maybe she'll decide to become human on her own."

"Don't hold your breath," Marge said. "Did I tell you what she was doing last night, Di?"

"You mean the song and dance bit? So what? If that's what she wants to do, I say let her go ahead. Everybody's got a right to some fun."

Fitz frowned at the tall girl and Karen went back to her original position sitting on the bed.

"Fitz thought maybe we could help her," Karen said. Her gentle voice seemed even fainter after Dianne's breezy tone.

"Listen," Dianne said, "if you ask me the best way to help her is just by forgetting about her and letting her handle her own problems." She took another drag on her cigarette and when she spoke again her voice didn't sound quite so much like a television commercial. "I decided to help her once. Remember when I suggested that we invite her to our sorority formal?"

Karen and Fitz nodded and Marge looked as though she were ready to laugh again at a joke she already knew.

"I was even going to double with her," Dianne continued, "until we found out she had asked what's-his-name, nature boy."

Marge and Fitz laughed and even Karen couldn't help smiling. "He is pretty bad," the blonde girl said slowly.

"He's terrible," said Dianne. "Nancy would have gone over big at the dance, like a turd in the punchbowl, if we hadn't talked her out of going. Well, I've got to run. Anyhow that taught me a lesson I won't forget."

"Don't you wish we were back on the beach at Pompono, Di?" Marge said, lying on her back again.

Dianne crushed her cigarette in the ashtray Fitz had uncovered. "You bet. Well, s'long, group. Good luck on the psychotherapy."

The room seemed suddenly empty after the tall dark-haired girl had left. For several seconds there was a silence broken only by the faint sound of Fitz working on her fingernails with a file she had discovered on the dresser top. Outside the sound of crickets made a barely discernible background for the swishing of cars and the occasional voices moving below the dormitory window.

"I hate to say a thing like this," Marge said to the ceiling, "but there's something about the way Nancy smells . . ."

"Marge," Fitz's voice was stern. "That's hitting pretty low."

"What do you mean, Marge?" Karen said.

The girl in the blue slip shrugged her tanned shoulders. "Forget it," she said. "It's just that she always smells like Vicks cough drops or something."

"I don't see what good this kind of talk can do," said Fitz.

"You must mean the hair dressing she uses," Karen said quietly. "I never noticed . . ."

"Look girls, Nancy's main problem isn't the way her hair smells. You both know as well as I do that it's her unwillingness to communicate with people. She keeps things all bottled up inside." Fitz tapped the fingernail file in her hand as she spoke. Once again it was evident that she was experienced in bringing groups to order.

"Okay, forget it," Marge said. "But she still smells like cough drops to me."

Karen looked at Marge for a moment longer, as if she wanted the girl to continue. Then she picked up the pack of cigarettes and shook it to see how many were left inside. Fitz began filing again, frowning at one of her nails which seemed to be resisting the effort.

"I should be studying," Marge said.

The blonde girl struck a match but it went out before she could get it to the end of her cigarette. She struck another and lit the cigarette, dropping the match into the crowded ashtray as she blew a thin stream of smoke toward the overhead light. Karen's blue eyes were still troubled as she turned toward Fitz.

"Things like that can be important," she said. "I mean if Marge noticed it probably other people do too. Maybe that's one way we could help her."

Fitz had finished with her nails and was examining the results. "Don't tell me you haven't already mentioned her—well, whole appearance to her." She looked at Karen. "I know you have and more than once."

"Yes, but I never know how to do it. I think maybe if someone like you . . ."

"That's no good," Fitz said, shaking her head. "Nancy's appearance is only a symptom. It's only a surface thing. The trouble's inside."

"If I were in Florida I would not be listening to amateur psychologists talking about a jerk," Marge said. "Where is the bathroom ballerina anyhow?"

"I don't know. She never tells me where she's going." Karen looked at the cigarette as though she were sorry she had lighted it.

"Not on a date, that's for sure." Marge rolled on her side and faced the other two. "I've never seen anyone less cool with boys. Or is that just another symptom?"

Fitz ignored her and Karen smiled only weakly. Marge moved over on her stomach and her slip fell away from the top of her

breasts. She reached over and picked up a paperback book that was lying half-open on the table beside the bed.

"Nancy's a shy person," Karen said, breaking the brief quiet during which the crickets outside had seemed to move closer.

"She needs help," said Fitz. "Sometimes I think she might . . . well do something very foolish."

"What do you mean?" the blonde girl said quickly.

The girl in the plaid slacks stared for a moment at the ring on her finger before answering. "Nothing I guess. She just makes me jumpy."

"Maybe she's happier than we think," Karen said. "I mean in her own way. It's hard to really tell."

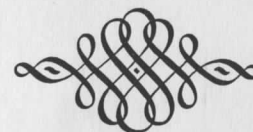
Marge had been looking through the book which was one of the cheap editions published mostly for college students. Now she began laughing to herself.

"What are these supposed to be, love poems or something? I can't understand any of them."

"That must mean they're really difficult," Fitz said without a smile.

Karen put her cigarette out with nearly half an inch of it left. "It's hers," she said. "She reads that crazy stuff all the time. No kidding, it's not easy rooming with someone like her."

"We know," Marge said, dropping the paperback to the floor. "After all, we've got Dianne. What the hell time is it? I should be studying."



Staggering Sky

By ROBERT CANARY

The drunken moon and reeling wind
Two of a kind, dear, two of a kind

The leering eye of an aging tart
The lewd rude hand that rips her skirt

Both loose as a lord and lost as a child
And so naked tonight that they'll both catch cold

The shameful night will soon fly past
Thank God that we stay sober and chaste

But the drunken moon and the reeling wind
Two of a kind, dear, two of a kind



UNTITLED

Patricia Wagenhals

Song

By CHRISTINE CONDIT

Now the wind is cold as rain
And we can lie no more, love,
For even seasons move.
Upon the streaming matted grass,

This season went so swift
Of loving in full blood,
The first spring of the first year,
When loving was still good.

Tomorrow we must lie inside
Upon a narrow bed,
And whisper, lest the landlord hear,
Words that are better said.

Oh, we must lie inside, love,
As soon enough we will,
But then our spines will be harsh earth
And we'll not feel the chill.

Other springs will plant
Sweet flowers on our bones,
The grass will cushion us
As tenderly as stones.

Quadrangle

By JAMES GALLANT

This book was very good in last night's chill,
But it is a bright spring morning,
And the sun bores into the clammy cells,
As if it had business in them.

The tanagers have arrived from the South
On time, and one is singing now
His appointed song, a dumb, proud squawk
On the tree overhead.

Just give him four months
And something will prick in his tail feathers
And off he will go to winter in Cuba.

When the solution is boiled,
Carbon dioxide is transferred
To the flask that lies to the south.

Sometimes one feels as if he should be
Somehow in communion with birds
And the things of the weather, or something,
Like the poets screaming their heads off
About a possible wedding with the moon
Or some perfectly ordinary thing
Which does not seem, off-hand, marriageable.
(Vision of Crashaw's seduction by Christ).

It is as if something
Once known
Has been forgotten,
Lost in the grindings of necessary brainwork,
Or in the routine,
Amid customary acquaintances,
Or somewhere.

How like an equilateral quadrangle
Is the library from this angle.
And there is nice old Professor Johnson
Stepping along at a measured pace,
As if he reasons with his toes,

Clicking down the straight walk,
Bowling to the young ladies
Like one of those old men
Who always strikes one as having wanted to be
Old men, so they could bow to young ladies,
Just so. And she,
A few paces away,
Is curled on the grass,
The flesh of her calf against the grass.

I look at her long and then,
Looking up, seeing me watching, she smiles at me
with a peculiar knowledge
That suddenly becomes our own
And somehow
Includes the bird and the day in our company,
The soft rose bird
With the flushed feathers,
Chanting,
On the bough, the chant along the walk
Heard on the library steps
And in the ear of Professor Johnson
Bowling in the love of his old age—

And I know what had been forgotten.

P Stands For Pole

By LEE CULLEN

Kathie got a tight grip on the blue suitcase at her side and tensed for the rush to the train. This time the station master would have to let them through. The crowd pressed around her, strained as she was, in expectation of the removal of the chain blocking the stairway. Funny how those few silver-gray links could hold back sixty people from a stampede down the stairs. The station master passed in front of the chain and faced the group. Kathie lifted her suitcase a few inches from the floor and wondered if she really could make it down those two long flights this time. The station master smiled. He looked rather like her father when he held a piece of fresh liver above the begging cat. "Sit down, folks, it'll be another fifteen minutes."

"Oh, for God's sake," the man in front of her dropped his briefcase barely missing Kathie's foot. "This train's half an hour late now." He took off his hat and ran his fingers through the oiled gray strands. "I was supposed to be in Cleveland at 9 PM."

Kathie sat down on her suitcase with her back to the complaining businessman. She glanced up to see a lanky boy who looked as if he had a bad time with smallpox, twisting a black silk scarf playfully around the neck of an unresponsive girl. She was as colorless as the figures in newspaper prints, yet starkly appealing in her black outfit. She was wearing a black nubby jacket over a heavy black cotton skirt and had on black stockings and low black heels. Her wide black eyes shouted contrast to the frail powder-whitened face. Kathie looked at the boy again—he was picking lint from his heavy felt jacket. They must be from school and she'd never even seen them before. They were going home for the summer too—on her train—they probably lived near her. How was it possible that she could live near this couple, ride on the same train with them, go to the same school—yet never know anything about them—much less be their friend. Kathie thought of the girl she usually rode home on the train with. She dressed as Kathie did, came from a similar home, even down to the cat and semi-annual litter of kittens. All of her friends at school were like she and Meg,

CULLEN

Meg had gotten a ride home, so this trip she wouldn't have to talk—not even about kittens.

"All right, folks." The station master didn't smile as he reached for the chain. "Train pulling into station."

Kathie made it down the stairs with only a few minor scratches on the bottom of her bag. She followed the crowd to the last car and the conductor helped her on. The rest of the Columbus group headed for the front coaches, but Kathie lowered her bag next to the one empty seat on the tenth and last car. The small gray-mopped man in the adjacent seat was staring straight ahead and looked as animate as the hollow-eyed stone statue of "The Thinker" in the campus library. She'd always liked that statue until she had overheard a couple of the kids at school laughing over the fact that it looked like a man on the toilet. This "thinker" was much more plump than the statue, though, and would not have had the sinewy muscles even if you had been able to see through his shiny blue suit. He proved surprisingly active when he saw Kathie, and scurried to lift her suitcase to the metal rack over the seat.

"Sit down, little lady, I'll fix all this for you. Sit down over by the window so you can see your friends in the station."

Kathie smiled at the comment about friends as she sat down with a tired thud in the stiff seat, thinly covered with blue corduroy. He sat down, panting slightly, beside her.

"Thank you so much." Kathie fumbled trying to raise the worn foot rest on the seat in front of her. "I could never have lifted that thing with all those foolish books in it."

The man folded his short thick hands over his stomach. "You are fortunate to have so many books little lady."

"Oh, I know," Kathie felt the heat rise in her cheeks, and the more she thought about it the hotter they got. "I only meant . . ." But the old man seemed to belong back in the library now as he stared straight ahead. Kathie followed his glance toward the front of the car. There was a huge still life picture in a steel frame on the wall.—Two waxy red apples and a banana in a bright green bowl. Lord, how could anybody look at that for more than five minutes as a time—Five hundred miles, for five hundred miles she had to face those waxy apples; and she hated bananas. At least the last time she'd gone home there had been a landscape scene at the head of the coach. She looked at her watch—8:15, and subtracting ten

minutes because her watch always gained, they were fifty minutes late which meant they'd get into Syracuse about . . .

"Are you in college, little lady?" Kathie turned toward him and saw that the crack like wrinkles of his plump face flowed together when he smiled. It gave a warmth, like the protective softness of a worn leather glove. The lights went out and the sudden blackness woke Kathie to a response. "Why, yes, I go to the state university. I'm just going home for the summer." She thought again of the vision of two months of freedom that she'd barely been able to suppress during exams. "Oh, I love summer!"

"This is the first summer I've had off in forty years." His stubby hand struck her knee lightly. "How old do you think I am, lady?"

Kathie thought rapidly. "Oh, fifty?"

He refolded his hands over his stomach. "I was sixty-five years old the thirtieth of May."

"I never would have thought it." Kathie pulled her green plaid skirt, that had ridden up when she sat down, back over her knee. She wondered why she had to lie to him—he wasn't even a professor or anyone she had to impress. I would have guessed at least sixty-five if I'd been honest she thought, as she reached for the handle at the side of the seat. Her fingers closed about the cold metal knob and she jerked on it while straining backwards on the seat. Ah, this one worked. She tilted back with the seat.—Not like spring vacation when she'd had to sit upright for ten hours. "Did you work in Cincinnati?"

"Yes," he nodded, obviously pleased. Sometimes she really could use her head. After all the train was made up in Cincinnati and came almost straight to Columbus.

"I worked for a newspaper in Cincinnati. I was a reporter."

"A newspaper, really?" The sound echoed through the silent car and reverberated back to command Kathie to lower her voice. "I've thought of working on a paper myself. I'm majoring in English at school."

He nodded. "It's a good job. I've been happy working on one paper for twenty years." He tilted back in his seat so their heads were even once again. "But now I have my vacation."

Kathie turned from him toward the picture. What I'd really like is silence now she thought. But she couldn't even pretend to be interested in the still life since the car was dark. If she were alone she could think for a while, then take out the book she had in her

purse and read, like the boy with his overhead light on in the front of the car. She really would like to start that book.—"Where are you going for your vacation?"

His smile became a real grin revealing his remarkably tiny teeth. "I'm going to Poland for the summer."

"To Poland?"

"Yes, I haven't been back since I came over to this country. And now—I have retired and I'm going back."—And she could have thought him like a statue. She'd never seen a sixty-five-year-old man so animated. His hands that had looked like cold fish before were moving rapidly as he talked of Poland. He was going to New York City on this train and sailed tomorrow night from there.

"Maybe I'll just stay for the summer. But I haven't any job to come back to so I may stay in Poland longer."

There seemed nothing of significance to add to the prospect of such a vacation. Kathie nodded and repeated "how wonderful" until the conversation ran down.

After several moments of silence, Kathie shifted her position pulling her knees up and leaning her head back toward the window. She closed her eyes.—It seemed only a few minutes later that she was awakened with her head banging gently against the window in time to the clack of the train wheels. The car was completely silent now except for the murmurings of a couple behind her. She couldn't understand them. They must be speaking Polish, but then she caught a few words—"nicht - - - ich bin—" "German" she whispered to herself, excited at even a little understanding after her year of study. She strained her ears to hear. It seemed as though they were discussing money. She managed to peer over the seat far enough to see the man's shadow. His face was a pale oblong and was lengthened still more by the dark wild hair that stood high up from his head. He had the sound of youth despite his irritated tone and the mysterious authority of speaking in a foreign tongue. German was a fascinating language. She stopped trying to understand their meaning and snuggled farther down in the seat, content to listen to the soft swish and cluck of the interchange.

The lights flashed on and the train ground to a halt. Kathie stretched her arms, arched her back and yawned "Cleveland." She brought her arms down with a snap as she remembered her Polish newspaperman.

He was smiling at her. "Cleveland is right. I've spent much time in Cleveland, little lady."

Kathie tried to push her sleep-matted hair into its former waves. "I thought you'd lived in Cincinnati all your life."

Before he could respond a heavily breasted woman in a violently red dress was standing beside the seat, exuding cheap perfume and rapid Polish. Her dress was made of a bold red and black print cotton and converged into frills at her bosom which was heralded by a gaudy silver-enamel brooch. She laughed throatily, putting her arm around her companion's neck and addressing him as Mr. Zanowski. As she spoke almost without pause for several moments Kathie was reminded of some line of poetry—"Run the rattling—run the rattling pages o'er"—that was it. Anyway the sound fitted the sense of this situation perfectly.

After the woman had gone, Mr. Zanowski turned to Kathie companionably. "Mrs. Blonski is my best friend. She watches out for everybody in the next car, and I do in this." He winked at Kathie. "She always has much to say and always seems short on time—do you speak Polish, little lady?" He seemed genuinely surprised when she said no—in spite of her laugh of amazement. "That's too bad; everybody in this car and the next is Polish. His face became comfortable leather again. "But don't you worry, little lady. I speak English and I'll tell you everything that happens."

Kathie glanced quickly around the car and saw all her fellow passengers for the first time since she'd boarded the train. She could hear several conversations in Polish and noted a few women who resembled the scarlet lady in figure and voice tone. They all had ornate feathered hats too. Kathie wondered how they ever slept with those hats.

"Are all these people going back to Poland?"

"Yes," he leaned toward her a little, "we're all going over for the summer."

"That's amazing," Kathie released the seat handle so she sat straight up facing Mr. Zanowski. "Do you come from all over—is this a special expedition or something?"

He laughed heartily. "No, no little lady, we all live together in Cincinnati—we've wanted to go back for a long time." He tugged momentarily at his formally tight necktie, without really appearing to loosen it at all. "I've been planning this for after my retirement

for a long time. So," he shrugged his shoulders, "I got all my Polish friends together who wanted to go—and we're going."

Kathie lowered her voice. "You're not all Polish though, are you? I thought I heard the couple behind us speaking German."

A frown clouded the old man's face for an instant. "No, the Francks aren't Polish. I had planned the trip to be all Polish people, and Mrs. Blonski was dead set against their coming—but Mr. Franck worked at my newspaper." He jerked his head backwards. "They've only been here a year and don't like this life. They wanted to go back to Germany and could only afford to go with us." His face became rich leather again with his smile. "We can understand wanting to go home."

Kathie stared long into the warm face. "I think the trip is wonderful."

"I knew you would, little lady." He pushed himself more firmly into his seat. "I'm glad to be able to sit with a nice lady like you."

Kathie looked to the window at the twinkling lights of Cleveland. "This place is always so brilliant."

"Yes, it's bright with electric bulbs in many places." He pushed at the passenger stub the conductor had stuck under the aluminum seat number on top of the seat in front of him. "But there are spots that electricity can't brighten."

"What do you know of Cleveland?"

"I get a special two-week leave from the paper every year to work in a boys' camp in Cleveland. You know the kind for the handicapped . . . yes, handicapped boys." His hands were moving as they must have in entertaining those boys. "But I could make them laugh . . ." His English became less articulate as he grew more enthusiastic. Kathie couldn't understand the next sentence, but hated to ask him to repeat it. She half nodded then pushed the metal footrest in front of her down with a bang. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"I say I play guitar and make up songs for them. You know I made up one song that got published. The boys loved . . ." But suddenly the scarlet lady was standing over Mr. Zanowski, her face as red as her dress. She spoke excitedly in a voice that strained vainly to whisper.

"You'll excuse me just a minute, little lady?" Mr. Zanowski rose to follow the woman as the train started moving. Kathie watched him weave down the aisle behind the bouncing red dress. She

leaned to the right in sympathy as he swayed dangerously, nearly falling on top of someone, just managing to grab a seatback in time to stop himself. As they passed into the narrowing corridor that led into the next car, Kathie wondered if all that excitement were just Polish for bridge. Well it was nice to have the seat to herself for a few minutes. As she stretched, her foot struck something under his seat. She looked down to see a battered leather bag with the name P. Zanowski in chipped gold letters on the top. Wonder what the P. stands for she thought, as she pushed the bag back under the seat and reached half-heartedly for the book in her purse. She had just stretched to flick on the overhead light when Mr. Zanowski swung back into the seat, his hand starkly white as he gripped the seat in front of him for balance.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Zanowski?" His profiled face looked battered rather than warm and leathery, and he didn't crinkle up when she used his name for the first time as she expected.

He leaned toward her speaking in a hoarsely constrained whisper. "Mrs. Blonski just got a telegram from one of our friends in Cincinnati. A large sum of money is missing from the reserve fund of the newspaper where I worked." His voice became barely audible. "They're investigating all employees first."

"Oh, Mr. Zanowski," Kathie squeezed the plump hand for an instant. "They surely wouldn't suspect you after all those years of work."

"I don't know." Mr. Zanowski indicated the seat behind them with a slight jerk of his head, speaking in a voice lowered and sounding like the hushed crunch of gravel. "Mrs. Blonski is convinced that the Francks took the money." He shook his head. "We must tell them about this anyway. So Mrs. Blonski's coming back as soon as she sees that the smoker is empty. Then we're going there to talk to the Francks."

Kathie watched all four of them sway down the aisle a few moments later. The boy, she saw, was very tall and slender, looking something like traditional pictures of Lincoln with his pale gaunt face topped by the unruly black hair. The girl was tiny, and Kathie was struck by her almost silky complexion as she brushed by her seat. She was so young, and needed the boy's protective hand on her shoulder. Kathie didn't even think about her book this time as she shut her eyes and still saw the couple following Mrs. Blonski and Mr. Zanowski through the train. They had seemed so gentle in

their soft-spoken German solitude. They could no more be thieves than the striking couple from school she'd seen in the Columbus station.

It seemed she just closed her eyes when she heard Mr. Zanowski's body sink into the seat beside her. She looked over her shoulder and back again quickly when she saw the Francks staring straight ahead. "What happened?"

"They have the money."

"Oh no,—they couldn't." Kathie looked at him as if expecting Mr. Zanowski to wipe away his words with a familiar smile.

He pushed at the ticket stub again and it crumpled accordion like against the aluminum tag. "The United States was the hope of success for the whole Franck family. Mr. Franck had promised to send money to his relatives. His parents and his wife's younger brothers and sisters believed in the dream of America." Mr. Zanowski raised his hands helplessly, the hands that had been so purposefully active a few hours ago telling about his Cleveland children, and dropped them on his knees. "They couldn't go home with nothing."

"What are you going to do?" Kathie's hand twisted the cold metal knob at the side of the seat without any intention of pulling it. "You'll have to call someone."

"I suppose so." He looked straight now, but still spoke in an intimate whisper. "I don't want the newspaper to lose . . . Mrs. Blonski will call the police from Erie and tell them the missing money is on the train and to send someone to meet us in Buffalo." Kathie thought of the violently red dress with its frilly low cut bosom—then the pale reserved couple behind her. She leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes with a sigh.

The lights flashed on again as they rolled into Erie, exposing the sleep stifled car with startling clarity. Kathie found herself examining the car's occupants with new care, almost as if judging their relative worth. The young man in the seat across from them woke up slowly rubbing his face, then abruptly swung his legs down and began tucking in his crumpled shirt. Kathie glanced at the seat in front of him where an elderly overdressed couple had been sitting stiffly erect at the Cleveland station. Now the woman's feathered hat was pushed over to one side and her bluish-gray curls rested gently on the pin-striped jacketed shoulder of her husband. As the

train jerked to a final stop the tightly curled head bounced up and she hastily readjusted the spilled feathers.

There was a commotion at the front of the car. "Please conductor, please, I can't get it down." A bone-thin partially shrivelled woman of at least seventy was pulling at the conductor's coat. He jerked his arm away with the same look of disgust exhibited by kids in her crowd at school when confronted with someone of foreign background. It was never anything as obvious as the conductor's grimace—more a knowing glance in club meeting accompanied by "Well yes, of course, but . . ." and later the drop of a blackball.

"I haven't time to attend to the personal needs of every Pole we get on this train," he mumbled as he moved slowly down the aisle wielding his silver ticket puncher like a baton. Absolute silence accompanied his methodic progress through the rest of the car. After he had gone Mr. Zanowski went to the woman who was still clinging to the back of her seat, staring straight ahead. Even from where she sat Kathie could see the frozen rigidity of her face dominated by large pale eyes which seemed to look at nothing. Mr. Zanowski muttered something to her and she grasped his arm as he reached for the bag. He pulled it down with the same sharp grunt that had hoisted Kathie's. Then he took the old woman's hand, closed it about the bag and helped her into her seat. She stared straight ahead the whole time speaking in Polish.

When Mr. Zanowski returned Kathie couldn't look at him. "She's blind!"

"Yes," he said tightly. "She's blind and very old but they still push her aside. What will they do to those German kids?" His fist closed tightly on his knee showing the knuckles white. "I can't let it happen to them."

"There is nothing you can do. There is just nothing . . ." She reached down abruptly for her purse. "Would you excuse me for a minute."

"Of course." He rose with difficulty pushing up his seat, and Kathie squeezed in front of him barely touching his stomach. She managed to reach the woman's room without falling into anyone's lap. She sat down, her chin held up on her knuckles, and let her muscles relax. When she tasted the salty moisture at the corner of her mouth, she went quickly to the sink and splashed cold water over her face, slapping her cheeks more vehemently than necessary.

The tears seemed to flow as companions to the icy rivulets of the faucet.

When she got back to her seat, Mr. Zanowski was gone. The car was quiet, even the Germans were silent. She stepped to her seat and stumbled over something on the floor. It was Mr. Zanowski's briefcase which jutted out slightly beneath his seat. It was unclasped now. She reached out to pull back the leather flap as tentatively as if she were reaching across a hot stove for a kettle. She'd known of course that she'd find the thinly covered paper packages of bills newly stuffed into the case. She shoved the briefcase back under the cushion.

He was beside the seat a few moments later struggling with a bag overhead. "What are you doing, Mr. Zanowski?"

"I'm getting my suitcase, little lady. I must get off at Buffalo."

"You can't!" Kathie lowered her voice to a whisper, self-consciously aware of the hollow echo. "You can't, you're needed here."

"I arranged for a young man in the next car to help Mrs. Blonksi with the group." He jerked the bag down and faced Kathie. "He will make sure everyone gets there safely." He nodded toward the Francks.

"But I mean you." Kathie looked around sensing her shouting, but the train was pulling into the Buffalo station and they were all waking up anyway. "Mr. Zanowski, you can't take this responsibility upon yourself—you mustn't."

He leaned toward her. "They will be fairer to me than the Francks," he whispered. "I have a good reputation in Cincinnati." He reached for his brief case and Kathie grabbed his arm. "No, Mr. Zanowski."

He looked at her for a long time. "I know what I must do, little lady." Kathie shook her head as she stared at the eyes that showed pain enough without her words. She released his arm and sank back into the seat. The train halted with a jerk, and Mr. Zanowski grabbed the back of the seat, then turned to speak quickly in Polish to the rest of the car. Kathie was certain they would stop him. Surely they must know how long he had waited for this trip.—But no, they just nodded, a few of them calling out to him and the rest mumbling in Polish to each other—The Germans couldn't let him do this, but Kathie knew even before she looked that they would be sitting in numb silence.

Mr. Zanowski faced Kathie again. "It has been a pleasure to

have known you." He picked up his bag. "Smile, little lady, please smile."

Kathie watched him make his way to the next car. Then she looked out the window until she saw him walking beside a man in a dark suit. He never looked at the train.

Kathie picked up her purse and pulled her own suitcase off the rack. She walked through her car and the next. She saw the woman in the red dress laughing loudly with her arm around the neck of an equally vociferous man. She carried her bag through the next two cars which were both crowded. On the next coach she found two empty seats behind the pimply boy and his stark companion. The lights went out just as she sat down, but she reached up and flicked on the overhead light. Then she pulled the book out of her purse and began to read.

Awarded the semi-annual EXILE-Denison Bookstore Writing Prize.

Unmoved by sorrow,
Unaffected by joy, the
Cover of all: Night

A mortal cried out
"Here am I!" His reply was
Only an echo.

—LUDWIG

The Beachcomber

By WILLIAM BENNETT

I have lain on the beaches of our time
And felt the powerful ebb of past events,
Silent billows that stand no reproach
And offer only gauze-like spray to catch;

Knowing in the blueness of the meeting
Of the sky and water that
When I am parted to the crabs
And diced as algae by a warf

That time can play no tricks
But will as surely as these billows come
And shape new forms to guard the little boys
And girls, sun-suited figures of no era.

Great discs of aluminum or silver grids
May stand against the sky like
Water-lilies on a pond, pandied not
By men who know no other.

And does it matter much if
Sky will still reach water,
And little boys and girls still wear
Themselves as boys and girls,
Wear still their sun-suits down to drink?

Harvest In Kansas

By JAMES GALLANT

It is not in the Kansas evening cool
That the motley men, all in blue
Are reaping wheat, but in the irascible heat
Of three o'clock. The eyes cleave to them
After sweeping the open sky.

The sun, in its seasonal turn
Has burned the tender blooms to gold
Near rot. The harvest weather holds.
The men gather, gripping throttles, and
The plucking sounds of combines
Reach sometimes a half a mile of field
On the wind.

There is a peace in the cool of Kansas,
Evenings in June, trances
Of an easy silence of simplicity - -
Like a parallelogram of a barn in a field
Silhouetted in the setting sun.
Men on the shadowy porches
Rock in the red light.