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1966

Vol. 8

THE VEHICLE

EASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY
CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

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THE PUBLICATIONS BOARD

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Booth Library

Eastern Illinois University
Charleston, Illinois

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COMMENTARY . . .

Still another VEHICLE has come into existence. Another accumulation of student-written poems, essays and short stories has been collected. Awards for the best poem, the best short story and the Winnie Davis Neely award have been presented.

Stephen W. Gibbs has received both the Winnie Davis Neely Award and the first prize for the short story with his work "The Vengeance of the Dead." The Winnie Davis Neely award is given annually by Sigma Tau Delta, English honorary fraternity, to the student who submits the best manuscript in the literary contest sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta and THE VEHICLE.

Last year at this time, Steve Gibbs was presented the short story award for his story "Little Brother." This is unusual, to say the least. Steve shows signs of developing into an outstanding author.

This year's poetry award goes to David Helm for his narrative poem, "Ruff and the Vase." Dave has been a consistent submitter to THE VEHICLE. This is the first year that he has won an award, however. Currently, Dave is teaching mathematics, having graduated at the end of the fall quarter.

Other areas of creativity exist in the magazine. Photography was introduced this year for the first time. We were disappointed at the poor showing for the photography contest. Only one photograph was received for the contest, "The Amusement Park of Life," and it was judged to be of such quality that it could not be printed.

Writing lends itself to criticism. We found that there were many things wrong with the writing of students at Eastern. However, we found many things RIGHT with it also.

One of our big problems was finding good quality writing. Too many students seem to think that putting words in lines constitutes poetry. It does not. Nor does writing on "beat" subjects. Many of the works submitted we felt to be inappropriate for publication. We had no taboo subjects; however, we felt that all subjects should be handled well.

The prose submitted was good. Our only problem was a lack of it. While only one essay is printed in this issue, there were several submitted. They seemed to be plagued by awkward constructions and trite phrases. We found such things as "over hill and over dale" unacceptable.

We were somewhat upset by the lack of material submitted. We idealistically started out the year planning on having two issues. "We can do it. The students of Eastern can do it." We found, unfortunately, that they could not.

From a university of 5,000 students we had to rely on the creative few, those who think enough to produce work. Although as a literary publication, THE VEHICLE seems obscure, it does belong to all the students. More student participation seems indicated.

We have finished our work. But the students have next year to participate in THE VEHICLE. We hope that they take the challenge to heart. If THE VEHICLE is to survive, there must be more creative interest shown at Eastern.

BILL MOSER

AVIS EAGLESTON

Winnie Davis Neely Award
First Prize, Short Story

The Vengeance of the Dead

Stephen W. Gibbs

The occasional, faint flashing of lightning on the horizon must have been a sign of what was to come. The night had just begun to establish itself, and the last dull grey of day was gone.

I was driving carefully enough now. It seemed as though the benzedrine had worn off. I checked the speedometer and slowed the car just a bit, and, as I rounded a turn, pulled into a service station.

"Fill 'er up," I called to the white-haired attendant as he ambled up to the window.

I reached into my hip pocket and emerged with a large leather billfold. I plucked out a credit card and read the name engraved on the plate: "Elmer James." I sat it conveniently on the dashboard and lit a cigarette just as a black police car drove up.

The hollow feeling in my stomach stayed with me, even after I realized that they were only local police. A huge uniform-clad cop emerged from the driver's side, and, pulling at his thick belt to pull up his trousers a little on his belly, the tan-faced man strode into the station office.

I could see only the silhouette of the other cop. He seemed to be gazing in my direction, but I tried not to think of him as the attendant cleaned my windshield.

"That be all now, buddy?" he asked in a gruff, city voice.

"Yea," I grunted, purposely forgetting the credit card and reaching again for my wallet. "How much do I owe ya?"

"Four fifty-five," said the tired-looking man as he blocked my view of the big cop making the phone call in the office.

I paid him, then drove out onto the highway, being careful not to look suspicious or accelerate too swiftly. I re-

membered then that I had forgotten cigarettes, but it was too late to go back.

Quite a bit later, I was driving along the well-paved two-lane highway which seemed to extend for miles through the flat Illinois countryside. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the hum of the engine made it difficult for me to concentrate on my driving. I reached over and turned on the radio, hoping for some company.

Soft music erupted into the car, and I settled back in the seat. Presently, the news came on, and I listened intently for the local news report.

"A thirteen state alarm has been posted by Wisconsin police for an unidentified man, believed to be headed south from Milwaukee, who earlier tonight murdered a 59 year-old Milwaukee man. The victim was Elmer James, of 1922 Graydon Avenue, Mequon. The killer is believed to have escaped with about \$27,000 and many of Mr. James' personal items. He . . ." The announcer continued in his dry voice, and I listened until he was through. I noticed that perspiration had beaded out on my forehead and upper lip despite the lack of heat, and I dabbed at it with my handkerchief.

The night was one of the last in August and had not yet become the chill evening which I had expected. I cracked a vent and concentrated on the road.

There was a lot of driving ahead if I were to make it to Mexico by Tuesday. This was a good car though, and the Illinois roads were adequate.

My trend of thought drifted, and I felt the fatigue of driving four or five hours straight. I concentrated on the white lines in the center of the highway that came at me like arrows being shot under the car. They had no points, but they were like sharp arrows aimed at my body, but passing instead under the car; I clicked my teeth in rhythm as each arrow passed beneath the car. I drove on.

I looked at my watch. It was almost three a.m. The sky had grown continually cloudier in the past few hours, and a strong breeze was blowing. It looked like autumn had set in overnight on the road. I say the road because that was all I could see. The headlights cast the only light, for there was no moon. The only other light was the occasional lightning, much closer now.

The radio had long since been off, so I turned it on to catch the three a.m. news. The static was overpowering, but after a few minutes of fumbling with the dial, I found a clear station from Chicago, and I listened to the unchanged newscast about poor dead Mr. James. I heard no description of the killer and assumed they had none.

I rolled my window to the top and turned on the heater. The chill of the night, more noticeable now, had begun to irritate me. The storm was rapidly approaching, and I felt myself growing drowsy. I reached inside my coat and came up with a small cellophane bag which contained little pills.

I pulled out two as I worked up the saliva in my mouth. When my mouth was moist enough, I tilted back my head and placed the little capsules on my tongue. I swallowed hard. They took a while to go down, and, even later, I could feel the lumps of the pills at the base of my throat. I drove on.

As the pills started to take effect, I became aware of something strange. At least, I supposed it to be strange; it was unusual. I had traveled many miles and hadn't passed a car or seen the lights from a house for quite a while. I began to look around and notice the countryside. There were no telephone poles along the road's edge as would be expected. There was no visible means of communication or other sign of animal life.

It has always seemed strange how people seem to notice so much after they become aware of change, but only after they are aware. They notice so little, even to the extent of obliviousness, unless the changes are pointed out to them. So it was with me as I suddenly found myself aware of this unusual setting which I had entered.

As I drove on, the static from the radio became more obnoxious, and the station faded. I turned off the set as small pellets of rain started to splatter against my windshield. I turned on my wipers and slowed my speed to 62 miles per hour.

I glanced out my window and shifted my position in the seat. I observed nothing but ominous black trees on either side, hovering like wooden gods over me as I passed below. No houses or stores, not even a white center line, satisfied my questioning mind now. No arrows appeared that I might click my teeth in rhythm. I began to search the countryside as I drove.

It was almost four o'clock now, and the rain continued to pound against my windshield. It made the driving more difficult but helped relieve the monotony. The only noise above the dull drum of the engine and the splash of the rain was the "click-clack" sound of the windshield wipers. I forced myself to concentrate on the road.

After a few more miles, I was almost frantic with confusion. There had been no signs of civilization for hours. No cars, no crossings, no street signs or buildings or gas stations or lights or trains . . . not even a break in the trees which engulfed the road. Hours of monotonous driving had pounded away at my throbbing head, and worse yet, I had observed the little needle on the fuel gauge sink slowly to the left until it was almost past the little "E."

I began to feel lonely too; yes, I suppose it was loneliness, and I found myself wishing for a companion — someone to share this miserable ride, someone to talk to. I pretended that someone was next to me in the front seat, hoping to end the loneliness.

Then, as if my mind had magical powers, I felt the presence of someone next to me. A chill of ambiguous pleasure darted up my backbone, and I feared the black nothingness which rode next to me. I even had to catch a quick look in that direction to assure myself that I was alone. I laughed a little chuckle and blamed the sensation on the white pills.

I whistled a tune, a shrill crisp tune, and felt like a child who walks alone in the dark on his way home from a "horror movie." I realized, way back in my mind, who my imaginary was . . . Elmer James! The thought of that haggard, tight-fisted, old recluse sickened me, and I smiled, knowing he was dead.

The rain persisted, and my steady driving seemed to draw me into a canyon of water. Still, on I drove, watching the needle sink lower to the left toward the "E." I searched in vain for some sign of civilization, but it seemed a matter of time.

Then it came. As if the engine were sipping the last remains of a soda through a straw, a "slurping" and "coughing" emerged from the engine. I coasted for an eighth of a mile on my momentum into more nothingness until I came to rest at the side of the long straight road.

In the few minutes following, the uncertainties of the past few hours flashed through my cluttered mind. I fumbled for a cigarette and placed the end of one between my dry lips. I struck my last match and, not knowing that the cigarette wasn't thoroughly lit, tossed the match out the window into the rain. I cursed myself for my stupidity after a few frantic puffs produced no smoke. I searched violently for another book of matches, tried the lighter on the dashboard, but to no avail. I put the cigarette back in the pack and sat for a moment behind the wheel, contemplating sleep, but realizing the foolishness of the idea.

I opened the glove box and felt around within, emerging with a flashlight and a road map. I checked the map, following with my finger the roads from Chicago, but couldn't find the one I was on. As I remembered, I had been on U.S. 45 out of Chicago, and should have been passing through Champaign at about three o'clock. I sat back and wondered where I had made the wrong turn as the rain retarded to a drizzle.

"Well," I thought, as I shifted my position on the uncomfortable seat, "I'll never make it to Mexico if I sit here all night."

I got out of the car and locked the doors. I pulled the collar of my jacket up around my neck and stretched my cramped muscles. I began walking in the direction I had been traveling — south. The rain had thinned into a mild drizzle, and the light morning breeze hardly stirred the majestic black trees along the road's edge.

I must have walked for several minutes, although it seemed like several days, for my legs were becoming cramped and my head throbbed with the stress of physical exertion and fatigue. Only a faint gray now appeared in the eastern sky. I looked at my watch. It had stopped running at four thirty-eight, so I guessed it to be nearly five o'clock. I felt a chill and thrust my hands into my jacket pockets and walked on. As I bent to tie my shoe, it dawned on me that I hadn't seen a car since I left the service station last night.

I stood there, in the center of the road, and tried to take into account what had happened in the past few hours. I tried to listen for some sound other than the slight rustle of the tree tops and the splatter of the soft rain, but I heard

nothing. I had seen not even a clearing for over seven hours; I had heard no dogs bark, or seen no train. No light from a street lamp had entered my car to make flickering patterns on my dashboard. I had passed no cars, nor had I seen a vehicle since I left the gas station; I had not crossed an intersection or hopped a bridge or gone under a tunnel, nor had I seen anything which resembled, in the most remote imagination, civilization.

I threw the few stale cigarettes away in their crumpled pack, cursing my lack of matches, and went into a spasm of coughing. I was weary with this journey into nothingness. My whole body ached with fatigue. My mouth tasted of stale tobacco, and I longed for a dry place to rest. "Still," I thought, "there must be an end to this." I groped on into the black morning.

After several more minutes of aimless walking, I stopped. "There, up ahead," I muttered, "What is that?"

I thought I saw a bend in the road. I strained my eyes, but could not plainly see what I thought was a welcome change in the horrible straight pattern. Any variation would be a blessing.

I ran in spurts toward the deviation, half-stumbling as I started, and breaking into violent coughing as my legs strained against the pavement. I quickened the pace when I saw that it was, for sure, a bend in the road. "At last, some change in pattern," I thought. I stopped to catch my breath before rounding the curve.

The trees prevented me from seeing around the corner, and I feared to hope for anything other than disappointment; but soon I started forth again, determined to find what awaited me around the bend.

I walked slowly, even cautiously on, pulling my trousers up higher on my waist. I stopped, not wanting to believe what I saw. There confronting me was what I had not guessed at, and what now seemed a miserable conclusion to this frustrating journey — the road ended!

It was as if a giant had used his sword to chop off the end, as you would clip a string. One neat chop and then, a few large trees with dark vines and underbrush placed conveniently at the end, right where the road should continue.

I felt like sitting on the cold, wet surface of the road and crying. Just as I started to turn to make my way back to the car, I caught a glimpse of a light. Just a slight passing glimpse that would have ordinarily meant nothing. There was a faint light, way back in the forest past the roads and among the trees. My heart pounded violently as I tore through the foliage in pursuit of the light, like a midnight moth after a street lamp.

As I approached the light, I realized that it came from within a cabin. I could see a small stream of smoke drifting up out of the chimney. I almost choked on my sobs. It was as if some kind soul had placed this warm sanctuary here for my rescue. I pushed the brush aside as I tore toward the small warm cabin.

I ran the last few yards to the door with tears of happiness welling up in my eyes. I stumbled onto the porch and to the door and pounded frantically on the hard wood.

"Come in," I heard from inside, and my whole body screamed with joy at the sound of some kind soul inviting me to share a warm fire.

I turned the knob, stepped into the dimly-lit room, and focused my attention on the lone figure sitting calmly at the table in the center of the cabin.

"I've been expecting you, son," were Elmer James' only words.

Ode To A Meadow

Kathleen McCormack

Oh, for the joy of wild daisies and columbines,
The perpetual hum of bees and flies.
The meadow is my place of rest.

It supplies my idle hours
With the exuberance of Nature;
It fills my gloomy days
With the hope of eternal concordance.

Oh, for when I inspect the hue of the horizon
My mind is painted with a sylvian enclosurement
The sun streaming through a thousand shining veils
Portrays a day of happy serenity.

I see all through my meadow
Proposals of calmness,
Which protrude into every hill and lot.

Oh! it is a perfect day!
But with the deepening of the sky's raiment
 and a warning cry from a fluttering crane,
A long-hoped for, ardently solicited truth fades with
 the last mound of tuft.
But the homeward way is spent in dreams.

Row On

David Helm

Though from the murky waters of life
You cannot yet filter
The mud of illusion,
The sands of defences of ego,
The broken twigs of old beliefs
That seem no longer valid,
You must row on.
Though sandbars of fear
And revolution's logs
Lie hidden in the darkness
Of the water, row on.
"Where am I headed?
What waits around the bend?"
Who knows? Row on, row on.
There is no place to stop there
In the boat on cloudy water —
No way to rid the water of the cloud
For now — row on and wait.
Row on and hope for clearness
In the next mile or the next:
Row on over shadows of doubt;
Row on and hope. Row on.

Sonnet 63

R. L. Hudson

On first observing Stirling Castle.
Stirling, Scotland; August, 1964.

I climbed the hill and passed within the gate
Of Stirling's churchyard in the evening sun.
Within the yard, I climbed a rocky knoll
To look upon the fields when work was done.
And as I mounted to that mound's broad peak,
My eye was drawn towards a hill near by.
There stood a home, or so it seemed to me,
Of great expanse, whose turrets grasped the sky.
My heart and mind were filled with strange delight
At seeing such a house of mystery;
And then and there, I vowed I would explore
The private places of its history!
I ran, as Madness, down the shrouded hill;
Determined now to execute my will.

Untitled

Kathleen McCormack

Like a villian
Who draws his black cape about him
The night dons its shroud
And closes out the last eye of day.

The earth and sky are as one
While we reach to mingle among heavenly clouds.
No discriminating boundary pervades,
Only an unshakable unity remains.

The night's eyelids droop
And become a light umbrella of sun.
It seems as if a breeze is rustling
To wake a white lily under black branches.

The Pure Gold

David Helm

Fooled eyes, neglect the glitter of fool's gold!
For though I cannot see it yet, I'm told
That pure gold lies somewhere within my reach
On some far distant mountain or some beach.

Communion

David Helm

Nothing will lift me up above
Life's mountain peaks
But selfless love.
Softly, surely, love speaks
While I bow to listen.
Silent spirit rises,
Dull clay glistens,
Self itself surprises.

Prelude

Michael Baldwin

An unfelt film of faint, gray dawn
Sifts its stealthy way
Through the black,
Aseptic
Morning —
Till, piling up,
It stabs our sleep with light,
And we wake up to painful pleasures.

The Albatross

Karen Cooley

It stood by the river all gray and alone,
Neglected, forgotten, a twilight zone,
Where man had trampled and treaded before,
A place for the rats and the bugs to explore.

Some sparks from the city came straight to its door
To ask it to live and to shine once more.
It thought and it questioned, "Dare it take the chance?"
"Would these sparks last forever or merely one dance?"

The days flowed on by, its apparel half done.
Three sparks did remain, the others had run.
They sprinkled, they stroked, they picked their way.
To finish its garment, they needed to pray.

It stood by the river for all to adore
Like bright new shoes on a shiny new floor.
It beckoned and welcomed those near and far
For now it was finished — a brand new star.

It opened for young and old to conceive
On the 12th day of June on a Saturday's eve.
For a name it was given The Albatross,
Its meaning to help all of those who were lost.

Now those who had talent but left it astray
Were given a place where their dreams might convey.
Three sparks so kind, yes, tender and meek
Did it all; not money, but happiness seeked.

Now down by the river, all gay, not alone,
Remembered and nurtured, three sparks call their home.
And many now come to listen and sing,
"The Alby won't die but live on like a king."



The Albatross

(Photo by DeWitt)

First Prize Poetry

Ruff and the Vase

David Helm

Mary Marie
With all celerity
Swept up the shattered vase
That was her mother's pride and joy.
Her mother in the room above,
As if she were with Mary in a race,
Picked up a broken, cherished toy
That she had bought Marie in love,
She thought, and yet she knew it was in place
Of love she could not give.
"She shouldn't have left it in the passage way."
Today was Tuesday, which was bridge day.
She must be ready when the sitter came.
"Blue? Or blue with light blue?" She could not choose
Which dress to wear. Her sedative
Had been too much, and it had been enough
To pull herself from bed and set out fruit juice
For Marie. "*She's to blame*
For all this rush," she thought
As she reached down and in an instant caught
The cherished dog on wheels. His name was Ruff
And he was made to say "I love you"
When you pulled him across the floor.
He was broken now and would speak no more.
Decision of the instant, Ruff was cast
Into a chute nearby. She closed the door.
In haste to dispose of the broken vase,
Little Marie, one story below and seconds before,
Had won the race
And shoved her fear behind the first-floor door,
Where Ruff, unseen, soon tumbled past
And joined the broken vase and soon the fire.
The doorbell rang.
With one last look into her looking glass,
The woman left to let the sitter in.
She brushed a speck of dust from her attire.
And then reached up to where the car keys hang.

"Now don't forget to dust my vase!" The door
Was closed now, and she strode across the grass.
Little Marie, still hearing the sound
Of the broken vase sliding down to the bin,
Now tore up the stairs where always before
A comfort was, for of habit she found
Her Ruff who talked when pulled across the floor.

La Belle

Kathleen McCormack

O, come, come, come, golden-
haired girl with the sad face,
You have much to give.
Your bright eyes draw me to you.
On a pensive sea, your blond hair
waves and calls me near.
Then — why are you sad?
Why do your eyes hide?
For when you sigh —
a rainbow
scatters dust.

Not Quite So

R. L. Hudson

O, what could be thicker than thieves on the run,
Or brighter than ditchwater catching the sun,
Or smaller than life, or surer than fate,
Or righter than rain on a church gala date,
Or lovelier than pictures Surrealist style,
Or more silent than mice on a smooth lino-tile?
And what could be whiter than snow in the gutter,
And, in the summer, what's harder than butter?
Or more evil than gold, or for that matter,
What man is more sane than a flourishing hatter?

And what could be smoother than make-up on stage,
Or more understood than Bach in our age?
O, what is more pleasant than black powder snuff,
Or more welcome than golf balls caught in the rough,
Or cleaner than lakes when they've gone into bloom,
Or happier than monarchs being led to their dooms?

O, what is more dainty than Lyric sopranos,
And more tonal than rondos on untuned pianos?
What is more real than a cartoon of Micky,
Or more loved than children, when they start getting picky,
And what's more thanked, than this writer of poems,
Or more loved than his readers, misreading his tomes.

Lake Geneva 1962

Feeling (no number)

David Reif

Velvet, soft — feeling harsh smoothness,
Lights play games, changing silver to black,
The lights are all the same,
Luminous, bright, ——— but empty,
The softness folds and unfolds with mild patience,
Fluid motion
On, off — silver, black — good, bad ——— why? why.
Is good, bad inside-out? Think it backwards,
See them fly, blink, blink, bright dim,
On then off, alive then dead,
When? Now? no. never? no. Yes-no?
Lights glare bright and change ——— The velvet waits.

Song at Dusk

David Helm

The sun is going down again
And yet I hear a cheerful song
From chirping birds upon my bough.
To drink with joy the last few rays,
To sing a song of praise
To light while it still lingers . . .
I wish that I could be a bird
And sing when darkness closes in,
For in the waiting is the bulk of pain.

Arcadia Ruminations

R. L. Hudson

via tenunda esse

Upon the Dartmoor hills I spread myself
Beneath the white trunk of a rotting tree;
And there I ate my meal from aged delf,
And drank the bitter wine I brought with me.

I saw him, that queer courier of Death,
And he is not as foul as some have said;
Save for the liquid fire of his breath
When he bends over that unwelcome bed.
I saw him pass between the empty hills
Upon his way to someone in the town;
He hurried on, his errand to fulfil,
With steady eye and greatly troubled frown.
Who calls him from his sleep of cruel tears?
It's not the mummied ones, nor those that hide
Beneath the Salty Sea; nor those on biers
Within the hollowed earth, nor they that chide
The children of the night. I know the one
That calls him forth — the Lamb of firm decay;
Who stops the earth, and that which has begun
With hope and joy. He sends it all away,
To rot within the mausoleum's walls.
This messenger of fate is not to blame;
He only walks within the marble halls
Of kings, who do not recognize the shame
Of that command which they must issue forth.
Above the kings, is he who holds the power
To stem the harmless gold and hide the wrath
Which now brings some poor soul to his last hour.

Behind this envoy of the Lowerlands
There passed the lovely courtesan of souls,
To take her place between the waning strands
Of life, and there to read the sacred scrolls
That set the spirit free. She is the one
Who wraps the corpse in gilded linen sheets
And kisses him, as though the earthly sun
Had not eclipsed, as though his heart still beats.
She is the helmsman of the boat of dreams
Upon the sea of sleep. She knows the path
Across the great black fiord or moor that seems
To stretch for centuries between the wrath
Of birds and Muskgrave songs of azure streams.
Oh, dread her not. She does not mean you ill.
She is your guide upon the oaken beams
That join the earth's dark lust to some great will,
Beyond the spheres of time or lights of life.
The horses of the night are wrought with fear
Because they hear the flute and crippled fife
And know not how to weep a golden tear.
She knows, and she will teach you all her art,
But you must welcome her, or else she knows
No rest from silken cells that form a part
Of her wild torment, and, like Phoenix, grows
Till it destroys itself. Then seek her aid,
For as the Evening comes, she'll take your hand
And lead you from the corpse and open grave
To life within a fearless sleeping land.

Above them soars a blessed bird of peace
Upon whose wings the starlight of the night
Takes sweet repose while rising in the East.
This sacred bird now leaves its earthly flight
To soar among the spheres and purple clouds.
The brilliant sun has perished in the sea,
But this bright star weaves not aerial shrouds;
It cannot see the death of light as we,
Who scorn the night, now view its empty grave.
Oh, teach us holy sphere, your inmost thought,
That we may laugh at night, and so may save
Our youth, which now, between the biers, is wrought
With fear of sunless days. What joy is there
Within your scarlet vest that gives no cause
To thoughts of fear or ruminated care?
What is the Karma set by aired laws?

Upon the hills I saw the fog and mist
That sweeps from out the night and forms a grave
Black preface to wild fear — the prelude cyst
Of death. No mystic Druids lent or gave
The force of light that streams from thought or mind;
No sexton guards the resting place of time;
The boatman chooses seas that boil behind
The resting place of God. The steeples chime
The coming of the night, and dragon's teeth
Are strewn about the flower's silent bed.
What nightly danger walks upon the heath
And moor? Who is the demon Time has wed?
I know him not, and yet I feel him still!
He hides behind the clouds that Nut has wrought
With love, forgetting thoughts of quest or kill.
I feel the life of evil that he's bought.
The night mist rolls — gavotte or minuet —
Upon the barren bogs; the world is giv'n
To tapestries of muddled joy and set —
As cast in iron — frozen tears on riv'n
Stone cheeks. The night becomes an age of rest.
How long will swallows seek the empty ground
For life that died in seeking that same quest?
How long will they seeks visions of that sound?

The Bar

Wayne Johnston

The bright specks of red, blue, and green skipped in alternating crescents across the black background. Below this neatly contrived Budweiser sign, the swinging doors leading to the rear entrance had flapped only twice in the past hour. Between the flickering blips and myself, the oblong room was still quite empty, but it was yet early. On the richly veneered table before me sat my fifth or sixth beer, sparkling brightly, teased by lights from the jukebox beside me. Since I had arrived, the music machine had been either soothing or silent; but, when I saw her waddle in, I knew all quiet would soon end.

I don't think a fellow can really appreciate how good-looking some girls are until he has seen someone as bad as this big babe was. She came in the back, through the doors under the colorful Bud sign, and walked, slowly and deliberately, across the dance floor to a table in front of me. Having seen her here before, I presumed she would soon be over to play some garish song on the jukebox. I was right. After dropping her belongings on the table, she turned and walked past me to the jukebox. As she passed by, I gazed expressionless into her round, multiple-chinned face. Her tiny eyes were burrowed deep between sagging eyebrows and piggish cheeks coated with red junk.

She dropped a coin in the machine and punched its buttons with vigor. It immediately began to scream from pain. Returning past me to her table, she looked over or around her shoulder and gave me a sweet smile. I felt the urge to vomit. The porky face put in my mind to look at her behind and expect to see a corkscrew tail protruding through a tailored split in the too-tight shorts.

I moved back to the bar, wishing to escape the clamor of her music and the memory of her toothy smile. With another beer, I thought of Barbara. Now, *she's* a girl! High-class. She has everything—good looks, intelligence, and . . . high moral values. That's the type of girl I'll marry some day. High-class!

After a few more beers and many more pleasant thoughts, I turned back toward the dance floor.

The band was taking a break. As I sat watching the dancers disperse to their seats, Fatty's stare caught my eye. She gave me that sickening smile again. I tried to make it evident that I was snubbing her, but I guess she was just too dense to understand. To avoid her gaze, I moved back down the bar, where I met some friends of mine coming in. We struck up a conversation about the new crop of classy chicks at school.

It was too soon one o'clock. I had planned to leave so I could avoid the traffic. I still had the sense to realize I was disadvantaged, in my condition, to cope with other drivers, especially those as potted as I was. I said 'good-by' to my friends and walked, consciously balancing, out the back door. Outside, I stood a few minutes under the alleylight to let the cool air clear the sudsy cobwebs from my head. I felt ready to drive! I started walking slowly down the row of cars parked sloppily beneath the alleylights. A harsh jerk on my jacket-tail stopped me in mid-stride. I turned around cautiously, expecting to see a greaser brandishing a knife or gun. Instead, saw only a cute, chubby little arm protruding from a car window, grasping my jacket. I looked down the plump little arm, through the car window and into the cutest, dainty round face I'd ever seen. The deep-set eyes and pink cheeks beckoned me.

Hello

William Frame

Hello, you old rag man.
I've got plenty for you today,
but, you won't get much for them.
It's a pity — they cost me so dearly.

And there you are—
On the hard, shiny slab
Shirt unbuttoned
Dilated, glassy eyes staring toward
. nothing.
The stiffness creeps in
The coldness sets in . . . suddenly
The internal liquid gushes in—
to a rusty pan-rushing-squirting
Flowing faster and faster . . . now more
Slowly
It dribbles out—finally a
Sudden squirt and a bubbling
Dribble—a drip . . drip . . drip.
. . silence . .

The limpness, emptiness fills you—
Slowly the strange, irritating
Cream fills your cavities winding and
Slushing—creeping . . . making legs puff
Out and arms twinge
You moan

Dry matted hair is pulled
Tugged, sprayed, parted . . .
Encrusted.
A thickening mist descends on the
body masking the putrid odor.
Eye lids pulled—plastic shoved
Under . . . forced and stitched . . .
Mouth stuffed with plaster
Cheeks puffy . . . face powdered . . .
Arms bent and twisted . . .
Coat and tie tugged, slit
Pulled and buttoned.

Now you can rest . . .
Man of the world.
Sleep on your cheap silky pillow.
Feel the slickness against your head.
Burrow down and let the ruffles
Caress your cheeks.
Clutch your Bible
And look natural . . . but
Let them look . . . let them see.
Let them talk and lie
Play the game (it is your turn)
You have no choice.
You look natural
You smell pretty . . . but
You are only a mass of . . .
Molded vegetable.

The sickening smell of flowers
And sweaty bodies bids you
Farewell.
For yesterday was life . . . my friend
And today is death
And it is all yours . . .
From this moment on

So watch and listen as
The cold brass lid slowly lowers
And the cushioned lips fuse
With a muffled murmur
As the light becomes darkness,
 the tears become smiles,
 the flowers become wilted,
And you . . . my friend of the world
 become dust.

The Killing

Adrian Beard

The room was small, the wallpaper faded, and exhausted of beauty. The bed was unkempt. Two tennis racquets protruded from under it. On the reading table were a few textbooks, a typewriter, a second-hand record player with a stack of records composing a potpourri, ranging from "blues" and jazz to opera and Beethoven. Hanging on the slanting wall, above the bed, were two nudes in hues of bright gold and soft reds.

On the opposite wall was another painting of a nude. The subject was more relaxed. The model seemed very familiar with the artist's needs. Observable only to the discerning was the gelatinous expression in the eyes. Next to this painting were newspaper clippings on the occupant's meritorious performances in sports, debate and dramatics. Below that were tacked a pair of pink nylon panties with three words written under them. *Veni. Vidi. VICI!*

Next to the window was a bookcase. On the first of its four shelves were classics and required reading; on the next shelf was acceptable pornography and two copies of the New Testament. The third shelf held best-sellers and plays. The last shelf was filled with a mixture of reference books, college catalogs, and recent news magazines. Adjacent to it was a small, white, knee-high refrigerator, filled mainly with British gin, Dutch wine, cheap bourbon and a six-pack of German ale. Someone had appropriately painted a skull and cross-bones on the door of the refrigerator. *Poison*, in somber black letters was inscribed under the morbid emblem.

Near the door, there was a bulletin board. On the bulletin board were cartoons by Feifer, Mauldin and Herblock, emphasizing their sentiments on civil rights. Three autographs were tacked up. One belonged to Martin Luther King, the second was Attorney General Robert Kennedy's scribble and the third belonged to a man named Medgar Evers. There were some ticket stubs from two major Broadway plays. At the bottom of the board was an interracial row of snapshots. All girls. All very comely. A rectangular chart showing the rise of venereal diseases was next to the bulletin board.

A tall, intense youth entered with a battered bag of golf clubs. He tossed the clubs in a corner, fell face first on the bed and went immediately into a cadaverous sleep. He had heavily creased features, his concrete jaw was covered with stubble. A small scar ran down the side of his chin. The scar held the story of a girl who had loved him too deeply. Her picture was not on the bulletin board. It was a handsome face, a warrior's face.

A short time later a few timid knocks penetrated the door and slightly shook the campaign poster of Teddy Roosevelt, the Bull Moose, yellowed and brown with antiquity, tacked up on the back. The youth slept on. The knocking came again, now persistent more than demanding. The husky youth stirred. The knocking ceased. The visitor was leaving.

"Who is it?" he growled, reluctantly raising up on his elbows to greet this usurper of sleep if he should come in.

"Willard Parker. I live down the—" an alien voice began.

"Come in!" the awakened youth yelled. "I don't dig talking through doors." A short, blond-haired young man with his hair neatly combed and parted, entered the room. His face registered some surprise at finding the occupant a Negro. His smile remained in its fitting but his eyes fluttered apprehensively. Parker wore a clean white, broadcloth shirt, expensive dark green slacks and a narrow striped tie. The Negro gestured to a chair by the table, completely ignoring the uneasiness of Parker. The Negro had never seen anyone who embodied so much innocuousness as Parker. The visitor flung out his hand.

"What's your name?" Parker asked enthusiastically. He had recovered his confidence. The Negro shook the offered hand dispassionately.

"Washington. Dueteronomy Washington," was the guarded reply.

"That's a very unusual name. How did you get it?" Dueteronomy ignored the question.

"Whatcha want dad?" Dueteronomy said coldly, then turned indulgently over on his side and wrapped his arms sensuously around his pillow.

"I live about two houses down," Willard said to Dueteron-

omy's back, "and we've started a Christian discussion group for college students."

"Umhummmm." Dueteronomy answered, his back still turned to Parker.

"Every Wednesday we get together and discuss the saving power of Jesus, the Sacred Scripture and things of that nature."

"Umhummmm."

"If you'd like to come over we'd be glad to have you." Dueteronomy smiled cynically, but Willard could only see the back of his head. "The house number is 177 and it's at six-thirty each Wednesday evening," Willard announced doggedly.

"Say man, do you think God wants black peoples' souls as much as he wants white peoples'?" Dueteronomy asked, his eyes closed as if in sleep. Willard, who was in the process of making a quick exit, stopped. Willard was suspicious but answered with conviction.

"Yes, He does, Dueteronomy."

"How do you know?"

"Because God is just."

"No lie?" Dueteronomy said sarcastically. "How do you know that?"

"Because the Bible says so. Because it's right, but more so because I have faith in His pure, all-forgiving love and divine understanding."

"No lie. Why do you believe that?"

"Well, because without a Divine Being to guide us, without the Ten Commandments, without faith, the meaning of life would be nothing."

"Why, pray tell?" Dueteronomy's voice was cool and methodical. Willard was becoming increasingly irritated by the questions and careful of his answers.

"It's this way. Man must believe in something higher than himself or his abilities or he follows worldly motives and then we would have Chaos."

"What would be the reason for this?"

"This caused by Man's basic nature."

"Why?"

"Because God meant it to be so!" Willard snapped, distraught and becoming angry.

"How do you know that?"

"I have faith."

"Oh, yeah, faith again." Dueteronomy gave an ambiguous grunt, curled his brawny arms around the pillow a different way and stretched out lazily.

"Willard," he said, "I have faith too. I believe that God's going to send your mother through that door one day stark naked and I'm going to fornicate my way to the Promised Land."

The slashing suddenness of Dueteronomy's words, said with such frigid vehemence brought a heavy flush to Parker's face but hostility quickly took sovereignty.

"O.K.! O.K. Goddamnit! I see your point, buster!" Willard turned on his heel, his face crimson and rigid and headed toward the door in long, fast strides. When he reached the door, Dueteronomy called out in a conciliatory tone.

"Hey, looka here, man, don't go away mad!"

"Well, if you're going to—"

"Just go away." Dueteronomy said sweetly.

Willard opened the door and slammed it shut behind him with terrific force. Dueteronomy yawned. He flopped around in the bed for a few minutes until he found a position conducive to bringing about slumber more speedily. Soon he was asleep. While he slept the sunlight sluggishly began disappearing from the room like a filamentous gas and darkness floated quietly in. The curtains trembled before the silent breath of night. The crickets and cicadas serenaded the embryonic moon accompanied by some raucous frogs.

A long time later swift footsteps could be heard. They hastened to Dueteronomy's door.

"D.T.!" Dueteronomy's eyelids jerked open. It was again a male voice. There quickly ensued a short period of door pounding. His eyes now adjusted to the lightless en-

vironment, Dueteronomy turned over and snapped the lamp on near his bed, almost knocking over a half-filled glass of now warm and tasteless ginger ale. A little brownish-grey moth lay lifeless in the insipid liquid. The door swung open dramatically.

A youth about Dueteronomy's age entered. "D.T., you got to help me!" It was Dennis. His face was bloodless. The large blue eyes encased in ever larger eyebrows were wide with anxiety. His forehead was damp. Dueteronomy knew something was seriously wrong. "What's with it, baby?" Dueteronomy inquired indifferently, as he smacked his lips sleepily, moving his jaw vertically in a bovine motion trying to get the gluey taste out of his mouth.

"You remember that broad I took to Chicago last month and shacked up with for three days? Dueteronomy nodded affirmatively. He had been lectured to about that episode for weeks. "Well, she's pregnant and wants to hang the rap on me. I've been stalling her until I could get my transfer to Michigan State cleared. Then her old man had to come down last night and take her out for a night on the town. She got bombed out of her head and blew the whole story to him. The old bastard's been combing the campus for me all day." Dueteronomy realized the situation was serious. "I thought only we over-sexed colored folk did things like that. My, my, you white folks are ruining all my images," Dueteronomy chided. "You'll have me believing that I'm a human being after all."

Dennis pleaded aggressively for Dueteronomy to let him hide in his room until the evil cloud of paternity had passed. Dueteronomy readily agreed to aid him.

"Thanks a helluva lot D.T." Dennis turned toward the door. "I'm going to get some food. I'm going to eat up here too."

"I'll have your pallet ready when you come back."

"O.K. Thanks."

The hallway once again resounded with the clatter of nimble footsteps. A moment later the stairs were silent again and he was gone. Dueteronomy began diligently on the pallet. It was only until he half-way finished fixing the pallet that he heard the tread of strange and weary foot-

steps. Quickly he rolled the pallet up and tossed it in the closet. Rushing to the reading table, he snatched up a literature book and pretended to read. There was a heavy, solemn knock on the door.

"Come in," Dueteronomy yelled.

The door opened. A wide set man with a paunchy face, a small and wide grim mouth, walked in slowly.

"Do you know where I can find Dennis Thompson?" he asked distastefully. Dueteronomy regarded him darkly. Evidences of controlled belligerence were in each word. The man seemed to emanate hate.

"What do you want with him?" Dueteronomy retorted, unlacing his sneakers, ignoring the poorly concealed impatience of the stranger.

"That is none of your business, young man."

"Maybe it is," Dueteronomy maintained, then pulled off one of his sneakers. "I'm Dennis Thompson." Dueteronomy never did understand why he said this. The idea just suddenly fell upon him and he acted accordingly.

The man grinned. Smiling back nastily, Dueteronomy snatched off his other sneaker, sniffed it, then dropped it on the floor tiredly.

"You're lying," the man said confidently to Dueteronomy who sighed and shook his head wearily. "My daughter would never—"

"Your daughter's name is Brenda. She's nineteen, has brown eyes, black hair, wore braces when she was twelve, graduated from Amberville High School last year, has a brother named Conrad in the Air Force, who knocked up a girl named Marla before he enlisted; Brenda has a diamond-shaped birthmark on her left buttock just like her mother, whose name is Gerona. She's your wife—now, but used to be a teacher. Now she wants a divorce. Has an iron-clad case of adultery against you and I assume by your presence here that she has told you that you are going to be a grandpa. Still think I'm not Dennis Thompson, Mr. Reed?" Would he believe it? Had Dennis told the truth? Dueteronomy waited. A long, heavy silence followed. Reed was the first to break the quiet. Reed was convinced.

"Why you? Why? Why?" Reed hissed, pounding on the bookcase, to emphasize his frustration. Dueteronomy walked over to the closet and began taking off his shirt.

"Your daughter's a great believer in equal rights. A real patriot she is. Did more for interracial understanding than—"

"No!" She couldn't have! She just couldn't have!" said Reed vehemently, attempting more to convince himself than state a conclusion.

"Oh, but she did!" Dueteronomy asserted.

"And you don't even give a damn, do you?" Reed blazed.

"Why should I?" I ain't pregnant!" Dueteronomy agreed tauntingly, taking a hanger out of the closet, slipping his shirt on it and replacing it in a few easy motions.

"What kind of rotten sonuvabitch are you!" Reed glared viciously at Dueteronomy, his eyes wide and bulging.

"If you're going to act that way about it, you can get your damn self outa here!" Dueteronomy erupted.

"You bastard! You dirty, lowdown black bastard!" Reed screamed and rushed at Dueteronomy, hands outstretched to strangle him but caught only a teeth-rattling right that Dueteronomy brought up from nowhere. Reed went limp. Dueteronomy slammed his fist viciously again and again into Reed's solar plexus and then melted him down with an uncannily accurate upper cut. Reed slumped into a shapeless heap. Dueteronomy dragged him out of the room and tossed him headlong down the stairs.

The ligaments in his hand tingled. Dueteronomy stretched his fingers and closed them tightly until the pain ebbed. In the refrigerator lay his favorite relaxing agent which he proceeded to seek out although he had promised to abstain until after semester exams.

He picked on the bottle of gin. Wringing the cap off impatiently, he soon attached the bottle to his eager lips. At that moment a man suddenly appeared in the doorway—with a gun. It was Reed. Reed fired two hasty shots with the first bullet slithering through Dueteronomy's left kidney. The second kicked a hole in his lungs. Reed's next shot missed because Dueteronomy had fallen through the window in an explosion of glass and caulking.

Reed fired on uselessly at the disappearing figure. Rolling down the roof, Dueteronomy could only feel numbness. Everything was blackness. He couldn't move any extremity. His voice had disappeared. "Have I stopped breathing! Have I stopped breathing!" he thought. His whole mind seemed to be encased in a dark sphere of fluid. Now the pain had magically faded away. He rolled to the roof's edge and fell off like a wormy pear. Inside he was laughing. His lips never moved, even when he hit the ground, but he died laughing, laughing like a man insane.

The Amusement Park Game

Stephen W. Gibbs

So here we are. Ready to make the circuit
around the city of sarcastic life — ready to play the
Amusement Park Game. God and all.

On they go — the five true cotton candy-eaters —
On with their candy smears and ticket-filled fists,
Screaming chaotically up to the first window
and six dirty paws thrust greasy tickets out
to a grinning Ticket-taker.

Dad, and pregnant dad's-wife grin in the background
While three toothless children throw balloons at the
Darts mounted on the wall.

Two dart burst and little Johnny wins a doll.

(Mary won a fire engine a time before)

Dad and mom eat greasy popcorn in the background
and grin a pregnant grin.

To the next window they go

II

More grubby paws; more greasy tickets, and a
Giver of prizes goes behind a screen and cries
While his pregnant wife gives birth to a
sacrilegious thought.

Here they all roll small electric pins down a silent
Chute and try to knock over a sound round ball.

The taker of tickets laughs
and takes more tickets.

Fair Mother-pregnant tries,
And strains a muscle in her abdomen.

Father helps her, stooping over whispering
while grubby paws wipe grease on Mother-pregnant's
skirt . . . and they all skip on to the next window.

III

On and on they venture, winning cheap prizes,
All with the same inscription — "Made in Japan"
Father sees the end of the boardwalk first
And retires to the men's room, never to be seen again.
So on go the happy four, and soon there are
 Five, for with the absence of father ticket-buyer
 There is another spender of loot.
Mother moves behind a bench and bears her child
 Smiling all the while.
On they go, kicking, yelling, spitting, laughing,
Crying, screaming, and asking how long it will be
before daddy — buyer of the precious tickets —
 will return.

IV

On, on, ever on they go until Mother
Goes on a long trip to the ladies' room,
Never to be seen again.
And so it is, the many bearded children drag on,
Cotton candy still adherent to their balding heads;
And all they do is stop at counters, stop at games,
Stop at rides handing over tickets to takers
 with the hope that Someday
They'll win a prize worthwhile,
One that doesn't say "Made in Japan"
 They won't
They'll reach the end of the boardwalk
First and find an open toilet waiting there.

Damn

Mel Tyler

To refrain from profanity,
Is the way to Christianity.

Come to class and be ready to discuss,
Be good children and don't cuss.

To refrain from temptation,
Is the way to salvation.

Who wants to be cleaned and saved,
When you can be wicked and depraved?

Pain

William Frame

Say, Man — that there painting's WEIRD!
All those globs — and all those sharp, barbed points
Whoever that guy is — man, he's hurtin'!
———It's called What?
Don't kid me — it can't be love.

Untitled

Susan Champlin

Hungry, for you
For the touch of your hand at the
Small of my back,
For the slight pressure of
Your knee against mine;
Hungry for the forgotten
Smile, the wink, the hunch
Of your shoulder when you
Start to relax —
Hunger, a desire that wants
To be fed, a need that becomes
Gluttonous when out of control.
Hunger, a desire that may be calmed,
Eased by being fed —
Just once in a while.

Untitled

Susan Champlin

I'm waiting
So anxious am I
For the touch of our
Souls to hold for
A glance the feeling
Of love. It comes,
At last, so short, so
Sweet. Oh for an
Eternity to sit by your
Side, to linger —
Shoulder under shoulder,
Arm within arm.
My soul can envision no more than this.

Portrait of A Scholar As A Young Man

Stephen W. Gibbs

Somehow young Pollard had waded through seven rounds of confusion, but wasn't about to give up. His exceptionally quick Negro opponent had floored him with sharp rights to the chin in each and every round.

Waiting in his corner for the beginning of round eight, the unusually strong Pollard, then the number ten contender for the lightweight crown, pondered his situation in utter disbelief.

That was 1939 in Portland in what was to be Richard Pollard's last professional fight. Today the native of Deadwood, South Dakota, holds a position on the recently-formed National Board of Academic Development, teaches American literature at Eastern Illinois University and is considered somewhat of an authority in Greek drama.

Why did Pollard hang up his gloves after that fight? He tells it this way:

"I'd been knocked off my feet only once before that fight, but this fellow had me baffled. After looking up at him in amazement for seven rounds I finally realized that he was using an illegal punch, but his amazing speed camouflaged the act.

"This fellow was so fast that he got in three strikes with each punch; first with his fist, then with his elbow, and again with his backhand as he moved back into position. Once I figured his strategy it wasn't difficult to counter his moves.

"I simply ducked under his hook," Pollard emphasized with a brief demonstration, "and threw him a right of my own."

The gray-haired professor paused to light another cigarette and loosen his tie.

"I must not have known my own strength," he continued, "because he didn't get up for at least 15 minutes. They carted him off to the hospital with a broken jaw as I returned to my dressing room with somewhat of a hollow victory.

"That's when Robert Frost came down to my dressing room with some advice," Pollard said. I couldn't help noticing his eyes brighten with the recollection.

"Frost, as I later learned, had never before attended a prize fight. Why he came to mine, I'll never know, but I'm glad now that he did.

"What moved Frost to come see me I'll never really understand, but the fact that the Negro was so badly injured must have been the determining factor," Pollard managed to say, shaking the ashes from his cigarette with a nervous hand.

"He made his way into my room, pointed a commanding finger at me, and said: 'Boy, you stop this fighting. You can do something better.'

"That must have been the kick in the pants I needed, because I quit the fight game the next day," he continued, knitting his heavy brow and looking me square in the eye.

"That was one of the first incidents I can recall which started changing me from a real underworld character to what I am now," he recalled in a sober tone.

Pollard, who is today a Frost fan — he often does imitations of the poet — recalls another incident which made him realize that he was wasting his potential.

"That Frost thing, and another time in a boxcar headed from some small town in Washington to Missoula, Montana, were two of the major incidents in my life that gave me an entirely different direction.

"The boxcar thing happened about two years later, after I had tried everything from horse racing in Santa Anita, California, to blackjack dealing at a casino in Las Vegas.

"It was in the winter of 1940, as I recall. I was somewhat a drifter and happened to travel around the West a bit.

I hopped this freight in a small Washington town and was locked in a boxcar — I don't know how the door got locked — for eight days with an alcoholic.

“That man, sickening as he was, made me realize a few things,” Pollard seemed to recall with a concentrated effort.

“We had nothing to eat or drink, and the car was put on a sidetrack for six or seven days. Between his seizures of delirium tremens, we discussed everything from Kant to the value of euthanasia, and, from what I could gather, the man was once a philosophy professor at the University of Chicago.

“Obviously he was wrecked from the effects of alcohol, but he got me interested in learning's sake and I never forgot the man.”

After spending several years flying in the service during the war, Pollard was injured and received a medical discharge. After he recovered, he organized a “flying circus” and traveled the West with the three other members of the team. The disastrous death of one pilot ended the “circus,” and Pollard was again on the road.

After a brief visit to his home and parents in Deadwood, he enrolled in college at The University of South Dakota where he received a BA and an MA in English and French. Then he applied for an assistantship in France at the Ecole Normale d'Instituteurs. Again his plans were altered by “a unique circumstance.”

“Some fellow from New Jersey had been granted admission to the University of Strasbourg and his name happened to be Richard Pollard too. Because of a lack of communications and his premature arrival in Paris, they gave him my job with the assistantship. When I arrived things were a bit confused.”

Smiling broadly through the haze of a freshly-lit cigarette, he gazed admiringly at a picture of his family.

“As things turned out, there was another administrator there from a neighboring college. He overheard the conversation and offered me a job teaching at Strasbourg-Neudorf at a salary considerably higher than to what I had originally consented.

"Within a year I was completing my work as a French government scholar at Universite' de Strasbourg. There I received by Ph.D in philosophy. By 1954 I had completed my work for a doctorate in Romance Language Philology at the Philo Techincque Institute in Brussels. It wasn't until 1958, however, while I was on a sabbatical leave from my teaching job at Adams State, that I wrote my dissertation for the degree of D. esl. at the University of Paris.

Having studied under Pollard for almost a year, and knowing his background and temperament as I did, I wondered why he was compelled to seek an education to such an extent. "After all," I asked "couldn't you have made a career out of a number of things with which you were involved during and before the war?"

A nostalgic expression appeared on his deeply-lined face as he leaned back in his office swivel chair. He exhaled a long puff of clear white smoke and waited for several moments.

"I didn't really start out for the degrees," he said in a soft voice. "I needed background in philosophy and comparative languages to finish my play (after 16 years Pollard finished his Greek dilemma, "Dolorestes," in 1963), and by the time I had gathered all the material I needed there was nothing left to do but write the dissertations for the degrees . . . so I did."

He puffed, exhaled, and again looked me square in the eye.

"Anyway, learning for learning's sake," he smiled.

"Learning for learning's sake," I repeated.

The Times

W.D.M.

A knoll upon a grassy plain:
A monument to soldiers slain
Lies broken.

Saigon: Five more American GIs were killed today by the
Viet Cong.

Not far away the battle flares.
It seems to me that no one cares
About the past.

Selma: Negro marchers again lined up on the steps of the
Court House to pray for members of the Ku Klux Klan.

We have learned lessons times before.
Dear God! when shall this bitter war
Cease among men?

Paradox

W.D.M.

A man once lived who was more than a man:
He was God, but not God alone.
He fed the multitude on nought
But two fishes
And five loaves;
Yet they left satisfied
In body
And in Spirit.
Two fishes,
Fishers twelve.
No more, but still
He lives.

Mankind

David Helm

Created perfect by the Master Hand,
Some candles in the candle box still sit.
In no fine candlesticks these candles stand;
Untouched by flame, their wicks remain unlit.
They shall not rest forever on these shelves,
For death awaits all things in distant morns;
The candles, lying lifeless by themselves,
Will yield to dust and lose their perfect forms.
But other candles cast a brilliant light,
As they, in beauty, reach toward the sky.
Yes, other candles choose to brighten night,
Before they too in lifeless heaps must lie.
Wax that to rising, lasting spirits burns
Surpasses wax that to the dust returns.