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Vehicle

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TRIBUTE TO THE

ART MUSEUM

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INTRODUCTION

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Somewhere on campus there must be a student, male or female, who just came to college to get an education.

Hampered by administrators, Greeks, freaks, student senators, dorm rats, and many other groups and clubs, he or she probably still manages to get an education.

Our magazine is dedicated to that typical person with the fervent hope that someday, somehow, that ordinary student will burst out of his quiet shell to become **Super Ordinary**.

The Editors

For Winter Waiting

Carol Jean Baumgarte

Leslie liked October. As she started up the crumbling walk to her grandmother's house, the morning sun shone warmly on her back. The leaves were a red and yellow splash of color against the sky, a few clinging stubbornly to the almost bare trees. The air was fresh. Leslie took a deep breath, rising to her tiptoes to take in as much as she could hold. Reluctantly she let it out. I love this kind of weather, she thought. If only winter didn't have to come. It gets so cold.

A wood pecker pecked diligently at an aging but still hard cottonwood. His rapping was hurried, almost frantic. Did he know winter was only a short time off? Leslie smiled up at him. I'll miss him if he doesn't come back next summer. He always makes things seem so cheerful.

As the house grew nearer, signs of winter increased. The butter-gold marigolds were now only masses of shriveled brown tangles and the faded grass rattled in the timid breeze. At least the sun was still warm.

"One, two, buckle my shoe." One leap cheered the steps and landed Leslie on the sagging and splintered porch top. The place held such memories, but today was no time for reminiscing. Like every other Saturday it would be the same.

"You must always look after your grandmother, Leslie. That's what little girls are for."

For a minute the smell of her mother's smoke-filled breath returned, and only a dash to the door kept her from choking. Her knuckles pounded the warped gray wood and the feeling was gone. "Grandma, it's me," she called, sucking the knuckle of her right index finger. She'd forgotten the door had so many splinters.

As usual the knob took three full turns before the latch caught. Finally it yielded to her pushing and the darkness was a

surprise after the bright sunshine. She blinked stopping in the doorway, a glare from outside being the only thing visible.

"Here I am, over here," a voice called from her right.

Still blinking she turned as the voice continued. "I was worried about you. You're so late this morning."

"Oh, Grandma, I'm sorry," Leslie apologized, her eyes opening and closing rapidly. "It's so pretty out that I was slow getting here." At last the old lady came into focus. She lay huddled on an ancient, overstuffed couch under a washed-out pink spread. Large brown stains surrounded a large tear across the grain of the material, but Leslie tried to ignore them.

Picking her way across the room gathering gaudy-covered "True Story" magazines and avoiding dishes of half-eaten food, she neared the old woman. Grandma was trying to raise herself with her right arm, using her left hand to grope for her purple house shoes. The faded ones with the twisted fringe balls. "I'll get them for you, Grandma. Be careful or you'll fall." The knotted fingers were already trembling.

The old woman sank back into the couch, breathing heavily. "Thanks. It's so hard for me to get about. Help me to the kitchen and comb my hair a bit. Then you can start the dishes."

Leslie shivered as she pulled the faded slippers over the swollen toes. How horrible they are, she thought. How can she even walk on them at all?"

She placed her hands under the old woman's right arm, pulling her to a sitting position. The skin of the arm pit was soft and warm—like Doug's new crib blanket, only dry and flakey instead. And the looseness was disgusting. The arm bone seemed to have disappeared. With a lurch, Leslie had the old lady on her feet and she stepped forward to protect their balance. Then it came.



She hadn't been prepared for it. It always followed Grandma. Her stomach churned and flem caught in her throat. That smell! She swallowed hard and moved forward, almost dragging the figure with her.

As the pair shuffled toward the kitchen, Leslie's eyes remained on the floor, pretending to watch for bowls or magazines so the old lady wouldn't trip. I can't help it, she thought. Those knotted fingers turn my stomach and those deformed toes are awful. I can't look at them. Will my fingers and toes really get like that just from cracking them? I've got to quit tomorrow.

She shifted the weight higher up on her arm.

Grandma was breathing hard and progress was slow. A glance at the aged face, was all Leslie could bear. It was so ugly. If she'd had her teeth maybe it wouldn't be so bad. What was wrong with the old lady anyway? Leslie knew the teeth would be in a wide-mouth jar near the sink.

Stumbling the pair finally reached the kitchen. Leslie grabbed one of the two wooden chairs in the large room and eased the old lady into it. She sighed, grabbing the table's edge for support.

"It's so nice of you to come Leslie. You're always such a help." Leslie was surprised at the embarrassment she saw on the old face. The tiny eyes darted from one side to the other, never looking directly at her. She pretended not to notice.

"You'll find a comb in by the toilet, dear."

Leslie picked her way to the bathroom and lifted the comb off the tank. It had once been white, but now everything was black with dirt and hair oil except the very tips. Leslie held it only by the very edge.

As she turned to go, the cracked mirror on the white-painted medicine cabinet caught her reflection, showing a strand of blond hair curled low across her forehead. She raised her arms to comb it back, then stopped, the black comb dangerously close to the yellow strands. Her heart pounded rapidly. She'd almost touched the filthy thing to her hair. She hurried back to the kitchen.

Grandma's few strands of white hair were soft in her hands. Yet, like the skin, unpleasant. A few strokes soon filled the aged whiteness with black flecks. The scalp peeked out as the plastic teeth separated the hair. Its grayish-pink color reminded Leslie of a moldy apple she'd found in the old lady's cabinets.

"When's your next appointment, Grandma?" Leslie grimaced at the head before her. "Isn't it about time?"

"It's next Saturday, but I'm not going."

"Why not? You've always been happy to go before?"

"It's getting so hard for me to sit up all that time. I get a headache from the heat of that dryer, and the lady pokes those old pins in so tight that my head's sore all week. The moldy-apple scalp played hide-n-seek as the old lady shook her head. "And another thing. She always fixes my hair like I was a teenager or something."

"Well, ask her to do something different, Grandma."

"She don't listen. She just grins and says 'but this here is the style Ma'm!! I don't care 'bout no style."

"We'll see next Saturday. I'll go along and see if we can't get her to do something different." Anything so I don't have to mess with it for awhile, she thought, then blushed. There I go again, complaining. But I'm tired of this ugly, cluttered house and that shriveled old scalp and this dirty old comb. She doesn't even look like Dad. She couldn't really be his mother. He'd never use such a filthy thing.

Leslie roughly finished the hair and dropped the comb on the scuffed table. Grandma settled back in the wooden chair, pulling her torn and half-open house dress around her, and Leslie moved to do the dishes.

There were the teeth, floating in some sickening yellow liquid. With her little finger, she guided the jar to the nearest corner. She grimaced—closed her eyes—and plunged her arm into the scum covered water. It was cold. The white slime surrounded her arm. With a jerk she quickly pulled the plug and shivered with distaste as the murky liquid wound its way down the drain. A stench rose from the basin.

"I sure hate to see you have to spend every Saturday like this," the old lady began. "If only your mom could come once. But I just can't get by alone."

"Oh, you know how busy mother is. Anyway, it's not so bad," she lied. "I like to come visit you." There, things were even now. "I'll come Friday evening sometime, and then I can do something else on Saturday." Leslie volunteered as she turned the hot water on and squirted new liquid soap into the sink. The warm water melted the slime.

"How is your mom anyway. It's been more than a month since I last saw her. Tried to call her yesterday, but no one was home." The voice seemed sad.

"Oh, she's fine. She's joined another group." Leslie was started at the harshness of her voice and tried to soften it. "A few of the church ladies decided they would begin a project to visit with some of the elderly members on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

Mother feels it's the least she can do because they can't get out to church or anywhere."

"Guess that keeps her pretty busy," the old woman sighed.

"Yes, it does. Last week she had a few over for supper, and tonight a small group is having a sort of picnic." Leslie laughed. "There's this one old guy you just wouldn't believe, Grandma. He's about seventy-five and got white hair that curls all over like some of those new wigs. One side of his top lip has a really heavy moustache, but you can hardly see it on the other side. He looks like one of those cartoon characters that only talk out of one side of their mouth. He's so funny, Grandma. I laughed everytime he talked when he was over for dinner." Leslie giggled. The sun streaming through the window above the sink made her soap bubbles into tiny rainbows. The streaked pattern reminded her of tin soldiers marching in neat little rows.

She paused for breath and loaded the sink with a new batch of dishes. It wouldn't be so awful if I didn't have to scrape all the moldy junk off the plates, she thought. Doesn't she ever finish anything?

The old lady shifted her feet and Leslie turned as she tried to raise herself.

"What do you need, Grandma?"

"Just help me turn around, dear. It's hard on my legs to have them pushed up so close in front of me."

Leslie dried her hands quickly and helped the old lady get her legs twisted around and stretched out in front of her.

"Is that better?"

The old eyes sparkled for a minute and Leslie saw the simple smile that always made her feel warm inside. The lady wasn't really so bad. It wasn't her fault she had to be old. The smile faded fast—faster than usual, Leslie thought.

Returning to the sink, the dishes seemed easier to face. "Dad's pretty busy too," she explained. "He spends a lot of time with the old man that lives next door. They work in Dad's garden and he comes over for dinner sometimes."

Leslie paused, her hands in mid-air, the soap running to her elbows. Outside the birds were gathering to head South. She envied them. Anything would be better than being cold.

Suddenly Grandmother sniffled. Leslie turned quickly and ran across the room. "Grandma, what's wrong?" A tear limped down the wrinkled cheek. The knotted fingers were shaking very rapidly.

"Are you ill?"

"No, dear, it's only the pain in my knee. Sometimes it hurts so bad I can't bear it. Just help me back to the couch."

The trip back to the living room was no better than the one to the kitchen had been. Magazines still cluttered the floor, but Leslie's eyes stared at the aged face. The eyes were clouded. The dry lips trembled.

"Maybe I should get the doctor, Grandma."

"No, no Leslie. This happens 'bout once a day. I just need a little rest." The voice was almost inaudible.

A short time later Grandma sank down onto the couch. Leslie straightened the legs to ease the painful knee, then gently pulled the covers over the shaking figure. Grandma's eyes were closed, but she still breathed heavily. Leslie watched the small chest until it steadied itself, then she tiptoed back to the kitchen.

She stood looking out the window for a long moment. The sun had moved high into the sky, leaving the dirty tin soldiers in one big heap. She stuck her hand in the dishwater. It was cold.

conversation concerning

Heather Hoebel

i and sam

talked (we do that

a lot but not

enough) about

people.

first i mentioned

chuck

(who committed war)

and sharon

who chose her

sentence: life or fine

up to but not exceeding.

then sam

recalled grandpa

(he committed age).

and maybe most

of all:

was mr. black

who shot marcia

with the same gun,

committing

pairicide

(while wounding

simultaneously

me and she)

my grandma

is ill.

and finally

we spoke

in whispers

(harj was

sleeping)

of larry—

who never

committed

anything

enough.

coat poem

Heather Hoebel

there's this coat

see.

and one day

i stood in the rain in it.

and i was dry all

the way down

to my ankles—

understand?

except my head

which was

rain and sky

and soaked

with whatever

things get soaked

with on days like that.

and i'd wanted a coat

like that

for a long time. .

only this time for the first

time it would be mine

not "oh that was your sister's!"

(not hand-me-down worn-outs).

and i had on shoes

which were

new—

until they got wet

and, angry at

being put to work,

pinched innocent toes.

and i thought

(contrary to popular

opinion)

that someday

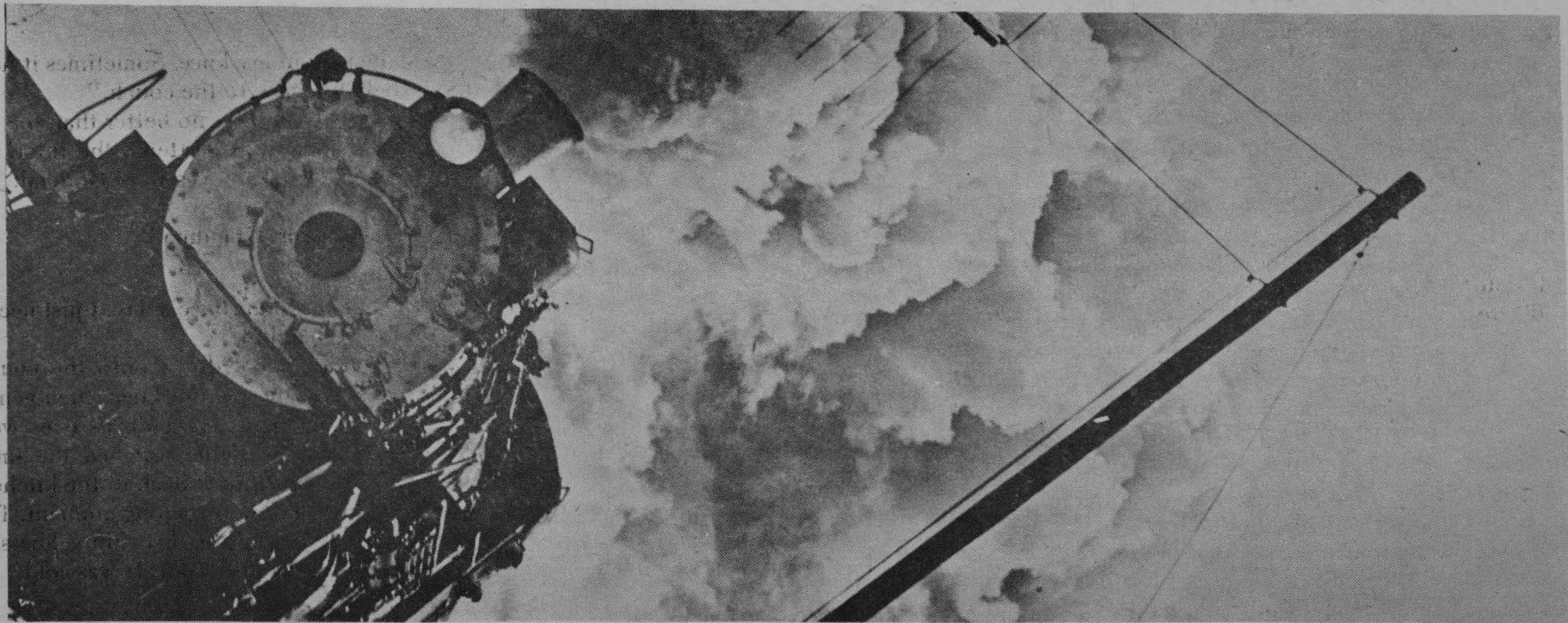
my coat would cover all of me.

and i would

peer at my

button-hole

world.



Sun and Sea: Symbolism and Source

Dan Franklin

The sun and the sea in Albert Camus's novels function respectively as symbols of hostility and symbols of freedom and peace. Since these two elements are developed by and with related subordinate imagery and since the patterning of these images is apparently deliberate and purposeful, the topic warrants a systematic approach along formalistic lines.

* * * *

Images of sun and subordinate images of artificial light occur frequently in *L'Etranger* and in *La Peste*; they are rare in *La Chute*. These figures are introduced in *L'Etranger* by two means: (1) by brief, repetitive allusions and (2) by extended descriptions. The first type is, of course, more numerous; examples are Meursault's observation that "The day on which my trial started was one of brilliant sunshine"¹ and the prosecutor's statement about "... the facts of the crime, which are as clear as daylight."² Many of these images which are only briefly mentioned in the novel have a significant role in the patterning of the imagery. These developed at length, however, tend to be more fundamental to the metaphorical design in the novel. Detailed descriptions of the sun and subordinate imagery occur in the scene depicting the procession to the cemetery during Meursault's mother's funeral and in the scene on the beach where Meursault kills the Arab.

La Peste contains light imagery quite similar to that in *L'Etranger*. Again, there are brief references to the sun in its attributes of light and heat; examples of these succinct allusions, which reinforce the tone of the novel, are "the appalling heat in the ward"³ and, concerning Tarrou's illness, "At noon the fever reached its climax."⁴

La Chute contains a scant number of references to the sun and related imagery, which form no apparent pattern. There are only cursory references, such as "I freely held sway bathed in a light as of Eden."⁵

The other substantial set of images pertains to the sea, water, coolness, and evening. These figures are employed in all three novels: in *L'Etranger* and *La Peste*, they form a pattern much like the light images; but in *La Chute*, no internal organization is discernible and a mere conglomeration of images is presented.

Many of the water images in *L'Etranger* include Marie, Meursault's mistress. Their liaison begins in a swimming pool; they go to several swimming parties; Meursault is gazing at the cool, blue sky when Marie comes to visit him in prison. These episodes, which occur repeatedly throughout the novel, are not as extensive or as well developed as the detailed descriptions of the light imagery. The water imagery is also of a diversified nature: it includes references to water, to evening, and to the coolness associated with these.

In *La Peste*, the water and evening images are fewer and form a direct contrast with the light and heat imagery. In addition, there is related imagery, referent to, for example, the "warm, gently breeze,"⁶ "a cool, soft spring sky,"⁷ and "the frost-cleansed air."⁸ Most of these figures are concisely employed; the one example of lengthy description is the scene in which Tarrou and Rieux go swimming in the sea.

A dismal atmosphere of mist and rain forms the background for the story in *La Chute*. The water imagery assumes several forms: the hydrophobia of Clamence; his statement that "Amsterdam's concentric canals resemble the circles of hell..."⁹; and the young woman's suicide by jumping into the river. The figures, however, are best characterized in their relationship to the thematic and structural elements of the novel.

Just as the nature and the pattern of imagery in *L'Etranger* parallels that in *La Peste*, the meaning of the figures is similar in both novels. *La Chute*, though an exception, bears certain resemblances to the other two novels.

In *L'Etranger* and *La Peste*, the sun is a symbol of the hostility of the universe. Because it is a dominant force in man's life, the sun is construed as a source of hostility in its own right. On a second, more significant, synecdochic level, however, it represents the antagonistic force in man's environment. (The adverse force in society is symbolized by the prison in *L'Etranger*

and by the plague in *La Peste*.) For example, in *L'Etranger*, Meursault states that he killed the Arab "because of the sun." Decidedly, the entire murder scene is dominated by the sun:

The Arab drew his knife and held it up toward me, athwart the sunlight. A shaft of light shot upward from the steel, and I felt as if a long, thin blade transfixed my forehead. Beneath a veil of brine and tears my eyes were blinded; I was conscious only of the cymbals of the sun clashing on my skull, and... of the keen blade of light flashing up from the knife, scarring my eyelashes, and gouging into my eyeballs. Then everything began to reel before my eyes... the sky cracked in two, from end to end, and a great sheet of flame poured down through the rift. Every nerve in my body was a steel spring, and my grip closed on the revolver.¹⁰

In *La Peste*, the sun is a hostile force, but only inasmuch as it intensifies the plague, which is the prevailing antagonistic force in the environment and in society. Thus the sun related symbols of heat are relegated to supporting symbols.

The meaning of the imagery seems to be exactly reversed in *La Chute*; but the reversal is not so neat. Here the sun is represented as a source of warmth and (unattainable) peace. Since it is only mentioned in a context of water and is completely overshadowed by the water imagery, what the sun symbolizes cannot, in reality, be achieved.

The sea and water imagery in *L'Etranger* and *La Peste* symbolizes beauty, freedom, and peace. The converse is true in *La Chute*; here the imagery represents several related concepts, contemptible life, moral disintegration, and something analogous to the Christian concept of original sin.

As previously noted, many of the figures of sea and coolness in *L'Etranger* are associated with Meursault's mistress. The swimming parties and rendezvous with Marie are escapes from the hostility of the environment, examples of Meursault's exercise of freedom. Later, in his prison cell, he often gazes at the sea or evening sky for hours, in meditation on freedom.

In *La Peste*, identical imagery is operant and functions in the same way as it does in *L'Etranger*. After the rats had disappeared on April 30, Rieux remarks that "the sky was blue... a warm, gentle breeze was blowing."¹¹ When the plague was flagging in January, "in the frost-cleansed air the epidemic seemed to lose its virulence."¹² These images of coolness are contrasted to the plague, which symbolizes environmental hostility. They represent, therefore, a refuge from adversity—adversity which is the essence of the human condition. Similarly, the scene in which Tarrou and Rieux go swimming in the sea dramatizes their attempt to escape from the plague and to achieve, at least temporarily, peace and freedom.

The meaning of the water imagery in *La Chute* is exemplified in Clamence's statement about the waterways in Amsterdam:

Amsterdam's concentric canals resemble the circles of hell... When one comes from the outside, as one gradually goes through those circles, life—and hence its crimes—become denser, darker.¹³

Clamence represents life as a living hell, as an evil *per se*. Hence, not only is the environment hostile, but man's nature is engrained with guilt and evil. Extending the metaphor, Clamence terms the Zuider Zee "a soggy hell"¹⁴ and "a dead sea, or almost. With its flat shores, lost in the fog, there's no saying where it begins or ends... We are making progress and yet nothing is changing."¹⁵ The permanency of this condition is acknowledged with no provision whatsoever for alteration.

* * * *

L'Etranger presents a conflict between a man and the universe and society. From the first page, the plot is organized around death and judgment. At the beginning of the novel, Meursault's mother's death is announced; at the end of the first half of the novel, Meursault kills the Arab; at the very end,

Mersault's death is impending. This development is paralleled by the images of light and heat. The vigil scene, in which a bright light floods the room and hurts Meursault's sensitive eyes (The custodian refuses to switch it off) and the procession to the cemetery, during which the savage sun beats mercilessly down upon the mourners, highlight Meursault's mother's death and funeral. The murder of the Arab occurs in a scene dominated by the sun. Meursault's trial and condemnation are also accompanied by images of light. In the magistrate's chambers, Meursault is disturbed both by the questions and by the heat and sunshine; the prosecutor refers to the facts of the crime as "clear as daylight."

But these figures of heat and light are balanced by images of coolness and the sea. After his mother's funeral, Meursault begins his liaison with Marie in a swimming pool. The murder scene on the beach follows an enjoyable day of bathing and companionship with Marie. The imprisoned Meursault, as previously noted, gazes for hours at the sea and the evening sky. After his resignation to death and to the "benign indifference of the universe," Meursault notes:

From the dark horizon of my future a sort of slow, persistent breeze had been blowing toward me, all my life long, from the years that were to come. And on its way that breeze had leveled out all the ideas that people tried to foist on me in the equally unreal years I then was living through. What difference could they make to me, the deaths of others, or a mother's love, or his God; or the way a man decides to live, the fate he thinks he chooses, since one and the same fate was bound to "choose" not only me but thousands of millions of privileged people who, like him, called themselves my brothers.¹⁶

The progression is obvious. The hostility of the sun, initially recognized at his mother's funeral, forces on Meursault an awareness of the hostility of the external world which culminates in murder. Gradually, in the prison (a symbol of the hostility of society), Meursault becomes aware of the "benign indifference of the universe." He seeks a truth that he can accept and discovers death—the one link that joins all men as brothers. Conscious of the "slow, persistent breeze" which levels all distinctions, Meursault realizes that all human activity is insignificant and proposes an indifference to confront the indifference of the universe and society.

La Peste is a chronicle relating the struggle between an epidemic and a community (cf. the conflict in *L'Étranger*). Camus divides *La Peste* into five parts, of which the following is an outline:

- I Conditions in Oran prior to the plague
- II Increasing intensity of the plague
- III Recognition of the "collective destiny"
- IV Climax and decline of the plague
- V Disappearance of the plague and its effect on the people

The five parts, in simplest form, suggest a structure of normality, plague, and return to normality. The imagery pattern is coincidental to the plot structure. In the first part, after old Doctor Castel had suggested that plague might be in the offing, Rieux "was still looking out of the window. Beyond it lay the tranquil radiance of a cool spring sky; inside the room a word was echoing still, the word 'plague.'"¹⁷ Significantly, Rieux sees the plague's first victim, the concierge, at noon.

As the heat of the summer comes, the number of victims increases.

The sun stalked our townsfolk along every byway, into every nook, and when they paused it struck. Since this first onslaught of the heat synchronized with a startling increase in the number of victims—there were now nearly seven hundred deaths a week—a profound discouragement settled on the town. . . every door was shut, nobody was to be seen, even the venetian blinds stayed down, and there was no knowing if it was the heat or the plague that they were trying to shut out.¹⁸

Scenes of death and suffering often occur in a hot, stifling atmosphere; for example, the death of M. Othon's son, the

appalling heat in the ward. . ."¹⁹ and Tarrou's death. During the plague the sea (a symbol of freedom and peace) is out of bounds. As the plague subsides, however, images of coolness become more frequent.

With the first week of January an unusually persistent spell of cold weather settled in. . . Yet never before had the sky been so blue; day by day its icy radiance flooded the town with brilliant light, and in the frost-cleansed air the epidemic seemed to lose its virulence.²⁰

The structure of the novel, though tightly organized, leaves an open end:

. . . the plague bacillus never dies or disappears for good. . . perhaps the day would come when it would rouse up its rats again and send them forth to die in a happy city.²¹

The cycle evolved in this novel is applied to the cycle of man's experiences; man lives in the midst of the "plague." The indifference of the universe in *L'Étranger* is exhibited in *La Peste* by the sudden onset of the plague, a symbol of environmental and societal hostility. In this regard, the sun imagery is a supportive symbol. The sea, as a symbol of freedom and the beauty in nature, is not the redeeming factor that it is in *L'Étranger*. Here, as in the earlier novel, it provides an escape from the hostile heat of the sun; but it fails to balance this opposing force. The plague is typical of the human condition, through its association with the sun. Man lives in eternal plague conditions.

La Chute is a story about the life of Jean-Baptiste Clamence, related in retrospect by him to a silent tourist. His narrative is patchy: he describes several significant incidences in his life non-chronologically. Clamence was a successful Parisian lawyer who came to live in Amsterdam, where he established headquarters in a bar and is defending underworld characters. Years ago in Paris, while he was walking home late one night, Clamence noticed a young girl leaning over a railing on a bridge. As he continued on his way, she jumped into the river and called for help; He made no attempt to rescue her. This incident foreshadowed Clamence's own "fall."

Since then, Clamence, realizing that he is a coward, is morbidly afraid of water and "disintegrates" through vanity, insincerity, and debauchery into a man who despises himself and all men. During the few days of Clamence's one-sided conversations, the sky is overcast, the air is thick and gray—classic symbols of gloom and evil. These symbols function internally and externally: Clamence finds himself, and all men, guilty; the world he sees, he despises and condemns.

Clamence's references to Amsterdam's canals as the circles of hell and to the Zuider Zee as a "soggy hell" and a "dead sea" indicate his feeling that life is an abyss into which men fall. The water represents an overwhelming power that destroys life in men and negates the value of life. Once, on board ship, Clamence perceives a black speck on the ocean and believes it is a drowning person.

Then I realized. . . that that cry which had sounded over the Seine behind me years before had never ceased, carried by the river to the waters of the Channel to travel throughout the world, across the limitless expanse of the sea, and it had waited for me there until the day I had encountered it. I realized likewise that it would continue to await me on seas and rivers, everywhere, in short, where lies the bitter water of my baptism.²²

The bitter water of his baptism is ineffectual; man is still guilty. He plunges helplessly and inevitably into life, into a world which is valueless and tyrannical, a world which denies men dignity. Camus chooses the vastness and indifference of the sea to represent this world and the life of man.

In these three novels, Camus uses light and water imagery to represent abstract forces that he finds operant in life. From Meursault's indifference through Rieux's awakening to Clamence's guilt, Camus implies philosophical statements concerning the nature of man and his position in the universe. He employs the common imagery of the sun, light, heat, sea, water, and evening in a skillful and innovative way and thereby obtains

original results. The images speak directly for themselves, for the novels, and for Camus.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Albert Camus, *The Stranger*, tr. Stuart Gilbert (New York: Knopf, 1946), p. 102.

² *Ibid.*, p. 124.

³ Albert Camus, *The Plague*, tr. Stuart Gilbert (New York: Knopf, 1948), p. 187.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 260.

⁵ Albert Camus, *The Fall*, tr. Justin O'Brien (New York: Knopf, 1958), p. 27.

⁶ Albert Camus, *The Plague*, p. 20.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 36-37.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 242.

⁹ Albert Camus, *The Fall*, p. 14.

¹⁰ Albert Camus, *The Stranger*, pp. 74-76.

¹¹ Albert Camus, *The Plague*, p. 20.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 242.

¹³ Albert Camus, *The Fall*, p. 14.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 72.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

¹⁶ Albert Camus, *The Stranger*, p. 152.

¹⁷ Albert Camus, *The Plague*, pp. 36-37.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 102.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 187.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 242.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 278.

²² Albert Camus, *The Fall*, p. 108.



THE SHADOW OF COMMON PRAYER

OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMALL, MIDWEST, OBSCURE CASTLE CONTROLLING A SMALL, MIDWEST CAMPUS.

Conceived by Nick Spagnoli and illustrated by Mike Donney



YOU'VE PROBABLY WONDERED WHY I GATHERED YOU ALL HERE TODAY.

MASTER PLAN

I HAVE DECIDED BECAUSE OF A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF UNREST AT EASTERN...

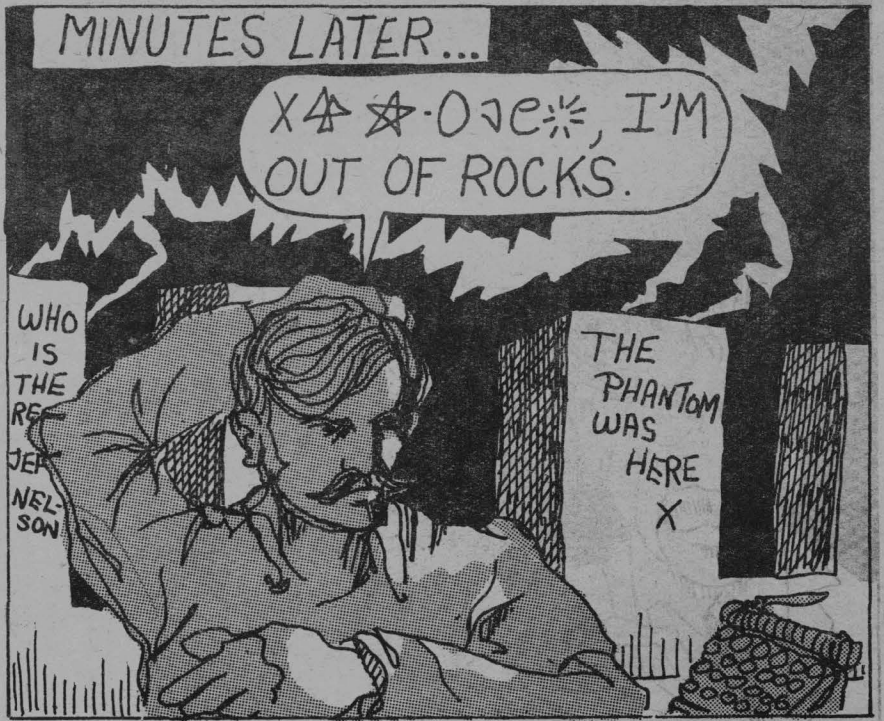
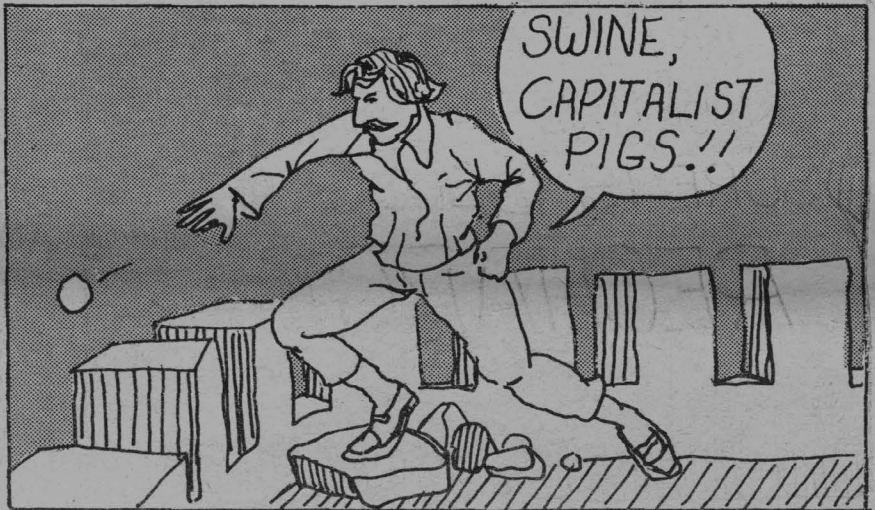
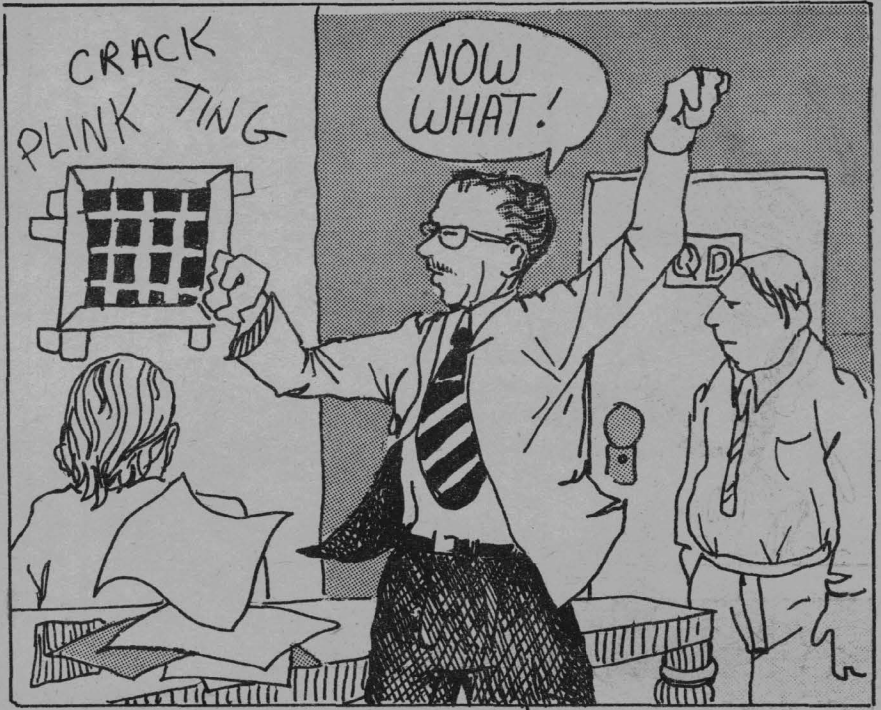
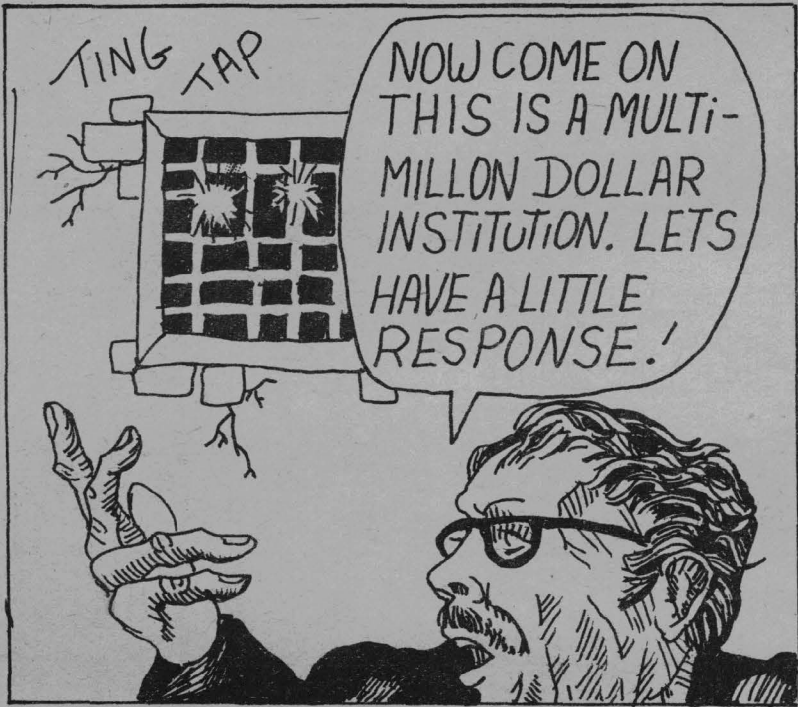
WHERE?

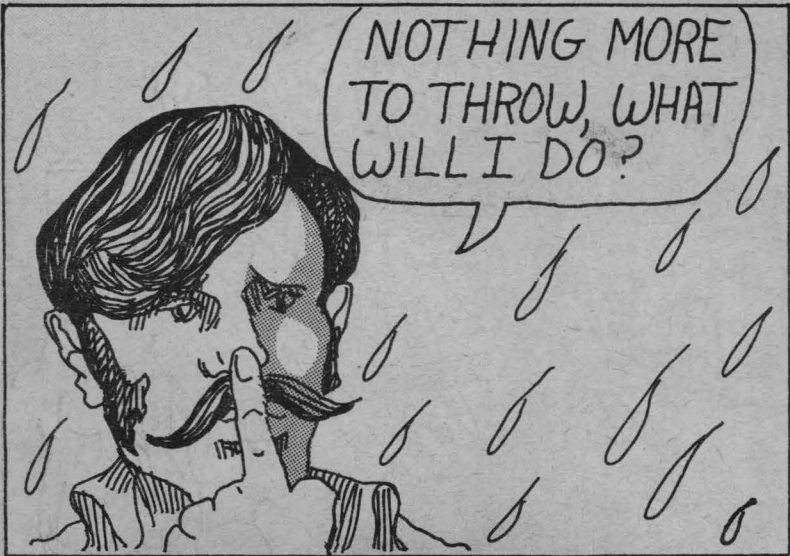
IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO, TO... TO, WELL, TO, TO FAIRLY DIVIDE THE CAMPUS BETWEEN THE CONTENDING FACTIONS.

HOW DO YOU PEOPLE FEEL ABOUT IT?

APPLAUD



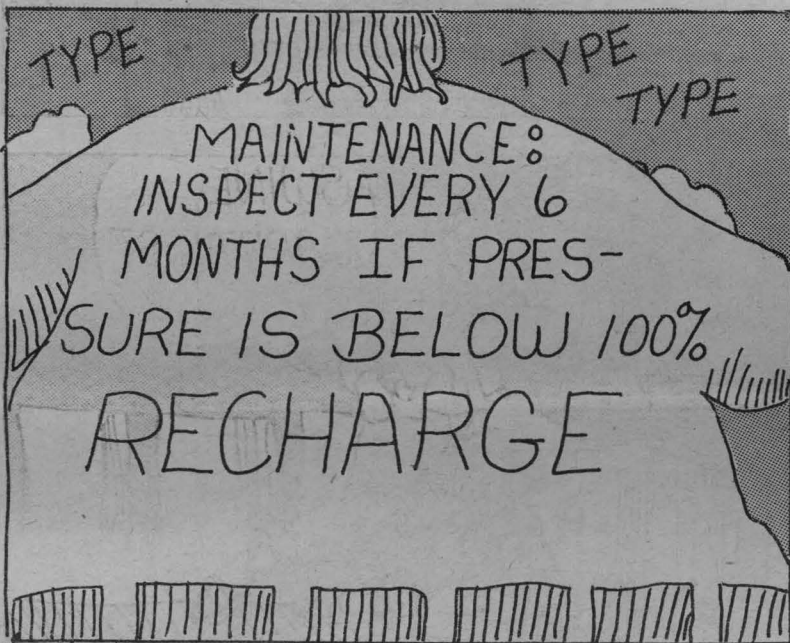




NOTHING MORE TO THROW, WHAT WILL I DO?



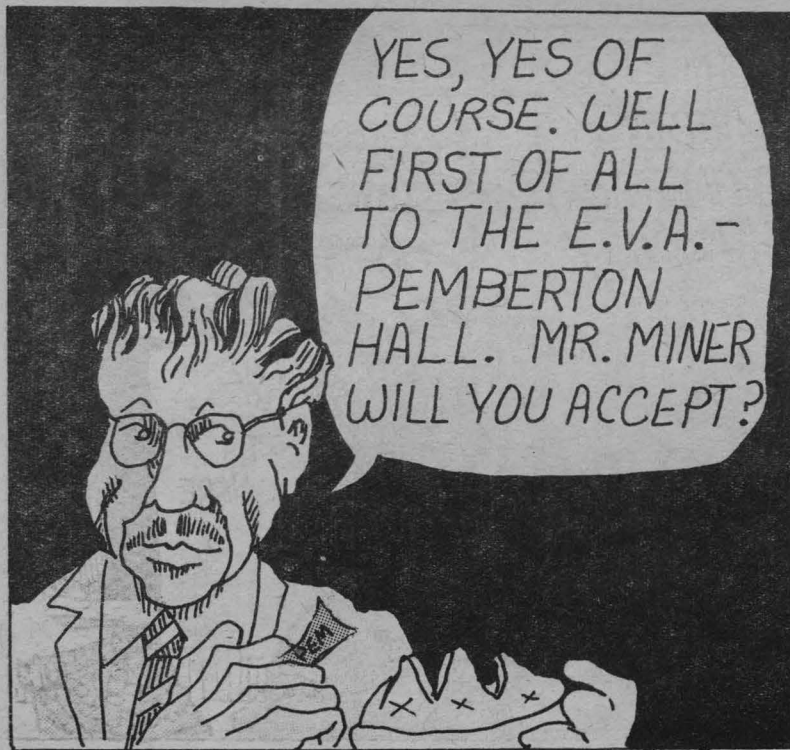
I'VE GOT IT, I'LL WRITE ANOTHER SEARING BYLINE



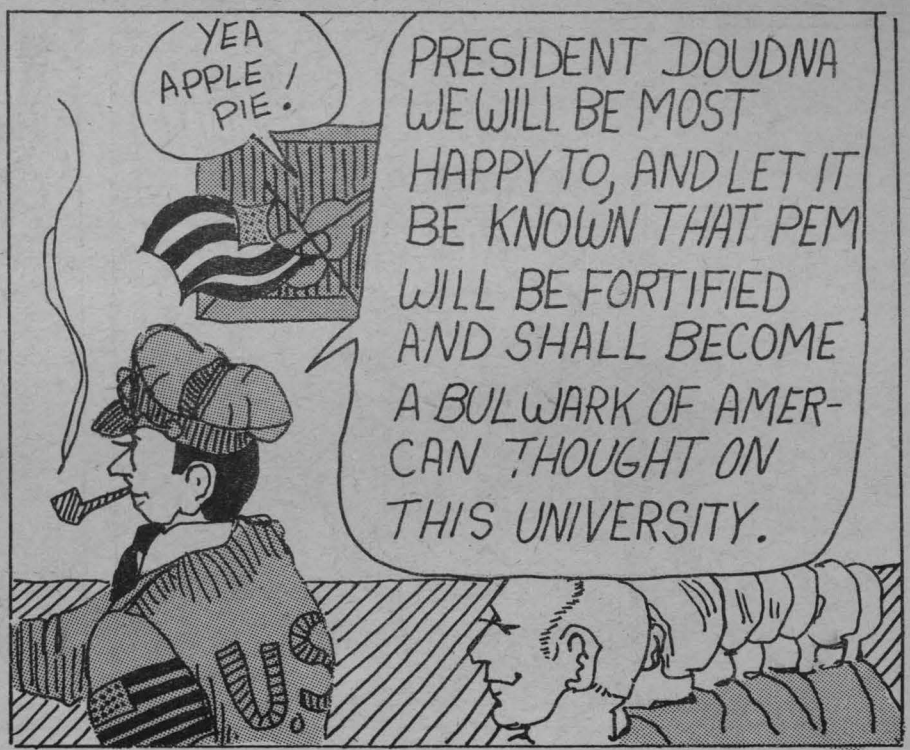
TYPE TYPE TYPE
 MAINTENANCE:
 INSPECT EVERY 6
 MONTHS IF PRES-
 SURE IS BELOW 100%
 RECHARGE



MEANWHILE - INSIDE
 ARE WE READY TO DIVIDE, MR. DOUDNA?

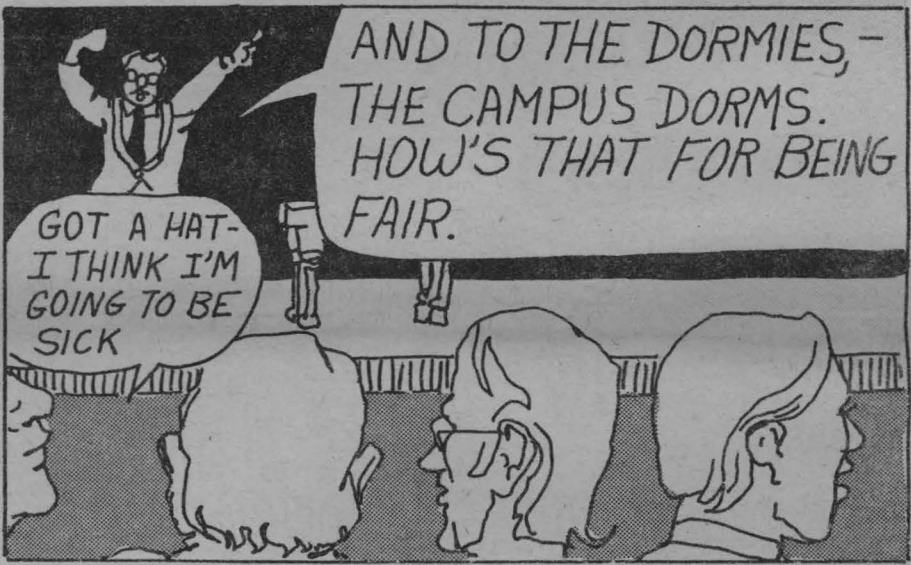


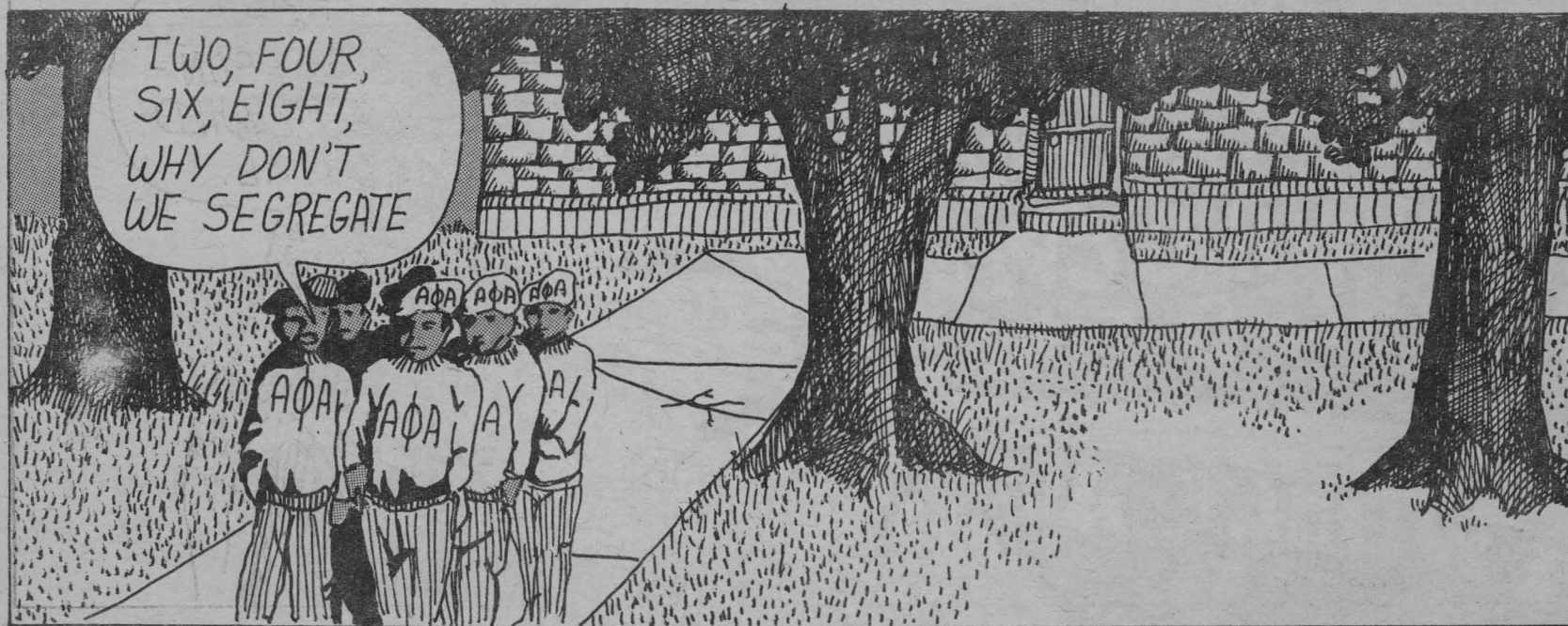
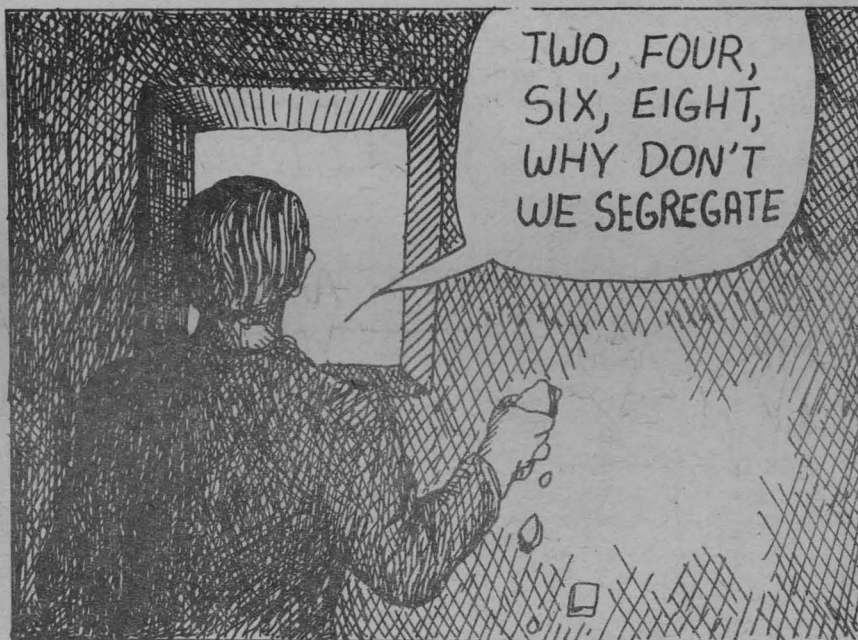
YES, YES OF COURSE. WELL FIRST OF ALL TO THE E.V.A. - PEMBERTON HALL. MR. MINER WILL YOU ACCEPT?

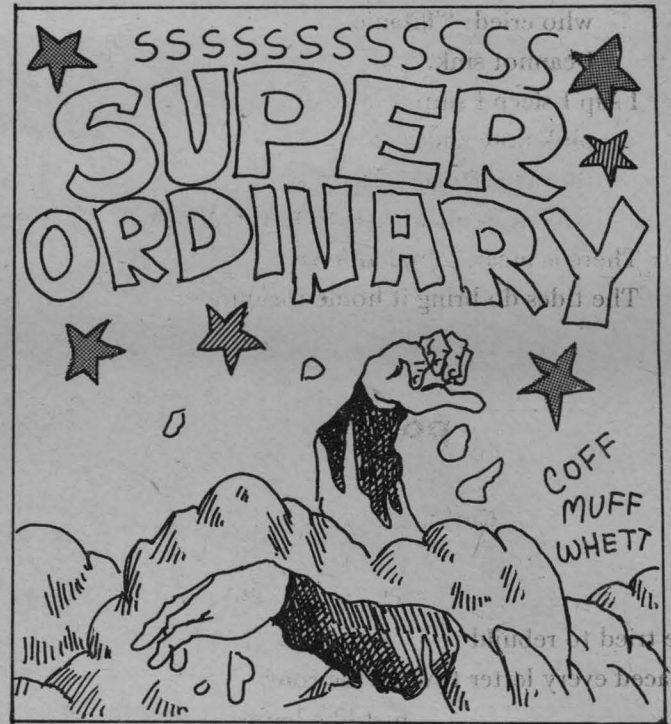
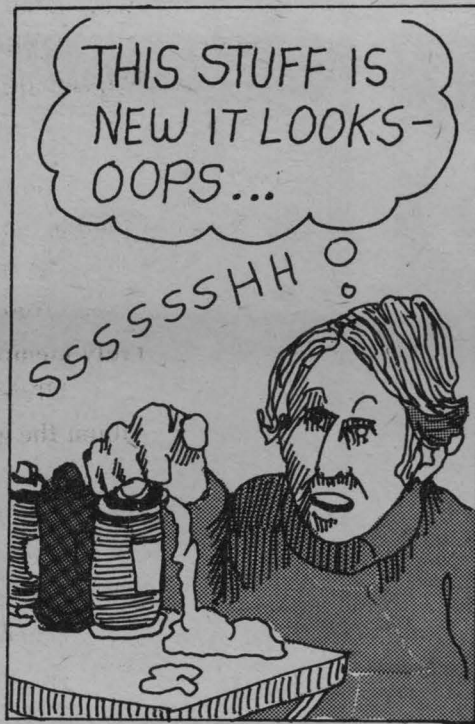
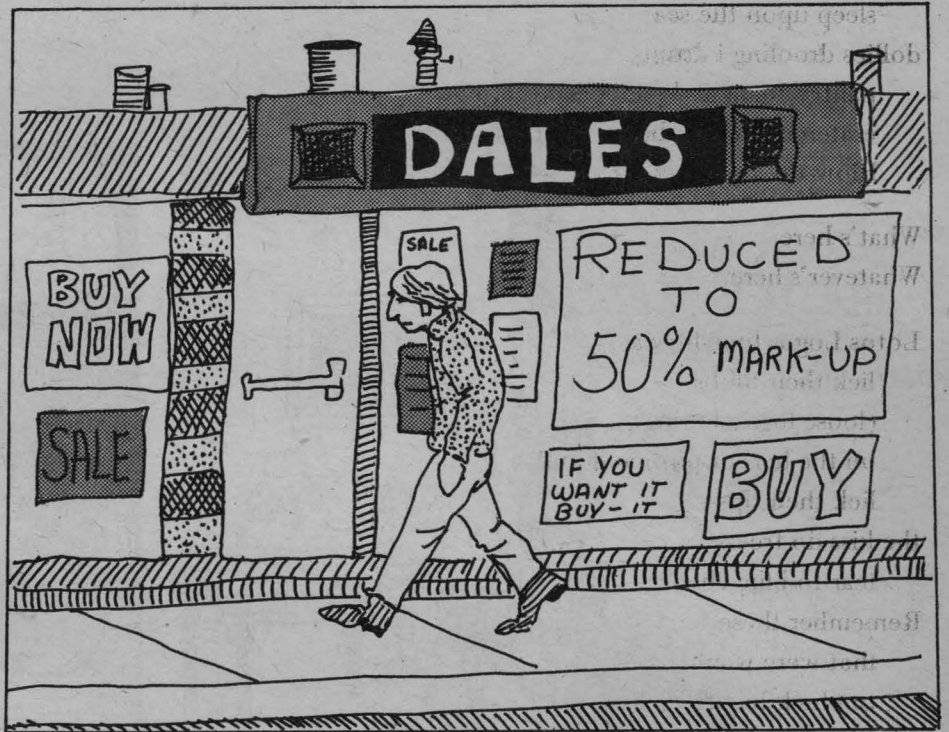


YEA APPLE! PIE.

PRESIDENT DOUDNA WE WILL BE MOST HAPPY TO, AND LET IT BE KNOWN THAT PEM WILL BE FORTIFIED AND SHALL BECOME A BULWARK OF AMERICAN THOUGHT ON THIS UNIVERSITY.







All a once the wishies floating
 sleep upon the sea
 dollies drooling i drums
 pantry foam and padded buttons
 cratered, weedy, below bottom—
 Blow the boozy cover off 'em!

What's here.
 Whatever's here.

Lotos Logos lime-lit sea
 lick their limbs
 (loose logs a-lolling)
 on the harbor push and pull
 lick their lips—
 the kiss do freeze
 tear to blue cheek;

Remember these—
 that were want
 to pluck bay from body
 when it was you
 who cried: "Titanic.

I cannot sink."
 I slip I sleep I slup
 pink undersides
 the silky fringe of things
 —for to remember is to think unclear—
 There is meat, salted and dry.
 The tides do bring it home for dinner.

poem

Cynthia C. Yoho

The blocks fell over
 he tried to rebuild
 placed every letter toward the roof
 just like before
 each had a place
 but suffered from extra weight
 the column tipped
 left, right, back and forth
 the top one fell
 the tower shook
 each block
 each patient piece of work
 tumbled to the ground

Pigfield Breezes

E. S.

Sarah is gone to the wind, the rain washing muddy
 slopes—pigfield breezes wetting seeded minds.

Sarah is gone to the wind, slick slop caking
 her thin ankles—rooting hungrily in a gale.

Sarah is gone to the wind, stringy straight hair
 binding her eyes—muck mired breezes stalled at her ears.

Our pair is holding, squeezing hands;
 No more for them to do
 Lying in a well-cooked sweat—as in love
 As in hand in hand in
 Each other's graces strengthen
 Each other—one—another are
 All for one and some for another—
 time—tells the story of
 People who do what they say
 They'll never do—Hold what
 They forever refuse to hold
 —see a hundred things forbidden
 Them by darker pacts, sultry words
 And dream a dream of doing
 A dream that cannot be dreamt
 Except for once.
 And that is past now—But dream
 They do and hold and see
 And walk cautiously down
 The slope to whisper softly
 into her ear
 Words that never are and cannot be
 yet are said and as said
 Slip silently down the slope—
 as if they were not said
 our pair, handsome and rested
 Stand in glory wonder at the base
 of that great hill
 And impotent stand striking a
 Truly memorable pose—while we
 Respectfully record in posterity's
 Album the glisteny, cracked brown
 Memory of the two
 Standing in that same glory-wonder,
 quietly, hand in hand, pitching,
 Leaning to the tune of reverberating
 Shadows from ice and snow stacked
 High above them
 With the sound of an avalanche.
 Melting, shaking, stumbling past
 All of them,
 As our pair in reverent silence glories
 at the sight,
 And a streak—tumbled into life
 By an incessant word or two
 By an incessant man who says
 He didn't do it—
 Is aimed toward the pair
 The two gracefully await the mountain
 to come to them;
 And it does and they knew it would:
 The whisper that wasn't
 And the pair all run, holding hands
 Tightly, look for cover
 And the pair in split second wetness
 of sight, of sound,
 Listen immediately to themselves—listen
 in snow white knowledge, in ice-cold
 audience and hear:
 The whispering avalanche telling them,
 Gently persuading them to that incessant
 drop drop drop
 From the blue sky on them both.

Excedrin Observation No. 20½

Heather Johnson

They sat
down at the booth
in front of
 us, which is logical,
since their years were well
in advance
 of ours.
She, timidly.
 He, hoggedly.
She, with her back to us,
 which is logical,
being timidly.
He, across from her
 facing us,
 which is logical,
because we sat together,
being behind in years.

She, though her hair was
 oiled and snarled and
 seasoned with arsenic,
wore old lace—and I knew
that's what her face reflected.
He, wearing green and black
 checks, also wore (Yes,
it was part of his "get-up")
 a fat tan cigar—
unlit. As he leaned back
 on the plastic orange
 of drugstore fountain booth,
 arms stretched past both ends so
that his hand extended into
 aisle on his right
 and into the paneled wall
on his left, he poked out and in-
dented his chin.

And the fat tan cigar moved—
 magically—from stage
 center to stage right
to stage left. We looked away
because of our behinder
years and the amusement
it afforded and because guf-
faws are awfully obvious in
plastic-orange-boothed-drugstore-fountains.

I won't even tell you how or what
 he spoke, because, being
a comfortable man from
a comfortable town with
a comfortable green and black
 and cigar
and taking the laced-up lady into
 consideration, who meanwhile was
making excuses for not being
able to read the menu, he
ordered mashed potatoes. And
for her, arsenic.

V. Concern

Heather Johnson

He asked her if he'd
told her about his
dream and she
said,
 "No."
So he told her that
he'd dreamed that the
Viet Cong (Not
the
 "V.C.")
had captured him and she
said, "Oh really what
did they look
like?"
 "Are
you kidding?" he replied quite
concerned about her un-
he said it
wasn't
 worth
it, telling about his dream,
if she was only
going to inter-
rupt
 it.
And he meant it. And
he never did finish
telling her about
how
 he
got captured, tortured, killed and
sent home in a
flag-draped box and
nobody
 cried.

Sonnet

Nick Dager

I am crippled in loud sweaters
directing basketballs to the backcourt
as the crowd roars approval
of the team
taking the floor folding towels
for halftime stacking
warm-up jackets in a pile
for sweating bodies to grab as
I limp among them to the tune of
"The Star Spangled Banner" off key
until at last I can rest
while the cheerleaders lead us all
through the center jump.

poem

Mary Pipek

Tonight, for one quick minute
I felt secure and loved.
Your warm arms
Were wrapped around me,
And I could have stayed
In your embrace forever.
I loved you.

But you're gone now.
Our relationship was like
That of a rose.
It bloomed one day
And died on the very next.
I don't ever want a rose again—
A rock would suit me fine.

poem

Mary Pipek

When I dream of you
I see you running in a field that is
Completely overgrown with daisies.
Your long hair is streaming
As your soft yellow dress
Flows gracefully in the breeze
You look so beautiful, so happy,
So content
With life and the world.
Little things
Like trinkets and kittens and
Flowers enchant you.
I long to join you
But can't seem to reach
Your degree of contentment.

**poem**

Melinda Gimbut

At night while lying awake,
you creep into my mind.
In my dreams I see your face,
and a future with you.
A song with no words,
gives me peace of mind.
To smell a daffodil or lilac,
and I can see you.
When I'm with you alone,
there's no confusion in mind.
When we are apart from each other,
I always think of you.

Depression

Melinda Gimbut

A smoke filled room, a band
playing soul.
Lots of kids laughing, a couple
dancing.
And you sit there in deep thought.
A cigarette posed in your hand, and
a dour look on your face.
Everyone else seems to be having fun,
so you must smile.
The smile isn't real, you can't
wait to escape.
In the privacy of your own room
you can let go.
Think, then cry a little, and maybe
feel a little better.

Rhymes

Becky McIntosh

Poetry—

What does he know of poetry?

He can coddle an engine like a baby,
nursing it with oil and love

Radio parts are no mystery to him—
merely familiar friends to be put in
their places with nuts hugging bolts
like God himself designed them.

Ah, yes—

but what does he know of poetry?

What does he need to know of poetry?

Emotions aren't words rhyming on a paper
Nor sweetly spoken syllables whispered low

Passions run all the stronger when
they are wordless

My love has no need of poetry when he has eyes
more eloquent
than any practiced orator

To him, lips were made for kissing, not
for reciting garbled bits of feelings
too precious for spelling out.

Hearts have a language pens never discovered.

He understands.

Poetry—

what does he know of poetry?

All that matters.

Love

Ann Graff

A touch of everything.
The kiss of sun
The breath of air
The soft song of nature life
Are just a touch.
A touch is enough.
A touch is all
To man.
A touch is a glance,
An unspoken word
Which echoes between the hearts of two.
A touch is a tender thing.
It speaks of the little there is
And the more there will be.
A touch is from God.
If you touch me
I'm you.

Tradition

Sara Brinkerhoff

Crossing the too hot room,
a young lady,
head high with hair swinging
and frills bulging from her blouse
within a pinafores dress,
struts past plush furniture
to the window.

Shoeless,
she perches on the sill.
Ignorant of the gap,
she watches Hippies walk in the rain.
Their fringe sways with the beating bare feet.

I smiled at her frown
and threw her
a kiss.

Freedom

Sara Brinkerhoff

From a bleached balcony I discovered
tidal waves swelling on your back as you
disrobed the beach from your sun-clad shoulders.
My stare shifted from pale loins to skin boots
to sea eyes as you, turning, still aloof,
replaced your pussy-pink glasses. But I lost
your purple-flowered Triumph in the froth.

The Pupil of Your Eyes

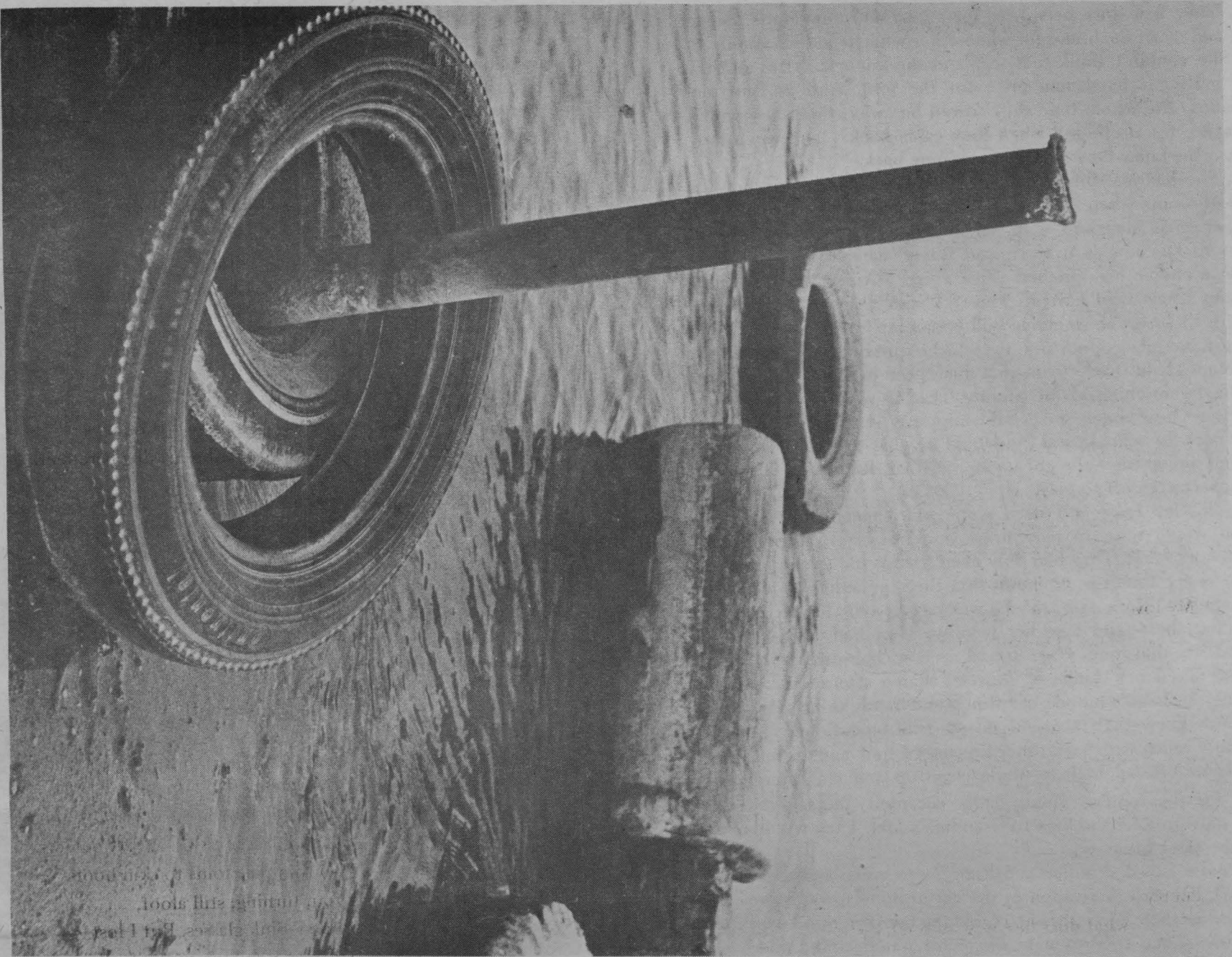
Harry Ford

The dawn of eternal worlds
(other than those beheld by eyes)
stares starkly—ah, but so beautifully,
from pupil-wells
receding far into your essential white matter.

Uproarious laughter,
Smiles of adoration,
A teardrop filled with yesterday and tomorrow—
All these gush forth in total quantities
from your eyes—
at well-chosen times, of course.

I have concentrated all efforts—
and have penetrated
through the lens, iris, cornea, *et cetera*.
And now I rest in the midst of
what makes you see.
Not a mere optic nerve;
but the incalculable, elusive focal point
of seeingness.

I see through your eyes
and often look into them
to watch myself at rest.



Empty

Mary Yarbrough

The day had finally come. Marie had been dreading it ever since its first mention. It had been two months ago when Paul came home from a business trip to a small mid-western college beaming and expounding on the advantages of a college education and how he wished he had finished school. "You know it wouldn't take too many years, my credits would transfer from Michigan University. I could use my G.I. Bill and it wouldn't be too difficult financially." Marie had chosen to ignore the statement, but it remained in the back of her mind and she knew it wouldn't be long and they would be leaving their newly purchased home in the suburbs which she loved so much.

Two weeks later they had started packing. Paul finished his last job one day early, so they started on the studio first. Paul had put many hours in here for the last six months. It was amazing, such a young man and already he had become known and appreciated in the art circles of Chicago. He was only twenty-six and had established quite a clientel for himself. Marie had been so happy when they built the studio. It had meant that Paul would be working at home. The work was freelance, when there was no work, there was time for outings with kids, working in the yard, or private time. . . just being together. As they dismantled the studio Marie remembered how hard she had struggled to hold the over-head light beam while Paul fixed it permanently to the wall. The long black bookshelves which had been lovingly hand polished now looked stark and sterile. All the books and artifacts were finally packed. The antique desk which they had refinished in satin ebony had been dismantled and the top was lying on its side. Marie wondered how long it would be before she would be able to sit at it and write. . . back home. The words stuck in her mind like an ugly nightmare. All of Paul's artist supplies had been packed in neat square boxes and labeled. Paul was very organized, it was

something Marie never got used to.

The girls's room had been the next to go. Their closet looked so naked without the puffs of billowed, starched dresses hanging like so many petals. They had all been folded carefully and put in square brown boxes, and of course labeled. Even though Marie had been careful in her folding, she knew that they would all need pressing when they arrived at their destination. A few of the favorite toys had to be left out and now they were grouped in one corner looking as forlorn as Marie felt. The other toys were trapped in a brown box. Marie bent down to close the cover on an old, much used Teddy bear and imagined a tear rolling down its cheek as she self-consciously wiped her own eye. The cribs had been folded and were leaning up against a wall. It's funny, Marie thought, how a crib loses its identity when it's all folded up. I wonder if the same thing can happen to people. . . if they are all folded up inside. Two little suitcases were standing by the door. They were all packed and ready to go to Grandma's. Marie whispered a "Thank God for Grandmas." under her breath and continued her work. The curtains were the last to come down. The room was cold without the white and yellow floatings of daisies around the windows. Marie checked her watch and knew she had to hurry because Irene would be back with the kids pretty soon and she didn't want them to see their room all empty. She just wanted to scoop them up and drive them into the city where they could escape the moving scene.

Paul's and Marie's bedroom was nearly all packed. It wasn't quite as bad leaving this room Marie thought. They never did paint or mirror one of the walls like they had planned. They were always busy doing something for the kids or the lawn she thought. She had such hopes and plans, she wondered if they would ever settle down and if she would ever get a place she could call their

own. They had only been here for a year and now Marie had to pack and clean the house for some other woman and her family to use. She couldn't think that way and she knew it. After all they were getting a handsome price for the rent. And as Paul had explained, the whole time they would be away, the house would be paying for itself, and when they came back. . .and when they came. . .she knew they would never come back.

She had just finished up the bedroom and was heading for the bathrooms when she heard the kids and Irene outside. Irene had her small daughter with her and the four of them made a cheery ruckus coming in the house. Raunie came running to Marie and in a child's high-pitched voice asked, "Aunt Marie, why do you and Uncle Paul have to move? I wish you would stay here with us. I'll miss you so much. Will you come up and see us?" This was not the most opportune time to be quizzed by a small child and Marie held back tears that had been welling all day and mumbled something about coming back to visit as soon as they could and how much she would miss everyone too. They were going back to school, and she would be able to teach Raunie all kinds of things when she got back. Satisfied, Raunie and Jennifer and Rebecca ran off to play.

This left Irene and Marie alone and it meant that both the women would have to play brave and not cry or do anything feminine like that. They had only been friends for a year, but they had so many things in common that they immediately formed a camaraderie. Marie felt as if she was leaving a life-long friend and knew that she would miss her terribly. They had done so much together in that one year, found a new hair-dresser, planted gardens, raised new kinds of flowers, shared afternoons, tea and mending, husband's moods, sad things and happy things. And now they both knew that it would slowly fade, and they eventually might lose touch with each other because of time and distance.

Irene offered to help Marie clean up and make the house ready for the renters. Marie gladly accepted, but said that she would have to take the kids to Grandma's first. They would clean when she came back.

Marie called Jennifer and Rebecca to come and wipe their faces off and they were soon in the car heading towards the city. All the way there Marie tried to reason in her own mind why they were moving and tried to make the children understand that when Mama and Daddy came back to get them, they would take them to a new place and a new house. They thought that was great and they could hardly wait to tell Grandma. She knew kids, only too well, thought Marie. As it turned out Grandma had been waiting since late afternoon and, as it was now 7:00, was rather disturbed and yet relieved when she saw them park out in front. By the time Marie hit the third floor with Jennifer in one arm and the grips and Rebecca in the other hand, she was nearly exhausted. She accepted the offer of coffee and a sandwich without any unnecessary persuasion. She and Grandma made small talk for a while until the children disappeared to play and then got down to some real talking. She just couldn't understand why they were willing to give up such a nice life in the suburbs just to get an education, especially when Paul was doing so well. She wanted to tell Grandma how much she hated to leave, but that would make it just that much harder for Paul. So, she held her tongue and lied and told Grandma all the good reasons for them getting their education, especially Paul, and of course her too because one never knew these days when a family would need a double income. They would be much better prepared with educations and she was really kind of excited about it. Grandma didn't swallow the whole story, but Marie felt as though she had believed enough to keep Paul off the hook. Grandma had been extremely picky towards him lately. Marie made apologies about having to get back and then ran down the three flights of stairs in a blur of tears.

Once outside in the car she realized that she had to get hold of herself before she made the drive home. . .home. . .one of the last times she would be doing it. It was getting dark and the lights on the drive sparkled and flirted with the stars that were beginning to make their appearance in the blackening sky.

She arrived home to find Paul and one of his friends in high spirits loading the truck. She hoped they would be especially careful with the dressers and her dishes. She walked inside and heard Irene in the kitchen packing the last minute things. She had brought a pot of hot coffee over for later. The two friends began to clean.

It was about 12:00 when they finished, they were really beat, but the house was beautiful. They had washed all the woodwork and cleaned the bathrooms and waxed the parkay floors. The house looked just the way Marie wanted it for the tenants, she knew they would be pleased. Both she and Irene were tired, but she kept finding little things to do to delay leaving the house. They both knew when they did it, it would be the last time. They checked the bare, lifeless closets, and the medicine chests and the dark kitchen cupboards. . .all empty. . .just like Marie.

Irene unplugged the cord to the perk and the two women went to check on the loading process. "Well, that's it, Honey." Paul beamed triumphantly and pointed to the creaking van filled with her world. "There were a few things that didn't fit though, so I put them in the car." Marie shuddered when she saw their little red foreign compact loaded down too. The back seat was filled with boxes and the bedroom lamps were on the top of them. The plants were on the floor in front and the TV set was in the occupants seat. The kids' red sand box was strapped to the top carrier, what a sight! "It might be a little cramped, but I think you'll be able to shift, Hon. You'll find a way, you always do." Oh, sure, thought Marie, all I need to make my life complete is a three hundred mile drive in a cramped foreign compact. She felt one of her migrains coming on, but she smiled and said something to the effect that she was glad she was not pregnant so she would fit behind the wheel. That was a lie, she wished she was pregnant and she would be glad if she wouldn't be able to fit, then maybe they could stay.

There wasn't anything left to do now but leave. Irene's husband had walked over and the four friends stood together outside the empty house. They felt empty and sad and told silly jokes and laughed to cover the emptiness. Irene suggested a cup of coffee and a piece of pie over at their house and it was received heartily by everyone. For a while the strange mood vanished and it was just as if they had all been out together and they were finishing the evening by having a small snack and some friendly chatter. It wasn't quite the same for Marie. As they stepped into the warm friendly atmosphere of Irene's house, she thought that this would be the last time for a long time and it would be the last time as a neighbor. They drank coffee and ate pie, and spoke softly so they didn't wake Raunie and then it was time to leave. The two couples said their quiet goodbyes without tears on either side. "Take care and please write as soon as you get settled." "Don't worry, we'll be fine and we'll be up to visit as often as we can." Everyone assured each other of things impossible, like a parent does when trying to comfort a small child.

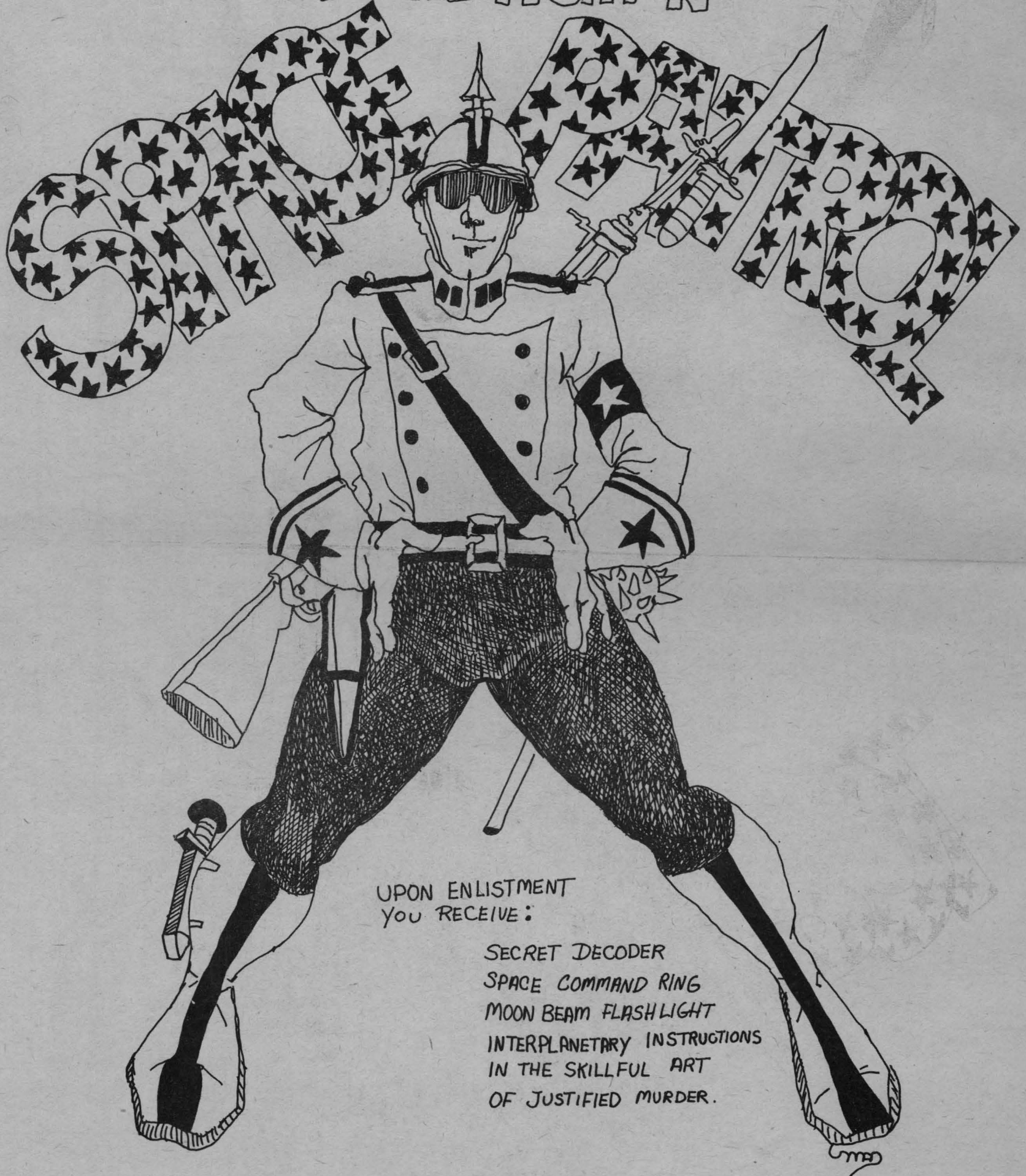
Marie and Paul stepped out into the cool night. It was lovely and a good night to drive. All of a sudden an idea popped into Marie's head. "Paul, I know you're tired and you're going to think I'm crazy, but let's leave tonight. I can't bear to leave in the daylight. The house will be so empty tomorrow and we'll have to leave all the rooms and the flowers with the sun shining on them. Could we please go now?" She stood looking up at him. Paul was silent for a minute and then said, "You really hate to leave don't you honey" Marie bit her lip and nodded her head up and down. The young couple walked the rest of the way with arms around each others waists. They went back into the house and checked everything again, for the last time. Nothing had been left in any of the closets or cabinets in the kitchen. The house echoed from its bareness and Marie and Paul embraced in the stark living room, framed by the cold, undraped picture window. They held each other very tightly, they were sad and scared, tears streaked down their cheeks. Neither of them said anything. They went outside and Paul got in the truck and Marie slid slimly behind the wheel of the over-packed car. They backed out of the drive, Marie looked back only once and blinked away the tears as she followed the truck ahead of her. She must be careful not to lose it, it held her world.



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BE A MAN JOIN THE FIGHT'N



UPON ENLISTMENT
You RECEIVE:

- SECRET DECODER
- SPACE COMMAND RING
- MOON BEAM FLASHLIGHT
- INTERPLANETARY INSTRUCTIONS
IN THE SKILLFUL ART
OF JUSTIFIED MURDER.