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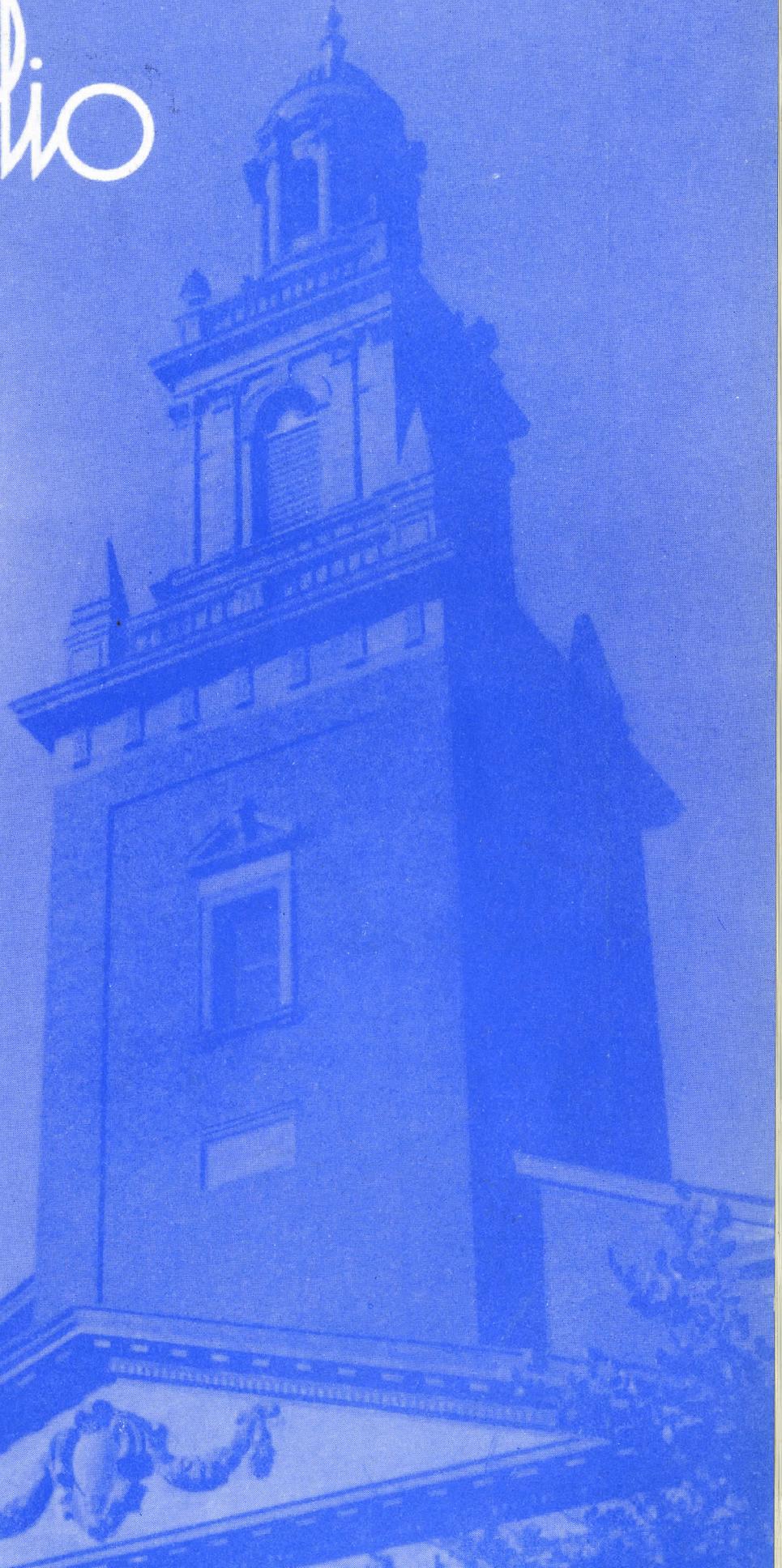
## Portfolio Vol. VI N 1

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NOVEMBER, 1942

# Portfolio



VOLUME 6—NUMBER 1



With Air Warden  
ROSALIND RUSSELL on  
duty it's no fooling . . .  
lights out until you hear

*All Clear*

THAT'S THE SMOKER'S SIGNAL  
FOR A MILD COOL CIGARETTE

And CHESTERFIELD smokers really know what that means...Milder when a smoke is what counts most...Cooler when you want to relax, and with a far Better Taste to complete your smoking pleasure . . .

LIGHT UP A

**CHESTERFIELD**

*They Treat You Right*



## Mrs. Brannon's Bathtub

John Wyman

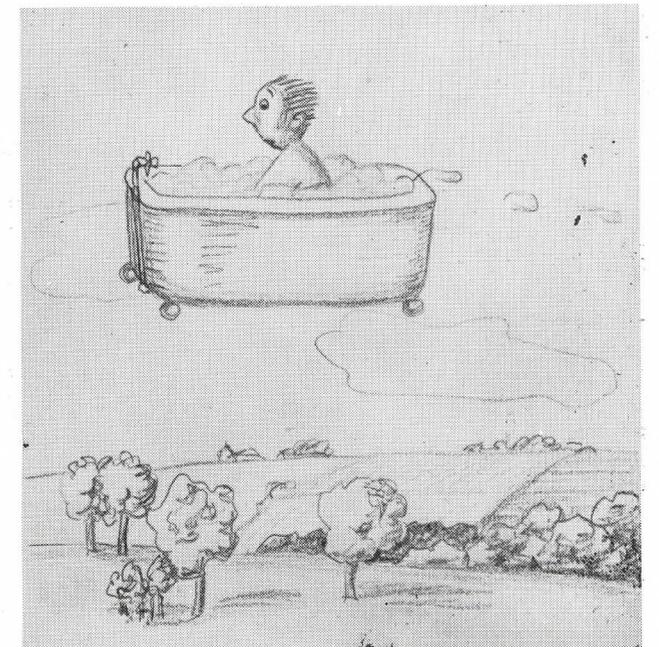
The Brannon Lodging house's bathtub was very popular on Saturday nights. It had been the favorite spot in the house ever since 1894 when the house had been built. The bathtub's classic lines had not been changed since that time except for occasional new washers and rubber plugs—otherwise, it retained its hallowed place in the greying bathroom undisturbed. It lay, as most bathtubs do, against the wall, the northeast wall in this case, and had as its most redeeming feature, its length. Stretching for six feet across the greenish linoleum, the tub fitted and pleased everyone from the lankiest to the shortest bather in the house. Without knowing what day it was, the delicious sound of hot water filling the tub automatically set the date for the Brannon household. Everyone took baths on Saturday night, and Jennerton was no exception.

Jennerton was a part of the Granville State Bank. His work consisted of stamping checks, then carefully filing them away in proper alphabetical order—his sole working companion being a rubber stamp with the word 'PAID' on it. His job was of rather menial nature but he never grew tired of it or aspired for better work. Jennerton cared little for achieving fame or fortune, or for beautiful, big women like the other boys living at Brannon's. Instead he wanted to be a bachelor, free to take a bath without fearing intrusion by wives or children. This is why he chose Brannon's house. It had a magnificent bathtub and a sturdy Yale lock fastened to the door. He would be free to bask in solitude. One can see that the trouble with Jennerton was that he had never met the right woman.

At precisely five thirty, Jennerton hurried upstairs to his room. It was to the right of the stairs—on the left was the bathroom. Jennerton sat on the old walnut bed and began to remove his shoes. His room was mannish in every detail, even to the pair of dirty socks under the bureau. The bureau reflected masculine use, for none of the drawers were completely shut, a shirt prevented the top one from closing, and the other two drawers jutted out below. Nothing in the room precisely harmonized with the spiral rug pattern either, but Jennerton didn't mind—he liked the dull color scheme, the room looked as if someone lived comfortably in it, and Jennerton did. He glanced at the calendar over his bureau—Saturday, December 10. Jennerton began collecting his bath material—soap, on the dresser—towel, over on the rack behind the door—washcloth, clean from the dresser. He removed his watch, noting it was five-forty-five, shook his head, then crossed the hall and entered his sanctuary. Once inside, he shut the door and locked it.

There stood the tub in all its pristine glory—shining white enamel—a work of art worthy of a Babo advertisement. Jennerton placed the plug, then turned the hot faucet on, letting steam and water gush forth. He threw off his suit and quickly stepped out of his red flannels, then jumped into the tub while it was still filling up. He had always been pleased that extreme temperatures of water never bothered him. At one time he even thought of entering the Yogi cult to display his prowess in mind over matter, but had given this up due to his natural modesty. He was satisfied by his own triumphs, however. The water was eddying around him and by now covered his feet. He reached up to a shelf above the tub and pulled down one of his books. His practice of reading while soaking was another source of his pleasure—to daie, he had read three-hundred and five works while in this state. The book he had chosen was Durant's "Life of Greece". But that is not important. Jennerton propped himself against the back of the tub and began reading Chapter Two.

It was not without some surprise that Jennerton felt himself floating. Yet the hot water usually made his body feel a little numb. But when he had tried to concentrate on his book, it seemed to be written in a foreign language. The more he studied the matter, the less comprehensible it became. At about this time, the book flew out of his fingers onto the floor, and he began to float.



"Just what I needed," he thought; "adventure!"

He could feel the bathtub sway sickeningly from northeast to northwest. He shut his eyes tightly trying to blot out the weird effects, but he still felt the motion. When he opened his eyes again, he and the bathtub full of water were hanging, balanced in space. There was nothing around him but tub and water. Jennerton grabbed the sides of his boat and tried to stand up. He couldn't. It was all disconcerting, and he felt very embarrassed. Suddenly the tub tipped up its back end and started a zooming flight downwards. The tub had the appearance of a shiny enamel ship in a beautiful nose-dive. Far behind the tub and Jennerton hung the bathtowel and Jennerton's book shelf, apparently fastened to space. The towel seemed to wave a comical farewell to the travelers. Jennerton was unaccustomed to power dives of any sort, airplane or bathtub, but he did get a thrill from the wind whistling through his hair and from the chills that zipped up and down his spine. He made up his mind to enjoy it all. 'Just what I needed,' he thought, 'adventure!'

And so it was that Jennerton began to observe the things going on about him.

There was that route sign hanging in mid-air pointing in the same direction that they were going. There was a cloudiness around it—the same fog that made Durant's book so hard to read. In fact, the sign looked exactly like a page from the book the more that he looked at it. Jennerton turned from the sign disgusted at such foolishness. He leaned over the tub, ever so cautiously, and looked ahead. His ship was heading straight for a reddish-tinged land. Once again, Jennerton felt uneasy about his nudeness and so slipped back into the warm depths of the tub. He noticed happily that the soap was still in the tray hooked onto the tub, and he plunged the bar under the water and busied himself making soap suds.

At the point when he and the water were getting frothy with soap, the bathtub made a perfect four point landing. Jennerton sat up straight in the tub. Not one drop of water had sloshed out. The soap water lay serene, quiet, without a ripple.

"Hey!" said a voice behind Jennerton.

Jennerton sank beneath the foam. He could hear the voice above him begging him to come up. This was a horrible predicament. Jennerton could feel the soap surging into his nose.

"Ha—I knew you'd be up sooner or later," laughed the awful person when Jennerton emerged spluttering for air.

"I'm going right down again," gasped Jennerton, and he disappeared a second time beneath the water. He heard the person laughing still. 'Something terrible is going to happen, I know,' thought Jennerton. He suddenly became aware of a strange limb mixed up with his legs. Jennerton kicked viciously. He missed and hit the hard enamel side. 'Ouch,' he said, and so saying swallowed a goodly quart of the water.

When he appeared this time, his eyes were swollen shut, and he felt strangely bloated.

"I pulled out the plug," said the person nastily.

Jennerton could now feel the suction at his feet.

"That was a dirty trick," cried Jennerton indignantly. As the outgoing water hit the ground, it hissed in a peculiar fashion—like water poured on a hot skillet. Steam was rising all around Jennerton.

"You look very silly sitting there," said the person.

"Not half as silly as I would if I weren't in here," retorted Jennerton as he tried to rescue the last of the fleeing soap suds.

"Hey! Will you look at me?" hooted the man.

Jennerton turned to see his tormentor. The man was smaller than Jennerton and had a lop-sided goatee. He was dressed in a red suit of close-fitting nature, and had matching pointed shoes. Jennerton thought of the reddleman, Dig-gory Venn.

"Could you please tell me where I am?" asked Jennerton tolerably.

The little man was furious. His face, too, was now turning reddish.

"Will you please look at me!" he shouted angrily.

Jennerton scrutinized the man to pacify his vanity. 'Peculiar,' he thought.

Just then, the little man turned around.

"You have a tail," Jennerton pointed out.

"I know it," said the man, "I've had it for six years now."

"Did you just grow it in the past six years?" Jennerton was interested.

"Ha-ha!" chuckled the man archly. Then brusquely: "Now come—"

"Oh, no," said Jennerton firmly. "I'm not budging from this tub."

"Bosh—" said the man.

"Bosh?" echoed Jennerton.

"Everyone is naked when he first comes here."

"What kind of a place is this—where am I?" asked Jennerton.

"You're repeating yourself. Now come with me."

The man turned and strode rather pompously away. Jennerton had a quick debate with himself and decided half-heartedly that it would be better for him to follow the man than to sit and freeze to death at night. He got out of his tub and ran after his keeper. Passing a bush, he helped himself to some modesty, then caught up with the man.

"Say," he said breathlessly. "It's awfully warm here for December, isn't it?"

"It's always warm here."

"What state is this?"

"This is Hell."

"Please," said Jennerton, "this is no time to joke."

"This IS Hell," proclaimed the man.

Jennerton scratched his head—how could he ever have gone to Hell. He had been an upright, young man all his life, temperate, well-mannered and moral. The bathtub! 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass—' Jennerton wondered if bathtubs came in that category. Mrs. Brannon

had often scolded him for using it over-time. The little man interrupted Jennerton's thoughts:

"Wait 'till you get your tail," laughed the man. "I had a terrible time with mine at first."

"Tail!" exploded Jennerton. "Do I have to grow a tail to stay—here?"

"No—they give you one." He added, "Free." The man wagged his tail affectionately.

"That's nice," said Jennerton peevishly, "but I don't want one."

"Ha-ha," chuckled the man.

"Ha-ha yourself," growled Jennerton.

The two men rounded a sharp corner and found themselves confronted by a magnificent pair of gates. They stretched high up into the sky being finally obscured by the clouds. Conversely, they must have gone as far into the earth, for nothing seemed to support them, no walls or props—just the gates.

"That's so that they won't get out," explained the man to Jennerton.

"But there's nothing here but gates—anyone wanting to get out could just walk around them."

This evidently had not occurred to the man. He was hurt—deeply hurt by the statement of fact. But after all, this was not his department, and so the man turned to the gates and lifting a pudgy fore-finger, began an address to a hidden being of the gates: "Hail ye keeper of souls in darkness, hearken and list to me. Here have I, oh Phrygian master, a newly-dead mortal wishing to be admitted to the—to the—"

"Elysian field?" suggested Jennerton.

"Sh. You're dead," suggested the man.

"But I'm not dead," expostulated Jennerton.

The man glared at Jennerton. "Now I'll have to start all over. Listen—if you want to go to Hell, you have to ask permission." And so saying, he began to repeat his nonsensical incantation.

Jennerton wondered about all this. Here he was a simple man wanting nothing more than a meal three times a day, and a hot bath on Saturday nights. And just now he'd been declared dead.

At this point, there ensued a great grinding of gears and a hissing of steam. The sound was like that of ten thousand depots with engines roaring full blast—and this amplified again and again. To say it was deafening would be understatement, but this is what Jennerton said—then he waited for the great gates to open.

A small door opened at the side of the gate and Jennerton laughed. 'So the gates of Hell are only a front,' he thought, 'and I thought I was going to view the bowels of the earth—' He was again interrupted. This time it was a swift kick that cut in on his thought. He went sprawling through the door. Indignantly, he stood and brushed himself off.

The place in which he found himself was as spacious and as unconfined as the earth. "So this is Hell," said Jennerton. It looked to him like an enlarged Central Park on a lovely day in June—a little cluttered with papers and filled with people resting on benches. The park, filled with red-outfitted people apparently at peace with the world, appealed to Jennerton if only in contrast to what he had expected. Where were the tortured lost souls, the glowing brimstone and horrors of

damnation that he had read about? Of course, this was the real thing and Dante only wrote from imagination—I guess I'm kinda glad these people aren't roasting in remorse,' Jennerton thought, 'it would be a ghastly sight.'

He felt a light touch on his shoulder and turning quickly found a lovely young lady facing him. She had big eyes, not too big for the rest of her head, but big. Jennerton was attracted to her eyes. He was afraid that he was staring.

"Please," she appealed, "can you tell me where the ladies register around here?"

"I'm new here myself," Jennerton stammered, "Do you—we have to register?"

"Oh, yes." She began to look around for an information booth.

"A—why?" asked Jennerton anxious to keep the conversation rolling.

"Oh, why do we have to register?"

"Well," said the young lady, "I don't know about you, but I feel awfully susceptible to drafts in my present condition."

With this remark, she darted off in the direction of a red brick building. 'She has a trim little figure, too,' thought Jennerton as he dashed after her. He saw her skip up the furthest right of three separate flights of stairs. He followed her, but stopped at the bottom step. A sign over his head read: WOMEN ONLY. Blushing a shade complimentary to the building, he retraced his steps past the CHILDREN ONLY, to the first flight of steps. Here was his sign: MEN ONLY. He climbed the stairs and entreed through a swinging door.

"Hello," said Jennerton to the robed man sitting behind a tall desk. 'He must be a clerk of some kind,' thought Jennerton. The 'clerk' looked down at Jennerton with an appraising glance.

"Size 39, all around," he said to someone concealed from the view of Jennerton.

"Yezzir," came a muffled answer from behind the desk.

"Hello!" repeated Jennerton.

"Please refrain from using that word—"

"What? Can't I even say hel—"

"Stop!" The clerk held up his hand dramatically. "For obvious reasons," he said meticulously, "we never use any word here that is either derived from or declined from the step 'h-e-l-l.' It is bad for the morale of our city."

"Well," questioned Jennerton, "what do you call this city then?"

"This is Hades," was the prompt answer.

"Oh," said Jennerton.

"You will follow this man," ordered the clerk motioning indefinitely behind him. Out from behind the clerk stepped Jennerton's nemesis, the little man with a goatee.

"Come," he said. Jennerton followed. The two went through another door into a smallish room lined with crimson rows of men's outfits all neatly categorized in their show-cases. The man pulled one suit off the racks and handed it to Jennerton.

"Try this one on for size," he said.

"And I was just getting to be nonchalant au naturel—" laughed Jennerton. He slipped into

the suit and admired himself in a full-length mirror while the goateed man zipped him up the back.

"Look quite natty, don't I?" said Jennerton. "But isn't something missing?"

"What size tail would you prefer?"

"That's it—a tail. A nice, long, curved one, if you please."

The little man shrugged his shoulders and crossed the room to a gaudy display of assorted tails that lay on a table not unlike the men's neckties featured in a bargain day basement sale. He selected one and was satisfied.

"How do you stick the thing on?" asked Jennerton.

"First, you blindfold me, then we play 'Pin the Donkey,'" said the man in a serious tone.

"Not with me you don't," said Jennerton backing out of the room. "I'll do without a tail." He turned and ran.

"Wait," yelled the man, "I've got to stamp you first."

Jennerton only glimpsed the huge rubber stamp in the man's hand—an O. K. HADES in bas-relief on the stamp. He decided that it was time to leave. As he ran down the building steps, the little man stood in the door and shouted waving the stamp:

"I'll get you yet!!"

At this moment, Jennerton collided with another fellow-being.

"Pardon me," he said from his vantage point on the ground. It was the lady with the eyes. "Oh—pardon me," he said earnestly this time.

"Why don't you leave me alone," the lady groaned. "Well, at least help me up, now that you've knocked me down."

Jennerton leaped to his feet and clumsily pulled her up.

"Fine introduction to Hades," she grumbled. "Look at this tear in my new red skirt."



"Look at this tear in my new red skirt."

"I'm mighty sorry," said Jennerton. "My name's Jennerton—"

The lady looked up at him. He was peculiar. "Mine's Julia," she said, "now excuse me."

"But we've just met—" said Jennerton lamely.

"You could hardly call it formally," she retorted.

Jennerton laughed. She was beautiful, too.

"Must you go?" he said.

"I've an appointment."

"Oh," said Jennerton. "I wish I had an appointment—I don't know a living soul here—except you." He waited her next words.

"My appointment," she said significantly, "it's with my husband."

"Husband!" Jennerton was shocked, but not in the least disheartened. "Did you get married—today?"

"No, I've been married for two and a half years on the earth."

"Well, then—if you aren't on earth—well—you aren't married now are you?"

"What?"

"Well, I mean—that is—since your husband isn't here—you aren't—"

"Stop talking in riddles," she said sharply, "I can't waste my time trying to answer them. My husband is here, and I am married. He and I committed suicide together this morning and both arrived here at the same time. You see, we couldn't pay the rent—well, ta-ta!"

Jennerton watched the lithe figure disappear among the trees of the park.

"Damnation," he said, "Why couldn't she have committed suicide alone?" Jennerton shrugged and started off down the cerise-gravelled path-way. Along the way, he passed bench after bench of people—listless people, who neither nodded to him nor did they seem to be speaking with one another. "I wonder whether I'll ever make any friends," he sighed. There ahead of him, Jennerton spied an empty bench and he strode over to it.

"Hey, mister," a small voice said. "I wouldn't sit there if I were you."

Jennerton turned in the direction from whence came the voice—directly above him in one of the Japanese Cherry trees. The voice belonged to a boy of nine or ten.

"It's wet paint," he explained.

"Thank you," said Jennerton.

"You can sit up here, next to me, if you're really tired."

Jennerton strangely thought nothing at the moment of climbing the tree, and accomplished the deed with what he considered youthful agility. Even so, he felt slightly precarious as he perched, and found himself clinging tenaciously to his own branch.

"How do you like my new suit?" said the child.

Jennerton obligingly looked at the new outfit. "It's a new color—ver—ver—" stammered the boy.

"Vermillion?"

"Yeah. Y'see, my old suit wore out in only two months' time. I'm not supposed to play so

rough, but I can't sit still like the rest of 'em—"

"Don't they like you to play?"

"Nah. Bunch'a old maids. Always tired."

"Why are they all tired—have they been working hard?"

"Say," laughed the boy, "you're new here, aren't you?"

"Yea."

"Well—it's a pretty long story—but I've got lots of time. Y'see, all the people in Hades were the bad people on earth. We always spent our time thinking up ways to make other people miserable. Like me. I used to lie awake nights figurin' ways to fool Grandma into givin' me anythin' I wanted. And it was gettin' worse all the time. I'member last thing I did before I came here was to steal twenty-five cents from her purse. I bet she knew I took it all along, but she never said anything. I bought a whole bunch of penny candy with the money, sat down, and ate every bit of it. I died then—nothin' they could do about it either. I'm sure it was that funny tastin' licorice. Well, when I got here, I was a bit tired for a week, but I got on my feet again and wore out my suit in two months—shinnying up trees."

Jennerton marvelled at the boy's friendly attitude.

"What I started to tell you is why these people are so tired. Y'see, it's the same with them as it is with me only they took more money and ate bigger bunches of candy, I guess. They've been bad all their lives and when they get here, they're so tired of trying to be bad on earth that they hafta rest up all the time. They're catchin' up on the goodness they missed out on, on the earth."

"Did you figure that all out by yourself, sonny?" asked Jennerton.

"Sure. I doped it all out in that one week I was tired myself. This place is a rest camp—"

"Do you think I'll get tired, too?" asked Jennerton.

The boy leaned closer to Jennerton. "Have you done lotsa bad things?"

"No—I haven't," said Jennerton truthfully.

"Swell—you'll make a good playmate," he said enthusiastically. "Say, I don't know your name. Mine's Jerry."

"Mine's Jennerton."

"That's a funny one." The two friends solemnly shook hands—Jennerton, a little shakily because of his position in the tree with one arm around the trunk of the tree, and his legs dangling awkwardly. "You're not so good at climbin' trees, are you?" commented the boy.

Jennerton was about to answer that he hadn't had much experience—being city-bred, when a loud clanging noise began. It came from the direction of the gate—an annoying, pounding, insistent type of racket. Jennerton plugged his ears with his fingers.

"What is it?" he managed to yell to the boy. He removed one finger from his ear to hear the answer.

"Fire truck," shouted Jerry above the din. People had begun to take notice that things were happening, and as if from out of nowhere, sud-

denly the park was full of scurrying men, women and children—all running towards some point at a distance through the trees.

"Come on, Jenn—it's in the park. Let's see if we can beat the fire truck to the fire!"

Jennerton looked up over the tops of the trees. A mile off he could see huge columns of smoke curling, black against the sky. Then a tongue of red flame shot up in the midst of the smoke.

"Boy, that's some fire this time," yelled the boy. "Come on, let's run."

Jennerton ran along with Jerry towards the fire. "Hades should be able to put on a hot show alright," he thought, 'a real show . . .'

Jennerton was quite breathless by the time they reached the huge clearing in the middle of the park. In the center of the clearing stood a towering flame-wrapped frame structure—the main attraction. Jennerton had never seen a more magnificent fire. The flames burst forth from unexpected places, would disappear, then shoot out again attacking another wall. Jennerton felt all a-glow partially from the excitement and partially from the intense heat of the fire. He could feel his skin sting and smart, but he was magnetically drawn closer to the fire. A crowd was collecting around the house. It grew in number until Jennerton and the boy became an integrated part of the milling crowd. Jennerton and Jerry, being among the first to arrive at the fire, stood in the first row of onlookers, fascinated by the brilliant display. Jennerton became uncomfortably aware, however, of the ever-onward push of the crowd, and that he was being carried disastrously close to the inferno. He tried to brace himself against the onrush of the thousands behind him, but finally gave up. He was sure that his face had already been toasted to charcoal and that in no time he would burst into flame himself.

Then someone in the crowd yelled: "Look, here comes the truck", and the push in Jennerton's direction was diverted towards the oncoming truck. The engine was quite small and looked ineffectual. It had no hook and ladder—only a lengthy, strong, black hose which was coiled around the back of the truck. Jennerton wondered that they only had one truck for such a fire, but he painfully remembered that it was no mean machine for making noise, and perhaps it was unusually potent in fire-fighting also. The engine pulled up and stopped in front of Jennerton and Jerry. He was glad. The truck cut off some of the direct heat from the building. Two firemen had managed the truck, and both were now busy unwinding the black hose. One untangled the connection, and ran with it over to an ordinary red hydrant. The other grabbed the nozzle and pointed it towards the building.

"Okay," he shouted, bracing himself, "let'er go." The crowd started huzzahing and bravoing before the water came through the hose. Jennerton gave vent to a single 'hurrah' himself. The two firemen were marvels in handling their apparatus—everything would now be completely under control. The hose gave a violent kick, then gushed forth its stream of—Jennerton stared. It wasn't

water. It was a liquid fire that they were shooting up into the building. Out of the hose came a smoking stream of searing flame to lambast the fourth floor of the building. The fireman played it on the window-panes until they cracked and flew into pieces. It was the damndest thing that that Jennerton had ever seen. The hose must have been made of an extra fireproof asbestos to have withstood the flame inside it. But as the fire went on, Jennerton became more and more enthralled with the showmanship of it all. The man with the hose explored the house with the finger-like flame, making sure that there was no unburnt spots left. 'A real fire,' thought Jennerton.

Suddenly, the second fireman, who stood by the hydrant, dropped his wrench and dashed madly into the burning building. Jennerton pointed to the insane man.

"That's all right," yelled Jerry. "He wants to get something in there, I suppose—"

"How foolish," laughed Jennerton. "There's nothing worth saving in that house now."

"How do you like the fire?" said Jerry triumphantly.

"It's grand," said Jennerton. "But why pour more fire on fire?"

"D'ya think they want it to go out?" asked Jerry incredulously.

"Well—on earth, we usually—" began Jennerton.

"This is Hades," said Jerry. "We have a special fire every Saturday morning. We start the fire and the firemen make sure that it stays burning."

"Oh," said Jennerton. "But don't you consume a lot of good houses that way?"

"This is the only place we burn," answered Jerry at the top of his voice. A huge timber fell from the roof. It landed and lay burning at the feet of the fireman with the hose. He was unmoved.

"Y'see," continued Jerry, when our people get over being tired throughout the week, they help rebuild this house for the next Saturday's burning. Then they're tired again for another week. We remodel it every week."

"It's steady employment, at any rate," marvelled Jennerton.

There was a whoop from the building and everyone craned his neck upward. The second firefighter had reached the fifth floor and was leaning on a burning window-sill waving an axe at his public. He began hacking away at the window until the whole outside wall gave away and fell noisily to the ground, again narrowly missing the hose man. The second fireman now stood revealed in a flaming room with only three walls and a complete southern exposure.

"Here I come," he yelled. Then stepping back into the room, he was out of sight for a moment. It was a tense moment for Jennerton. He wasn't aware in the excitement that he was in a crowd—he stood alone, about to witness a 'death-leap' from a burning tower. Jennerton closed his mouth and swallowed.

From the fifth floor a strange thing soared into the sky, and standing in it was the second fireman. The strange thing poised itself in the air, then tipping up its back end, began to execute

a thrilling power dive to the ground. As it flashed past, Jennerton saw a gleam of shining, white enamel—Mrs. Brannon's bathtub! His bathtub! Someone had stolen his tub and had hidden it in the house. Jennerton had his own suspicions as to who it was . . .

"I'll see you later, Jerry," said Jennerton.

"Hurry back," called out Jerry as he saw Jennerton break the ranks of the crowd and stride over to the second fireman who still stood in the tub.

"Hey, you!" shouted Jennerton. "You get out of my bathtub!"

"No," said the man. Jennerton noticed that the tub was delightfully full of steaming water.

"I guess I'll have to knock you out then," menaced the new-Jennerton.

The man winced. Jennerton felt wonderful. "Get out, now," he commanded.

"So you're going back?" said the man stepping reluctantly from the tub.

"Going back?" Jennerton thought. Would Mrs. Brannon's tub return him to earth if he got into it? He did like Hades but the bath looked inviting—and he did have an obligation to Mrs. Brannon.

"Ha—" said a voice Jennerton recognized. Again he faced his goateed tormentor—the second fireman now.

"It was you who stole my tub—" accused Jennerton. The man danced gleefully around Jennerton. "Now you're masquerading as a fireman. Stop bouncing around me!"

The man stopped. But not before he had adroitly unzipped Jennerton's suit, and it fell about Jennerton's feet.

"Ha-ha—" laughed the little man nastily again.

Jennerton had no choice. He leaped into the tub and submerged.

Warmly hidden under soapy water, he felt the lurching launching for a second time—the sway to the side, then the sensation of floating lazily upwards. There was much yelling and cheering—the thousands below were calling him back—calling him . . . \*

"Hey—how long are you gonna stay there—"

"What d'ya think this is, yer birthday?"

"Jennerton, this is your landlady, Mrs. Brannon, please—"

Jennerton arose from the depths of the tub and struggled to sit up. He felt water-logged, and very weak. More noise outside . . .

"I want my bath—"

"Who in hell do you think you are—"

Jennerton ignored the entreaties and poundings on the other side of the door, and finally managed to hoist himself out of the tub. Crossing the room, he picked up his red flannel underwear and slipped shakily into it.

'Now,' he said to himself, as he climbed back into the tub, 'I got my own suit—'

They would be breaking down the door any minute now.

"Hell is such a nice quiet place," said Jennerton as he slowly sank beneath the water—"but I do hope Mrs. Brannon won't miss her tub too much . . ."

# WE SPEAK

## SONNET

When that time comes when life in me must cease  
When darkness yawns beneath my halting feet,  
And, wond'ring at intrusion on my peace,  
I turn to God, high on His sacred seat,  
And, puzzled, ask: "O Lord, oft' do I try  
To fathom why, when our last summons You  
Do make, our work unfinished here must lie;  
And lo! our dreams must be unfinished too!  
And of one other thing I would inquire—  
And this doth take importance over all—  
Do You e'er think of Love, a smold'ring fire,  
When You send out that last, that final call?"

I love you, Dear. Will God then think of Thee  
When soon my life He blots eternally?

Harold R. Holbrook

## PRAYER OF A YOUTH

Let me know truth dear Lord,  
For I would push aside those pleasant wrongs  
Which would ensnare me in their arms  
To keep me from the work I have to do.

Let me be brave enough to smile  
And bold enough to face despair.  
Let me have courage in the face of death  
That I may have the strength to carry on.

Let me be full of love for all;  
Let not my selfish thoughts take precedence  
For all are in thy sight of equal worth.  
Help me to work that this may come to pass.

Help me to look and press forever on,  
Throwing upon the pyre of the past  
All disappointments which were part of yesterday,  
That nothing may deprive me of today.

I want to live today so well  
That even if tomorrow never came  
No curtain of regret would hide from sight  
The many things I'd started out to do.

I am but one upon the beach of life  
The mighty ocean draws us from the shore.  
Many have felt the sand slip under foot  
Many have joined the ever rolling sea.

We cannot stop the sea, dear Lord  
Nor can we hold a single wave away.  
Help me, that when my wave is flung  
I will not fear; I will have lived for Thee.

Barbara Hayne

## AN EVENING

It is really quite early—  
But when you walk into  
the dark and quietness.  
You think—yes, you think—  
It's evening.

The quick falling dusk of  
winter covers the afternoon sun  
And so you sit down in the peace of  
An evening.

The wandering music searches into the  
smallest corner of the room.  
The fire dims with each fading note  
It's evening.

Funny how some soft, but  
stirring note can bring back  
What has happened before in  
An evening.

First you think of someone—  
Someone who has been close to you.  
All that you can recall is  
An evening.

Yes, it was just the same  
The music filled the air  
And the fire flickered endlessly in  
An evening.

Except that then your life was  
full and complete and no one  
seemed to mind the solitude of  
An evening.

Ellen Egger



—Courtesy of Columbus Art Gallery





A tough racket! That first dismal day not a one of the other five got a single vote, with the exception of Dick, who met somebody who had known his sister at Vassar. Worse, every single one had had a door slammed in his face. They wanted to go home, but somehow they all stuck it out for a while.

And then they began to get oily. "Good morning, have you heard about the scholarship contest here in town? Well, I'm a junior down at Indiana (which wasn't so, but Indiana was the closest college), and (with lots of spirit) I'm trying to win a scholarship so I can go back to school."

Or something like that. Nothing about the magazine, which was Good Housekeeping. They soon discovered the less they mentioned the mag the better. Little by little they'd get around to the subject, but not until they had first sold their victims on themselves. "It's only six cents a week, just enough for postage and wrapping. That won't take the roof off your house!"

When some poor little working girl had already given her dollar deposit and received the receipt, she would ask, "And what am I going to get?" Didn't even know what she had bought! And when that finally happened to every one of them, they knew they had become super-salesmen. Yes, oily was the only name for them—oily tongues, oily manners. When they went back to their college fraternities in the fall, their brothers kept them locked up from the freshmen, for they had got so slick and glib that they couldn't talk straight stuff any more. But that's another story.

It was after the five beginners had got some confidence and the Bart had polished them up that they formed the noble fraternity of Lambda Pi Beta Mu. From then on the rest of the summer was a breeze. Riding the street cars and busses to and from "location" was always good for at least one vote. You simply picked out a likely customer when you got on, sat down beside her, and extracted the dollar by completely painless methods in the course of the journey.

Palatial homes of the rich were no insuperable problem. When the maid came to the door, they sold her first, then asked to see the lady of the house. With the maid on their side, the lady was always "at home." Meals in restaurants were also good occasions, for waitresses have uniformly tender hearts. What a thrill it was to "Savvy" that first time he went into a cafe without the money to pay for a meal, sold the waitress and paid for his food with the dollar she had just given him!

Cheap tricks were out. That old stunt of sticking your foot in the screen door, to keep it from being slammed shut, was pretty poor stuff. If she didn't want to open the screen at first, then they talked through it, and soon enough the door would fly open willingly and the dollar would pop out.

Of course men were different. You didn't dare beat around the bush with them. You had to go straight to the point. They were either

interested or they weren't, and that was that. But women—thank God for the women! That's where the luscious language did its work. Sticky syrup oozed out of every pore and the job was done. And you, if you're a woman, don't pretend that you'd be impervious, for the L-P-Bees would have worked it on you, too.

Apartment houses were always a bit of a problem, with their pompous doormen, "no hawking" signs and locked doors. But the Bart found a way, and soon all of them were crashing the gates gleefully. He'd pick out a likely name on the mail boxes, punch the button and yell up the house phone that he was Wesley Union. Being admitted he'd dash up and say:

"I'm Wesley Union, one of the boys on the scholarship drive."

"Oh, I thought you said Western Union," would come the answer.

"No, Wesley Union;" and he'd be in. Maybe his unsuspecting host would be amused and buy a mag. Or again, maybe he would get sore and kick him out. At any rate, he was inside the building then, and could go around knocking on other apartment doors, until the janitor finally caught up with him and ejected him.

The janitor always did catch up with them, of course. But it was amazing how polite janitors always were. Anything short of forcible bodily ejection was considered politeness by the fraternity, and on only one occasion was the code not kept. It happened to Rich who got back into the apartment a second time, and the janitor lost his temper. But when Rich landed literally in the gutter, there was Dick waiting for him to bind up his wounds and pour in the oil of sympathy.

The most stirring occurrence of the summer was the mad-dog episode. It happened, of course, to Francis. Now Francis was too honest to make a good salesman, and the others were beginning to outdistance him. On this particular afternoon—it was in the little town of Franklin outside of Indianapolis—he had been to a house and not had any luck. As he was leaving a dog rushed up and bit his arm. He went back, therefore, and got some iodine put on it. Incidentally, he sold the woman a subscription this time, probably because she was sorry that her dog had maltreated the poor, hardworking boy.

Then he went on and forgot about it. The team were going from town to town around the state, and were soon far away from the place of Francis' mishap. In the meantime, however, the dog had bitten two or three other people and definitely gone mad. The woman remembered the pitiful college boy and began to try to find him. Indianapolis newspapers, radio-stations and the State police all began looking for a team of six magazine salesmen. Francis had to be found, in order to take the shots against rabies. Finally, the day before the time would expire when the shots would have done any good, the fraternity was located, in another little town, and Francis was rushed to a doctor's office to begin treatments.

(Continued on page 17)

## Presenting Thelma Willett

### WHITE ROSEBUDS

White rosebuds to me  
Will always signify  
Death.  
Death of a love  
That lasted four weeks;  
Death of a boy  
Who fulfilled a dream.  
When I die  
You may put white rosebuds  
On my grave.  
For only then  
Will my desire for you  
Be at an end.

One's love I have but love him not;  
I hate him—Oh, I would be free  
Of awkward caress and trembling hands  
With which he comes to me.

One has my love but loves not me;  
I wonder, does he think the same?  
To scorn my thoughts, my dreams, my prayers  
And turn my love to shame?

### SEVENTEEN

It's nice to be  
Seventeen.  
Then people can't say,  
"Oh, Sweet Sixteen,  
And never been kissed,"  
And then laugh.  
In just three months  
I'll be eighteen;  
And I've but now begun to realize  
How nice it is to be  
Seventeen.  
When one is seventeen,  
Life is gay, swirling, dancing,  
Like a Strauss Waltz,  
Smiling, loving, moving,  
Rapid, never still,  
Full of youth  
Yet not too young.  
I think that I would like to be  
Seventeen  
Forever.  
And then I know  
That I am not ready  
To die  
Yet.

### SPAN OF A LIFE IN MINE

There is a restlessness  
within me tonight.  
Can it be  
that the old desire returns?  
I walked for a time  
in the chill  
of the star-filled night.  
It brought no rest  
but only torment.  
A meteor flashed across the sky,  
Blazed  
and then burnt out.  
As your life in mine  
As my love for you  
Blazed  
and then burnt out.

### AVE ATQUE VALE

We must say farewell, dear friend;  
This sweet comradeship must end.  
You must go and I must stay,  
The same old tale, day after day.

Good-bye, dear friend, let's not forget,  
The years will leave our memories yet.  
Hail and farewell spins the world around.  
It's only in heaven no farewells are found.

### THE ASHES OF LETTERS

Letters tied with a ribbon around,  
Letters with dreams of days gone by:  
Burn on this your funeral pyre.  
Paper, curl, and words, turn black.  
Your dreams are fled.  
Your words are dead.

## ... to one I have known and loved

Albert Miller

"... the State wants and needs soldiers, soldiers to fight for the Reich. The Fuehrer's enemies are our enemies; they wish to destroy Germany. We must and will eliminate them. You are old enough now to have children for the Fuehrer, for the glory of the Reich. Become acquainted with the soldiers on leave as they come to rest at the Hitler Youth Camp. Welcome their attentions. It is an honor to entertain those who fight valiantly for our Fuehrer; it will be an honor to bear their sons..."

Frieda Strauss' mind wandered as Frau Wagner, Superintendent of the League of German Girls Camp, went on and on in her exposition of the glories of the Fuehrer, the Reich, and the Aryan race. She thought of her sweetheart, Hans, who was somewhere fighting for the Fuehrer, and she was filled with love and pride. Had he not told her he loved her? Wasn't she the mother of his child? All through the long weeks in the Brides' Home, she waited for the day when she could write and tell him of their son. Then, after all the pain and misery was over, she had to write and tell him that the child was dead. . . . At early twilight the next evening, so that the other girls would not see the small group, she followed the two men who carried the tiny coffin, holding in her trembling hands the small wreath of flowers she had fashioned to place on the grave. Suddenly, they were high on the mountain. The two men lowered the coffin in a shallow grave; one of them stood back, and in a gruff voice, repeated these words as though he had said them a thousand times:

"Bless this woman who, having conceived and borne this child, now beseeches Thy beneficence that she may bear healthy and strong sons for our Fuehrer. Let her love be strong and her sons, many." Then, snapping to attention, he shouted, "Heil Hitler!"

She wept with shame that night as she wrote Hans, for she knew that he had bragged to his fellow soldiers about the fine son Frieda would bear the Fuehrer. . . .

"... you have been brought up in the Reich where our Fuehrer has chosen to discard prudish social bonds, silly conventions. You, the young mothers and mothers-to-be of Germany, must do your part to destroy our Fuehrer's enemies. You must bring sons into the world to fight against outmoded society, ineffectual government, and selfish economic domination. You must have children, and you must have them as soon as possible. You have been chosen to give your sons to the Fuehrer, and you must not fail! Heil Hitler!"

"Fraulein Strauss will report to my office this evening immediately after seven. Heil Hitler."

Frieda worried over the summons all that afternoon, and rushed through the small evening meal that she might be in Frau Wagner's office promptly at seven. She had heard, as they always

heard sooner or later, that there was fighting in France and her fear grew with every passing minute as she thought of Hans driving his tank through murderous French fire. Of course, she was proud of him, especially because of the deeds he had performed on the Polish battle fields. She remembered the story of how he had killed a hundred cavalymen as they charged the Germans. The silly Poles, trying to fight a tank on horses! Every time she thought of it, she laughed. Yet, now as she feared for Hans' life, the laugh caught in her throat. . . .

She was ushered into Frau Wagner's office at seven sharp, with an air of great solemnity. It was not unusual, but she knew immediately that tonight no routine business was to be discussed.

"H-Hans . . . ?", she asked, her eyes full of fear.

"Hans has had the honor of giving his life on the field of battle for our Fuehrer. Heil Hitler! Naturally, in your bereavement you will be excused from study classes and work in the fields; however, this news must not interfere with the entertainment of men on leave. I should be very happy if you left once again for the Brides' Home in a reasonable time. Heil Hitler!"

With a weak "Heil Hitler!" Frieda turned and stumbled toward the door. Outside, the cool air of twilight cleared her mind, but brought tears to her eyes as she thought of the tank, burning on some lonely battle field. She had often thought of what it would be like when she received news of Hans' death. (She had expected it sooner or later. . . .) Just the thought of it had reduced her to tears. Yet, somehow, she wasn't crying very much, she felt none of the imagined desire to die with Hans, no hate for the unknown who had killed him. What was the matter with her? All she wanted was to be in his arms, to know again that ecstasy. . . .

After a long walk up through the fields behind the camp, Frieda started back toward the girls' sleeping quarters. As she passed the hunting lodge, where she and Hans had spent many a night, a soldier stepped out from the shadows. Not a word was spoken as he took her by the hand and led her in, in front of the fire. As suddenly as her grief had come, it left. Warm beer flowed into the two steins, and soon she forgot Hans; she was happy again. Incredible as it was, she was happy with this unknown pilot of Goering's air force! Worse than that, she was as happy with him as she would have been with Hans! The realization struck her like a giant hand, and she staggered mentally under the impact of the blow. If she could forget Hans so easily, had she really loved him? Had he loved her? When she learned long ago what the Nazi leaders expected of German youth, she thought that their love was different, that their love was strong and enduring, not to be placed in the same class with Hitlerized love.

Now she knew that she had only done what Hitler wanted her to do; she had become content with mere physical happiness. She had not really loved Hans; she had simply chosen him to be the father of her son. Now that Hans was dead, she would find another, perhaps this handsome pilot. She must not fail the Fuehrer. . . .

When she woke up the next morning, the pilot was gone. She looked wearily at the ancient clock on the mantle piece, and, to her amazement, she found that she had slept through into the afternoon! Hastily she dressed, but remembering that she had no duties that day, she proceeded to make herself some lunch. As she was doing this, she noticed that Wilhelm, the aged Austrian who took care of the gardens around the lodge, had come up the hill and started work on the bed before the window. For the first time, she noticed the delicate way in which he handled the flowers, the loving care with which he turned the black soil around them. What irony, she thought, that he should go on trying to make a place like this beautiful year after year! A bitter laugh escaped her lips as she looked through the doorway at the steins overturned before the hearth, and the dishevelled bed she had just left.

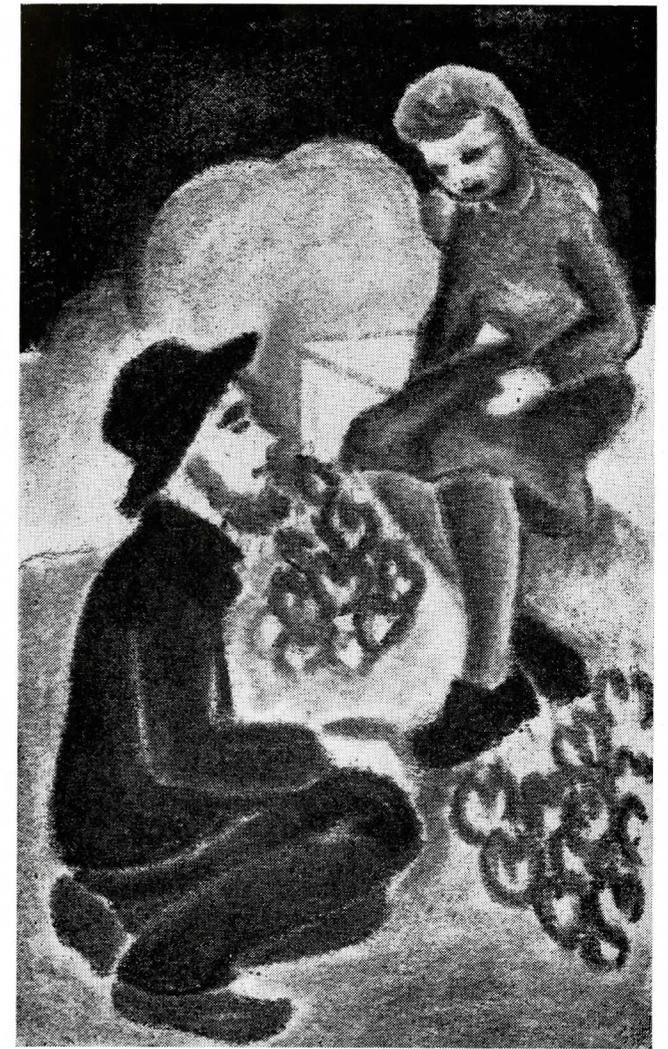
Outside, the man looked up and smiled to her; then, regretting his boldness, he turned back to his work. Studiously he avoided her eyes, even as she watched him. They had seen each other before, for Wilhelm had worked about the lodge the spring before, when Hans was in the Hitler Youth Camp. She had never spoken to him then, for Hans despised him as a member of the "inferior races." In the face of all this enmity and with evident humility, Wilhelm made his daily visit to the gardens about the lodge, where even now crocuses were blooming in all their glory. Long ago, she had been told, someone brought them down from further up on the mountain, where they grew in great profusion. Here, under Wilhelm's care, they flourished, reminding her for a moment of other beautiful flowers she had seen with Chad during her last year in school, in England. Chad was an Oxford student with whom she had become acquainted at one of her aunt's inevitable teas, whom she had believed she loved. When she met Hans, she forgot Chad; she discarded her affection for him as childish and immature. Only now did she begin to understand the deep contrast between her affection for Chad and her "love" for Hans. Behind her, through the doorway, was Ugliness; before her, through the window, was Beauty. And she felt a great longing for England and Chad. . . .

As he came to his feet, Wilhelm uttered an almost inaudible grunt, but it was enough to bring Frieda back to Germany.

"Hello," she said, timidly, as though she were in the presence of a great personage. Perhaps, in her awe, she felt that this man, who was so well acquainted with Beauty, was great.

"Good afternoon, fraulein," said Wilhelm with a touch of half-intentional irony in his voice.

Kneeling down again, he went on with his work, evidently fearing that he might seem bold



Like a woman she resorted to compliments.

with so pretty a girl. Earth turned steadily under his hand. A tiny weed, unable to escape his keen eye, was pulled up and put in a small basket. Finally, a home-made watering can left a second dew on each petal as Wilhelm passed on to more of his charges.

Although she could find no legitimate reason for talking to him, Frieda's desire to speak to Wilhelm became so strong that she resolved to speak again. Like a woman, she resorted to compliments.

"Your flowers are very beautiful, Wilhelm."

"Thank you, fraulein, but they're really not mine. If you're in the mood to listen to an old man's foolishness, I'll tell you about them."

"Of course I am, Wilhelm. These gardens are the only beauty I have seen for years, except that which cares for itself. Here in Germany, we have been so busy fighting our Fuehrer's enemies that we have forgotten beauty. I've been sitting here thinking of a young man I knew while I was in England and of the country gardens we saw together. I'm grateful to you for bringing back such memories, believe me. . . ."

(Please turn to page 24)

# Browning the Artist

Recently a blithe spirit arose from some remote corner of the speaker's platform and addressed the chairman of the Browning Society. With courtesies finished, she turned to her audience and beamed: "I am speaking today on Browning—the Leonardo of the nineteenth century!" The Leonardo of the nineteenth century? Browning, had he been there, would have certainly laughed at this monumental statement, or we can picture him leaving the room. Yet there is reason for the comparison, and so I reach over and pat the blithe spirit on her none too substantial back. Browning's interest in all forms of man's mental activity, especially in art and science, justifies, to my way of thinking, the use of that magnanimous name—even as only an indication of what Mr. Browning would call his "humbler arts." Browning had the scientific habit of mind and the power of scrutiny which seemed to observe from different points of view, and which endeavored to reach a maximum of truth. But this is not all we find in the comparison—Leonardo was an artist as well as a scientist. And Browning? In addition to the cold, scientific realism which Browning uses as bedrock foundation, there is the ideal which rises architecturally into a beautiful spiral of meaning. His poetic house has been sketched so as to bring both elements, design and purpose, to a coherent and expressive oneness. The spiral gyrates upwards seeking its goal, and Browning knows where that goal is, for why else would he want to build his tower? Then we can see Browning co-mingling the ideal with the metaphysical to skillfully present his startling results. It is necessary to realize his aptitude in both lines to study any special field. He had the poet's high-mindedness coupled with an intellectual perception, as well as the artist's sense of the ideal, or the musician's feel for beauty. Through this stimulation, he appears to be seeking the unknown features of men's own nature.

In music and painting, Browning is at home in poetry and the dull task of harmonizing line rhymes does not harm nor hinder his muse. Consequently, we are never bored by the art or music poetry even when it achieves its height of subject complexity, for the enchantment of high ideal will always appeal to us firstly. It was Rossetti who staunchly declared that Browning's knowledge of early Italian art was beyond that of anyone he had ever met. It is along this line that we proceed forgetting for the moment the universally accepted ethereal quality in Browning. An author in *Music* calls him "the first of all English poets to truly and thoroughly recognize music for what it is." Here again is a truism which we shall cling to in the following pages of this paper. As my own contribution to Browning's art consciousness I should add that one does not read many pages of his poetry without gaining some suggestion that he was personally acquainted with the feelings a painter has towards his picture and a musician to-

## John Wyman

wards his music. It would seem that his precision in handling the vocabulary of painters and musicians is undoubtedly due to his own exercise in their special crafts. As Dowden claims in his *Life of Robert Browning*: "As he paints his picture twice—shows truth, beyond the imagery on the wall; so, note by note, brings music from his mind deeper than e'en Beethoven dived."

In discussing Browning's poems of painting and music it must first be understood that these works do not try to represent the impressions produced by the arts themselves—his poetry in general does not try to compete with them in producing such impressions. The art poems rather represent the creative or critical spirit in painters and musicians, expressed in their own language, and by their individual turns of thought growing out of their special associations.

The three typical painters in the poems *Pictor Ignotus*, *Fra Lippo Lippi* and *Andrea del Sarto* show three aspects of the artistic and aesthetic impulse: the first belonging to the early pre-Renaissance period where the monastic painter was stirred to weep or pray while he drew; the second of the stimulated school of Florentine where realistic art had invaded the sanctuary of the religious mind; and the third where the painter had been forced, ruinously, to serve two masters.

*Andrea del Sarto*, the poem in which this failure is shown, has been the poem through which Browning's knowledge of art is most recognized. The sorrow for *Andrea's* fate, being tied to a theoretical excellence but denied imaginative reach, becomes so resigned in us that we forget *Andrea's* downfall and only see its grave and pitiful charm—not the essence of artistic instinct in it. This, might I suggest, is wherein lies Browning's genius. He never prods us with the obvious. But for this overpowering calm that is apparent in *Andrea's* great character? We define it as his being "faultless but soulless" also. But I wonder whether another reason might be entered as a human trait which caused his nemesis. Browning's poem tells us, in no hesitating phrase, that the secret lay in the fact that *Andrea* was a passionate and immoral man, wanting *Lucrezia* at any cost, willing to sacrifice art and soul for her attention. He loved her while she was another's wife, then married her knowing she would certainly love others. His theft against the French king was merely to please a whim of *Lucrezia*. There is mention made of *Andrea's* neglect of his parents in their old age—all these, do they not indicate why he failed? It is the purpose of Browning to prove his point by the age-old adage, "Nothing good comes from the bad." Although this is an interesting subject to debate as an influence on *Andrea's* painting, the portion of the poem which interests us more than the moral quality is that which has reference to *Andrea's* ideal of paint-

ing and of his attitudes both high and low which are reflected in these. To cite an example, when *Andrea* realizes that his wife is bored with his artistic ways, he tells her in a pathetically beautiful section that he can do easily and perfectly what is present at the bottom of his heart, no matter how deep it may be:

"I can do with my pencil what I know,  
What I see, what at bottom of my heart  
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—  
Do easily, too—when I say, perfectly,  
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge  
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week  
And just as much as they used to say in  
France

At any rate 't is easy, all of it!  
No sketches first, no studies, that's long  
past:

I do what many dream of all their lives,  
—Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,  
And fail in doing. I could count twenty  
such

On twice your fingers, and not leave this  
town,  
Who strive—you don't know how the others  
strive

To paint a little thing like that you smeared  
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,  
Yet do much less, so much less, Someone  
says,  
(I know his name, no matter)—so much  
less!"

Yet he knows (the heartbreaking element) that for all his perfection in technique, there burns a stronger light of God in them than in him. Their works drop groundward, but they have caught an occasional glimpse of heaven—denied to *Andrea*. The whole poem is the artist's cry for understanding, a plea to God in the form of the question: "Why?" When he sees other artist's work and knows that in his hands the power lies to correct their mistakes, yet not the power to create the soul, is it not logical he should question himself as well as God in seeking the answer? *Andrea* turns to *Rafael's* work and criticizes it with genuine artistic appreciation:

"Yonder's a work now, of that famous  
youth

The Urbinate who died five years ago.  
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,  
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to  
see,  
Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish  
him

Above and through his art—for it gives  
way.

That arm is wrongly put—and there again  
A fault to pardon in the drawing's line,  
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,  
He means right—that, a child may under-  
stand.

Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:  
But all the play, the insight and the  
stretch—

Out of me, out of me! And wherefore  
out?"

*Andrea* seems to feel that had *Lucrezia* urged him, inspired him to claim homage as had *Michelangelo* and *Rafael*, he might have been able to do it. It is a form of rationalization easily understood—a man grasping for the known unattainable often seeks an "out" in another person's character, but what *Andrea* does not realize is that he has forsaken all possibilities for the higher art by degrading himself to petty thievery. From dishonesty to connivance at his wife's infidelity is an easy step, and he already has unflinchingly gone forward:

"Must you go?

That cousin in here again? he waits out-  
side?

Must you—you, and not with me?"

Here is plain evidence of the lack of soul. He is but a craftsman—a dye-caster. One need only think of *Michelangelo* painting his saints and angels on his knees, straining his eyes upwards to the domed ceiling,—to know why there is none of this in *Sarto*. No woman ruined *Andrea's* soul, for he had no soul to ruin.

This has been a very bitter description of the "faultless painter," when the *Andrea* of the poem should be studied as a more poetic figure. The prevailing impression is certainly of sadness rather than badness, and Browning was doubtlessly more concerned with the mood than with the character and lesson to be drawn from it. At all events, the poem shows the unknown corner of *Andrea's* being that still holds potentialities for greatness in art, all too feeble to push their way through circumstance against the antagonistic vices of temperament and character. The poem may be read in either light, although I do prefer the delicate analysis of a regrettable moment in *Andrea's* life; the total effect, however, cannot be interrupted by any defects of workmanship, the perfection of the verse and lines rivalling that of *Andrea's* own *Madonnas*.

In *Fra Lippo Lippi*, a poem that is included in other categories than that of art alone, Browning touches off a spark of realistic and fiery youth. This poem seems to show a passion for the shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades, changes and surprises. What a contrast to the sterile type of art as witnessed in *Andrea*! *Lippo's* ideal is "elan," splash, "joie de vivre," and the soul itself is not to be eternally wrought out in a work, instead it comes naturally forth out of human beauty as a part of this inner joy. Here much more than in *Andrea del Sarto*, Browning displays his sympathy with the instinct for making portraits pure and simple of the visible world. "Never mind the soul," *Lippo* says to the Prior, "that has nothing to do with painting; paint the flesh aright and count it a crime to let a truth slip—you'll see what you will get."

"Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—  
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)  
If you get simple beauty and naught else,  
You get about the best thing God invents:  
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul  
you have missed within yourself."

This is no less Browning than Lippi at the moment when Browning is most an artist, and when he cares least about his way of looking at things and most about the thing looked at, when he writes not with any idea of teaching any moral, but for the sheer love of an interesting theme on which he can exercise his ingenuity to his heart's content. These—Pagan Moments—reveal his wholesome and impulsive nature, his liking for the brightest and richest, the most amusing aspects of life, make him clearly crystallized in our minds as the genius he is.

The standard of art that the Prior set up was too narrow for Lippi and the broadening spirit afoot, and so the spirit and Lippi rebelled. Although it is a minor tragedy that Lippi did not live in the next great period of Italian art in which the painter was less fettered by religion, it is to Lippi's credit that he furthered the advance of this school by his own attempts at fleshly painting—the humorous mural on the monastery wall for instance. It was Lippi's nature to want to paint at all times naturally; to paint things seen and understood by the hampered human mind—hampered because of its small scope of visuality in the universe of knowledge and beauty. Lippi wanted to picture as many of these ordinary things as he could, and he wanted to paint them as they were. Witness the answer Lippi offers to the Prior's question: "Paint no more of the body than shows soul—" Lippi argues:

"Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,  
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,  
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,  
Both in their order? Take the prettist face,  
The Prior's niece—patron saint—is it so  
pretty.

You can't discover if it means hope, fear,  
Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?  
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and  
blue,  
Can't I take breath and try to add life's  
flash,  
And then add soul and heighten them  
three-fold?

The gist of this speech is well expressed in Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*. The poetess says: "Paint a body well, you paint a soul by implication, like the grand first Master."

I have tried to examine Fra Lippo Lippi as an artistic man born too early for his genius. It is so like many musicians, poets and other painters who were not fully appreciated until after their impoverished deaths. Mozart must be regarded as the father of absolute music in its greatest form, yet like Lippi he was forced to write only what was dictated to him by his patron, a person of low musical tastes. It is the late music of Mozart, however, for which we feel his attainment, music composed when starvation and despair lived with him. Chatterton,

the little English genius, whose poetry was destined for another century instead of being wasted on Quaker ideals of his time. Shakespeare was even subject to this tyranny of time after the death of Elizabeth, being forced to write sensuous rubbish for the common King James I—and so it has been through the centuries even until today. We have great musicians like Hindemith, Milhaud and the German Mahler, whose minds are in the future. We do not appreciate them for their contributions but instead relax in our comfy chairs and listening to Brahms, Beethoven and Bach. Was it not so with poor Lippi? Ordinary men do not like change, say the philosophers, proving our point that the tragedy of Lippi's art is its futuristic idiom, and that Lippi is another of the world's wrongly-forgotten men. With his fervid cognizance of what art should have been, we might cry out with Lippi as did the tortured Othello: "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it all."

From the historical Fra Lippo Lippi back to the imaginary character, the didactic personage of Pictor Ignotus is a step that takes us across a deep, though narrow, gulf. With this sensitive cloistered figure painting rapturously among pallid saints and thin virgins, Browning makes us feel the delicate charm of this almost impalpable personality—to which the world and the flesh are akin and one with the devil. He makes us see the fragile technique of Pictor Ignotus, who chose to worship his lofty but limited ideal in poverty and obscurity rather than lavish this same genius on the world. Yet he is all too human (Browning would see to that) and so we hear him confessing that he has dreamed of fame and wealth:

"Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how well!)

Of going—I, in each new picture,—forth,  
As, making new hearts beat and bosoms  
swell.

To Pope, or Kaiser, East, West, South, or  
North,

Bound for the calmly satisfied great State,  
Or glad aspiring little burgh, it went,  
Flowers cast upon the car which bore the  
freight,

Through old streets named afresh from the  
event.

Till it reached home, where learned age  
should greet

My face, and youth, the star not yet distinct  
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet!—

Oh, thus to live, I am my picture, linked  
With love about, and praise, till life should  
end,

And then not go Heaven, but linger here,  
Here on my earth, earth's every man my  
friend,—

But a voice changed it.—"

But he climbs no higher in his dream, for he is interrupted by a voice—a voice of criticism. He proclaims a lofty, austere ideal, the spirit of art for art's sake. When he sees the

possibility of his paintings being bought by those who will never appreciate them as art works, he rebels, and the true artist remains—for what is praise but vain mouthings of youth:

"Wherefore I close my portion. If at whiles

My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint

These endless cloisters and eternal aisles

With the same series, Virgin, Babe and Saint,

With the same cold calm beautiful regard,

At least no merchant traffics in my heart;

The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward

Vain tongues from where my pictures stand

apart:

Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine

While, blackening in the daily candle-

smoke,

They moulder on the damp wall's

travertine,

'Mid echoes the light footstep never woke.

So, die my pictures! surely, gently die!

O youth, men praise so,—holds their praise  
its worth?

Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden  
cry?

Tastes sweet the water with such specks of  
earth?"

The ideas then that inspired these devotional paintings were not aesthetic in kind, but religious. The humility that keeps these painters in their cloisters is a totally different thing from the immense curiosity of the painter who forgets himself in questioning nature: learning the secrets of her effects. Michelangelo and Lippi are equally great as artists, but one is a religious man and one is not. Angelico and Lippi then are the two extremes of the art-spirits; Andrea lacking it for the most part because with the keener intelligence and the most instructed mind, he has less sincerity withal.

It would seem that Browning has chosen these men as symbols of their own Age, and is comparing them minutely as to their propinquities, matching them one against the other. Pictor is of the *passee* art, staid and concerned only with a religious emphasis, but he is the master of it; Andrea's theory fits into his present day, and he is a fit technician, but lacking Pictor's soul-qualities, he is only a craftsman; then Fra Lippo Lippi is the hope for the future, having been graced with insight as well as artistic ability, he will teach others to paint as he should have done, and he is the spirit of it. Browning then shows us the past-master, the perfectionist and the teacher. When we ask, "Why are there no supreme masters of their art presented in Browning's poems?" we must look into Browning's own thoughts on the subject. The sensitive, jilted character in *The Last Ride Together* presents an insight on the problem (I quote at random from the poem.)

"What hand and brain went ever paired?

What heart alike conceived and dared?

What not proved all its thought had been?

What will but felt the fleshly screen? . . ."

"What does it all mean, poet? Well,

Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell

What we felt only; . . ."

"Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—

Nearer one whit your own sublime

Than we who never have turned a  
rhyme? . . ."

"And you, great sculptor, years to Art,

And that's your Venus, whence we turn

To yonder girl that fords the burn! . . ."

"What, man of music, you grown gray

With notes and nothing else to say,

Is this your sole praise from a friend,

"Greatly his opera's strains intend,

But his music we know how fashions  
end! . . ."

That Browning could so clearly realize and define the qualities of sentiment and accomplishment by which each type is characterized proves him to be a prized interpreter. In these three poems alone he has added more novelty and variety to our impressions of human nature than many a lesser poet of "character" by the sum total of his works.

(Continued from page 10)

Well, the others were green-eyed! They went back to Indianapolis and Francis got the shots every day regularly. But he also got a lot more—reams of newspaper publicity. And since the shots didn't interfere much with his selling, he carried a load of clippings around with him, told the women his story, and sold the mags like hot cakes. All the others wanted to go out and get bit by a mad dog, too. In the two weeks that Francis was taking those shots, he more than caught up with the others except Bart. What a gyp!

The end of the summer came and with it a big victory banquet for Lambda Pi Beta Mu. Everybody had won a scholarship to college! And every year since then the same six have met on that day to keep alive the memories of their noble fraternity.

Not that they're particularly proud of all their memories. As a matter of fact, they may gloat pleasantly among themselves at the stuff they got away with that famous summer, but they don't boast about it much to others. Oh, they were moral enough. They didn't go out with the wrong kind of women, and they gave the bottle pretty much of a go-by. No regrets on those counts. But they sometimes wonder a bit about the lies they told and the drivel they dished out and the people they fleeced. The Bart has gone into politics and he'll get elected, too. The others have been successes in business or some profession. But all of them sometimes wonder if the selling game that summer did them any good.

Somehow, it seems small compensation that they had a lot of fun. But fun it was, while it lasted. When together they always recall that part of it. And the annual victory banquet traditionally closes with a lusty singing of the theme song of Lambda Pi Beta Mu:

"I'm working my way through college

To get a lot of knowledge

That I'll probably never use again . . . ."



—Courtesy of Columbus Art Gallery

### REVOLUTION

Behind the starving hags from Paris,  
Who lead the howling mob's advance  
Against a sanctimonious palace royal  
In which there dwells a king of France;  
Behind their tattered dresses,  
Shivering from heel to head,  
Cower shaggy ghouls of freedom  
Watching women fight for bread.

Starving mothers bare their bosoms  
On gleaming bayonet,  
Wrestling breadstuffs for their babies  
From haughty Antoinette.  
Dismal shriekings rise behind them  
Borne on waves of fetid breath—  
From the gory ghouls of freedom  
Howling not for food, but death.

Complacent Bourbon Louis,  
So sleek and overfed,  
Faintly hears the grisly chorus  
Above the beldames' noisome bed—  
But he weakly hopes his menials  
With tardy loaves may dam the flood;  
Though the maddened ghouls of freedom  
Demand nothing else save blood.

Your eyes have bled with horror  
At a hideous pike pole dance;  
Your heart has burst with pity  
For aristocrats of France.  
Their only crime was plenty  
In the midst of famine sore;  
But remember, ghouls of freedom  
Starve not for bread, but gore.

Pat Brannon

I wanted someone to understand,  
To place her gentle, tender hand  
Upon my weary, troubled head,  
And kneel beside my lonely bed;  
To soothe away with each caress  
Sad thoughts of pain and bitterness.  
Oh, God, I needed mother love  
To raise my sorrow far above  
The well of turbulent despair  
Of which I felt I'd drawn my share!  
But no one came; I was alone.  
No one cared if my heart were stone.  
Life went along at its steady pace,  
And I met my own soul face to face.

Nancy Forsberg

### A CO-ED'S WISH

I hope Heav'n has no pearly gates,  
Nor an endless, azure, summer sky;  
I pray no golden harp awaits,  
A college girl,  
If she should die.

Instead a blazing woodland way,  
Where in Autumn's glory she might stroll;  
And sometimes talk, or read, or pray.  
Is there more to ask,  
For a co-ed's soul?

Carolyn Kearns



—Courtesy of Columbus Art Gallery

## FATE'S FURY

Marilyn Goetz

The melancholy din of two o'clock echoed from the church steeple through the dark mist. The tall figure of a man emerged from a narrow alley and walked down the street. From his rapid pace he seemed to show his anxiety to escape the bleak, marrow-chilling dreariness of the silent night. Through the dim outline of a street light, dissolving into haziness in a fine drizzling mist, he was silhouetted against the blackness. At intervals he faded into the night to return under the faint glimmer of the next light ahead.

All about him the world was sleeping in stillness. He seemed to be a lone survivor of the living and the moving. With nervous energy, he instinctively quickened his pace, the magnified tread of his steps echoing through the quiet.

Not far behind, three sinister shadows crept cautiously in his former footsteps. Steadfastly and stealthily they pressed forward, yet always remaining carefully out of the street light's radius. Drawing nearer and nearer, they soon were only a block behind the walking figure, whom they were obviously following. They began mumbling among themselves.

"Supposing he ain't the right guy?" one whispered to the other two.

"Of course he's the right guy. We saw him come out, didn't we?"

"Yeah, but we can't be too sure—it was awful dark and we couldn't see him very well."

"Aw, don't be a sap. You're always thinking up stuff like that to ruin things."

"Shut up, you two," growled the third. "Are you tryin' to bungle this thing before it's even started? Pipe down and listen. Now, get this straight. One of you—it might as well be you, Charley—you're to hit the guy with this black jack. You, Joe gag him and put this sack over his head. Now, remember, don't do it 'till he gets to that car up there. Slug'll be there with the car. We'll tie the guy with this rope and sling him in the back, and then scam out of here. I'll give the orders from there. Now—get goin', and for God's sake, be quiet, or you'll have the whole damn town on our necks!"

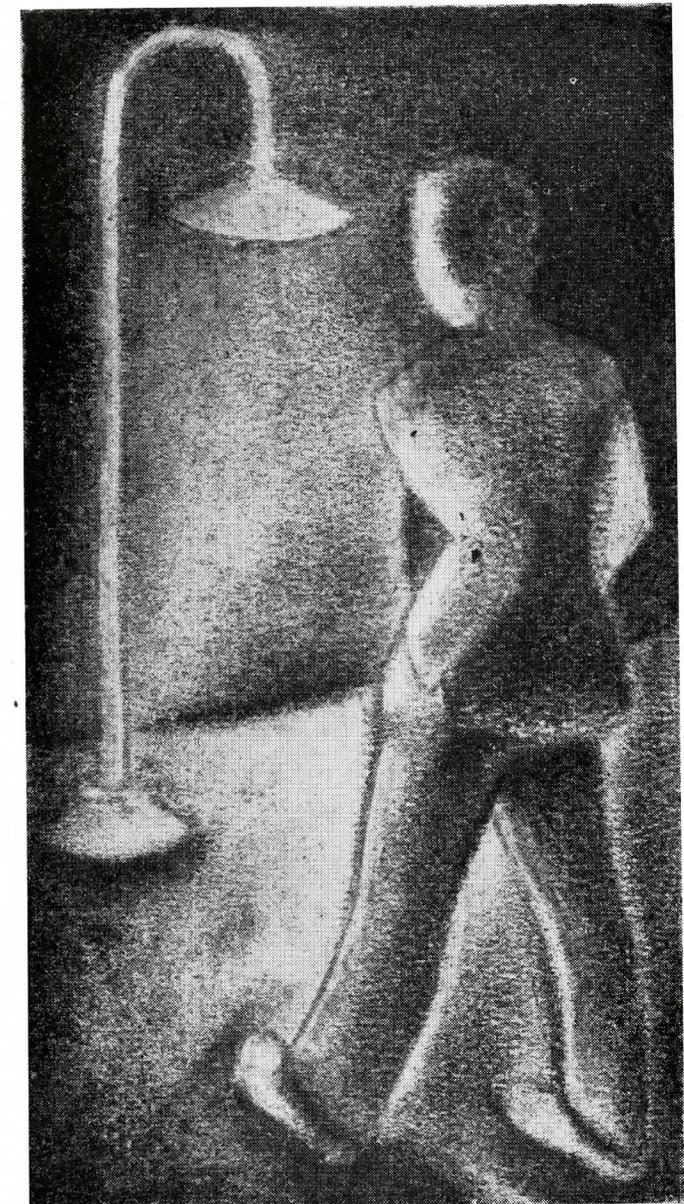
The victim-to-be, who was walking ahead, now rounded the corner to the street where the car was waiting. Suddenly, three forms sprang at him. Before he could move or utter a sound, something struck him on the head. He crumpled to the ground.

"Good work, boys! Hurry, get him into the car. Here, Joe, take his feet."

Swiftly they moved him, and silently they rolled away over the hill and into the night.

An hour later, as the big car purred softly along, the unconscious form bouncing on the floor, the four thugs began talking.

"Jeeze, Joe, it's after four already. We ought to be coming to the place by now."



"Yeah? There ain't no sign of it ahead."

"Jeeze, I sure hope this thing goes off okay. The boss would make it plenty hot for us if it didn't. Remember what he did last week to Garson. . . ."

"Yeah. . . . That was the first and last job he ever fumbled."

"This place out here gives me the creeps. There's somethin' mighty peculiar about all the things that go on around here."

They were now in an isolated, hilly, rocky, section of the country. The already misty, dark atmosphere seemed suddenly to grow even more penetrating. The men shivered and dropped their voices to whispers, as if compelled by some strange

power. A weird silence hung over them. The old dirt path they were following became muddier and muddier as they proceeded, until finally there was no longer a path. The car came to a sudden halt.

Except for a slight shiver of the wind through the dark, shadowy trees, there was no sound. There seemed to be nothing but a wide expanse of rocky territory. But as the kidnapers got out of the car and walked around a group of huge boulders covered with underbrush and foliage, they came upon a huge black hole leading to an underground cavern. It was well concealed by the boulders from the rear, and faced on a sort of a bluff, from which could be seen and heard far below the rushing of water as it rapidly splashed and swirled against the boulders.

Here on the edge of the bluff the four men stood looking down; they shivered. The wind became more violent, echoing strange and hollow cries through the cavern; the trees rocked.

Silently the men hurried back to the car and dragged out the still limp and unconscious form and carried it into the black hole. Aided by the feeble, eerie beams of a flashlight, they slowly and laboriously descended the slippery, clay steps into the cold, dark interior of the cavern. Strange shadows, weird forms, and ghastly faces appeared from the dripping overhanging rocks. Jutting stalactites and stalagmites, narrow passage ways, and deep crevices made their progress dangerous and slow. By a mere slip of the foot, they could be hurled a hundred feet below into a deep underground pool.

Finally they came to a small closed-in space of flat clay, where, panting, they threw down their load. Anxious and excited, they removed the sack and the gag. And there was revealed to them a sight which made their blood run cold! They stood in stock amazement—as if petrified. Cold sweat stood in beads on their faces. The man was a total stranger! They had kidnapped the wrong man!

“Good God! What’ll we do? If the boss finds out we got the wrong guy it’ll be curtains for us. Come on, let’s scam outta here. We gotta get goin’!”

“What’ll we do with the guy here?”

“Leave him.”

“But—”

“Come on!”

Desperately they ran. Fear and fear alone was the emotion governing them now. They thought only of running—of escaping the horrible threat of their tyrannical leader. With amazing skill and speed they dodged the perilous dangers of the cavern. Seconds later, with a sharp clashing of the gears, the car bucked madly over the rutty road, heading they knew not where.

Back in the solitude of the cavern the limp figure began to stir. Groaning and gasping, he slowly and painfully raised himself. His head was throbbing, his body bruised, his mouth was cut from the tight gag. He squirmed under the tight bonds.

He opened his eyes. Still there was darkness. He blinked them, trying to force light into them. But there was no light.

“Why can’t I see? Why am I tied?” he shouted. To his horror his voice came ringing back to him.

“What is that voice? Where am I?” he shrieked.

His voice shrieked back. Then there was nothing but blackness and stillness.

The shouting had caused the aching in his head to increase. His body burned from physical discomfort and his mind from heated confusion.

“What am I doing here?”

Again that horrible voice shouted back at him.

He pressed his fingers to his aching head. Desperately he tried to reason and to recall.

“Let me think—let me think—I was walking—I was walking home—the steeple clock was chiming—then—then—there was nothing. Oh, why can’t I remember?—why can’t I remember?”

Groaning and twisting, he gradually loosened the tight bonds, and succeeded in wresting a hand free. With this hand he madly clawed at the rope, freeing the other hand, and finally the rope fell from him. Feebly he sank back to the clammy ground, overcome by the exertion. Then, gradually he tried to raise himself again, and after several attempts, he struggled to his feet, weaving dizzily.

He stumbled through the darkness, vainly searching for an explanation to the questions teeming through his mind. Suddenly his hand touched something slimy and cold. He recoiled in fright and horror. He stood petrified. His heart almost stopped beating. Visions of writhing snakes flashed through his harrassed mind.

“They’re all around me, coming at me, and I can’t see them! Let me see! Let me see!” he screamed. Nothing but that hollow voice and darkness.

His feet were wet and cold. Several times he almost lost his balance. Suddenly he was supported by something hard and solid. At first he started in fear. Then he began to feel up and down the slimy rocks.

“It’s a wall!” he exclaimed in surprise. “I must be in a cave!”

This sudden realization made him desperate with fear. Stories of people lost and left for days to starve in caves flashed through his mind. He thought of the deep crevices, the cutting, jagging stalactites, the cold pools, the creeping, crawling things. He thought of his reckless stumbling through the dark, ignorant of the danger. He shuddered. He felt around him timidly, expecting a sudden dropping off, which would hurl him far below to a perilous death.

He sank to the ground and remained there motionless, afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe.

Staring into the black, he began to try to reason why he had been brought there.

“Surely they don’t want me for money. And they don’t want to kill me because I know a valuable secret. Who could have brought me here, and why, and where are they now?” This he nervously pondered.

“Yes, where are they now?” He was shaken by a new fear.

“Someone may be lurking nearby, maybe right behind me, waiting to kill me right now!” Nervous sweat poured off his body. His palms were icy. The darkness became even more formidable. He grew tense with expectation.

“And I can only sit here and wait!” he shrieked madly. Hollowly, “—and wait!”

“Go ahead—kill me! Kill me—kill me!”

Cold drops trickled unceasingly from above.

“Stop dripping!” he shouted. “Stop dripping!” Still they trickled.

“Stop! Stop! Stop!”

Suddenly he was silent and still. “I’m having a horrible nightmare,” he said slowly, calmly—“just a dream.” He laughed nervously and was relieved. “Yes, that’s it. Then I’ll wake up and it’ll be light!”

“But I can feel the wall!” his voice grew louder—hysterical. “I can feel the cold, dripping water! I can feel my bruised body! It’s not a dream! It’s not a dream! I’m really here—waiting to die!”

This new outburst increased his fear and his desperation.

“Waiting to die—waiting to die—waiting to die”—echoed through the cavern.

The dripping continued. Nothing but dripping and darkness and voices, dripping and darkness and voices, dripping and darkness and voices.

Suddenly a new gleam filled his eyes. His hand plunged into his pocket and drew out a small crumpled package of matches. He laughed gleefully. “Now I’m going to have light—yes,” he whispered. “I’m going to have light. I’m going to be free!”

He struck one, and screamed. The light frightened him. It brought him a sudden realization of the horrible, glaring, over-powering, laughing cavern. Fascinated, he struck another, and another, and another until the last had been extinguished. He laughed.

“Now I have put out all the ugly faces. They’re gone! They’re gone! Now I’m alone—waiting for my life to be extinguished too. I’m being punished for my sinful life—all the lies—all the cheating—all the terrible wrongs I have done. That’s why I’m here. I’m in purgatory, on my way to hell. I’m not living any more. I’m dead. I’m waiting for the gates of hell to open. Waiting—waiting—waiting. . . .”

He grew strangely calm, quiet, patient. He was no longer desperate—no longer afraid. His desperation changed to a hopelessness, a numbness to any sense of being. He was doomed and could do nothing now to change his fate. He had only to wait.

Something slithered over his foot. He grabbed for it greedily. He picked up a small, squirming tough-skinned lizard. It was then he realized he was hungry. Lustily he bit into one of the kicking legs, and it cracked as he chewed. His gnawing hunger grew greater. He reached for the other leg, but the lizard had escaped him. Now he was mad with hunger. He had tasted blood, and he craved more. He waited impatiently and longingly for another such animal to come across his path. He listened intently, scarcely daring to

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## Man Who Ate the Cheesecake

Richard Harvey

“Did you ever walk down Times Square in the rain eating cheesecakes?”

“No, but I will admit I had some cheesecakes once.”

“Well, Dick and I were walking down Times Square last summer eating cheesecake.”

“Is that all you did last summer?”

“No, this was just one afternoon late in June. We were walking along when we came to the Paddock Bar. Dick said, ‘Want a beer?’ ‘O.K.’ I said. So we had a beer.”

“What’s this got to do with cheesecakes?”

“I’m coming to that. The barkeep was a young guy who introduced himself as a ‘drunken Delt’ from Wisconsin. He served us two beers, and we got to talking. He saw our fraternity pins and asked us where we went to school. We told him Denison, and then we had to explain just where and what Denison was, but it was fun. We were both kind of homesick for the place.”

“Hadn’t he heard of it?”

“No, that’s why we told him. Then he told us about Wisconsin. He was a Delt at Wisconsin. We got to talking about the respective fraternities and sororities at the two schools and found we had many of the same. Then he told us about the Fiddle-de-thet’s at Wisconsin.”

“What’s a Fiddlede-thet?”

“You know, Phi Delta Theta? They have such a large chapter there that the men don’t even know each other. Once Wisconsin played Michigan at Ann Arbor, and two men who were complete strangers found themselves both cheering for Wisconsin. One turned to the other and asked if he was from Wisconsin. When he said ‘yes’, the first asked, ‘What frat?’ The second replied, ‘Fiddle-de-thet’. ‘You are? What floor?’ asked the first. ‘Fourth’, the other answered. ‘No wonder I didn’t know you. I live on the second’, the first man said.”

“Who won the game?”

“I don’t know. That’s the end of the story. Did you ever walk down Times Square in the rain eating cheesecake?”

“No, but I have had cheesecake.”

“We had a couple more beers, and then we payed the bill and left. It was raining; so we stopped under a marquee for a few minutes. There were a lot of sailors under it. One of them was cussing up and down because it was raining. He had on his last clean uniform and didn’t want to get it dirty. I had a raincoat myself, so I just laughed at him.”

“So then you had some cheesecake?”

“No, we stood under the marquee for a while watching the people come and go in the rain. Finally we just sauntered out into the rain ourselves. We had on raincoats so we didn’t have to hurry.”

“What about the cheesecake?”

“We had a lot of fun walking along looking in windows and watching people scurry past.

(Continued on page 24)

# Reflections

## MECHANIKOS

Cog? I will be no Cog!  
Man is not Metal, smooth, cold, nor can he be.  
Man has Breath, has Life, Man is not meant for  
Calculation.

I am not uniform with other men—  
Nature is in Me.  
Two trees stand twin on the side of a hill,  
One frosted and russet and orange-brown,  
One still defiant and deep folds of green,  
So Man.

Cog? I can be no Cog!  
Friction and Resistance, tooth against tooth, progress in machinery,  
Union and joint Pressure, shoulder against shoulder,  
progress in man.  
All the poetry inside me protests,  
All those inner tissues that say I am individual  
Cry, "You are not a Machine!"

Still from afar off, greater than inner poetry and  
vague feelings of being, comes a Voice, Duty or  
Country or Group or Social Pressure, still it comes—

At least cogs move, dead men decay  
At least cogs create, restricted mankind only flutters,

At least metal is impenetrable, organic life is but  
film.

You will either be a Cog or but the shadow of a  
dream

That happened on a particularly bright night  
years ago.

And the Wheels whirl, and the Metal shines  
And the Teeth dig deeper into Teeth  
And the Oil and Water hisses its spray.  
Precision is the God and Scientific Destruction  
the Prayer Wheel.

Voices from Out must be Heard  
Silence that Radical Within  
I am a Cog!

Robert Spike



—Courtesy of Columbus Art Gallery

## ANODYNE

O, God, who gave to me the silvery still  
Of night with all its hushed and elfin symbols  
Of the true and perfect peace,  
O, God, who showed to me the golden sun  
Arise across the patterned fields of earth and green,  
Substance of eternity,  
O, God, who led me to the pounding shore  
Of timeless seas, and in my trembling heart  
Proclaimed, "I AM" . . . .  
Take my racing, earth-maddened heart with all its  
lost desires,  
And leave me night, and sun, and seas,  
Unmarred by vain humanity.

Patricia Stodghill

# Torch-Light

The voices of the crowd were raised to a high pitch and now their volume increased, sending up a roaring cheer into the stillness of the night. The moon was overcast but the spot was sufficiently illuminated by the sputtering flames of the torches, held by four or five persons mingled here and there in the mass. The tumult died abruptly and people began to wander away as the hour was now late.

"Not bad for a night's work, whatsay?"  
"Not bad 'tall."  
"Damn good."

"Lo thar Jedge."  
"Why how do you do Samuel. How's your crop?"  
"Sames ushul."  
"That's unfortunate. I wish you luck."

"Be at the church supper tomorrow?"  
"Nope, wife sick."  
"Too bad."  
"Good night, come on over to dinner sometime."  
"I've been ameanin' to but you know howtiz."  
Sentences fluttered about and small groups strolled off.

"Not goin' home Mista Bob?"  
"Yes, I have a big day ahead of me at the bank tomorrow."  
"That's too bad, we aims t'do some more huntin'."  
"Hope you have a nice time."  
"We will."

"That's George."  
"I guess he'll take the 'lecshun all right."  
"Howdeedo George."  
"Evenin' folks."  
"Three cheers for the next gov'ner!"

"Looks like rain t'morrie."  
"Yup."  
"Hear Rob's boy done fainted."  
"Zattso?"  
"Fell right on his face."  
"Hmm."

"How's the new kid Lem."  
"O.K."  
"Look like you?"  
"Little."

"Hello there Mr. Mayor."  
"Why Jim, how are you?"  
"Fine. How's politics?"  
"Same as ever."

## Donald Ladd



"He was just astandin' thar and fell down."  
"Kids er sissies, now, in my day—"  
"Said it was sumpin he et."  
"Like hell."  
"Zis his fust time?"  
"Muss be."  
"He'll never get over it."  
"Better."  
"Said he nivver fainted afore."  
"Kids er funny t'day, why I was only 'leven."  
"Can't remember my fust time."  
"An' here he iz, sixteen."

A light wind began to blow and the moon came out from the clouds.

"Sixteen yars and nivver afore seen us string up one a those goddam niggers."

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breathe, to detect the movements of another living being. Minutes seemed to crawl into hours. His listening was gratified only by the steady dripping overhead and the loudness of his own breathing.

His breathing became so annoying and so obnoxious that it infuriated him. The taste of blood made him wild. He could stand it no longer. He put his finger in his mouth and sank his teeth into it—harder and harder until his blood spurted and his bone cracked. His desire magnified, he bit into his wrist. There was no pain; he was numb to pain. He was satisfying his craving for blood. It tasted so good. He fell in a limp heap. There was no more waiting.

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"God bless you, fraulein," said Wilhelm. "I have waited years for such a kind word, even though, fool that I am, I should not deserve it."

"You, a fool?"

"Yes, fraulein, a fool."

"But how can you think yourself a fool? Can you think yourself a fool for caring for these crocuses?"

"I am no fool for that, for these flowers have been my life for long years and will be until I die. Perhaps their story will explain why I brand myself thus.

"When I was a young man in Vienna, the son of a baker, I was engaged to marry Elizabeth, the pig-tailed daughter of the tailor across the street. It was 1880. I was happy loving Elizabeth until I became infatuated with a beautiful woman, a customer in my father's shop. Deserting Elizabeth, I finally persuaded this woman, by many gifts and promises, to be my wife. Disowned by my father, I prepared to leave home."

"But what of Elizabeth? Did you think this other woman could take her place in your heart?"

"Heaven knows what I thought. . . . I knew only that I desired this woman, and Elizabeth's undemonstrative, unassuming love could not hold me.

"The day I left home for the last time, I took one last look at the tailor shop, and there, up in the second story window, was Elizabeth coaxing a window box of white crocuses into blooming another day. She would not fight, and I know now that her only thought was for my happiness, that her love was unselfish beyond words. I could see that she was weeping, and I could not even wave goodbye. . . . Within the year, my wife died in childbirth.

"Free, and realizing at last that I loved only Elizabeth, I went back to the tailor shop. There, an embittered father told me that she had been killed in a carriage accident a short time after I had left home. Grief stricken, I visited her grave that night; on the mound, white in the moonlight, were the white crocuses from her window box. . . .

"Can't you see what a fool I'd been? I threw away the most precious thing I ever possessed, Elizabeth's love; when I found the truth in my heart, it was too late. I left Austria and came to Germany, where I obtained the position of caretaker on this great estate. After I had been here a few years, I found a great field of white crocuses high up on the mountain. Remembering the grave in the moonlight, I began bringing them down to plant about this lodge and about my own small home. For over fifty years they have bloomed here, the symbol of a perfect love, strong, sweet, sacrificing, enduring. . . ."

". . . such as few find here in the Reich," thought Frieda. "Chad's love must have been like that. It failed not because there was no real love, but because I failed to recognize in our friendship the depth and significance which was love. . . . I remember the day he told me for the first time

that he loved me. Having come far out into the country on bicycles, we stopped at a small inn for tea and muffins with jam.

"As we sat in the garden, Chad seemed very quiet. Suddenly, he took my hands in his and said simply, 'I love you, Frieda. . . .' After that, I guess I said something about loving him, but all was a lovely blur of tears. We parted for the summer, promising to meet again in September, but the war came and I never saw him again. I came to Germany, made Wilhelm's mistake, and now regret it."

(Continued from page 21)

Times Square had certainly changed since the last time I was there. Only one big sign was left, and that was just a billboard advertising 'Camels'. The main feature was a man who blew smoke rings. It wasn't a real man, but it was just a picture of one. Dick explained how it worked, but I didn't want to know; so I just didn't listen. I'd rather just look at it."

"Was it still raining?"

"Yes. After a while we walked up past the Astor and looked at a statue of Father Duffy. I met a guy this summer whose name was Bernard Duffy; so I called him 'Father Duffy' all the time."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He just laughed. I sang the song about 'Paddy Murphy', but I always sang it 'the night that Father Duffy died.'"

"Did he like that?"

"He always asked me what came next. One day I told him. Say, did you ever eat cheesecake walking down Times Square in the rain?"

"No, I never did."

"Dick and I did once. After we left Father Duffy's statue, we came to a restaurant, and Dick said, 'Want some cheesecake?' 'All right,' I said. 'My father doesn't like for me to eat in public,' Dick said. 'You mean on the street?' I asked. 'Yes, one time I met him in Newark, and I was eating an ice cream cone. He gave me hell for eating in public,' Dick replied. 'Oh,' I said. 'Well, let's have some cheesecake,' said Dick. 'O.K.,' I said. So we bought some cheesecake, left the restaurant, and walked down Times Square eating cheesecake in the rain."

"Was it good?"

"I didn't like it myself. They charged us forty cents for a small piece, and then it was all soggy and lumpy. We ate it in the rain as we walked down Times Square."

"Cheesecake is supposed to be soggy and lumpy."

"Is it? Did you ever walk down Times Square in the rain eating cheesecakes?"