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Carroll Quarterly, a literary magazine produced by an undergraduate staff and written by the students, alumni, and faculty of John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Spring, 1966

Numbers 3 and 4

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To our readers:

We would first of all like to explain why we chose to make this last issue a combination publication of the third and fourth **Quarterlies** of this year. There is really only one reason. Last year distribution difficulties cropped up in regard to the last **Quarterly**. We have tried to keep a schedule similar to last year's, but with exams beginning a week earlier than they did last May, we foresaw the possibility of even more problems than we had a right to expect. Therefore, you have in your hands now the third and fourth numbers of the 1966 **Carroll Quarterly**. We reasoned that the joint publication of the last two issues would enable us to do a better job on each issue as well as facilitate distribution of the magazine.

Next we wish to congratulate Mark Yungbluth and Gerald FitzGerald, each of whom will receive a fifty dollar award for the excellence of their work published in the 1966 **Quarterlies**.

We wish to thank all those who submitted their work to us during this past year. All manuscripts in our power to return can be picked up in the **Quarterly** box at the front of the English department. Each is carefully marked as to the author, and the material is arranged in alphabetical order.

We hope you, the readers and authors of **The Carroll Quarterly**, have enjoyed the magazine as we have directed it, and that you will continue to support it next year with your contributions.

Sincerely,

The Editor and Staff
The Carroll Quarterly

A Moment in the Awakening of China

EDMUND S. WEHRLE

In 1958, Mao Tse-tung, president of the Peoples Republic of China, greeted a delegation of nationalists from French Algeria with the following observation: "The bond that unites us is that we have both been humiliated." The bond is one of historical remembrance and the memory is one of colonial or semi-colonial subjugation. Like all historical memories its shadow plays upon the present, directing great events from behind the scenes. It cannot be easily exercised, but its demon-like quality can be mitigated by a frank appraisal of the past. This would be to admit to human folly and guilt on all sides. Perhaps it is for the West to begin the process by a reconsideration of its conduct in China through the past century. Here one does not have to look far afield for folly or guilt.

There is no better place to start than in 1900 with the Boxer Rising. In a sense this marks the beginning of modern Chinese history since this movement is now regarded as embodying the first real outburst of nationalism in China. It was a grassroots rising of the Chinese peasants directed against the incapacity of the Manchu dynasty.

The regime had been able neither to cope with the drought and famine which spread havoc through the northeastern provinces, nor was it able to repulse the foreigner who had laid claim to strategic enclaves along the coast of China. Under secret society inspiration the original objective of the Boxers was antidynastic, but as the movement spread like wildfire among the peasants the antiforeign spirit became the decisive one. At least for the moment anti-Manchu feeling was obscured or put aside. The Chinese masses had apparently decided that they had had enough of the Western consuls with their gunboats, the merchants with their hard-driving methods and the missionaries with their overbearing arrogance.

Professor Wehrle of the History Department at John Carroll University has prepared the following essay based on material contained in his recently published book, *Britain, China and the Antimissionary Riots, 1891-1900* (University of Minnesota Press, 1966). The book consists of a study of European diplomacy in China on the eve of and during the Boxer Rising. It reveals the influence of both European power politics and of the missionary movement in China in preparing the way for the famous siege of the legations in Peking.

What incited the Boxers to their xenophobic acts of destruction? That the European nations had increased their demands for territorial leases and concessions was clear and constituted a growing fear and embarrassment to China. That European commerce had made significant inroads into China was also indisputable; it resulted in a deep economic and social displacement for countless Chinese. But when one looks for the issue which supplied the slogans and rallying cries, it was the resentment caused by the presence and actions of Christian missionaries and their Chinese converts.

The middle years of the nineteenth century witnessed a virtual renewal of the Christian missionary movement in China. It was the ships and guns of the commercially aggressive European Powers which opened the way for missionary penetration. The French exercised a sudden new concern for the Catholic missionaries, for their safety had become an aspect of national prestige. But it was the British who led the way in seeking commercial privileges, and with the British came the first Protestant missionary groups in China.

There were two ways in which the Protestant and Catholic missionaries gained influence in China and both involved clinging to the coattails of a militant Britain and France. Initially they shared in the benefits of the political and commercial concessions forced from China by way of a series of treaties imposed upon China by armed action and thus aptly described as the "unequal treaties." But they also received direct support in some of these treaties. Most significant of these were the Treaties of Tientsin (1858) by which the toleration of Christianity was confirmed, missionaries were permitted to preach and practice Christianity throughout the Empire, and the Chinese Government was to be responsible for their protection.

Of course, it was not so much the specifics of the treaties (it is doubtful that the Chinese realized precisely what all the provisions entailed) as it was what the missionaries did and said in China which gave rise to hatred and misunderstanding. There was resentment when the missionaries claimed that by the toleration clause of the treaties their converts were exempt from giving the customary contributions to local religious festivals or plays. There was fear that the mission schools with their foreign studies and new ideas would undermine the traditional system of education upon which the rank and authority of the gentry-official class was based. But the most irksome cause of dispute was the involvement of missionaries in the Chinese judicial system.

In the 1860's, the most serious and widespread abuse of the Catholic missionaries involved their interference in legal affairs on behalf of their converts. By the 1890's, British of-

ficials had increasingly involved themselves in similar actions on behalf of Protestant missionaries and their converts. As one British consul put it: "Any direct prohibition of Christianity, any punishment of a man for being a Christian, and destruction of mission property, the publication of blasphemous or obscene books and placards, stirring up people against Christians, and even the forcible compulsion of a convert to contribute to idol ceremonies, call for a remonstrance (by the foreign consul)."

In addition, the missionaries advocated a new system of values which had deep social and political implications; this was the primary reason for the fierce opposition of the Chinese gentry and official class. To preach the concept of the one God was to question the semi-divinity of the Emperors and undermine the Confucian system of ethics. To reject ancestor worship seemed to be a condemnation of all forms of filial respect. To demand that Christian converts not participate in village religious festivals and theatricals appeared to be an attack on the communal structure of rural China. In the best of times and by the most persuasive of advocates the implantation of Christianity in China would have been a formidable task. Not only did its doctrine seem to give offense to Chinese values, but it came as an ideology imposed by the aggressive barbarian.

In the last half of the nineteenth century Chinese mobs had increasingly turned against the missionary, attacking his person or destroying his property. This became a constant factor in Chinese relations with the West. But in the two or three years before the Boxer Rising the missionaries more than even before became identified with the aggressive presence of the West in China. Late in 1897, two German Catholic missionaries were murdered in their residence in Shantung by members of an outlaw gang. Germany seized upon this as a pretext for occupying a strategic port in Shantung and extending her influence throughout the province. This was only the first of several territorial concessions forced from China as supposed compensation for attacks on missionaries. In the following year the murder of more than one Catholic missionary was followed by a French demand for commercial or territorial compensation. Even the British threatened to extend their holdings in Hong Kong unless the murderer of a British missionary was apprehended. The Chinese would have been less than human did they not suspect that some sort of sinister relationship had been established between the missionaries and the acquisitive European Powers.

While one descriptive phrase cannot do justice to a movement of great complexity such as the Boxer Rising, it may well be justifiable to claim that as much as anything else the

rebellion might be described as one massive antimissionary riot. The Chinese peasant rose partly by instinct (and partly by direction) against the most obvious embodiment of the hated foreigner—the missionary. The Manchu Government risked overthrow in the face of a virtual rebellion if it sought to oppose the Boxers or protect the foreign missionaries and their converts. The representatives of the European Powers in Peking found themselves standing as guardians over the missionary led Christian communities. All this was epitomized in the siege of Peking when the Boxers and Imperial troops combined to surround and attack the foreign legation compound.

To the outside world one of the most shocking aspects of the Boxer Rising was the apparent approval given by the Chinese Government for the attack on the legations, an action which flagrantly violated international law. The assault could hardly benefit the regime, for it would bring down upon the Manchu the combined wrath of the European Powers at a moment when the dynasty was fully aware of its own weakness. Why then did the Manchu Court go along with and even support the attack on the legations? A clew to this historical riddle lay in the fact that in the week prior to the attack almost three thousand Chinese Christians had in one way or another sought and obtained sanctuary behind the walls of the legation compound. The missionaries demanded this, and the foreign ministers reluctantly allowed it.

The decision by the Manchu Government to join in the attack on the legations must be regarded as one of sheer desperation. The Court had already benefitted by the shift in Boxer objectives; it was now an antiforeign rather than an antidynastic movement. But the Manchu dared not appear as in any way the protector or supporter of the Christians; the foreign ministers could in themselves be protected but the larger task of protecting the missionaries and converts was too much. Thus the Manchu officials had no recourse other than to permit and support to a moderate degree the Boxer assault on the Chinese Christians and the foreign ministers within the legations.

The Court may have been encouraged in their support of the Boxers by one additional factor. Manchu officials were likely to have feared that the moment had arrived for the much rumored partition of China among the European Powers. An expedition under British command had already set out for Peking from Tientsin, and it was questionable whether its first objective was to protect the Europeans from Boxer attacks or to assume political control of Peking. At about the same time a large Russian military force had put to sea from Port Arthur. Perhaps the English and the Russians were to compete for control of Peking. At any rate, the Court did not dare to chal-

lege the Boxers at a moment when these armed men might be necessary in the defense of Chinese territory.

Once the armed attack on the legations had begun, there was little chance of averting the disastrous series of events which followed. The Europeans carried out a spirited defense of their legations for almost a month and a half. They were in considerable danger of being overwhelmed in spite of the fact that a moderate group among the Chinese leadership blocked all attempts to push the assault to the breaking point, realizing that Western revenge which would inevitably follow would be fatal to the dynasty and to China.

During the course of the attack, a European expeditionary force complete with United States Marines was being formed for the overland march to Peking. Chance of a negotiated settlement was pushed aside by the Europeans who could only imagine that they were dealing with Oriental treachery which must be crushed. Once the invasion was unleashed the foreign troops pushed steadily on to Peking where they relieved the defenders of the legations.

China was, of course, to pay for its miscalculation. There was a lengthy and destructive occupation of her territories from Peking northward by the encamped armies of the invaders. Expeditions under European command were sent forth to run down the scattered Boxer bands; otherwise the foreigners busied themselves by gathering what loot could be forced from a crippled China. A handful of high Manchu Court officials were condemned to death for the support which they had given to the rebellious Boxers, but the foreign Powers found it convenient to return the Empress Dowager to the throne.

The most famous and abiding remembrance of this act of hostility toward the West was embodied in the Boxer indemnity, payment of which was forced upon the reinstated Manchu regime. This remained a constantly vexatious sign of subjugation as payments were carried on into the period of the Chinese Republic and through the period of the Second World War. Finally, additional guarantees concerning the future safety of the missionaries were obtained from the then prostrate Manchu government.

In short, the Chinese were overwhelmed and humiliated by the West. Henceforth no patriotic Chinese could rest easy under the onus of these degrading circumstances. It was the first line of duty for any conscientious Chinese to work to rid China of the influence of the interloper from the West. Chinese nationalism was born at the time of the Boxer Rising, but it was a weak and immature nationalism. It was a nationalism which was to reach an early youth under the Kuomintang of Chiang Kai-shek, and eventually achieve maturity and victory

by way of the hard discipline of Mao Tse-tung's Communist Party.

There should be no great difficulty then in understanding the roots of the anti-Western and anti-Christian orientation of Mao's China. It lies not in the momentarily useful discipline found in the Communist system, but rather in the historical experience of China through the last one hundred years. Better relations with China can never come about without some sense of the bitterness and humiliation which lay behind the Chinese revolution. Its driving force and its basic strength rested in the fact that it enabled China to throw off Western domination and stand free and upright among a world of great Powers. The West must put aside its continued sense of self-righteousness and look back with an open mind to its own record in China. Such a frank and honest appraisal is an essential first step to a realistic and mutually beneficial relationship with the new China.

Prize-winning Author, Poetry:

GERALD FITZGERALD

Alone, The House On No Hill

*Alone, the house on no hill,
the house of fields,
suffers the daylight wait.
Tired earth beneath crumble walls
shifts the wind-whistle chambers of lost will,
brimming with nothing;
hollow cream combs of the clapboard castle
stiffen on sunlight ground.*

*Alone and empty, the house,
the slow-fall house,
strains with bristling shadows.
Browned black in the oaken beams, night
buckles old timbers to rupture and rouse
dark mother forces,
to rain black glory on the man mistake
now in quiet collapse.*

Once A Lover (for G. T.)

GERALD T. FITZGERALD

*The sun beat bright
and blue was the whispered word,
And celestial bodies
clouded about to be heard
As I strove in the gulf
of the earth and the tingling nerve.
To the time-tuned hum
of the swishing heavenly hymns,
In the place of the heat
and ice and the finger pins,
I choked for the blue
release of my nocturnal sins:
Two steps in and under,
the blue-breast pellets pounding warm,
Through the shoestring door
to the depths and heights pulled to a form,
Like a boxed-in
bastardly blundering billowing storm
I crashed on the lead black shell of my fears,
Stone-stunned by the negation of the years*

Come Die With Me
This Monday Morning

GERALD T. FITZGERALD

*Come die with me this Monday morning,
Come play the neverdare knave,
Flow with me and all that's forming
Flesh and fluid in the grave—
Down here now, girl, below the noise,
Under the altars, beneath the tears,
Come take the clam-hand little boy
And peel away his fears.
Come crack the buried church now, girl,
Tumble down on me to pray,
Forget the rasping hymns now, girl,
Forever's come today.*

Rebecca's Drowning in a Country Stream

GERALD T. FITZGERALD

*Rebecca is drowning in a country stream
That cuts the brazen gold of some plateau,
That rolls and winds and rushes through green dreams
Of tumbleweed and quartz and blueness rocks,
With one current-battered thought to swell and knock
Against her quick blood's temple-pounding flow—
All the cut stone monkey-bar streets
And small grey people and buildings and shops,
And sand-blasted steam-cleaned cheats
Cannot possibly know or in any way stop
The spinning, sinking ecstasy of
Rebecca's drowning in a country stream.*

See You in the Morning

GERALD T. FITZGERALD

*See you in the morning when the lopped apples
Lie brown in the grass that is yellow now always,
And the movement of the death-breeze branches
Becomes the song and soul of grey singing birds.
See you in the morning after the comet's tail,
The suns, and the falling of the fireballs,
After the flaming creatures, when the growling
Hot red breath is a brown dog's distant barking;
In the morning when we pile lust upon love,
Hate on hate, and grow ourselves a new garden
Where we children, in all our wit and wisdom,
Shall shine and blaze new paths toward shattered everything.*

A Miniature Portrait

PHILIP PARKHURST

Once upon a time, and a pretty dull time it was, there was a large dog walking down the street and it met little Jamie. Jamie looked at the dog's face very closely to see if it was foaming at the mouth because that meant it had rabies and everyone knew that rabies was a bad thing to have. The dog reminded him of his father although his father smelled better and his teeth were not quite so sharp and he was a bit more articulate and he didn't wag his tail very much. Little Jamie walked to the other side of the street to get around the dog. After all, it still could have rabies, it doesn't HAVE to foam at the mouth.

* * * *

Jamie went to his classroom. During class he would hide under his desk so the teacher wouldn't call on him because the other fellows didn't like him when he answered all the questions. Jamie sat under his desk and remembered the time the teacher had scolded him because he gave the wrong answer. He cringed and couldn't stop shaking over the horribly memory. It was almost as terrible as the time he had put his hand against the sooty chimney. Soot was terrible stuff. It was filthy and it made one feel unclean all over and he had washed and washed that hand all night and he couldn't sleep because of the memory of the grimy chimney.

* * * *

After school he went home, but he had to stop at the baker's along the way. The baker was a big, hearty, friendly person. Little Jamie didn't like him.

As he approached the baker's, Jamie saw the doors. OH NO, not those doors! They were the kind one never knew whether to push or pull. PUSH or pull? Push or PULL?

OH GOD! DEAR GOD! HELP ME TO MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION!

Jamie bought seven rolls that his mother wanted and ran and skipped all the way home.

* * * *

Just as Jamie got to the beginning of his street, he stopped and looked about. No one was watching, no one was on the street. He crept towards the dark alley and penetrated into its blackest corner. He made sure he was well hidden, then took out a roll. It was a good roll. Why? Because it tasted

good? Jamie sat in the alley until dark considering what it was that made a roll good.

* * * *

When he went inside, his father and Uncle Sam and Aunt Holly were sitting and talking. Uncle Sam was very old. He only moved when he fell out of his chair. His father and Aunt Holly were arguing and saying bad things and he put his hands over his ears and ran from the room. Shouting was so much like a thunderstorm. It was so nice walking in the rain, the rain drenched your hair and went down your neck and it was SO CLEAN. But it did get your clothes wet and hurt your shoes and sometimes made you sick . . . so was rain a good thing or a bad thing: He sat down on the floor and thought about it.

* * * *

Begorra, his mother said, so you're finally home with my rolls. He liked his mother. She smelled like wet peat-moss and her eyes were warm and brown like a horse's. He remembered the horse that had chased him down the street one day. Ugh! Does that mean that she is bad because she has eyes like a horse, Jamie sat back down on the floor.

How many rolls did you buy, she asked.

Six, he said. He didn't dare tell her that he had taken one.

* * * *

He had lied. He had lied.

LIAR, LIAR, LIAR, LIAR.

OHO!

THERE IS A PLACE WHERE LIARS GO
DON'T YOU KNOW.

His soul was black like that terrible soot and it was sickening and it rose up to choke him. He was disgusted.

* * * *

The black filth of his soul was like a cancerous growth and it spread and it spread and became worse and life was a living death. Hell had come to him.

When his mother went into his room one night, he wasn't there. He had gone to flagellate himself on the church steps. CRACK, CRACK.

* * * *

Life was livable again, but Jamie was not happy. He was dissatisfied. Something was wrong, it was not complete.

No life is complete, said his mother, no one knows the secret of life, the secret of living.

The secret of life, the secret of living. What is the secret of life, thought Jamie. What is the secret of living,

Jamie sat down on the floor and thought and after a couple of minutes he had THE ANSWER and he packed his bags and left.

Marionettes

ROBERT A. BRUENING

*Marionettes walk up the steps
And tumble down again,
In faceless heaps of faceless pieces
That mirror faceless men.*

*I wonder if they'll ever rise,
Again to speak sententiously of literature and art,
Of frozen slabs of granite buried
On Troy's distant shore,*

*Of if they'll choose to rest forever,
Sentinelishly, so to speak,
With faces pressed insensately
In granulated lore.*

*My marionettes walk up the steps—
They do not choose to speak;
They merely tumble down again
In heaps of painted men.*

In Cold Blood: A Review

RODERICK PORTER

Sometime in the early morning of November 15, 1959, two men entered the home of Herbert Clutter in Holcomb, Kansas, ransacked the house in search of a suspected large sum of money, and then brutally murdered the members of the Clutter family: Mr. Clutter himself by cutting his throat after binding and gagging him, and then shooting him in the head point-blank with a .12 gauge shotgun; Kenyon Clutter, a fifteen-year old son, also bound and gagged and shot in the head point-blank with the same gun; Nancy Clutter, an attractive sixteen-year-old daughter, bound, but not gagged, and also shot in the head; and finally Mrs. Bonnie Clutter, the wife and mother, a semi-invalid who was bound and gagged in her own bed, and then shot as was her family. Six weeks later, two men, Perry Smith and Richard Hickock, were arrested in Las Vegas and charged with the crime. In March, 1960 they were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. On April 14, 1965, after five years of appeal and reprieve, both men were hanged at the Kansas State Prison in Leavenworth County, Kansas. The incidents of this crime, and its consequences from the subject matter for Truman Capote's first book since *Selected Writings* appeared in 1963.

Truman Capote has called *In Cold Blood* his first serious contribution to the art-form of the Nonfiction Novel. What alone distinguishes the book and gives it the character of a novel is its setting and structure: it is a true account of the events of the murder and the incidents related to it, both past and present, all of which is set in a structure designed to give the reader the impression of a novel. For example, the first part of the book, "The Last to See Them Alive," concerning primarily the time and events of the Clutter family and of the criminals on the day prior to the murder, represents one of the most painstaking research and re-research tasks ever undertaken to compile the true events of any happening. These facts, once compiled, Capote sets into a framework of alternating scenes, first looking at the Clutter family, as it were, for a minute, and then at Hickock and Smith, again for a minute, as they sped to the culmination of their plans. This contrast is effective: the respectable, prosperous, generous Clutter family, living in peace and with a kindness to its neighbors well-known throughout western Kansas, going about a pretty much normal Saturday's routine while speeding to them is a pair of men bent on robbing the family and leaving "no witnesses."

The description of Perry Smith and Dick Hickok works

itself into the reader, so that without ever really wanting to get to know the murderers he becomes an intimate spectator of each man's life. The background of these two lives is presented slowly: a bit before they commit the murder, and then more and more as they travel throughout the country and into Mexico afterwards. Capote, no doubt using some of the notes of interviews he had with the two, records their thoughts at the time of the murder, and then especially their thoughts about one another. Capote continues to build the description: the one, Hickock, a man unafraid as long as he held the upper hand, who had gone through two unhappy marriages, and a term in prison for check-fraud; a man described in a psychiatric report as having "signs of emotional abnormalities," and other abnormal tendencies, including pedophilia; and who yet considered himself, in his own words, "a one-hundred per cent normal." The other, Smith, self-pitying, sensitive, especially to his short height and the sight of his legs which had been horribly scarred in a motorbike accident; quiet, but capable of fierce, unshown rage; a man constantly being saved or avenged by a "big, yellow parrot" in his dreams, and whose personality structure was described as "very nearly that of a paranoid schizophrenic reaction." Both Smith and Hickock were intelligent, down-on-their-luck convicts on parole.

With the same zest for fine detail, Capote describes others in the story: the friends and neighbors of the Clutters, as well as the Clutters themselves. All these descriptions are done in a style of detail that clearly presents the character of the one described.

The high point of the book is Perry Smith's confession of the murders. In his own words he describes the events of that evening and early morning in the Clutter household. The brutality of the act, and the way the murderers take it in stride, is horrible.

Beyond the relation of a story, several of the references in **In Cold Blood** lead me to regard the book—secondarily—as an attack on, or at least a questioning of, the worth of capital punishment. By the end of the book, as the last scene unfolds, we cannot help but ask what difference it makes to kill the criminals—the Clutters are dead, their torture over. But somehow the scene of that awful crime, brutal to astound imagination, keeps recurring in the mind. The sheer uselessness of the first murder somehow submerges the question of how sheerly useless is the second "murder."

Secondly, the book attacks the M'Naghten Rule, the legal formula used throughout the British Commonwealth and in most of the States of the Union, for determining legal guilt by reason of insanity. According to this rule, a person is legally sane and accountable for his actions if 1) he knew the na-

ture of the act, and 2) he knew it was wrong. Capote doesn't try to convince the reader of the soundness of the Durham Rule ("if a person is adjudged mentally ill, he is not responsible for his acts"), but he does present evocative argument in the course of the presentation of the story against the M'Naghten Rule.

Primarily *In Cold Blood* is a story. Capote does only one thing: present the facts—the people, places, and events in this drama, and lets the reader draw whatever conclusions seem appropriate to him. One can certainly not read the book without having thought about what fosters criminal behavior in the United States, how it is to be prevented, how effective is capital punishment and the M'Naghten Rule. But this is secondary to Capote's first purpose: to write the story.

Some have called *In Cold Blood* a masterpiece. I do not see how. Granted it is a good book, resplendent with effective detail and description, provocative in questioning some of the legal strictures of our day, and interesting in contributing to the still vague concept of the Nonfiction Novel. But this does not constitute a great book. I cannot escape the residual feeling that I have read a rather lengthy newspaper feature. A final judgment on its greatness must wait a long while; but somehow I have the feeling that in ten, fifteen, or twenty years *In Cold Blood* will be looked back on as a rather novel flash, an experiment in a new literary form, which, though good and effective, has not the qualities to make it, in its own right, a permanent masterpiece of literature.

Gone

J. R. WALPOLE

Who can say yes or no, but only maybe?

It seems to take so long, but then, there is no time—

It has all been lost in the heat of the daze.

The days are gone; the daze has wasted them.

Collection of Poems

JAMES VALENTINE

Experience

*A cultured man rebuffed the recalcitrant winds of scorn
To the soul-strewn path of the University
in quest of knowledge
But he found naught-for though
He wandered, field to field,
He covered little ground*

*But rather he covered only the expanse of desire,
though not rightly his own—
Never once quenching the thirst of his intellect
But merely fulfilling the dreams of his contemporaries.*

*Struggle as he may, but seldom victorious,
he floundered valiantly amongst the weeds of truth;
For seldom, if ever, does anyone become the
learned man he longs to be.*

*But rejoice! For from this degradation of character, from this
smite of incongruity
arose from the ashes—experience
Experience, mother of reality, soul of existence, key to eternity
O, had I only sought the treasured ladder of truth . . .
To surmount this ladder of learning
to your celestial threshold.*

*But I am alone now,
the victim of society,
. . . lost in the pangs of my heart
I seldom stir in self-reflection
But passively submit to the
will of the populace.*

*Farewell Fate; farewell experience;
Carry well the flaming torch of knowledge
to light the hearts of mankind.
Persist through eternity,
. . . for tomorrow I'll be gone.*

In Memoriam

*We often hear what most men fear,
We often cry when death is near.
But what we know, and what we see,
Is but a part of reality.*

*We often ask why this is so,
We often wonder what we know,
But what we seek, and what we find,
Is but the essence of our minds.*

*Yet we ask ourselves if this is true,
Why men will run their brothers through . . .
And then we sense the cause behind
The secret plottings of the mind.*

In Reflection

*Tis often said what most men dread
is the loss of life
And so it is . . .
but, often so, what most men know,
Is little else but strife
. . . and so it is*

*But life or strife, whatever so he deems,
A man escapes but through his dreams
. . . and so it seems*

*That from dread one is lead
beneath the tree of sublimity
to the peaceful sleep of self-assurance*

*And well it is that man fears dread,
And values life, as has been said before;
But were he to choose the path of his recluse,
't would be 'yond his sight
. . . a flight to an endless height
. . . alone.*

Ode to the Vanquished

*The swirling mass of blood and dirt
Renewed the dawn;
the clouds flirted with the velvet blue pathway,
darting amongst its many discrepancies . . .
Vanquished were the soldiers, silent now,
victims of a relentless foe
Victims, nevermore to trod the blurted
highway of existence—
never again to approach the door of happiness.
Remain, O soldiers, the unerring monument
of righteousness, symbols of faith, of love, of
relentless destruction.*

*Wander nevermore, for your deeds have unveiled the truth
Your hearts, your sweat, your blood
have gained for mankind
still another horizon.*

Homeward Bound

*A moments rest, and I'll not be seen
A lonely trip, on a forgotten ship of dreams
The stream of life holds many swirls,
For men and women, for boys and girls,
But alas . . . ! the ship is sinking,
The span of immortality too great a
bridge to cross.*

*So flounder mankind, in the abyss of
incongruity and retrospection
. . . a labored journey,
a valiant effort
to surmount reality*

*But lo! stands a mountain in yonder horizon,
serene and irreproachable
. . . the standard of success*

*'Tis a cruel fate indeed,
To be left alone in the sea of agony
a tattered wreck,
with no respect,
. . . a failure.*

On College & Grades

Text:

WILLIAM DeLONG

The post-World War II generation is now being confronted with a unique problem—that of higher education. Never before have so many students been enrolled in the colleges and universities of the nation. At the present time, there is a widespread need for college graduates in the business, educational, and cultural outlets of our society. However, this great demand has put increased pressure on the student to succeed. This has resulted in a different attitude towards the college degree in today's student. This new motive for education and what can be done about it are the problems for consideration.

Theoretically, the student of a university seeks to increase his limited knowledge over a wider area in a variety of fields. Realistically, there is an altogether different motive of the prospective graduate in the attainment of a degree. The student's reasons that without this parchment attesting the successful and profitable completion of a designated curriculum, there is no hope for success in his future occupation. Surprisingly enough, there is a great deal of truth in this opinion. It is an established fact that the employer seeks those with the higher education first, and to these elite the top job offers are projected. Therefore, a college degree from an employment standpoint is of the utmost importance.

The student knows he must succeed at college if he is to amount to anything in his employer's eyes. The measure of success in college is the point average. Whether it is a number system or the letter grade makes little difference, for it is from these cold, impersonal figures that a successful college career is appraised. Personally I cannot see how a 2.5 average and a 2.49 average differ to such an extent that admission to a graduate school depends religiously on the former figure. I propose that the present grading system be abolished.

Granted that most college teachers are capable, able-minded men and women, it is no secret that some are more capable than others. A student may happen to choose a "lemon" and end up a semester in a state of complete confusion as he receives an "F" for a final grade. On the other hand, a more fortunate member may select the best teacher in a department, and because of the teacher's genius, he receives a grade of "B." Both students could very well have spent an equal amount of hours preparing their lessons and studying for examinations, but one will pass and the other

will fail. How would the elimination of letter grades help? What I would like to suggest is the establishment of just a two grade system. The final grades would consist of either "pass" or "failure."

This would allow both the teacher and student more liberty in following the prescribed necessities of the course. The teacher could spend more time stressing the more important points and expanding his lectures to include outside material. He would not be required to rush through lessons seeking to meet the requirements set forth by the head of the department.

The student could enjoy the lectures for what new knowledge they contain. Instead of scribbling hastened and worthless notes on scrap paper, he could be more attentive to what has been stated in class. He would be more apt to ask questions as they came into his mind, not in the final preparation before a test.

This new system would also eliminate for the most part cheating and copying among the students. There would be no fear of trying to pull an 84 to an 87 to raise the grade one letter because there would not be any letter grades.

Therefore, if grades were eliminated, the pressure to succeed would be lessened. I believe that stemming from this, the quality of work would improve. There would be better relations between the teacher and the student as there would be no false attempts at friendship in order to "pull a 'B' or an 'A'."

Through the revamping of the grading system, I maintain the student would regain the desired attitude of seeking knowledge for the sake of knowledge, not for a grade.

Thank You

JEFFERY L. HAWK

*Thank You Lord for the birds that sing,
Thank You for the air so free,
Thank You Lord for the flowers that spring,
But most of all Lord, thank You just for me.*

Doctor Zhivago: Film Review

TONY KUHN

As a film, **Dr. Zhivago** is a marvelous success. It is the only epic to date besides **Gone With The Wind** and, to some degree, **Lawrence of Arabia**, whose characters will be remembered over the battle sequences and awesome scenery. Indeed, the vast and turbulent setting seems only a fitting environment for the vivid men and women revealed in the picture.

The film is a flashback enactment of the life of deceased poet-physician Yuri Zhivago. His half-brother, Yevgraf, tells the story to the Girl whom he believes may be the daughter of the dead man and Lara, the woman he celebrated in his poetry. He begins with the funeral of Yuri's mother whose death occurred when her child was approximately ten years old. Alexander and Anna Gromeko, a wealthy, aristocratic couple, take Yuri to live in Moscow with them and their little girl, Tonya. Yuri eventually becomes a doctor, but his love for medicine is rivalled by his love for writing poetry. He falls in love with Tonya, but before their marriage, he comes in contact with three people whose lives are never separate from his after a first encounter. These three persons are Lara, Zhivago's great love who inspires his best poetry; the man who marries her, the neurotic Pasha, a fanatical Bolshevik who becomes a leader in the Revolution; and the corrupt, tenacious Victor Komarovskiy, a rich man of the world who, obsessed with Lara, follows her almost to the end of her life. In the vortex of the Revolution, these people are thrown together and wrenched apart during the course of their lives. With each encounter they become more involved with each other until the pattern of their interwoven destinies becomes an artistic whole at the end of the film. The maturing of Zhivago as a human being and an artist is finished. His art continues to live in the Lara poems, and, the thread of his life is carried on in the Girl if she is his child. With the resolution of this question, the film ends.

Director David Lean, responsible for **Brief Encounter**, **Great Expectations**, **Summertime**, **The Bridge on the River Kwai**, and **Lawrence of Arabia**, scores again with **Dr. Zhivago**. This film is noteworthy in that, although he filmed the story with the epic touches which won audience attention for **Lawrence**, Lean concentrates more film time on **Zhivago's** people than on its bigness. The actors in this epic are clearly more important to their director than fabulous costumes or military splendor. The usual accoutrement of "the big ones" is used in **Dr. Zhivago** only when it aids in the telling of the tale. To this end Lean does not ignore small touches virtually non-

existent in other spectacles. A flickering candle, a single daffodil, the pattern of ice crystals on a window, such details as these are included when they can logically enhance the thoughts and actions of the principals. Lean only falters in that along with Robert Bolt, the author of the screen play, and Omar Sharif who plays the title role, he at times envies Zhivago as an alter-ego for Adam before the Fall. The poet's smiling nobility has a tendency to render him unbelievable. Fortunately, the authenticity with which the other characters are written, directed, and acted brings Zhivago down to earth and the film to ultimate success.

As Zhivago, Omar Sharif is effective but hardly memorable. To project the human and artistic sensitivity of the poet-doctor, he incessantly resorts to tear-filled eyes and smiles which radiate understanding. After the second flood and the first insipid smirk, he comes dangerously close to making Zhivago an aesthetic goon. However, he clicks in his scenes with Rod Steiger, Alec Guinness, and Tom Courtenay. These segments of the film and the acting of his last few moments on screen rescue his overall performance.

Geraldine Chaplin is intensely feminine and delicate as Tonya, and she acts with a complex subtlety which perfectly suits her role. Yuri Zhivago is the source of Tonya's strength and the reason she grapples with the ugliness of life in the Revolution. She rejoices in bearing his children, exists because of his love. Yet there is Lara, sensuous, beautiful, yielding, possessed of a vitality Tonya cannot display. And Lara cannot remain unknown to her forever.

Julie Christie is Lara. Her acting is swift, strong, impulsive, and emotional, pulsating with the life that must be present in Lara. She maintains a dramatic intensity surpassed in the picture only by Rod Steiger. Lara and Komarovsky demand attention because of their tremendous vitality. In these respective roles, Miss Christie and Mr. Steiger galvanize the audience. Mr. Steiger churns out lust, hate, and fury with a power unexcelled by any other actor on the screen today. He dominates every scene in which he appears. His performance is flawless.

Tom Courtenay as Pasha perfectly projects the warped restraint of the taut and bitter character he portrays. Possessed of a fanatic zeal for the Bolshevik cause, Pasha leaves Lara to further Bolshevik success in the Revolution. He reappears only once, and the effects of a life without love in the service of the state are all too evident, eventually even to him.

Ralph Richardson and Siobhan McKenna appear as Tonya's parents. Together they bring to life two members of that refined, gentle, innocent segment of the Russian elite whom the Revolution violently and unjustly displaced.

Alec Guinness is Yevgraf, and the Girl to whom he tells the story of his brother's life is Rita Tushingham. Sir Alec displays refinement and selectivity possible only with the maturing of acting talent. His role is that of a somewhat cynical man who has solved life for himself as best he could. An actor who has solved innumerable problems of portrayal, Sir Alec performs with ease and perfection. Rita Tushingham has been seen in only six movies but received critical acclaim for each of her six performances. As the Girl, a "thriving" member of the proletariat who can't remember her parents, she again displays her unsurpassed ability to create a shy, halting girl demanding love from a world which love has fled.

Robert Bolt, a distinguished author whose past work includes **A Man for All Seasons**, wrote the screen play for **Dr. Zhivago**. His scenario is excellent but profits appreciably because of the gifted cast who deliver his lines.

Maurice Jarre wrote the music, which will be remembered mainly because of Lara's theme, a haunting waltz which underlines Lara's importance in the film. The score is a fitting successor to the brilliant music Mr. Jarre wrote for another of this year's outstanding pictures, William Wyler's **The Collector**.

The film is handsomely mounted by Mother Nature, production designer John Box, art director Terence Marsh, and costume designer Phyllis Dalton. The handiwork of all four is impressively photographed by Freddie Young.

With **Dr. Zhivago** in his M.G.M. domain, Leo the Lion has good reason for his contented growl.

The Lampost

ROBERT V. KOCAB

A very old lampost sits on the corner of third and Main. At one time, probably around 1890, it was a sparkling new street ornament with a fresh coat of green paint. Since then, time and generation after generation have left their marks upon it.

Now it is a beaten, scarred, and mutilated old lampost which has been slated for death by the city's most talked about plan, urban renewal. There are scratches, dents, and marks in this lampost that could probably tell a story historians would sell their souls to hear. This post has been leaned on by many great personalities, influential politicians and ordinary factory workers. Their opinions, grievances and far-fetched hopes were brought forth into the world at the very foot of this lampost. Every scratch, every dent has a human cause and a human story behind it. A stray bullet from a hold-up has left a round flat indentation, a drop of dried blood still remains from a recent accident, one particular scratch is the only trace left of a little girl's bicycle collision and many a love story could be written from the little hearts of initials carved in the paint.

This journal of forgotten events will soon perish as all such evidences must. Highways and syscrapers will soon cover the ruins of the old lampost. Then D.C.'s romance with K.T. will be buried with it, little Mary Rischer's bicycle accident will be a secret of the past, George Bultmann's prophecies of the depression will be as if they never were spoken and all the little remnants of life on the corner of third and Main will be no more.

Kitchens

PAULINE A. NOVAK

*Kitchens,
Calm and content
With their complacent chromes
Annoy me.
Purity and order feed the mind,
Not the stomach.
Who wants a soup of thought?
It's unsavory—
Needs salt.*

EPISTLE

MARTIN CROES

In Answer to a Poem

BY BLAKE

A Lithography

BY DELACROIX

A Painting

JAMES ENSOR

A Treatise

BY THOMAS

Twenty minutes ago I was in the next room, where frozen grey cobwebs of cigarette smoke mesh the air, where Tim and John and Frank talk of teachers and courses—the collective bane of next semester. Silently I half-listen, occasionally laugh during appropriate punctuations in the conversation, but inwardly I contemplate the mind of Lawrence Durrell, his master-work, *The Alexandria Quartet*. My lips encircle the perfect roundness of the cigarette's filter; rhythmic inhalations of smoke pass my tongue and palate, and a little later make my cranium faintly tingle inside—chemically stir a melange of old memories, half-memories, bits of conversations long finished. Old scenes: tar shimmering in a glaze of sunlight; Lake Michigan with hail dimpling and then frothing her blue-green, ochre-tinted belly; splinters of light falling from streetlamps upon rain-lacquered macadam. These half-thoughts are mere surface tracings; deeply I savor the nectar of Durrell's writing, his superb imagery. A quotation from *Justine* comes to me, a fragment Durrell had somewhere unearthed in a dusty archive: "It was as if heaven lay close upon the earth, and I between them both, breathing through the eye of a needle."

The conversation flows through me, a blue-grey current, at which I occasionally glance, and from which I occasionally pluck a stray word or phrase—grasp it a moment, and find it irrelevant . . . toss it aside. A tide of imagery breaks over me: mountains brushed deftly with the first aurous tints of dawn, trees gnarled by winter's ambient grasp. The tablet of my mind accepts the scenes passing over it . . . but a fault appears somewhere, intruding from the outside—from among the steel-webs of smoke, the meaningless drift of voices. I turn slightly sideways, my knee dragging across the bedspread,

coming to rest beside the ashtray (which I fringed like a medieval battlement, with contours fashioned to clasp cigarettes). My vision is perverted outward. Upon the wall a crucifix hangs awry. My aesthetic sense is somehow offended: I arise, my cigarette left smoldering towards death in the basalt-black ashtray. I ponder the crucifix a moment. It is so small, a miniature cathedral-form (transept patterned, like the Lincoln cathedral), hanging tipsy upon the paste-board yellow wall. I waver. Perhaps correction would alter something, rend the fabric of necessity which some say decks this universe. It looks so pitiful, so utterly tragic: the tiny ikon buried in metallic configurations of smoke. My indecision vanishes and I extend my hand; my wrist crackles as my fingers separate, preparing to grasp the crucifix and wrench it to a Euclidean correctness of position. Just as my fingers touch the burnished wood I notice what I had before ignored: a figure of plastic; a representation; ivory against the striated, yellow wall, set off by the cruciform backdrop of cheap, dark-stained wood; a man, his face effeminate, reposed, and noble in the midst of suffering. My imagination supplies the blood which is said to have dripped from tiny punctures in his forehead; rivulets streak his brow, trickle along the ridge of his nose to fall sideways, along his cheeks, into the corners of his mouth and down his chin, onto his throat where the blood hardens into clumps like crushed berries. My eyes wander downward, dressing the figure in swift blossoms of imagery, but I stop myself. I do the deed. There: the wall's striations are now perpendicular to the edge-plane of ebon-colored wood; all is even, geometrically faultless; all is well.

I return to my seat upon the bed and notice my cigarette: nearly a corpse now, the tip of ash ready for dissolution. The filter is pitiable, having lost its function of tobacco leaf. One last inhalation: the acrid taste of filter mixed with a roach-length of poor tobacco. I tap the cigarette's filter among the ashes until it is utterly dead, beheaded, flattened, and unmistakably useless. This is an act of finality. Time has been spit-
ted and thorned.

I utter my farewells between the two brackets of silence caused by my arising—then walk to my room, briars rasping against my clothing, marking my face. The moments just past inundate my mind a second time—and form a unity which I record in this letter.

Another cigarette has consumed itself. It is trapped for a moment between my thumb and finger, then bursts into demise as it strikes the faulted surface of Coke within a makeshift ashtray. Another finality: and time is again transfixed, segmented, solidified. With this fixation of incident and act I end my letter.

Holding Hearts at Raincreek Glen

BOB SWEENEY

*When snow comes up at Raincreek
And shadow goblins fall
The grey past becomes a white present
On her windblown waterfall.
Green logs snap; old buckboards creak
While phantoms rise again to drink
Dreams unworn by the dying rock spring—
They rise to perish on vision's brink.
Hold close, dear; your heart warms
My soul to the sky's frigid stare
And leaves this wakened stoneyard lighter
When joy's burdens to come lie bare.
The wind blinks between being and not
Through living and hot freezing hell
When snow comes up at Raincreek
The cast of our touch will tell.*

In Tombed

JOE CRONIN

*As beams from ardent suns
Melt cold crust-clumps,
And dappled dawn, crimson stained
Breathes sighs atop the pining land
Till spent, from tryst he falls below
And desolate, the fertile earth quivers.*

*Wistful eyes, ecstacized from flesh, scan open spaces;
Smirk-faced stars twinkle a noiseless 'refrain':
'Behold!', pale virgin's cant is blown, flown and crashes on cold rocks—
Warmth in charged tunnels dormant flows.*

*'All hail mighty Apollo
Sky-pilot of the flashing chariot
Whose beams mens' dreams
Might insight sight to spill till ripe.'*

*As blue-hued crests cling to slimy starboards
And rhodopsic stamina titillate flaunting pistils,
So glistening Apollo begets his broods
To rocks and tombs and wombs.*

*Patched-pieces plucked off rocks
Pale maiden's palm do glisten;
And slender arm-thrust-forth to pluck
The still Eve's sacred fruit.*

*She, conserved for gods, incarnates god
And now her flesh doth team:
'O virile Apollo, what smouldering strength,
Warmed at my core my face doth beam.*

*'To me, blessed, god to bear
And bearing god beget a race;
No space-gaze on ashen Fate,
But impregnated to proliferate.'*

To a Collegiate With Love

R. A. KUTINA

*Beware the grandiose thoughts, which knowledge may
Engage within your mind, of dominance,
Virginity, and altar that warm May
Each simple thoughtful act of yours presents.
Resist the long-haired, false care nomads who
Lurk over your set desert to transform
Your steel stability they envy, too,
As your ability to not conform.
Negotiate all streams of ancient times,
No king, no queen, no antique thing demean—
So far away your mind, but pleading rhymes
As these I hope remind of me who scream:
Beware March ides lest ivied arches change
One bone that God's love shone to so arrange.*



HMM...
I'LL SHOW 'EM
WHO WONDER
WOMAN
IS!

Camp

H. CAMP M. HOOFER M. KENTNER K. TUNE

Are you Camp?

1. Do you play Canasta every Saturday night with a couple named Tom and Midge (or Charades with Skeeter and Gloria)?
2. Can you hum the theme of at least three great Yma Sumac songs?
3. Does Don McNeil or Arthur Godfrey mean morning radio fun to you?
4. Can you give a respectable verbal account of the life and achievement of Lao Russell?
5. Are you always quick on the draw with your pocket-size Pez candy dispenser?
6. Do you drink Awake because of the Bette Davis T.V. commercial for that same product? (Also, with what product do you associate, "Hi, I'm Arlene Francis?")
7. Would you like to date Bonnie Pruden or Florence Henderson? (For female readers Wayne Newton or Durwood Kirbey would do nicely.)
8. Do you still correspond with Carmen or Frannie of the original **American Bandstand** group, but NOT Jim or Diane?
9. Do you still pay your Denise Lor fan club dues, and are you waiting sweatily for Jack P. to return to the tube with more travel films of Miriam and Rande (but especially Rande)?
10. Can you name five Roller Rerby greats, four Marilyn Maxwell movies, three Dizzy Dean-isms (not including "little secondsacker"), two Bowery Boys, and Jane Russell's husband? (Sports fans will want to shine on that last item.)

If you answer in the affirmative to all the above, write the National Camp Headquarters in Flint, Michigan because you are probably the successor to Camp and should make yourself known to the world. If you miss from one to four, you're Camp. But if you must admit ignorance of more than four answers, you need help and **HELP!** is our business.

T.V. may well be the most Camp communication medium in one respect—never has so much Camp been given to so many on such a consistent day-to-day basis. The fifties have it over the sixties here, but the entire concept of T.V. is a wonderland of colorful camp romps. Who can forget the thrill of watching the A-bomb tests of the early fifties right in your own living room at six a.m.? Then there were: **The Stu Erwin Show** with Shelia James as Jackie; **The Life of Riley**

with Leugene Sanders as Babs and Wesley Morgan as Junior; **You Are There** (and we were, all the way from Joan of Arc at the stake to the Boston Tea Party); **Name That Tune**; **I Remember Mama** (and Katrine, Hans, Dagmarr, and papa Lars); **Captain Video**; Bess Myerson and all those mink coats on **The Big Pay Off**; **The Name's the Same**; Skippy Peanut Butter's **You Asked for It**; **Studio One**; **Racket Squad**; **Your Hit Parade** with June Valli, Snooky Lason, Dorothy Collins, and Russell Arms; **Climax!**; **Father Knows Best** with Robert Young, Jane Wyatt, Elinor Donahue, Billy Grey, and the fabulous Laurin Chapin as father's beloved "Princess;" **Arthur Godfrey** with Marion Marlowe, Haliloki, Jan Davis, Julius LaRosa, The McGuire Sisters, and Tony Marvin; Groucho Marx and the duck on **You Bet Your Life**; **The Lone Ranger** (to be remembered especially for Jay Silverheels' brilliant portrayal of Tonto); **December Bride** with the Camp cast of all time—Spring Byington, Francis Rafferty, Verna Felton, Henry Morgan, and whoever the hell it was that played that all round good guy, Matt Henshaw; **Superman** which sported the T.V. Queen of Camp, Noel Neill, as Lois Lane; **Queen for a Day** with Jack Daily and Jeanne Cagney (and her constant "nylons by Mojud"); **The Bob Cummings Show** with Bob, Rosemary DeCamp, Dwayne Hickman, Ann B. Davis, and that socko-whammo eternal starlet, Joi Lansing; and **Ed Sullivan** when it was still **Toast of the Town**. Here's some fun questions which will test one's grasp of television as a Camp institution:

1. What was Gillis's wife's name of **Life of Riley**?
2. Whom did Don DeFore play on the original **Ozzie and Harriet**?
3. What was Mama's sister's name in **I Remember Mama**?
4. What did Father of you-know-what do for a living?
5. What was the name of the ranch where **Fury** made his home?
6. What was the name of Pat Brady's jeep on **Roy Rogers**?
7. What was the name of the device by which the operator could see into the future on **Howdy Doody**?
8. Who sponsored **Life Begins at Eighty**?
9. What was Liberace's theme?
10. What phone number did you call in New York if you wanted to vote for a contestant on **Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour**?
11. If you were to call on the "Heart Line," who would answer and on what show?
12. What show spawned Circus Dan, The Muscle Man?
13. Who was the hostess on **Modern Romances**?
14. With what show (an annual event) do you associate the name Leonora Slaughter?

15. Who closed every show with "Goodnight, sisters?"

Before we leave the land of the C.B.S. eye and the N.B.C. bong-bong-bong, let's examine some current shows which are already displaying overtones of Camp. Our choices: **Peyton Place**, **The Sammy Davis Show** (no matter who his friends are), **Hank, Blue Light, Purex Specials for Women**, and **Lost in Space**. Standard television treats which make no effort to conceal Camp are: **Lawrence Welk** (especially when Aladdin recites), **The Farmer's Daughter**, **Ed Sullivan** (even if he doesn't call it **Toast of the Town**), **What's My Line** (Camp for the nouveau riche), **Dick Van Dyke** (Camp for suburbia), **Petticoat Junction** (Camp for heart-o'-golders). **The Man from Uncle** (Camp for Leo G. Carroll fans), and **Joan Crawford** saying that immortal line for CARE: "This is a loaf of bread."

But enough of such specifics. Let us now turn for a very broad look at the people, places, and things which figure in the grand over-all evolution of Camp.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA LAUREL FESTIVAL. This is an annual June event (it's usually June, but the entire event depends on the blooming whims of the laurel) which takes place at Brookville, Pennsylvania. The festival has a long series of colorful events which make its history colorful Camp reading. Among the traditional ceremonies surrounding the occasion are: 1) The crowning of the queen in the laurel fields; 2) Tri-county art contest; 3) The parade which sports such personalities as Josie Carey, Bill Burns, and Mary Means. The big excitement of the festivals of the sixties happened in 1963 when Dottie O'Connell sued festival officials over a miscount in the votes for Queen of the Laurel. Campers in five nearby states were outraged at the injustice of this decision, but numerous petitions failed to rectify the situation. The festival is recommended as "good times" for those interested in Chinese cookery, quaint antique homes (available on any B'ville street), and local color from the surrounding rural communities. Discotheque and sauna bath facilities are readily available to the festival grounds.

"THE FOLKS AT 1600"—LYNDON, LADYBIRD, LUCI, AND THE REDOUBTABLE LYNDA. An American tragedy if ever there was one, the Johnsons are still a virtual fount of Camp. One has only to observe the following to see gifted flourishes of Camp: 1) Their discovery of and promulgation of Carol Channing and the New Christy Minstrels as signposts of American culture; 2) Lynda's discovery of George Hamilton and his mother; 3) The "Ladybird Express" of the '64 campaign; 4) Luci's pizza trysts with Pat Nugent and her historic 3.2 beer party; 5) Lyndon's graphic gall bladder scar. You'll want to check their friends, Muriel and Hubert and the kids, too!

JAYNE MEADOWS. A true lady of Camp. Her earrings are

what make it for her. Remember the time on *I've Got a Secret* when she had to sit a secret out because it involved the use of snakes? (**Important:** it's little things like this that make you Camp—Jayne Meadows' fear of snakes, Bette Davis's love of mashed potatoes, the fight Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane had at their divorce hearings over who would get the chihuahuas).

JOAN CRAWFORD. Glamour girl, femme fatale, and virtuoso of film mediocrity, Joan is an ardent fan of Helen Gurley Brown, and the combination of these two is Formidable Camp. But back to Joan. The mainstay of her activities these days has to do with presiding over her zillions of shares of Pepsi Cola and making awful horror movies like *I Saw What You Did* and *Strait-Jacket*. Joan is still good friends with ex-husband Franchot Tone (they went fishing in Canada last year), but she never did get along with Campy film flirt Mary Pickford. (Mary never did think her son, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was right for Joan; but then neither did Joan when she divorced him in the thirties).

BOBBY DYLAN. This young man (his real name is "Zimmerman") calls himself "the spokesman of our generation." Bob is very ethnic. Bob does not bathe. Bob's friend is Joan Baez. Joan is very ethnic. Joan does not bathe. Joan's friend is Bob Dylan.

However, argue all you want, but no culture influence has ever begot the quantity of Camp that the movies have given us. To see if you're at home here, try on the following for size:

1. Who gave Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss?
2. When Julia Adams went swimming in a series of 3-D horror films of the fifties, whom did she inevitably meet?
3. Who uttered the immortal line, "My name is Tandalao?"
4. On any given **Road**, what friendly vamp did Bob Hope and Bing Crosby usually meet?
5. If you saw Marilyn Monroe sing "I'm Through With Love," "I Wanna Be Loved by You," and "Running Wild," what movies did you see?
6. If Bogie had whistled, who would have come?
7. When "Beulah" peeled a grape, who got it?
8. If you wanted to hear "I've Written a Letter to Daddy," who would sing it for you?
9. Judy Garland played Esther Blodgett in what may well be her most famous role next to Dorothy; what was the movie?
10. Which motion picture received the most Oscar nominations in Academy history?
11. Who does the commentary for the Universal News of the Day? (This is a particularly Camp fellow; he is the voice of all Kraft T.V. commercials, too.)

12. Who was: 1) The Rainbow Girl; 2) The Sweater Girl; 3) The Omph Girl; 4) The It Girl; 5) America's Sweetheart?
13. In what movie did you thrill to the magic of Glinda, The Good Witch of the North?
14. If you asked the question, "Hey, Marty, whatcha wanna do tonight?", who would answer you?
15. Who said, "Tomorrow is another day," and said it and said it and said it.

Numbers one, six, eight, and thirteen are Camp requirements. If you missed out on them, read on any way while we reminisce with the in-crowd.

For a Saturday night date, it was the love teams you wanted: Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler; Marjorie Main and Chills Wills; Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift; Erroll Flynn and Olivia de Havilland; Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor; Mae West and W. C. Fields; Snow White and The Magnificent Seven.

And there were westerns—Camp's choice is **Sergeant Ruteledge** with the introspective Jeffrey Hunter and the vivacious Constance Towers—films of the high sea (Jean Peters in **Ann of the Indies**), films about Charleton Heston and his ambassadorial position to heaven, all films of Steve Reeves and/or Cornel Wilde, and crowning screen achievement in Camp, all Ann-Margret films in which she exhausts audiences with her consistent maintenance of high dramatic intensity (she is rivalled here only by Elizabeth Ashley and Carroll Baker).

Before this area of discussion is allowed to die, be aware of the fact that the King and Queen of Movie Camp for this year are virile Charleton Heston as **The War Lord** and the ingratiating Debbie Reynolds as **The Singing Nun**.

Now, you may well say, "This is all well and good, but how can I relate directly to Camp here in Cleveland?" That could well be what you might say. Unobservant you, though, if you do. To begin with, a quick look at any road map of Ohio will show that you are only two hours away from Toledo. They not only have access to the St. Lawrence Seaway, but those folksy Toledoans also pawned off Theresa Brewer and Herb Shriner on the world at large. Clever folks, they! Not only that, but Paulette Breen, the talent division winner of several years back in the Miss Teen-age America contest, is ALSO from Toledo (**The Key to the Sea**). But what if you can't get to this Xanadu of teeming Camp? Then open your eyes to Cleveland Camp.

For instance, there is one T.V. show here that absolutely reeks of Camp. In viewing it, however, you must be careful to separate mentally that which is Camp from that which is just poor taste. This can be a bit tricky for the novice of Camp,

but having been forewarned, turn on your set any week day at ten a.m. and see Camp's own Baby Doll, Paige Palmer. This ethereal beauty provides daily Camp counselling to thousands of dippy women in and around Cleveland. She has beauty hints; she has fashion advice, she has daily exercises; she has significant interviews; she has recipes; what doesn't she have? Well, only one thing really (besides tact and good taste), and that's a Camp philosophy for men. BUT, rest assured Cleveland is not without a high priest of Camp.

HE is Howie Lund of WIXY. What Hippie can resist him? By listening to Howie, men can derive subtle conversational techniques of use in their love life. They can learn voice inflection, take part in exciting contests, and by following Howie's example, learn to sell themselves through charm and scintillating small talk. A beginner won't want to listen to Howie too long at first, however, as he has a tendency to be a little gaggy even if you are one of his loyal "Friendlies."

There are lots of Camp things to do in Cleveland on any given day. You could go down to the Hipp theatre just to see the floral arrangements along the side aisles. Ride the Rapid for a day and learn People. Tour Parma with one of the people who actually lives there. Tour Shaker Heights with one of the elite. (N.B.—on that last one—take plenty of money along. Your tour-mate probably has all his tied up in stocks and bonds and big stuff like that, and quite likely won't have any loose change around for a corned beef or the like.) Get a hair cut at Jack's Barber Shop in Warrensville and let Jack do it. Ride through the new Parking Lot complex on our own campus. The guards are friendly and always enjoy a pleasant chat. Visit the Pepper Pot or Nagle's. John Carroll's Campest go there. Those parking lot guards we just talked about probably do, too.

So now you know, huh, what this stuff's all about? In the name of Kay Kaiser, you should. Therefore, the time for decisive changes in your rather bland life are at hand. Get out your Jill Corey records, write to the Tab Hunter fan club, consider Richard Nixon, paint three walls of your living room blue and the fourth maroon (you can't beat the early fifties for guidelines to Camp decor), start a chain letter, investigate the Rosicrucians (AMORC), get your Barbara Hutton scrapbook up to date (might just check up on Betty, too), come to a definite stand on either Hubert Humphrey or Ed McMahon, get out your "Pat Nixon for First Lady" button (you never know with those two funsters), speak out against Barbie dolls, rummage around your attic for your Kellogg's baking soda, powered submarine (it's bathtub fun), Sing Along with Mitch (the old sonuva gun), start sending Easter cards, and above all, don't discount Garner Ted Armstrong ("The World Tomorrow" belongs to the Camper of today).



Carnatic



Prize-winning Author, Poetry:

MARK YUNGBLUTH

Wicker Rockers

MARK YUNGBLUTH

*We are moon wishers, you and I
Moon wishers,
Star watchers,
And thought weighers.
We sit on front porches
In back and forth wicker rockers
Moon wishing and philosophizing.*

*I riddle you riddles
You question me questions
Our wicker rockers creak out the answers.
In the darkness
The grass and crickets listen too.*

*Over the horizon, past the dawn
Men are fighting,
Falling,
Dying.
Suffering at the hands of many deep questions
And dark riddles.
If only they knew the answers of moon wishers.
If only they knew the answers our wicker rockers
Creak out to the grass and the crickets
Here in the night darkness of our front porch.*

Star Dreamers

MARK YUNGBLUTH

*They tied our tongues
With bonds of age
Inequity was ours
We were doomed to silence—
Dumb reticence
But in our obstinace
We dreamt of stars

Inside, the sparks
Of anguish grew
And thus complimented
The youthful firey creed
In which the new breed
Justifies its need
And finds fulfillment

The time is near
The hour will come
For the dams to break
And the cries will resound
Through city and town
While the ignorant drown
And traditions quake*

Petal Dust

MARK YUNGBLUTH

*The flowers are a-dying now
And withering all on the lawn
If a gentle rain should fall tonite
The petals will soon be gone
If a zephyr breeze should whisper by
Petal dust will roll along
Life to death
Death to dust
And all before the dawn*

Everything That Rises Must Converge: A Review

THOMAS L. VINCE

Of the five or six important works of American fiction published during 1965, only one is assured of a permanent place in our literature, and that one is not a novel, but a collection of short stories by the late Flannery O'Connor, **Everything That Rises Must Converge**, a title culled from the work of Teilhard de Chardin.

Miss O'Connor, who died at age 39 in 1964, is something of a maverick in American literature. Initially, she had at least three disadvantages that for any serious writer would be difficult to overcome: she was a woman, a Southerner, and a Catholic. In regard to the first, she became one of the few women writers of the last thirty or forty years to be recognized as a serious practitioner of the art of fiction. In a recent poll conducted by the **New York Herald Tribune**, she was named among the most significant writers of the last twenty years, far ahead of her closest female rivals—Eudora Welty, Katherine Anne Porter, and Mary McCarthy. As a Southerner, she feared that she would be lost among the so-called "Southern school" which she insisted did not speak for her. As a Catholic, she found herself in a society basically hostile to the concepts which she, as a Christian writer, sustained. She addressed herself to this problem in her essay "The Fiction Writer and his Country" when she wrote,

When you can assume that your audience holds the same beliefs you do, you can relax a little and use more normal ways of talking to it; when you have to assume that it does not, then you have to make your vision apparent by shock—to the hard of hearing you shout, and for the almost blind you draw large and startling figures.

This explains why violence is so much a part of the fictional country of Flannery O'Connor and why her tales have, as one critic has noted, "the measured, unexpected and inevitable effect of an electric shock." In a letter to a Dominican nun, Miss O'Connor noted Joseph Conrad's statement that the artist's aim was "to render the highest possible justice to the created universe . . . and not just the beautiful or pretty things. You must look for whatever is in each person and each thing that makes it itself." Again, speaking of her fiction in "The Fiction Writer and his Country," she states

When I look at the stories I have written I find that they are, for the most part, about people who are poor, who are afflicted in both mind and body, who have little—or at best a distorted—sense of spiritual purpose, and whose actions do not apparently give the reader a great assurance of the joy of life."

Except for the last phrase which is a calculated barb at the critics who seek a fiction that expresses "the joy of life" (for them she suggests the advertising media), this statement is borne out by the stories in this new collection, all of which portray individuals who are singularly afflicted in both mind and body. All of the stories take place in rural Georgia except for the last, "Judgement Day," which is physically set in New York, but which is spiritually at one with the rest of its Southern counterparts. What is especially noteworthy about all these stories is that they deal with the conflict between parental figures and recalcitrant, precocious, or "Intellectual" offspring. Perhaps Thomas Merton's testimonial that Flannery O'Connor reminds him of "someone like Sophocles" is valid not only because she can find human mysteries in whatever she examines, but because of the recurring theme of family conflict and filial disrespect. In the title story, Julian, a disgruntled intellectual, and his mother, who still sees herself as a "fine lady," each meets with his nemesis during an incident on a bus. In "A View Of The Woods," a worldly-wise nine-year-old girl is pitted against her grandfather in a conflict over a commercial development that would spoil her family's view of the woods. In "The Enduring Chill," a cynical would-be artist returns to die in the South after his failure in New York. Like all O'Connor intellectuals, he ranges himself against his liberal-minded mother. Each of these stories ends with a death, two of them sudden and violent. And in each case, the reader finds himself strangely, at sympathy with the platitudinous parent rather than the apparently "reasonable" child. Thomas Merton in his recent article, "The Other Side of Despair," points to this paradox when he states that in the stories of Flannery O'Connor

. . . her moral evaluations seem to be strangely scrambled. The good people are bad and the bad people tend to be less bad than they seem. But her crazy people, while remaining as crazy as they can possibly be, turn out to be governed by a strange kind of sanity. In the end, it is the sane ones who are the incurable lunatics.

story that Richard Poirier in his review in the *New York Times* has called "a masterpiece of the form." The crisis in this long story takes place in a doctor's office where a number of people are waiting including Mrs. Turpin, a large woman who possesses the standard prejudices of a middle class Southern matron, and who has defined her own position on the social ladder as only slightly below that of the stylish, pleasant lady who sits opposite her in the waiting room with her disapproving daughter, an intellectual Wellesley girl. Also in the room is a "white trash" woman with her old mother and her poorly clad, ill-behaved little boy. "Worse than niggers, any day," Mrs. Turpin tells herself. After a Negro delivery boy leaves the office, the "white trash" woman makes a comment about sending all Negroes back to Africa, to which Mrs. Turpin

righteously replies, "There's a heap of things worse than a nigger." After a series of jabs at the "trashy" woman and the Wellesley girl ("Way up north," Mrs. Turpin murmured and thought, well, it hasn't done much for her manners.), the seething college girl throws her book at Mrs. Turpin and calls her an "old wart hog" before lapsing into a fit. When Mrs. Turpin and her obsequious husband, Claud, return to their farm (where they raise hogs in a clean, concrete "pig parlor") Mrs. Turpin goes down to see the hogs and just as the sun is setting behind the pen, she has a vision of souls moving towards heaven with "companies of white-trash, clean for the first time in their lives, and bands of black niggers in white robes, and battalions of freaks and lunatics" all singing out of tune except for the tribe of "respectable" God-fearing people like Claud and herself who bring up the rear, who sing on key, but whose "virtues were being burned away." This is a revelation to Mrs. Turpin and at least she recognizes it for what it means. Thus, any moral evaluation must be qualified by her sense of recognition. As for the "trashy woman" who repeats senseless, ignorant hearsay, she is saved by a sanity that neither Mrs. Turpin nor the Wellesley girl can hope to attain. And it is the intellectual, the apparently sane observer, who readily perceives the hypocrisy and prejudice of her elders, that is carried off on a stretcher. A similar situation occurs in "The Lame shall enter First" in which Sheppard, a do-gooder who believes in astronauts and the solar system but not in the spirit, tries to save a fanatical delinquent boy, a situation that strongly resembles the Tarwater-Rayber conflict in *The Violent Bear It Away*. Small wonder that Thomas Merton warns the reader to note the scrambled moral evaluations that may puzzle the reader looking for an orthodox statement from a conventional Catholic write. Conventional she is not, which has made Flannery O'Conner a writer of significance.

We must not close this review without a word about the comic spirit that pervades these stories. Each of these tales is spiced with humor—sometimes sardonic, as in the case of the conversation between the dying Asbury and the half-deaf, countrified Jesuit priest in "The Enduring Chill"—sometimes ironic, as in the case of the exchanges between Tanner, the old Southerner in New York and a sophisticated city Negro in "Judgement Day"—or merely the humor caused by misinterpretation that marks nearly all the repartee's between parent and offspring, elder and child. Let no reader be discouraged by the high praise awarded to this collection—the critical acclaim in no way detracts from the readability of these stories.

For those who have not yet sampled Miss O'Conner's works, this is a fine place to begin. For those who have read her novel, *Wise Blood* and *The Violent Bear It Away*, or her earlier collection of stories, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*, this

collection should not be ignored. For every reader interested in American fiction, Robert Fitzgerald's excellent introduction will provide an insight into the development of Flannery O'Connor as a writer, her literary influences, and her works. Fitzgerald, who is currently Boylston professor at Harvard, is well qualified to introduce the work, for Miss O'Connor boarded with his family for a couple of years in Connecticut during the late forties. His personal observations set into focus some of the reasons that make **Everything That Rises Must Converge** one of the outstanding books of the year.

There Is a Thing Becoming

CATHERINE HERBISON

*There is a thing becoming
In us. Some Sower saw
A fertile field, but paused
Until the planting time
To sow his seed. Look! Now
There grows a frail flower,
Young and budding, needing
Care and tending, needing
Roots pushed deep into the soil
Of our souls, wrapped 'round so
No small tempest might uproot
Nor draught or blight o'ercome.
Let the Sower come at harvest time
And find a strong and lovely flower
Ready to be taken unto Him.*

Let It Snow

R. ALLEN KUTINA

I looked over the top of the book I was reading and gazed at Mary, my wife, who was quietly knitting, and I knew I had to kill her.

She sat in the wooden rocker forming loops and purls and was as pretty as the day I married her. But she had changed.

"Henry," she said, "why don't you quit that stupid reading and go out and shovel the walk," I didn't say anything but continued reading. I saw her loop up disgustedly and then switch on the radio to distract me.

"The temperature is twenty-five degrees. Snowfall will be two inches in Cleveland proper and two to four inches in the eastern suburbs and other high-lying areas."

The four inches were for us, but with our luck it would be seven inches. But I didn't care. Let it snow; let it snow. I wasn't moving from the house all day unless absolutely necessary—unless Mary told me to go somewhere for her.

Seeing that the radio wasn't irritating me, Mary switched it off and resumed knitting.

I nudged myself comfortably in the deeply padded chair, closed the mystery novel momentarily, and began reading the reviews on its cover: "a real thriller . . . a must . . . rich in excitement and sheer narrative flow . . . a thoroughly refreshing novel—"

Yes, that was it; a refreshing change from the stereotype life we led; a closely linked chain of similar bungalows, each with a window with an awning, and an initialed door; the driveways all curved parallel and most ended with only a garage's cement base; each front walk wound monotonously from the driveways; Monday was wash day; Tuesday was bridge night; Wednesday was knitting night; Thursday was book review night; Friday was shopping day; Saturday was miscellaneous and television day. That was today.

"You're not listening, Henry," Mary warbled. I evaded the answer she wanted. "You know what I mean. Do it today and you won't have to tomorrow." I kept silent.

Something had to be done. I had read about murders which had been done for numerous reasons: inheritance, love triangles, revenge. My motive was that I was completely bored. This regimental life and Mary's unimaginative soul were slowly driving me mad. What I needed was a change of life. But with Mary this was impossible. Surely with my back-

ground in mysteries I could think of something. I gazed upon my well-dusted collection of mystery novels for inspiration. Yes, something had to be done.

The snow-filled clouds further darkened the sky that evening. Dinner was cooking, and Mary was scanning the headlines and looking at the pictures in the evening paper. She sat there, her elbows resting on the arms of the chair, holding the paper. Her face was a pleasant face with a small nose, thin lips, and two semicircular eyebrows which arched over her brown eyes. She raised her head as I entered the living room, and her blonde unruly hair fell back. My stomach tingled as I began to carry out my brilliant plan.

"Honey," I said, softening my usual tone of voice, "why don't we take a little walk while dinner's cooking. It'll do us both good."

"Something might boil over."

"How can you go wrong with frozen food?"

She slowly turned her head toward me and twisted her red mouth as if to say "you're really asking for it," but said, "We happen to be having beef roast tonight."

"I like burnt beef roast. C'm'on, just for me?"

"I should really do it," she probably thought. "He's been working like a darling for me lately. Of course, I would have liked it better if he had shovelled the walk." She said, "Okay. Just for you. But only for a few minutes, now."

I tried to surpress my delight as the first piece of my plan fell into place, but a smile spread across my face. She noticed, but was only proud of herself for fulfilling her little husband's wishes. I put on my coat, hat, and rubbers and was getting Mary's coat as she came to the hall closet. She turned her back toward me, and I helped her put on her coat. She bent over, resting her arm on the door jamb, and slipped on her shoe-boots. After pulling on her silly little knitted cap, she told me she was ready to go.

"Wait a minute. It's probably below twenty out there. You'd better wear a scarf."

I got her scarf out of the closet and began to put it around her neck. She moved her coat collar so the scarf could slip beneath it. I crisscrossed the ends of the red-and-white-stripe scarf and then pulled. She jerked and looked up at me in amazement. She couldn't believe what was happening. She stood there motionless. I took the scarf—one she had knitted at Wednesday's club—grasped it firmer, and pulled tighter. Her gaze turned to one of horror and realization as she tried desparately to release my hands. Her face was discoloring. Her strength was dwindling. Her arms swung wildly, trying to scratch my eyes out with her sharp pearl-red nails. When she

found she couldn't reach my face, she tried to scratch anything, but I had my coat and gloves on. Her eyes were bulging, and her face was contorted. She tried again and again to knee and kick me. Little devil. I caught one of her kicks and pulled her foot from under her. She fell backwards, her head hitting hard on the uncovered edge of the wooden stairway. I held the scarf taut a few more seconds, then loosened my grip. After slipping off my glove, I nervously felt her pulse. She was dead.

I sat on the bottom step next to the body, my face in my hands, calming myself. Murdering someone was a lot harder to do than it seemed when reading about it. After a few minutes, my heart finally slackened its pace, and I stared down at the lifeless, limp body sprawled across the bottom steps. I looked at my watch. It was about time for the next phase of operation.

Running into the kitchen, I turned off the oven and all the burners. Mary told me about the "most wonderful" movie that we were going to watch as we ate; everyone on the street was going to watch it according to her. It was the break I needed. I rushed back to the front door, opened it, and gazed out. Snow was softly drifting down around the yards, and the widely spaced street lights illuminated the empty, barely used road. No one was walking in this snow, and most drapes were drawn. In the language of the race I had just joined, the coast was clear.

I checked to see if Mary was properly dressed for her outdoor walk. I tucked the scarf under her tweed coat and stretched the white knitted cap so it covered her discolored face. After switching off the hall light, I again checked outside. Nothing had changed except a car was swerving down the icy street, its headlights illuminating rows of bare trees, and occasionally flashing over the ice-laden creek across the street.

Leaving the door open, I hoisted the body into my arms and edged the storm door open with my foot. I must admit it was harder than carrying her across the threshold: Walking cautiously on the slick steps and keeping a watchful eye, I carried the body to the center of the yard about three feet from the front shrubs, which were only skeletons now. I slipped the shoe-boots off, sat the body with its feet on the ground, and rested its breasts on the bent knees. I took my hands off the corpse for a moment, but the limp body would not stay put. I quickly steadied the body while packing snow around. After a wall of two feet had been made about the body, it remained in the position I wanted. I began to fill in more snow.

Luck was with me as a near blizzard started. It helped conceal my actions and gave me more working material. Twenty minutes later I stepped back to admire my finished product. The snowman stood about six foot and was divided into three

sections (the bottom section necessarily large). It was complete—the whole scheme—except for a few final touches.

I went back into the house, searched in the basement for a few pieces of coal, rummaged in the attic for an old hat, took a carrot from the refrigerator, a broom from the kitchen, and returned outside to decorate my snowman. The snowman was then complete.

Taking the shoe-boots I had removed from the feet and squeezing my feet into them, I made tracks—the only tracks besides those around the snowman — toward the road. Then, at the road, I carefully retraced the boot marks up the lawn. I slipped my own shoes on again and buried the others with snow on the backside of the snowman. I looked everything over: the well-constructed snowman and the single set of footprints leading to the street. As I turned to the house, the snow miraculously stopped falling. My deed didn't seem as wicked now that the body was out of sight.

After taking off my coat and hat, I made myself a hot chocolate, picked my mystery off the library shelf, and settled into my favorite swivel-rocker. Picking up the phone a few hours later, I dialed the memorized number and waited. When answered, I spoke with a nervous urgency. "I'd like to report a missing person. Yes—yes, it's very urgent. You see, my wife . . ."

A middle-aged man wearing a grey hat and a bulky tweed overcoat extricated himself from the light-green unmarked police car. With his height, getting out was a chore. When finally out of the car, he gazed up at the house then turned to his companion who nodded. This was the place. They both walked up the driveway, the Gargantuan detective scanning the yard, slightly bobbing his head. They stopped momentarily, took a photographic view of the front yard, then, avoiding the front steps, walked to the side door. The doorbell rang.

It was about ten-thirty then, fifteen minutes after I had called. I had had a tranquilizer of whiskey and ginger ale and sat in my chair with my eyes closed, trying to forget and remember—forget what I had done and remember what I was going to say. I had just finished the fifth mental recital of my facts when the doorbell chimed.

Detective Harold O'Connell introduced himself and his assistant, James Sanders, as I opened the door. They removed their hats after I invited them in. Harold O'Connell was an odd-looking man with a queer animal appearance. His red receding hair was dryly brushed over the top of his long, narrow head. His forehead wrinkled wildly over bushy, red, sharply pointed eyebrows and green squinty eyes. A large, bulbous nose conspicuously pointed to his shapeless mouth and slightly receding chin. His Adam's apple sharply protruded and a

round bandage on the side of his neck covered a razor nick. I turned to look at Sanders but he wasn't there. O'Connell saw my wonderment and spoke in a surprisingly deep voice.

"He never wastes any time. He'll check the house while I question you. He'll join us later."

I led O'Connell into my converted library and pointed to a green leather chair. After we sat down and I gave the customary offer of a drink and he customarily refused, he began.

"I'd like you to tell me what happened this evening a little before your wife disappeared: what you were doing, the last time you saw your wife . . ."

He stopped and stared at me with a tilted head. Sitting quietly a moment, I pondered over the events of the evening for his benefit even though I knew precisely what to say. I began incoherently.

"Well—I—" I paused and continued with greater confidence. "Well, I suppose it began with me. You get a little tired of sitting around all day doing nothing, so I asked Mary—that's my wife—if she wanted to take a little walk. That was about six o'clock. Dinner was just beginning to cook. She thought there was enough time for a walk and said yes. While we were getting on our coats, I got this silly idea to build a snowman. Mary said it was too silly but—well, I just wanted to do something crazy. So I finally convinced her and we went out and made that snowman in the front yard. Later on, when we finished, Mary wanted to check the dinner so I told her I'd had enough fresh air, and we went in. We took our coats off, and I went upstairs to change for dinner. I couldn't find the shirt I wanted to wear, so I called down to Mary, but there was no answer. I called again but still no answer. I came downstairs and went into the kitchen but she wasn't there. I looked through all the rooms but couldn't find Mary. After looking upstairs, I came down and looked into the closet. Mary's coat wasn't there. I didn't know what to do. Supper was ready. Mary would have known that. So I turned off the oven and waited and waited. It must have been at least two hours later that I called you. I still haven't heard from her." I stopped and looked worriedly at the detective.

O'Connell reflected a moment, staring at the ceiling, his palm rubbing his cheek. He grimaced somewhat with his formless mouth and said, "Could your wife had had an appointment that you didn't know of?"

"I don't think so. On Saturday nights we usually watch television. Besides, she wouldn't have been gone this long, with dinner cooking and all."

"Did you see your wife taking off her coat?" the detective asked without expression.

I put on a huge face of surprise for the detective and said, "Now that I think of it, I didn't. I had slipped my coat off and

rushed upstairs. I took it for granted that she did the same and then put the final touches on dinner."

I turned, nodding my head, playing pensive for a moment. As I sat there supposedly thinking, Sanders walked into the room. I could have noticed him before and still have forgotten him now; he was such an ordinary man. He wore a mediocre Princeton, his forehead was unlined, he had expressionless eyebrows and hazel eyes, a small, unnoticeable nose, and an "in-between" chin. You could meet him one day and be hard put to remember him or his name the next. He was the man who was always in the background—the dangerous type. He was a man of few words. He entered the room, looked at O'Connell, and shrugged his shoulders. The detective interpreted this shrug, then continued to talk.

"Apparently, Mr. Fowles, your wife was attracted to the road by something or someone. If you will look at the front yard"—he and I rose and walked to the window—"a set of small tracks goes to the road."

He pointed to the snow-covered lawn, and I said with amazement, "I hadn't noticed that before."

O'Connell nodded and said, "Yes, but what happened after that we don't know." He dropped his chin to his chest, then, keeping it there, he turned his head. "You understand we can't promise anything, but we'll try our hardest to find your wife." He nodded assuringly. "It's probably a little misunderstanding or something."

I joined in on the head nodding. Sanders seemed to have a motor which constantly shrugged his shoulders and bobbed his head.

"By the way, what was she wearing?" I described her complete apparel including her red-and-white-stripe scarf. O'Connell looked at me solemnly and said, "We'll keep in close touch with you."

I gave a half smile and thanked them both. I showed them to the door expressing my reliance in them.

I watched them leave. They carefully viewed the yard once more, got into the car, and drove slowly away. I breathed a sigh of relief, stood there awhile reviewing what I had said, then, assuring myself that everything had gone well, I picked up my mystery, and settled into my chair. I prepared myself to read until midnight.

The square maple clock which separated the books on the fifth shelf chimed twelve times. Each time the chime resounded off the shelves of novels, my heart beat strongly. As I slipped the bookmark in its place and set the novel away, the clock resumed its soft ticks and tocks. It was time.

As far as the two detectives were concerned, my wife was somewhere away from the house and had gotten wherever she was alone—without my help. I, the poor worried husband,

didn't know what had become of her. I had no hand in her disappearance. That is, not until I had removed the body from the premises. That was the last part of my scheme.

It was snowing again, a fine swirling snow. Again it would help conceal me; I felt enchanted. I dressed warmly and then turned off all the lights in the house. I peeked cautiously out the front door. In the small arch of the street, most of the houses were dim; it was a quiet Saturday, everyone watching television. But for me it was an exciting day, a nerve-racking day—a day that was not finished.

I stepped out onto the small stair landing. The stiff large-bottomed snowman smiled, secretly concealing the deadly truth. His nonchalance made me smile, too. But, unfortunately, he had to be torn apart. I'd take the body out of the snowman and carry it (I didn't want to risk leaving any evidence in the car) to the stream which ran along the edge of the road. The ice was thin in parts. The body wouldn't be found until a considerable thaw, and the autopsy would show death by strangulation—a death which couldn't possibly be linked to me. I stepped down to begin my final mission.

I placed my foot on the first step, but suddenly I didn't feel anything solid under my foot. It slid forward from under me, and the other followed. My arms flailed in the air, grasping for anything to hold on to, but with no success. My feet rose higher and my head thudded against the hard concrete of the steps. My head rang and ached with a jabbing pain as I sank into a vortex of unconsciousness.

A sensation finally touched by brain: my head was swimming, perhaps out of the maelstrom. After the dizziness had subsided somewhat, I opened my eyes.

A shaded white ceiling materialized before me. I lowered my eyes. Almost everything was white: white walls, white cabinets, sheets, blinds. An antiseptic smell floated through the room, a smell I always connected with a hospital. And that's where I was. Uncomfortably hot, these hospitals, and quiet, too. And empty. But I heard footsteps coming closer and closer, and then the doorknob turned. The door swung open and a breakfast cart was pushed in by a nurse. She looked the scatterbrain type: curly red hair, uncovered overlarge ears, and a diminutive nose. She wore little make-up and smiled—no, guffawed when she saw me awake.

"Why, Mr. Fowles, so you've rejoined us. How nice. I just had this feeling, you know, that you were going to be okay today, so I brought you a little breakfast: your choice of juices, cereal, anything your heart desires. You probably won't feel like eating much, after what you've been through: first, losing your wife like that and then falling and getting that nasty concussion. You must feel terrible."

I did.

"But I've got something to surprise you with. Maybe it'll cheer you up." She stepped briskly over to the window, her starchy uniform rustling. She took hold of the Venetian blind cord and pulled. Sunshine. Horizontal strips of sunshine sifted through the blinds, skimming over the white walls and furniture, making the room unbearably bright. The nurse pranced across the room happily and pulled the other blind. More sunshine. She was completely elated—for me.

"Oh! It's a beautiful day. The weather forecast says it's going to almost forty. Why I bet you all the snow will be off the ground by tonight. Isn't it wonderful?"

The body! The snowman! I tried to get up.

"Now, Mr. Fowles, you're in no condition to get up. Why, you've been out for almost two days and the doctor surely wouldn't let you out for at least a few more days, so don't get your hopes up. Just relax." She gently pushed my head down.

Relax!

"I've got to get up," I screamed.

"Now, now, Mr. Fowles," she said soothingly. "The doctor told me you slipped on your icy steps. It wasn't our fault that you didn't shovel the walk. You're the one who should have shoveled the walk . . ."

Fools

WILLIAM PIETRAGALLO

*Fools are mortal men
Born to live,
Living to learn,
Learning to work,
Working till death.*

*When life is so short,
And death is so cruel,
Then heed what I say,
For it is your life
. . . . Fool!*

I'll Try to Explain Anyway

RITA LOUISE COYNE

*There are many,
But the one I meant was you.
You the one who
Talks quietly
About the whys and hows
And whispers humility
With bright eyes.*

*All the laughter giggled by,
The tears stopped coming.
The crowds shuffled away
Leaving paper and echoes
Behind them.
No dancing, music, cacaphony of lecturers,
Trumpets blaring entrances,
Or organs fugues.
No spring time blooming or
Summer lethargy and boredom teased and taunted
Toward this encounter.*

*Your willingness to share a cigarette,
A glass of beer,
A hope for knowing
Was very simply staged
Without a prologue, with no applause
And no one knows but us the drama it entailed.*

Writer

PHILIP LAWTON

*Love-song on an early morning train,
'though Palinurus in railroad blue is dead.*

*It hurts like hell Lord like manGod
I guess You know, and girl
you'd better believe. And early morning pain,
it hurts like—*

hell is understanding

and standing

*and too-late blues seeking distant greyness
for the fugitive, who forgot
or never heard
or no one told me about it.*

*Then life is a twitch and a train
and the silence of a troubled mind;*

*loneliness envying the castaway's chance
and the hermit's courage,
as the inspired mute approaches the deaf man.*

"Strange, But the Man Who Made the Song Was Blind"

JOSEPH GEIGER

Man is tough. Nothing—War, grief, hopelessness, despair—
can last as long as man himself can last; man himself will
prevail over all his anguishes, provided he will make the
effort to stand erect on his own feet by believing in hope
and in his own toughness and endurance.

—William Faulkner—

If John Milton's poetry abounds in projections of himself, it is because he lived his poems. While recurring portrayals of himself as the lone, elite and chosen defender of truth, justice and virtue are often unbearable, his courage and perseverance in the face of adversity are equally undeniable. Nowhere are these projections more evident than in his numerous treatments of blindness, whether as the subject of a whole sonnet or as an aspect of a character in a larger work.

In Book III of *Paradise Lost*, Milton as narrator invokes the Holy Spirit to enlighten and sharpen his mind for the completion of his task in spite of blindness:

 thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp. but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;

He follows with a whole catalog of seasonal delights: Even, Morn, vernal bloom, the Summer's Rose. All these with the "Seasons return, but not to me returns." Nothing "But cloud instead, and ever-during dark/Surrounds me . . ." Milton is "Cut off, . . . /Presented with a Universal blanc." In *Samson Agonistes* he adds "Light the prime work of God to me extinct."

In a letter to his Athenian friend, Leonard Philaris, Milton fills in the physical detail of his affliction. The description, supposed to be medical, has already become a poetical experience as evidenced in the closing lines:

It is ten years . . . since I felt my sight getting weak and dull. . . . In the morning, if I began . . . to read anything, I felt my eyes at once thoroughly pained, and shrinking from the act of reading. . . . If I looked at a lit candle a kind of iris seemed to snatch it from me . . . objects I looked at without myself moving seemed all to swim . . . Inveterate mists now seem to have settled in my forehead and temples, which weigh me down and depress me with a

kind of sleepy heaviness . . . there comes into my mind the description of the Salmydessian seer Phineus in *Argonautics*:

All round him then there grew
A purple thickness; and he though the Earth
Whirling beneath his feet, and so he sank
Speechless at length, into a feeble sleep.

Later on, in total blindness, he wrote: "It is a mere blackness, or a blackness dashed, and as it were inwoven, with an ashy grey, that is wont to pour itself forth." Thus Milton is confronted with a circumstance many normal would find as shattering and vexing as the plight of his Satan groveling in the ashes of Hell.

But the blind Milton, quite overcoming his onetime prissy "Lady-of-Christ" image, gauntly sings on:

Yet I argue not
Against heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Here is a "Toiler of the Sea," a man of mission among men, one bearing up valiantly under a cross nigh unbearable. His reference in Sonnet XIX to "that one Talent which is death to hide/Lodged with me useless . . ." brings home the pathos of that bearing up. Still the blind Milton forged on and left us, who stand in awe, the epic of *Paradise Lost*, a panorama vivid in landscape, imagery and characterization, rich in cultural allusions, emotive and powerfully evocative in speech, yet composed in total eclipse and dictated from his head.

Were this great epic not enough of a lesson for man to keep on keeping on, Milton, encouraged by others, followed with *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. In the latter comes another stirring projection. Samson, eyeless in Gaza, chained and abject, questions as does Milton in Sonnet XIX the Providence of God. Both have prepared themselves for lives of service to their people. Milton, in his early schooling, began daily at 4:00 a.m. with the reading of the Hebrew bible, followed ultimately by a mastery of French, Italian, Latin, Spanish and Greek. Samson, of course, on a more strictly physical level, championed his people against the Philistines. The poignancy of Samson's suffering lies in the comparison he makes of himself to a worm:

Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest her excel me,
They creep, yet see . . .

The impact is all the greater as the reader recalls to mind the condition of the author:

Myself my Sepulcher, a moving Grave
Buried yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst or other evils, pains and wrongs.

One can almost feel in this cry the soul-searing agony of Satan's realization that "Myself am Hell." His Hell he carried with him as Milton did his cross. A life in captivity, the life of Milton had become a "Prison within Prison."

Yet it is well worth noting that the Miltonic Samson, though sharing a fate almost identical with that of Old Gloucester in *King Lear*, is not destroyed in abject pessimism by his plight. Samson rails at the Philistine officer who intends to make a further, festival spectacle of him:

Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude that my mind ever
Will condescend.

No such Miltonic spirit is evident in the eyeless Gloucester who sadly degrades his mutilated body by conceding:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods.
They kill us for their sport.

Both were doomed to go in company with pain. Yet, it is Samson alone who "turns his necessity to glorious gain" as Wordsworth would have it ("Character of the Happy Warrior"). Thus as the Chorus tells us, Samson

though blind of sight
Despised, and thought extinguisht quite
With inward eyes illuminated
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame.

Milton, too, rises above his situation though in true recognition of his imperfection and limitation as a man. Wordsworth observes:

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."
(*"London, 1802"*)

Time held him no "green and dying" but blind and writing. In the letter to Philaris, he writes: "My frequent thought is that . . . eyesight lies not in . . . eyes alone, but enough for all purposes in God's leading and providence." Like the great bodhisattvas of the Buddhist religion, Milton did not withdraw into a Nirvana of learning and intuition. Rather he extended himself through the objective correlatives of his cultural allusions and life of study, even in blindness, "to justify the ways of God to man" that he like Adam may learn to "be strong, live happy and love." Perhaps Dylan Thomas unwittingly best captured the attitude of Milton in "Fern Hill." For truly he "sang in (his) chains like the sea."

Ode to an Ant Named Grace:
From an Admirer

S. M.

*With all the love
That my heart can hold
You are the one
Dearest Grace
You are not too old
To be mine now
And for always
And always
And always
Forever!
For each day
Now and forever,
I shall gaze upon
Your auburn locks
And your auburn eyeballs,
When I am released from jail.*

An Excerpt from—

"The Dance of Death"

SALVATORE TAGLIARINO

*The sky fell red with
the agony of the strangled sun,
while its feathered children
deserted, crying, to their unreachable
mother. The observing wind moaned,
siring the banshee's wail. The young
vultures became of age.*

*The couple lay locked
in the nuptial act. The woman sought
the lust of love. It was mad within
her.*

*It rolled in unrestrained pleasure.
It glutted her. The roiling passion
gripped Adam. It raced like the
plague to fill his body. It shadowed
his love. It poured its most erotic
joys into the young patriarch.
Adam stopped. He knew the unspoken will.
He knew the rancor of the act. But
he bit the pungent fruit. The taste
was like nothing he had known before.*

*The iron clapper struck
the lip of the cast bell. It rang. The
dull clank of a leaden bell joined
its brother. Unborn gothic bells joined the
chorus. The unordered voices of twenty
thousand bells croaked their message.
Large and small, brass and bronze, they
Beat their dented flesh to produce
the unholy chorus. All the bells of
hell rang out. And Death in his far-far-
off cave recognized the sound.
He knew it was of his time they
sang.*

*Dance, Death, Dance, and leave
behind your cymbals and leaden bells.
you are born to rule over fools.*

The Proud Tower: A Review

RODERICK PORTER

On the frontispiece of Barbara Tuchman's *The Proud Tower* is a line from Edgar Allan Poe's "The City in the Sea:"
"While from a proud tower in the town,
Death looks gigantically down."

This portrait of the world before the War could not have been more appropriately titled. That golden age of twenty-five years was truly visited by death in the guns of August 1914.

Mrs. Tuchman tells us in her foreword what prompted her to write this book:

"The Great War of 1914-1918 lies like a band of scorched earth dividing that time from ours. In wiping out so many lives which would have been operative on the years that followed, in destroying beliefs, changing ideas, and leaving incurable wounds of disillusion, it created a physical as well as a psychological gulf between two epochs. This book is an attempt to discover the quality of the world from which the Great War came."

She fulfills her purpose extremely well. The book is a brilliant example of portrayal, giving the reader the sense and feeling of the time recreated. Mrs. Tuchman's literary style is remarkably powerful prose, not eloquent in its presentation, but convincing in its truth. For example, in the chapter "The Transfer of Power" concerning the passage of the Parliament Bill depriving the House of Lords in Great Britain of their traditional power of Veto, the reader is drawn into the excitement and interplay of men waging battle for political power. I found myself literally sitting on the edge of my chair as the battle between Commons and Lords climaxed on a hot day in August 1911:

"On August 10, the day for drinking the hemlock, the temperature reached a record of a hundred degrees and tension at Westminster was even higher, for, unlike previous political crises, the outcome was in suspense. By 4:00 p.m. the House of Lords had filled to the last seat with the greatest attendance ever known, with visitors galleries jammed and peers standing in passages and doorways. They wore morning coats with wing collars, ascots, spats and light waistcoats and after dinner recess many appeared in white tie and tails . . . (Lord) Halsbury marched to his seat with the air of a knight entering the lists (and) seemed to an observer to be accompanied by an almost audible sound of jingling spurs. In a shrill appeal to conscience he demanded defeat of the Bill. . . . Lord Morley, whose peerage was barely three years old, nevertheless felt 'deeply moved' when obliged to make explicit the Government's intention to follow defeat of the Bill by 'a large and prompt creation of peers.' . . . A pall settled on the Chamber . . . At 10:40 p.m. amid 'intense

excitement' the division was called. Abstaining peers who could find room squeezed onto the steps of the throne where they could remain without voting while the rest of the abstainers . . . left the chamber. Counting was done by tellers with white wands who tapped the shoulder of each peer as he returned from the division lobby. Slowly the streams reappeared while from the open doors the tellers could be heard counting aloud, 'one, two, three, four . . .' For a quarter of an hour which seemed like a full hour the process continued . . . The procession came to an end. Amid profound silence Lord Loreburn (Lord Chancellor) arose from the Woolsack, shook back the panels of his wig and in clear tones announced the result: for the Bill, 131; against, 114; majority, 17. Unable to contain her emotion Lady Halsbury hissed loudly from the Peereesses' Gallery. No cheers or enthusiasm came from the victors . . . The Lords left at once and in five minutes their hall was empty."

Mrs. Tuchman's portrayal of Western society includes a well-defined and reconstructed picture of the France of the Second Republic, rocked by the Dreyfus Affair of 1894-1903. Late nineteenth and early twentieth century America, turning from its traditional non-alignment to make a bid to become a world power, constitutes one of the most interesting and, in a sense, topical chapters. Mrs. Tuchman concentrates on the efforts of one man, Speaker of the House Thomas B. Reed and his efforts to keep the United States from pursuing a "Manifest Destiny" overseas in imperial expansion. One section of the chapter deals with the Anti-Imperialist Leagues which were set up to oppose American intervention in Spanish-Cuban relations in the Spanish-American War. These Leagues, including some of the most influential and well-respected legislators, educators, and citizens of, the United States, opposed the war in an effort to prevent American quasi-colonization.

The first two chapters in *The Proud Tower* are most effectively placed. Chapter One, "The Patricians," deals with the patrician families and governors of England in the late 1890's and early 1900's: the Marquessess of Salisbury, the Dukes of Devonshire and Marlborough, the great squirearchies; and of the luxuriant life they led. Chapter Two, "The Idea and the Deed," strikes a marked contrast by analyzing the socialist and anarchist movements and the characters behind them. She describes the conditions of the time—mass squalor and deprivation—which led to the great agitation on the Continent for Socialism and Anarchism.

I could not read *The Proud Tower* without noticing the vignettes Mrs. Tuchman uses to describe the characters in her book. Her ability to impart a real knowledge to the reader of the personality, temperament and moods, intellect, and physical appearance of a David Lloyd George, a Prince Kropotkin, an Arthur Balfour, a Richard Strauss or his Kaiser is unmatched at least in contemporary historical writing, and

perhaps even in contemporary literature in general.

The last picture in the book shows a troop of soldiers marching jubilantly off to the Front early in August 1914—they are smiling, singing, almost in a carnival mood. If so, it was the world they were marching away from—for they would never return to it.

This is by no means professional history; it was not meant to be. It is the portrayal of an Age, a golden age to some, an age of discontent and agitation to many more. Mrs. Tuchman's technical skills are considerable, and she has used them well in this her first book since the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Guns of August* appeared in 1962. We find ourselves agreeing with J. H. Plumb, who in reviewing *The Proud Tower* in *Saturday Review* remarked that an historian would probably have treated this book differently; but there is no one around who could have "done it half as well" as Mrs. Tuchman.

The Tempter

R. A. KUTINA

*He touched with an outstretched limb,
A man I could not see.
But stopped I did to listen then,
His words enchanted me.
"Here, have a ticket to my world
For free," he boasted, "free.
Just put your hand upon the pass
And enter bliss with me."
Desire ran through my sensuous veins,
And over my mind fell.
I grabbed the pass that taunted me
And entered utter hell.*

We Two

GEORGE HUNTER

We always busied ourselves, even when we were little, just as mother said. During the days and evenings, Ellen and I would wander about the rooms of the upper floors playing any games our imaginations conjured up. And we were always busy when father was around. Before he left for work, he moved briefly through our morning world dressed in dark business suits. In the evenings we might see him sitting in the study in his sombre smoking jacket. Impersonal hands of a succession of maids readied us daily but specially fussed on Sundays when we were with father. Ellen and I both hated the cold church and the long, dull Mass. It was not even a pretty church. It was gloomy and especially so early in the morning when we went. Father's funeral was the first time going there held even the slightest interest for us.

We had made First Communion alone together early on a Saturday morning which made the church all the more drab because it was almost empty. When we were confirmed, all the people scared us. But the funeral was so different and strange that we were very attentive that day. Actually, his death seemed to us something he did which was not to be cried over or anything, but rather observed with respect right up to the burial. The funeral was so interesting, though, that we remembered it although we forgot what he was like when alive. His life was like the first acts of the operas we attended with mother, it was forgotten in the splash of the last few minutes.

We were really very childish for our ages then, not really childish so much as silly. That was because we only had each other with the result that we had many little esoteric jokes between us that made us giggle to the distress of mother and the staff and the odd tutors. We spent hours in separate rooms because of giggling, and there were especially long sentences and extra prayers if it had happened at church. There were also the times we were bad while at the convent with mother. We went once a month to see a relative who had been there ever since she was thirteen. Mother thought it wonderful that she had gone there so young, and she used to talk and talk to Ellen about the Sisters the way she talked in front of me about priests she knew. But later Ellen and I — and Corby and Darcey, too—thought it was stupid to go there so young and miss everything. Our relative was such a hypocrite, too. We used to have to make visits to the convent chapel with her when we were there, and we'd have to kneel and kneel while she prayed. She always looked like she was

expecting to see a vision or rise off the kneeler. She wanted us to notice how she looked when she prayed. And when we laughed, she would tell mother who would make us say extra Rosaries for being bad.

That year father died was also the year mother redecorated. Because mother wanted us out from underfoot while they worked, we spent our only time in school. When the work was finished, we went back to having tutors. Even father had wanted us to go to some school when we were old enough, but mother had never allowed it. Luckily, though, our little time there let us make our only friends.

Corby and Darcey were our closest neighbors, less than a mile away, and since mother particularly needed our chauffeur at that time, it was arranged that we could ride each day with them. At first, things were difficult with Ellen and I so shy and Corby and Darcey so different from us. And there was George with his funny stories and his big laugh who tumbled us out of the car at school and sped away with us at two-thirty pretending we were escaping from the Germans. We didn't know how to take them, how to get used to them at first. But the three of them quickly brought us to life so that very soon we would run to the car as the front door shut behind us and dawdle as we left it at the end of the day. Fridays we went from the car very slowly, and it was a Friday and the end of the redecorating that eventually stopped our going to school.

Mother would have stopped school anyhow as soon as the work was done, but as it happened, she withdrew us before that. On Fridays before we rode with them, George had taken Corby and Darcey to marvelous places after school. They had been to the city and seen the waterfront and the ships. They went to the zoo and sometimes it was downtown to a movie or sodas after a long ride in the country. At first, all this stopped as mother expected us home at exactly three o'clock. But after two Fridays of long-way-home rides and a quick ice cream stop in place of the more exciting things, Corby and Darcey's mother sent a note. We had seen her only a few times at school, and though we had never talked to her, we liked her. She was much younger than mother, and she was happy plump in wool dresses of bright colors like green and orange and purple. In her note, which Corby and Darcey had somehow read before she sent it, she explained that it would be convenient if on Fridays George could go to the city on weekly errands directly from school. She explained this would mean our arrival home on that day would be between five and five-thirty, but she would be most appreciative if mother would excuse the inconvenience on that one day. Ellen and I were awed that anyone would be so daring with mother, but since the whole situation was temporary, she agreed to let us go. So George did an errand or two on

Fridays in addition to taking us wherever he'd planned. We were careful of the time at first, but soon we began to slip. That last time, after we had gone through all the downtown stores and seen all the toys and holiday decorations, we asked for a movie, and soon we were in the dark warm of the show eating pop corn and watching Japanese monsters. It was the clock; mother saw the time when we got back. They received a lovely bouquet of thanks from her, but mother took us out of school and we never went with them again.

Night after night we snuck into each other's rooms and devised various plans whereby we might persuade mother to let us go back, but none of them worked. We called them on the phone, but mother asked us why we wanted such friends. She explained that some day we would go to Europe and make the acquaintance of truly worthwhile people. She arranged for each of us to begin learning a new instrument that our spare time might be spent more constructively. As a final remark, she reminded us again that we would someday appreciate only the finest and be appreciated by only the finest. That very week, despite the objections of the servants, the phones were taken away. We began to draw the first music from our new instruments, religious selections mother had specifically requested we be taught.

Each week, we went with her to confession. We hated this. Later, what sins we had become secret trophies outside church, the only things we owned that mother had not touched. We tried to separate religion, which we both thought good, from mother's intense practice of it, but mother and religion were one in the church. My failures mounted; I think Ellen's did, too. While mother knelt and moved her soundless lips in prayer, we had to whisper more and more to the old monsignor, and we began to hate it. But one Saturday when we came into the church, there they were.

It was almost a year since we had seen or talked to them. We were very excited. They began down the aisle to leave church as we walked to a pew. We followed mother, and as I passed Corby, she could not see as he whispered to me. Ellen and I always went first to confession. I whispered to her to say anything, but to hurry. We often did that anyway, anything to escape the confinement of the dark grill and the whispered scrupulosities. Mother always took a long time as she found the state of her soul enjoyable rather than distressing, so as soon as she disappeared behind the curtain, we hurried to the vestibule of the church and past the heavy oak door into the cold. We saw their mother waiting for them in the car. We glimpsed our chauffeur, his head resting on the back of the seat, his mouth slightly open in sleep.

"Saturdays," they said in spurts of white smoke, "every Saturday behind your house in the woods at nine o'clock."

They left in a flash of giggles and excitement, and we were breathless with "Saturday" even later as we followed mother to the car.

But it proved too difficult. They rode their bikes to the edge of our property, hid them in the bushes, and walked around through the woods to the edge of our back yard farthest from the house. They even brought food. We got there on excuses of walks to see what plants were alive in the cold. But soon Ellen was late for a piano lesson, and then Corby caught a cold. So we decided instead on the Saturday mail. We found they had written before, but the letters must have arrived some day other than Saturday which was the only day we got at the mail before mother. Soon the letters went back and forth weekly, and there were sporadic meetings in the woods and chance run-ins in church on Saturday afternoon. On Saturday evenings when Uncle Harris, mother's brother, and his wife came to supper, we smiled because of the letters.

Soon we were sixteen years of age. The tutors came and went all year round. We studied things Corby and Darcey said were for college students. We lived from their letters. They mentioned record shows on the radio. Upon request, mother supplied an FM but nothing else. There was no television or newspapers or magazines, but only the books she gave us to read from her library. The Saturday night suppers with our uncle; the secret letters; the secret meetings; the dynasties of maids and butlers created by mother's constant dissatisfaction; the monthly visit to the convent and father's grave; the church; the sins; the tutors; and always the letters. At night we would pray Rosaries and novenas with her, and afterwards we hid in our rooms and grew our own thoughts as best we could, out of her sight. Like the plants in the basement, our own thoughts grew there in the dark. There were magazines and newspapers the servants threw out which we confiscated. Our birthdays slid by again and again, always with a birthday Mass at the convent with mother and our relative in honor of the day.

Then she was sick. A heart attack. A nurse came for a time, but then mother had her show Ellen what to do, and soon Ellen slept in the same room with mother. She said we must busy ourselves despite her illness. She kept only the butler and the cook, and Ellen and I were to take care of the house and grounds. Be active and busy ourselves. She began to talk to us for long periods of time. We were, she said, children of her later years, the beautiful duty given her to attend to in her last moments of life. The letters came but not so regularly. They were at dances and games and parties, and they talked about how they were planning their lives.

We were eighteen. The people we saw were the cook, the

butler, the monsignor who came to see mother, the doctor, and the tutors. Uncle Harris came on Sundays now, but we tried to avoid him. Mother never left her room. She embraced sickness and laid in bed with her worn prayer books at her side and her Rosary crawling through her fingers. The house and grounds showed lack of enough hands to tend them, but mother could not see them so it didn't matter. She claimed the butler — really a chauffeur now — was wasted money since Ellen and I could walk to church, and she told the cook it was time Ellen learned her way around a kitchen. I could see what was coming.

The cook and butler took advantage of her illness. They had guests in their quarters and relaxed in parts of the house forbidden them before. But Ellen and I never told.

I knew he had girls to the house on weekends. I approached him one evening to ask him. He was stretched out on the living room davenport, his favorite place for a nap now that she was not around. I told him that soon he was not going to work here any more. He replied that he knew that and told me that mother had given him two weeks notice that very day. He partially set up and tapped my shoulder with his finger as he spoke. His lips slurred over his teeth as he went on to say things about mother and Ellen and I and the way things were in this house. This was not what I wanted to happen at all. I had only wanted him to see that with his leaving soon it wouldn't matter. I whispered at him to shut up, and he was so surprised that he did. I said I would pay him any amount to get me one of the girls he'd had here on weekends. It was easy to steal from mother, and I had been saving the money for some time. He said nothing, but began to smile as he reached up and took hold of my tie. The living room was cold like the rest of the house, and I noticed the cold and the ache in my neck and back as I stood straining against the pull of his hand on my tie. He mumbled that there was no one coming that evening. Then he said that I was stupid, stupid for limping around all this time when all I had to do was go to the kitchen on Friday afternoon. I knew what he meant, but before I had a chance to ask him more, he pulled my face into his and asked me if Ellen was hungry like me. I yanked my tie free. He sat there laughing. As I left the room, he said he was going to find out if she wanted him as much as I wanted one of his girls. I felt discovered, debased. I was ugly and awkward under the thrash of his laughter which didn't stop until I was on the stairs on the way to my room.

The next day came, and it was time to go to the church. Actually, Ellen and I had long since stopped going there. He preferred a long drive and so did we. We never got out of the car though because it had been so long and we would have been embarrassed of our old clothes and the fact that we

didn't know how to act. I had worked all morning painting the wood around the front porch to try to forget what had happened, and I was fairly calm when it was finally time to get ready. I found the garage door locked, but when he heard me, he opened it a crack. All he told me was to get away. I stood there and stared at him; I did not understand. He showed me some money and said she's even wanted to pay. He pushed me back with his hand on my face and relocked the door.

They were very different people, the butler and the cook. She was drab and thin, tired in her fifties, but she always had a smile for us so we preferred her to the butler. She went home on the weekends, but her husband didn't bring in much money so it was necessary for her to stay here the rest of the week and work for us. Then each Friday afternoon, her daughter would pick her up and on Sunday night bring her back.

I was curious about her daughter, but I was frightened of her, too. She was like the letters from Corby and Darcey, free and independent, but she was also something beyond that, something strong and daring, something insensitive, cruel. She was carefree like them, but she was not kind at all, and they were. She made everything out to be laughable, and she enjoyed seeing someone make a mistake. She liked to embarrass me by staring at me whenever I came into the kitchen when she was there. She'd not even look at me when I first came in, and then I would feel her eyes on me. She'd stare at the front of my trousers, and even after I knew she did this for no reason except to torture me, I would still make some foolish, clumsy movement, and she would laugh at getting me to do exactly what she'd intended. But he had hinted that she would do it, and there was so little time left that I went to the kitchen that next Friday to wait for her to come.

Soon there would be only the three of us alone, so I sat there waiting for her. Finally she came. Mother had not yet sent down the pay check. I sat crumbling a cookie while the cook softly whined her complaint to me, hinting that I go get the check for her. I knew it took her at least fifteen minutes to talk to Ellen about what to do over the weekend. If I did not go to mother for her, there would be time. I told her she should really go herself so as to be sure of the amount. She gave me her odd little half-smile and said she knew I just wanted to talk to her daughter, but she went herself, mumbling to herself as she walked across the linoleum that it was not right for Ellen and I to live here like this. Soon she was climbing the stairs to the second floor.

My voice was clogged, and the muscles in my face twitched when I finally had to ask her. I told her I would give her fifty dollars. She began to laugh in a long, shudder-

ing gasp until tears rolled down her cheeks. My hands dripped with cold sweat, but I grabbed her wrist and pulled out seventy-five dollars from my pocket. This stopped her laughing. She whispered I was a fool, but as her mother walked down the hallway above us, we went across the kitchen and down into the basement. There was an old couch. The basement reeked of mildew and stale air, but the couch was near the furnace where it was at least warm. I could hardly move as we stood by the couch, but she took the money from my hand and began to whisper that I must not be afraid, that she would help me. She did things I never dreamed any girl would want to do, and she did them easily. But when it was over, any kindness she had was gone. She hummed as she climbed the stairs in front of me, and she began to laugh as I went from the kitchen just as her mother was finishing with Ellen in the next room.

Our twentieth year was when we were alone in the house with mother. With the dismissal of the servants, we were completely isolated. I couldn't drive the car and neither could Ellen. Uncle Harris died. Some distant cousins stopped by to offer us a ride to the funeral, but mother had us to stay home and pray with her. Those who came to the house at all were the monsignor, the doctor, and the grocery boy. The only one for whom we put up the slightest pretense was the monsignor. The doctor came every other week, but upon his insisting that mother should get out of bed, she got rid of him. He had tried to talk to us beyond the odd little greetings the monsignor specialized in, but he used to talk as if we were hard of hearing or retarded. Now he was gone, though. Mother had long ago arranged for certain groceries to be left outside the back door once a week. On our own, we had ditched the tutors and made up things to tell mother. But she really got so lost in prayers and talking to us about religious subjects that she was never concerned about them anyway. We paid all bills by mail; we would leave it in the mail box and the mailman would take care of it. I busied myself about the house and grounds doing the things I liked. I enjoyed flowers, so I cared for them although weeds drooped over the long driveway. I tended the bushes in the front of the house while the grass went wild and the windows hid the rooms behind them with a haze of dirt.

It was on our twenty-first birthday that we got cards from Corby and Darcey. Neither Ellen nor I thought they would have remembered our birthdays, but they had. They were coming back from Europe where they had attended school; they were coming back, and they were coming to see us because, as the cards said, we were now twenty-one and could see whomever we wished. It would be this very week, and we were excited. We laughed and made plans to fix everything as nicely as we could. Our planning it together reminded

me of how it used to be when we would conspire over various things. The only room we had really kept up was mother's room; she did not see the others so it didn't matter. We worked all day long, and I was resting in the living room when Ellen came down from mother's room where she had been reading to her.

I knew something was wrong. She was nervous and frightened as she came across the room in front of me. I asked her right away what was wrong, although I was sure she had told even before I asked her. I asked her why, why, why she told. She should never have told, I said, because now we could not talk to them when they came. She began to cry, but I comforted her and told her not to mention it again and perhaps mother would forget. But as she went to the kitchen, she said very sadly that mother never forgot anything unless she wanted to. This was true, and we were both very sad. As Ellen prepared supper, I thought how we could meet them where the driveway went onto the road and then mother would never know.

She took mother's supper up, and then we ate our own in the kitchen. Soon it was time for prayers. When we went into her room, I could see something was wrong. Mother didn't talk at all, and Ellen began to cry. She said I should have to get the doctor because she was sure our mother was very sick. She said that she had thought so even before supper, so she had put some pills in her food before she brought it up. They were sleeping pills, but Ellen wasn't sure that sleep would cure her. Mother breathed deeply as she slept. But there was no phone, and I couldn't go for the doctor even if it were day. I didn't know where to go, and besides I couldn't go in front of a lot of people I had never seen. I wouldn't know what to do or how to act, and I had absolutely no idea where to go. So I could not go. I smoothed the covers all over the bed. I made them all very neat, fixed them just as she liked them. She laid very still, so quiet there, hardly even making sleep sounds.

We shut the door to her room and then went downstairs. I told Ellen we should be able to get help when Corby and Darcey came. They would surely help us. She said mother always told us we were children of God and that we would never do anything wrong if we prayed. So we prayed, and we waited the whole night and half way through the next morning when we finally heard the knocker on the front door.

Ellen whispered that if we did not answer, they would go away, and we could live forever in the house and do as we pleased. But I tried to make her remember how wonderful they were and what fun it had been with them. She would not listen, though. She clamped her hands over her ears and shut her eyes. Her mouth pressed into a thin white line, and she

began humming to herself to drown out my voice. I shook her, but she would not listen. At last the knocker stopped its rapping. I ran to the door and opened it just a little at first, and then all the way.

They were so different, so grown-up standing there on the steps. I saw a new shiny car parked in the drive. The tall weeds brushed against it as it stood sparkling in the sun. Darcey said my name. I looked back from the car to the two of them, smiled, and said hello. I said I was very happy to see them again, my only real friends. But they looked at me strangely, not the way the doctor did, but with a worried look as though they already knew something was wrong. My eyes began to fill with tears, something I had certainly never intended to happen. They came forward, but I backed into the shadows of the entrance. As I waited to become more composed, I turned my head away from them, and I saw myself in the dirty window of the door to my left. I so rarely looked at myself because we had very few mirrors seeing as it was vain to look in them. But there I was in the dirty window. I saw I was thin and very pale and odd-looking because my eyes were so afraid. I needed to shave, and my hair was long and poorly cut by Ellen. I was ashamed to think of myself like this in front of them. Even my shirt was worn and dirty. Not even a clean shirt when I had known they were coming to see us.

Finally I said I hoped they would help us because no one else would help us the way they would, seeing as they liked us. I said they had become very beautiful people, confident and independent, but that they were still our only friends. So I reached forward, took their hands in mine, and backed up into the house leading them, our only real friends, inside to help us.

Progress Is Our Most Important

J. R. WALPOLE

*Never again will the lumbering horse be seen
Trodding the weary way in front of his shining carriage.*

*Gone are the days when the street people smiled
And the fresh clean smell of the spring so green
Filled the city blocks.*

*No longer can the town be something to look forward to
By small anxious senses, eager for a smile.
You see, since those times they've changed the style,
And we've made progress.*

Fuji

JOE WILLIAMS

*Of purest white thy summit glows;
Clear spring of you so steady flows;
Life giving snows thou dost possess
Towns and villages in the caress.
Oh everpresent sight unseen
Almighty wonder how bright thy beam!
Thou lovest man in many ways.
In thy cool waters life lies so silent,
We take thy kindness all for granted.
But if one day thy spring would cease to flow,
Thy greatness then the world again would know.
Until that day omniscient power
Unseen, unheard, unwanted you will lie
Giving man life that he should only die.*

Man, Understanding Cause

CATHERINE HERBISON

*I want to love each man I meet;
But, if I do, Advantage seeks
His use of me.
You teach me to love, and just, and pure;
But where in Sense's world exists
Ideals as those?
And why does Cause—real cause of all
Reality—imperfect make
Each single thing?
The scale of life is balanced n'er.
On fallen men, the others walk.
Equality?
Exist equality cannot,
Through forms, or touched reality.
Distinct is all.
As consequence, each man mistakes
The motives of each other man.
Corruption smiles.
Its elements attract the weak.
Majority—to duty blind—
Demands its rights.
Corruption, hidden 'neath gold mask,
Says, "Greedy be and selfish, man."
So dies the heart.
Belov'd is nothing now to man.
He values satisfaction more
Than giving it.*

The Face of a Hero

BY GEORGE BLATT

*I'm walkin down the hall peerin out at the world/
I see you approachin with your group/ Faces smeared
with mock grins/ United Appeal buttons on your lapels/
Honed tongues slashin out at humanity/
I ask you, great hero, "What morsels of knowledg can
you offer today?"*

*But you merely sneer an adjust you ear plugs an sun-
glasses/ I explain that I am all hung up over life . . .
t which you reply, "Take two aspirins an rest in bed
while ponderin great thoughts"/ I tell you that's not
where it's at an you snicker an scratch your brain an
split before I can continue/*

*So I turn t your friends an announce
that I have never seen Jack Armstrong
or Steve Reeves/ I don't drink whisky/
The Stones fail t send me but I wear
white levis and cordovan loafers/ Viet
Nam is a problem/ Smokin causes cancer
an LSD is a hateful person/ Negroes should
be legalized/ Religion is gray/ Dylan is
for the sensitive 'cause ears can see/
Life is a drag if you stay in bed/ Play-
boy is the American drain/ School is
digestion an I'm out in the cold tryin t
get warm*

*They search their brain cavities an then decide to laugh
an tell me that I got problems/ An then I shake each an
every one of their hands an thank them profusely for
their philosophical advice for they are older and wiser
than I/ They proceed down the hall drawing squares in
the air while rolling their eyeballs/ An so I stick my
head in my pocket an walk away.*