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Western Writers

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Voices

Voices

Vol. VII, No. 1

Spring-Summer, 1962

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PRETTY SPRING, THE LAUGHING SEASON

Pretty Spring, the laughing season
Laughs, no doubt, for her own reason,
And I think she laughs at me
Gaping at a budding tree,
Thinking stoic thoughts of sorrow
Knowing there's no laugh tomorrow
But refusing to regret
All I've wished and done and yet,
Wishing still I could be doing
Things I'd only end up rueing.
Thoughts like these, for some strange reason,
Come with Spring, the laughing season.

—Judy Rogers

ALWAYS MUCH AFFECTED BY THE SEASON

Always much affected by the season,
I've wept with autumn, laughed aloud with spring,
Assuming that in nature there were reasons
For moods and changes. I had learned to sing
Wild summer's birds, in winter, to endure
With equanimity the cold and gray
Knowing spring's soft winds should lend a cure
And all the world should once again be gay.
But now, I have survived too many seasons
To trust their wisdom. I have seen too much
Of change that came unjustified by reasons,
And was immune to spring's soft gentling touch.
Declaring independence of them, *I*
Shall choose myself the times to laugh or cry.

—Judy Rogers

SEVENTY 'LEVEN WAYS TO HEAVEN

Seventy 'leven ways to heaven
One belle's sea-shell ways to hell
Non conformity in enormity
Pizza pies and bedroom eyes
Such conspicuous size I do despise
And so it is with life.

A know-it-all cat ate a syphilitic rat
Isn't that just the height of exasperation
And so it is with life.

Terry Calvert

A PARALLEL LINE THAT MET WITH ITSELF

A parallel line that met with itself
A flame that burned twice
The sugar in my oatmeal
And transformed it into inedible carbon
And a babe that was born from the end of my foot
Dissect the dead
Pack them in orange crates
And ship them to Alaska
For cold storage
Wait with me
And we will bottle the dark
And pour it into the eyes
Of those we hate
Wait with me
And we will cut laughter into strands
To shoot paper wads at each other
Wait with me
and
Shall we love?

Terry Calvert

I AM IN SYMPATHY

I am in sympathy with all the cripples
With the maimed and wounded and the halt and blind
And the disheartened. This is no simple
Thing, to see them stumble as they find
Their own peculiar lacks are in the way
Of that which they want most. They have to feel
So deeply. Those that hide it with a gay
And careless air have such a great appeal.
They are the brave. Not those who feel no pain
But those who will not let pain beat them down,
Who will not publicly allow their tears to stain
Their faces. Hushed tears should make a diamond crown.
I am in sympathy yet feel no pity
For these, the victors, these the world's most mighty.

Judy Rogers

SONNET AFTER MY DEATH

Yes, come to Death of me with no despair,
With soul of pain and melancholy bleak.
Nor come with glazed eyes full vain to stare
And stay my soul beyond escape from meek.
Come not discreet to any bier of mine
To fall upon your knees of sympathy
And sob that I have gone from tawdry time;
But held by captive time you cry for me
With tears of envy green on stones of gray
That fall unknowingly from jealous hearts.
So let such mornings step aside for play,
From drama full with farce awake and part.
If not for own and others dread disdain,
In truth on Throne of Death with me you reign.

Pat Jackson

ODE TO RYN

Oh, little Ryn,
With reddened skin.
How is your diaper rash?
You must think us hazy
For acting so crazy,
But you, dear, have caused quite a crash!
We shouldn't have laughed
To find you so chafed,
But we couldn't figure out why!
The truth is, hon,
You're lots of fun.
But Ryn, can't you please stay dry?

Susan McGoodwin

PEST

Of modern trials of life and health,
Of working men, established wealth,
There is nothing worse, I note,
Than a sore throat.
Flu is fine, you get relief,
Blowing through a handkerchief.
Aunt Bessie's candy-flavored syrup
Makes a cough clyrup.
Any day that you may choose
Germy mouths are on the loose.
While the germ-counts climb,
The only surest cure is time.
Had Romeo a reddened pipe,
Fair Julie would have voiced a gripe.
Instead of "Where Art Thou" she'd bellow,
"Quarantine Yon Fellow."

Susan McGoodwin

THE HARASSMENT OF TIME

To many, Time's merely a keeper of days.
While blessing these with seconds serene,
To me he has sentenced ethered eternities
Filled with dreaming and not Dreams.
Yet, careful is he with ephemeral in between
To offer half-happy moments heaped
With what shall never be.

Pat Jackson

EVENING

On the day of Marathon
my sun
chose to die
in the shadows of Python
my decrepit spirits sigh

Foolish
heartless
questions rhythmically drive
in masochistic sadism the soul
will dive

Tempest and
terror
heralds
Sundown
for consolence
of horror
the sage's frown

Never renew this search
shattered mite
for I am evening
but
he
is night.

Sarah Bennett

A BURP OF BEER

a burp of beer
I feel so queer
I cannot hear
only Gloria brushing her teeth
I think I'll go to bed

but wait a minute
there is something fuzzy
wuzzy, wuzzy
about Gloria brushing her teeth
like hairy feet
and now I lay me down to sleep.

Terry Calvert

PAR

The heavens are casual with nonchalant clouds
Spattered with haphazard pink;
But the fairway's arranged with tense little crowds,
(Oh, little ball, please sink!)

I must act poised, and choose the right wood,
(It's hard with a shaky hand)
I'd laugh through my hat if I only could
(Oh, little ball, please land!)

The people bunch up around the green
To eye the path of the ball.
I'd love to blend in and not be seen.
(Oh, little ball, please fall!)

I take out my putter, and ponder the play,
The ball gets off with a hop;
This is the shot that determines the day!
(Oh, little ball, please drop!)

PLOP!

Bill Morton

LOVELY, LOVELY

The green swaying of trees
In a high wind
Is lovely,
Lovely,
The brimming fire of cats'
Eyes in the night
Is lovely,
Lovely,
The cool jewels of dew
In the golden dawn
Is lovely,
Lovely,
And you are the wind and
The night and the dawn,
And lovely,
Lovely.

Kathy Adkins

RENAISSANCE OF WONDER

When sunlight shatters spring and bursts the bonds
Of blackened bark with sap, and blood is rising
In the redness of the vein like fronds
Of fern unfurling through the fields; when greasy
Rivers crack their dirtied water icing
With one monstrous surge of rain-thick creeks,
And tulips thrust their swollen, fisted heads
Above the bee-blown grasses' pungent bed;
The renaissance of wonder wraps the world
With water-jeweled dawns, and showers crowns
Of dappled sun on quickened roots, stone-gnarled:
Although its silver horns blare not in nerve-bound
Ears, they split the silence of the dormant
Heart and thaw the frozen need of love.

Kathy Adkins

WHITE HORSES

In the woods I saw white horses,
Dappled with morning sun,
I walked beside them and loved them
Then at the forks I took one road
And they the other.
The morning sun still there
And wind whispering
Strange sounds
In leafless trees.
I passed closed houses
Where people slept
I saw cars zooming by
In frantic pursuit
Of time.
And suddenly . . .
Here in the middle of earth
An insignificant nobody,
I am holy
I am blessed
For I have loved white horses
And morning sun
And heard wind whispering
In leafless trees.

Terry Calvert

WHO PLAYS WITH FIRE GETS BURNED

Who plays with fire gets burned
twenty thousand people say it that way
Who spits on it is a hero
I said that
and who doesn't want to be a hero
but sometimes the fire's disguised like a pink radiator
or plastic seats on a convertible in summer
or tomato soup
or pretty colored Christmas tree lights
and how you gonna know where fire's hidden

Terry Calvert

OFFER VISION'S SCORCHED-RED SKY TO THE BLIND.

Offer Vision's scorched-red sky to the blind.
Give Wisdom to a tomb-blackened mind.
Go somehow into a world of sounds unheard
To ingratiate dwellers there with Euterp's word.
Tactfully, tell the unpossessed of limb
To gather wood flowers that suffocatingly surround him.

Yet Vision's Discarded shall never seem
To be given less the justice I deem.
Always offered a morning's placid peace to partake,
Only to cry through a shadowed dust of daybreak.

A mind knowing not and being not hurt,
Is dead no less, without a cover of dirt.
On go many, robed deceptively in false covers,
Yet one mind may be worth these many dead-living others.

Never embellished in Music's impassioned sphere,
So free from frenzy is the impervious ear.
How torturous to tempt the lost of talent
With abilities not possessed and never to be spent.

Those lost of limb need no reason for fault;
To the remaining whole, leave lessons to be taught,
"While living with my grief, I have no need to move;
Entire are you, with no pardon not to prove."

Pat Jackson

IT IS TOO SIMPLE

It is too simple and too wrong to say,
My friend has died,
And shall be buried on the morrow.
There will be many coming days
Dismal and empty with sorrow.
Yet
They shall pass
And be unmeaningly forgotten.

My friend has died.

Pat Jackson

THERE IS A CERTAIN SADNESS IN THE POET

There is a certain sadness in the poet,
A certain deep felt anguish in the lover
That lends each understanding of the other
And sometimes, even, power to bestow it
Upon those who know no love or rhyme.
This is responsibility, to know
The meaning of the minor signs that show
That pain has come to visit for a time
And there is need of strength and hope and solace
The lover then must soothe, the poet, speak
And give of what he has to help the weak
With understanding care and without malice.
Thus duty rides along with comprehension
And pride must fly away with condescension.

Judy Rogers

IF POET, OR IF LOVER, IS A REBEL

If poet, or if lover, is a rebel,
Then duty may become a heavy thing.
Those for whom the poet would not sing
And whom to love, the lover is not able
To exist. Great multitudes of them
There are, who offer nothing to appeal
To hearts whose preference is to reveal
Themselves in understanding only when
They find the kindred spirit. But the choice
Is ready-made. The duty clearly lies
Within the gifts they oh-so-highly prize
To feel with all who suffer or rejoice.
There's no escape, attempt it as they may.
Duty will catch up with them one day.

Judy Rogers

FOR RICHARD

(Who read his poetry to a bush on Ogden Campus last March)

When, far from the peak of its established arc,
A vibrant thing dies young,
We left living in this roulette of chaos
Mumble apologetics at our own gentle plateaus,
Our towering securities, leafy and warm,
And wonder,
That we should so passively inherit
The brightest of all glittering things—
A youth's legacy.

Not alone in memory,
But in the many things he loved,
He lives with each of us who knew him,
And his image is easy, as it will always be,
To mentally conjure and smile upon.
But unlike other boys and birds,
Richard has left Man's only gift,
The sparkling stuff which forms a life—
A youth's legacy.

Our gift has been large; we cannot repay,
Except to love our moments and the things of the day,
And to search each soul for the uniqueness there,
While marvelling quietly at the immensities
Of small and tiny bits and pieces
Which need not, but will be, the parts of a whole.
And of this total gift, most will know but one page—
His favorite and most precious page,
Which holds his beauty, his talent, his art—
A youth's living legacy, the eternal part.

Leo Daugherty

IN MEMORY OF VERNON EDDINGS

I saw youth today, Old Man,
Life had made upon him its mark;
Perhaps but one glimpse
To ease my mind
And give my soul a lift,
Or to make heavy and bog down,
Knowing the total eclipse of the unfortunate.

His brow was fine (for he was young)
His eyes were bright,
And in the gleam of light
I saw you, Old Man,
The tragedy of us all.

The pine stands tall
And knows the winds,
But cannot leave its spot.
If mountains have a virtue
It's surely patience:
To stand and watch the fowls
Is not all pleasure—
And time flies too.

Teach me; leave with me
A lesson.
Life is but a vapor
For a while to bless one.

This is your epitaph, Old Man:
As a painted picture,
Youth is here to stay
Giving life a lecture.

Chloe Hughes

WE ALL LOVE

We all love
life, and God,
and our dog,
'cause that's
God spelled backwards.

We are for
dew, and apple blossoms,
and roommates that
call us priss,
and have fits,
and other things; but
we don't care.
that's why we
cry at night
and hate lights out
and darkness.

—Nancy Curl

NO ATMAN WILL WE FIND

When we love
with that complete
giving
and
taking
and no thinking
of the
giving
and taking
We feel true to ourselves.
We are true
occidentals
never questioning,
But if we think
of motivation
maybe
We are orientals:
But no Atman will we find.
For we are lost
in the trying
to become
like those who look.

—Nancy Curl

MY LOVE IS A FACE

My love is a face
with no mirror
into which it can look.

The mirror which
my face would smile into
has long been shattered.

It was broken when the
mirror of my face
became clouded by the fog
and blur of doubt.

Now my mirror can
reflect no more because
the cloud has been absorbed
into my being.

With no mirror to
reflect the face of my love
I secretly know why
my face is a face with
no mirror.

—Nancy Curl

THE MYSTIC

Abashed stood my form in boundless fields.
My voice cried out canonically.
Searching inwardly it had screamed—
Then mute, it hushed.
In aphony my blind eyes watched.
I scraped the sockets of all vision.
My eardrums ached for they erupted.
Punctured by a probing mind.
Nose inhaling without scent—
Tongue without taste—
Feeling nothing—
Reasoning nought—
Senseless—
Nothing
ONE.

Over now can I remember—
Nothing but that ousted order?
Abluent unity of soul with God!
Filled and empty now is over.
Peace, pure, beauty is past.

—John Warren Oakes

THE RIGHT OF A LONELY MAN: A VILLANELLE

I'll live on earth and not in hell,
I'll be there soon enough,
And never a scholar my tale will tell.
And if I choose my soul to sell,
I know forgiveness is not the stuff,
That lives on earth and not in hell.
Always I'm locked in my private cell,
And subjective diets are too rough;
And never a scholar my tale will tell.
When if my life spirals down God's well;
Instead of clemency on the cuff,
I'll live on earth and not in hell.
No mourning eyes in grief will swell,
When this frail soul pulls the last puff,
And never a scholar my tale will tell.
Just that no prayerful rhythms fell,
When sorrow I forsaked in a huff;
I'll live on earth and not in hell,
And never a scholar my tale will tell.

—Frank Kimmel

YOU STAND THERE

You stand there
looking proud,
as if you could laugh and embrace me
and turn me in a circle.
You stand there
looking proud,
your beautiful body glowing
with the relaxed grace of an athlete.
You stand there
looking proud,
your eyes gleaming as those
of one who has discovered a great secret.
You stand there
looking proud:
You laugh
your body glows
your eyes gleam
And I cry.

—Nancy Curl

ON POETRY

For quite sometime a quality in Brubeck's music has attracted my attention. This quality is a rather nebulous thing which somehow seems close to me. Recently I have discovered that it has a great relationship to my most recent obsession in art. The feeling of the music denotes eternity. The music seems to begin in the middle. There are notes before the first notes we hear, and there are notes beyond the last notes we hear—endless notes. This is the feeling I have had about music: that it is an eternal thing always with me, always in existence. Thus, I have attempted to do the same thing with words and ideas. The idea which seemed most appropriate to convey such a feeling is that of moods for moods are always with me. Although, at one time I may feel one way especially about the forms of art and in art, at other times, perhaps a moment later, I will feel the opposite. The vision comes to me of a being, suspended by a line, an endless line in the universe. The moods hover massively above and below like clouds. These words, these images and poetry itself are eternal, perhaps not heard nor seen, but existing. At times their presence becomes clear, almost tangible. At other times they are only slightly within the realm of sensitivity. Sometimes the qualities which compose art, music and poetry can be captured and used. Sometimes they cannot, but they are there. In "Mood Eternal" the words do not simply begin; they are captured, and there are words before the first and words after the last. Perhaps tomorrow more of the "stuff" of which art is made will be captured through an awakened sensitivity.

Carolyn Alston

MOOD ETERNAL

Down, down, swirling
Far more than
Ever moving upward,
Deep and heavy
The force pounding
Within the walls.
Questions, always questions.
No answers come.
The music, as the wind,
Becomes a rescue.
Up, up, far away
A spot a spot suspended . . .
Emptiness all around . . .
Too high the music drives.
Too high these forms
Become to let the soul
Be beaten down
Within the walls.
Oh wind, Oh music,
Oh, fading faces
Let not the soul
Soar so far, so far . . .
Only to plunge and die!
But
The fall will never end.
Endlessly suspended
The spot will soar
On and on
Forever and forever

Carolyn Alston

REALIZATION NO. 1

Oh, that my heart could leap
and burst upon the ground,
That all the blood of love
Enchambered there
Could spill and flow—
Flow to all things.
But clots imprison love,
Clots of fools who say—
Not all things child.
All can be loved,
It can I say!
There is no poet,
There is no artist
Without love.
The clot dissolves—
Love is free!
Love laughs!
Love sees!
Pressure swells,
All that I am is love!
But clots do not dissolve—
Love is locked within until
Expression for all in one I'll give.

Carolyn Alston

LE TIGRE

Sweltering Sunrise

Darkness
dies

Time (?)

Nothing to count
another horizon
to mount

Apollo slowly follows Mars
in his hand
heaven's stars

Nature fears

turns
quakes
vibrating
liquid
Sapphire Lakes

Beast or Phantom

hidden treasure
contact or exit
certain Pleasure.

Sarah Bennett

A CLOUD

What is this I see?

A ship,
or dead man in
a shroud?

Half the sky is laid
with gilt,
that really is
a cloud.

What portraits my eyes
behold!

A fiddler with
a crowd
dancing in a floor
of gold,
that really is
a cloud.

What wonders there are
to find!

It makes my heart
sing loud!

Imagination
unwinds
to change them from
a cloud.

Chloe Hughes

THE SEED OF THE CONQUEROR

Down the street from Sinabahtchi
In the alleys where the beggars gathered
And the dope users lived and died;
Where the snaggletoothed whores
Screamed obscenities and tugged at the sleeves
Of every passing American;
Where the weary, crippled soldiers of Nippon
Huddled upon their dirty straw mats,
And the sickening stench of human refuse
Struck you like the foul breath of Hell,
Here the homeless half-white waifs were left
To die in this rotting Sea of Despair.

They waited at the mouths of alleys
With their dirt crusted faces
And stinking filthy clothes;
With lice in their hair
And rags on their feet;
Smelling of fear and hunger
And the dung of the alleys
On their clothes and hands;
With the rattle of disease in their throats
And bleeding, cracked hands holding
Torn and crinkled cards saying, "I G.I. baby."
Their bellies were swollen from starvation;
Their lips and tongues were scabbed and cracked;
Their hoarse voices croaking, "Hey Joe, I G.I."

Thus stood the deserted spawn
Of the cringing conqueror
Who lacked the barbaric courage
To ravish the women in the streets
And drag them home as slaves,
Slaves to be fed and cared for;
Yet, who also lacked the Virtue
To practice the Chastity and Charity
So boldly emblazoned upon the shield
Behind which he cringed.

THE SEED OF THE CONQUEROR, (Continued)

Thus stood the helpless Infants
Cursed and kicked by one race,
Scorned and ignored by the other.
Their five-year-old bodies
Bearing the lashes for two worlds;
Cruelly torn and cast off by both
To starve and die, alone,
In the filthy freezing alleys
Where men fought and killed
For scraps of discarded food,
Perhaps retrieved from a Night-urn.
To these helpless frightened babies,
Numb from cold, hunger, and disease,
Perhaps the sword would have been
An instrument of mercy.

Now on that final morn,
When the drums of Judgment roll
And the grisly graves swing open
And the Seas spew-up the dead
To stand before the mighty throne,
Upon whose souls shall stand
The Bastard Waifs of Sinabahtchi?

Alex Gayle

LOST FROM ENTIRETY

Let me be lost from your Entirety
So I may find my way.
Hide me from the ghost of Uncertainty
For I tire of your pragmatic play.
Not to be chastised by Doubt,
But to let intellect be pardoned out.

Pat Jackson

WINTER WOODLAND

Winter Woodland wan and white,
Nocturne nobles of the night,
Stately stand ye—silent sight,
Robed in raiment pure and bright.
Sternly stare ye—saints of fright
Protruding pale from poorest plight.
Solemn seek ye for what sight,
Moodless multitude of might.
Nocturne nobles of the night,
Winter Woodland wan and white.

Dennis Burchett

NOT FOREVER

Not forever
can dark disarming shadows cover me,
A covering parented by Doubt and Discontent.
God, let dread be unlasting to me.
Let this be but a covering like twilight,
A carpet that embraces the world
With soothing blues and hues of peaceful emerald.
A brief interlude between
The Real and the Intangible,
The promise and fervor seen in light,
And the finality of refusal unseen in darkness.

Not long ago
A Dweller in early innocence
Entered to believe.
Return this faith,
Let it not with age depart.

Sweep this Darkness from me
As the wind blowing over the face
Of every blade of grass.
Let me enter to believe.

Pat Jackson

TIME QUARRELS WITH ME

Time quarrels with me.
So short our existence
Yet much more to see.
I give my endurance;
But Time commands his decree
And I'm held by the sentence.

Here when I have died
Time's children will be.
Taking moments in the breeze to glide,
Is his son the tree.
Taking hours to ebb the tide,
Is his eldest the sea.

Spring to time will come again.
My youth will pass at a quickened pace.
When will spring for me once more begin,
Will I receive God's grace?
Above all, my belief cannot be in vain,
Life cannot be filled merely with Time's space.

Time may outlast all things;
He may rule the mightiest.
Though he is blessed with returning springs,
He shall never rule the highest.
Never conquered is the soul of man,
For the soul is a gift in God's great plan.

Pat Jackson

THIS IS MY BELIEF

Far beyond the first sin,
And the poor mind of men,
And the wound of woman's relief;
Far from nature's role,
And the sod's deep soul,
Came the **Man**.

Far beyond the wild winds,
And the rainbow's lost ends.
And the realm of Earth's vast wreath;
Far from the new birth
And the Morning's bright mirth
Came the **breath**.

Far beyond the dark sky,
And the river's soft sigh,
And the tear of life's thirsty thief;
Far from dust and sand,
And the wells of the land,
Came the **water**.

Far beyond the wide fields,
And the fruits of the hills,
And the seed, the bloom, and the leaf;
Far from harvest's hand,
And the mouth of man,
Came the **bread**.

Far beyond ocean depths,
And mountain's high steps,
And all we know—that's so brief;
Far from starry skies
And Universe ties
Came the **world**.

Dennis Burchett

I guess it all started when the President made that speech about how we all ought to understand why it was that the U.S. had to resume nuclear testing. We were all sitting around chewing the fat when this T.V. announcer boomed out from the other room with "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States." Everyone gathered in and the President started all this crap about how the military was so informed about the whole thing and how they said we had to do it. Then I commenced to rave on about how stupid the whole world was. Mother, being one of those all-knowing philosophical type people, said that all college freshmen went through that stage of being the only sensible people in the world. Wondering why anyone could be so darned irrelevant in the face of disaster, I worked myself into such an emotional state that the family finally passed it on as growing pains and ignored me completely. Finally I ignored them and started looking forward to the next day when I would get back to the dorm to the only other person in the world who would really recognize the significance of the situation, my roommate Phyllis.

The next day I rounded up some clothes for a fraternity party that night and hit the road back to school a little earlier than the family had expected or appreciated. All the way back I thought about how excited I had been the previous week about the big party and how the thought of it kind of made me sick. I even considered coming down with some disease like mono or maybe that dreaded female disease that no boy would dare question. Anyway when I reached the dorm I ran up three flights of stairs and burst into the room with a "Hey Phil, have you heard the terrible news about the bomb testing?"

Phil was sitting in her usual position of concentration with her feet lost somewhere in the junk on the desk. She dropped her glasses an inch down her nose and said threateningly, "Are you drunk?"

I guess she might have thought I was by the way I came in, all out of breath and waving my arms about and all. So I said "Oh no, you aren't going to be that way too."

"Of course I've heard about it and I think it's as dumb a thing as I've ever heard of. You want to hear something real jolly? I am going to have to take that wonderful Art 102 course next semester. Ugh."

"Do you realize," I began, slightly irritated, "that even if we don't get blown off the face of the earth, that our children will probably be born with two heads and scales and all kinds of deformities? Well, our grandchildren for sure."

"Ghastly to say the least," she agreed, still figuring her next semester's schedule. "The thought of taking Art 102 kills me. I can't even stand to think about it."

By that time I was beginning to get pretty worked up again so I got on

the kick about how all those guys in the government had lived their lives already and we were the ones who would have to suffer or die or whatever horrible thing was to come of it.

Suddenly becoming interested, Phil said, "You know about all those people in Japan who were exposed to all that radiation and now their children have this crazy liver disease and are sexually weakened. Just think, fifty years from now sex may be extinct and then what will we ever do about reproduction. Of course we will probably be able to do it though it will be just mechanical. But the animals! When it quits being fun they'll quit completely and we'll all have to become vegetarians or else cannibals."

Things went on like that for a couple of hours or so and then calmed down until we got off on Psychology somehow. I told her about my professor lecturing last week on children being able to recognize good art because maybe they remembered God.

To which she yelled, "I don't care what you say, my little sister can't remember anything, most especially God. That brat. Gugg!"

We finally agreed that all kids were brats and rambled on some about the bomb until finally my date arrived, late as usual.

Walking down the steps I thought about Phil and how she really liked her little sister, and worried about the A bomb. You'd never know if you didn't know her well. And suddenly I felt good all over because I did.

In the lobby I saw my date coming toward me with a big grin on his face like he had inherited a million dollars. "Hi," he said, with the big grin still on his face. "Are you ready to have a swinging blast tonight?"

"Yes," I said in a discouraging tone so maybe he would at least quit grinning. "I can tell that you are ready", I said, thinking about how he would probably get plastered on me.

On the way out he kept talking about the party and how great it was supposed to be. I wasn't saying anything and he didn't seem to notice, but I decided to explain so he wouldn't think I was just mad or something. "I really don't feel much like going to a party, Les" I said. "This thing about the U. S. resuming nuclear testing has me all shook. I can't quit thinking about it."

"Oh Lynn, you're always getting on some wild kick or another. Forget it and let's have a good time tonight. Oh yes," he continued, "we may have to leave before the party is over. I have to close the store at eleven." He said it sort of apologetically, so I tried to act disappointed.

Then we picked up some friends of Les's whom I had not met before. I don't remember their names but the girl kept calling my date Lester to which he kept insisting that his name was Les. They all participated in a steady stream of laughter and small talk until I suddenly changed the subject. I turned to the girl and asked "How do you feel about this nuclear testing deal?"

"Which side are you on?" she asked, and with a giggle, "Then I'm

against it too." (As though the war between the sexes was the real issue at hand.) She explained then that she had never thought too much about it before and from all indications I don't think she had any intentions of doing so at any time.

Her date entered the conversation with a very intelligent sounding argument for the opposition. Things went along pretty interestingly until Les said "Well, I'm not worried about it. I have my bomb shelter with a built-in bar." Everyone laughed and I kept wondering if they really did have a bar in his dad's bomb shelter. I mean, it just slayed me thinking about all his family sitting in there having cocktails and outside the whole world being blown to bits.

When we reached the party it was in full swing with a whole mob of people standing around in little groups the way they do at parties, the largest being around the beer keg. I lost my date somewhere in the mob so I made a round of all the groups where I knew somebody and socialized a little. After I had heard all the latest gossip and jokes, I sat down on the refreshment table with a big bowl of pretzels and wondered why nobody wanted to talk about nuclear testing. The refreshment table is an ideal place to sit at a party. Everyone gets around to pretzels after a while and then you sell them to people you know or even people you don't know (all depending on how brave you are) and put the money in the slot machine. Finally I got tired of that, so I found a vacant chair and decided to go to sleep. Now if you've ever tried to go to sleep at a party you'll realize the ridiculousness of it. With all that noise and people running over you and stuff it's a near impossible undertaking. Anyway I kicked off my shoes and pretended. I kept hearing people laughing and talking about my being passed out when someone tapped me on the shoulder. I raised up and some girl with a thick tongue said "Hey honey, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you. How are you?" I answered with perfect diction. The girl mumbled something unintelligible and walked off. I began to think about the testing and my reasons for being against it. It wasn't that I was losing faith in my purpose but I was beginning to think that my reasons were a little wobbly. So, what if those people I had talked to were right? And who was I to say they weren't. Maybe it wasn't my problem to worry about my grandchildren being deformed since like they said, beauty is only in the eye of the beholder. Maybe the governments were too smart to let the situation get out of hand, and maybe being free was more important than living. But personally I'd like to see Patrick Henry and all those guys who are always raving that crap in a tight pinch.

My date came around after a while and everybody gathered in to see a skit the boys gave about Tarzan and some natives and white hunters. Everyone seemed to think it was monstrously funny but being in such a disheartened frame of mind I mumbled something about racial discrimination and ignored the whole thing.

On the way home the girl kept talking about what a wonderful party it had been and how she hated that we had to leave early. I kept wondering if we had been at the same party but I decided to be nice and keep my mouth shut.

When I got back to the dorm I told my roommate about the party and she was sympathetic. We talked about the testing some more and our wobbly reasons. We decided that you had to have a reason that wasn't so controversial, something that would stand up in your mind when the opposition came. She invited me to spend the next weekend at her house and we went to bed.

The next week was one of those uneventful weeks that you don't remember much about. That weekend we packed our bags and headed for Phil's house thinking about all that delicious home cooking. The snow had begun to fall, just a few flakes at first and then harder until we began to worry about making it to her house before the roads got too slick for travel. The news came on the radio and the man said for teachers and parents to inform their children not to play in the snow or eat any of it. The snow was supposed to contain radioactivity from a bomb that was tested by the Russians the week before and that although the effects of the snow would not be fatal it was a good thing to stay out of it.

"Oh well," Phil sighed, "I guess there goes a lot of fun sleigh riding and stuff. We'll probably have a lot of trouble with my little sister about it. She's the stubbornest kid I've ever seen in my life."

We kind of sat there for a while thinking about how nice it is in the country and the snow and things until finally we reached Phil's house. The family was overjoyed to see us and her little sister was sweet but every bit as much of a brat as Phil had said she was. We had one of those huge country dinners and went to bed so full that we were almost sick.

The next morning I suggested that we hike over to a cave that Phil had told me about. Her mother had gone to get us some boots and things together when Phil's little sister informed us that she was going with us. They argued about it for awhile and finally it was agreed that she could go. I guess it was just so she would shut up about it. Then Phil said "Beth, if you go you have to promise not to play in the snow," and then they started yelling at each other.

"You've got about as much tact as a mule," I said to Phil. "Let me explain to her." I turned to her little sister and said, "Now look, Beth, you know about the bombs don't you?" She said yes and then I said, "Well, the Russians dropped this big bomb the other day and some of that poison stuff from it is in the snow. If you play in it or eat it you might get poisoned on this stuff and get sick or get scales on your face or just any kind of horrible thing."

The little girl looked at me with serious brown eyes and then said slowly, "I'm going to play in the snow and eat it and roll in it and everything just like I always did 'cause when it gets so you can't play in the snow or anything then I don't want to live."

I looked at Phil and our eyes met and suddenly we both knew. It was a simple answer that had been there in the back of our minds all along.

As we walked to the cave the sun came out and shot it's deceitful rays down on us. The earth took on a kind of sad somber look. But we weren't somber. We just laughed and kicked on through the dry snow, the way we always had.

Terry Calvert

Creda stared at the muddy water. The big ripples from the pebble that she had thrown in were gone, and now the water had a quivering, frightened look. Like she felt when Papa was displeased with her. The water became still and it was time to go. She had promised herself that she would go home when the water stopped moving. She wished that a breeze would come and make it move so that she could stay longer.

Reluctantly, she raised her eyes from the water and stood. Her long dark braids brushed against her slender back as she walked. Her movements were light and graceful as her feet moved quickly through the short grass. Short grass and tall trees. This was timber country. The wetness of the bottom of her dress made it cling to her legs, and she noticed that it was muddy where she had sat too closely to the edge of the pond. She would have to wash it tonight for it was her only dress. Oh well. It was dirty anyway. Suddenly, she started running. She had seen her mother carrying water from the well. That was Creda's job.

"Mama . . . I was pla . . . playing by the pond." She was out of breath and her words fell in between her gasps for air. "I didn't know it was time for supper already."

"That's all right. I've already watered the chickens. Water the pig and fill the wash bowl for the men." With shoulders slumped and a slight shuffle in her step, Creda's mother walked to the house. She looked older than her 43 years. Saddened by her mother's appearance, Creda could not bear to watch her and turned quickly to her work. Although she was only 12, she already knew that she could not take away many of the burdens that her mother carried. She could not again make her heart light and gay. That time was past and could not ever be reclaimed or replaced. Quickly she did her chores and went in to help her mother with supper. Creda moved beside her mother in complete harmony, though they were opposite in every way. Tall and willowy with dark skin, Creda contrasted her mother, who was short and stocky and had a complexion that had once been soft and fair.

There was the sound of a voice in the distance and Creda, reacting to it as she would have to an electric shock, bolted from the house. Running swiftly over her well-worn path, she reached her Papa's side. He finished singing his song before speaking.

"You get here faster every day. Tomorrow, I'll start singing before I leave the camp so you can carry my ax for me."

Coquettishly, Creda looked at her papa from the corner of her eyes. "Oh Papa, you're teasing me again. You know that you have forbidden me to come near the logging camp."

"Yes, and you know why, my little one," and he hugged her close to him for a second. "You needn't strain your eyes looking for the boys. They'll be along directly."

"Mama has baked fresh bread. Can you smell it?"

"And I'm hungry already. You'd better scoot along in and help her prepare my feast. Ah! I see the boys now. They'll be here by the time supper is ready."

Creda knew that it was all a game. There was no feast. In fact, they barely had enough to eat. But she didn't care. She loved her Papa. She would go hungry for him if she had to. He made the sun shine for her in all the wonderful stories that he told. They were not true stories, but that was also a part of their game. Every once-in-a-while, right in the middle of a whopper of a tale, Papa would wink at her as if they were the only two who knew that it was not true. Of course, Mama, John, and Fred knew, but their faces never changed expressions. They were all in on the game. They were doing it for her. Why? Why did they do it? Did other families act this way? She didn't know. She didn't know the answer to a lot of things.

They sat quietly around the table while Papa gave thanks for the meal. Sometimes Fred or John did this, but Creda liked it better when Papa said it. She watched them as they ate. Instinctively, she wanted to reach out and touch Papa. To have him smile at her. To have him reassure her with the warmth of his brown eyes, that he loved her. That she belonged to him. "I'm being selfish," she told herself, but it was more than that. She felt different. Sometimes, when they were just sitting around and no one was talking, she thought that she was on the outside. Just looking in as an observer, and she wanted to run to the middle of the room to be surrounded on all sides by her family so that she would not be left out. Her eyes came back to Papa. His big blond head was slightly bent over his plate as he ate. His hair had a tendency to curl, but it succeeded only in making it unruly and unmanageable. His hands were red from being exposed to the weather and rough and calloused from the handle of his ax.

Mama saw her staring.

"Creda, eat your bread and beans or you'll get as skinny as the pig."

"Then we'll have to put you out in the pen with ol' bone botton," Fred said.

Creda wrinkled up her nose and poked her fork at Fred as they all laughed.

"Maybe you could even learn to root with that little nose of yours. But I doubt it."

Papa cautioned him with a glance. There was a heavy silence in the room. Only the sound of the cricket's peaceful chirping could be heard. With his eyes fixed on his plate, Fred said, "I'm sorry if I hurt you Creda. I was only teasing . . ."

"Oh, I know you were, Fred." She started to ask him why he had apologized, but a look at Papa's face stopped her. Sometimes Papa joined in on the teasing, but those times were becoming less frequent. Now, he would even stop the boys from saying things to her. He always stood as

a giant shield protecting her from the rest of the world. Why did he protect her so?

Creda ate but she could not get rid of the questions that haunted her. "I won't think anymore." After supper, she washed the dishes and then her dress. Mama rested and talked with the men awhile before going to bed. Creda could not hear what they were saying, though usually Papa made a special effort to talk loudly enough for her to hear. They went to bed early, for the workday started with the rising of the sun.

Creda awoke early, feeling a great happiness within her as if a fairy had tip-toed in while she had slept and had made her some secret promise. She lay still so as not to break the spell and change the mood. The sun had just reached her window and its light softened the harshness of the room, making it bright and cheery. She dressed quickly so that she could help Mama with breakfast and then perhaps she could walk with Papa part of the way to the camp. She hummed a little tune to herself as she went into the kitchen.

Mama already had almost everything done, but Creda poured Papa's coffee and set the table. John wanted coffee but Fred had little to say one way or the other. She set the pot down for him to pour his own.

Creda leaned over and quickly kissed Papa on the cheek as he sat down.

"Well, what was that for so early in the morning."

"Because it's a happy day and so you'll let me walk with you to work."

"You drive a hard bargain for such a little girl."

They walked hand in hand through the dew-covered grass. The boys had gone on ahead. Creda felt perfectly safe and happy with her small hand held securely in Papa's big one.

"Papa, I woke up this morning and I knew that this was going to be a special day. You know how I knew? One of your fairies told me, so now I know fairies are real."

"Of course fairies are real, if you believe in them. And this is as far as you go. Run along home now and help your Mama."

Creda stopped once to wave at her Papa as he looked back and then she ran all the rest of the way home without stopping. This was washday and Mama already had the water heating on the stove. Working together mostly in silence, they had the clothes on the line by noon.

While they were relaxing in the yard under a tree, Mr. Hanley brought the mail. Opening the mail was a special occasion, as they rarely ever got any. There was one package and that was all. Mama looked at it a few minutes and then handed it to Creda.

"This is for you."

Creda took the package and held it lightly, unable to believe that it was really for her.

"Go on and open it."

Very carefully Creda unwrapped the package. There was a box inside. Hesitantly, she removed the top. There was a doll. A beautiful rag doll with red braids and a blue checked dress.

Mama was explaining, ". . . and when I saw this advertisement, I decided to get it for you. Do you like it?"

Creda was too happy to answer. She hugged her Mama with one arm while holding the doll with the other. "The fairies told me this was going to be a wonderful day. Does Papa know? Oh, I must show him. I'm going to prove to him that fairies are real."

And with the little doll hugged tightly to her breast, she ran toward the tall trees and the logging camp before Mama could think to tell her not to go. It was lunch time and the men would not be working. Perhaps there wasn't too much danger in her going. Mama smiled. That was Creda's first bought doll. It was bigger than she thought it would be.

Creda stopped running. Although she had never been to the camp, she knew about where it was. Anyway, there was a path. "I'd better catch my breath or I won't be able to tell Papa about my doll and the fairies. I hope he won't be angry. It's too wonderful. I don't have a name for my doll. Maybe Papa will name her for me." She was so engrossed in her thoughts that she reached the camp before she realized it. There was just a big clearing and the men were sitting around eating their sandwiches and talking. She didn't see Papa. She stepped into the edge of the trees so she could look for him without being seen. Just for a second she was afraid. Papa had told her so sternly not to come here, but she put it from her mind and walked farther into the trees. Perhaps Papa was with John and Fred on the other side. She thought she heard a familiar voice. Cautiously, she moved toward the sound. She had to be sure it was Papa. She could hear talking. Was it Fred's voice?

"Papa, I think you ought to tell her. I believe that she has a right to know."

"I agree with Fred. Creda's pretty smart, Papa. What if she should ask you who it is in the family that she looks like. She's bound to wonder. If not now then a little later on and you'll have to make up some fictitious aunt or somebody because you can't tell her then, after she's noticed the difference, that you just happened to find her and she's not really your daughter . . ."

"She is my daughter." Papa yelled. The blood veins at his temples looked purple against the redness of his face. "And I don't want to hear any word from either of you that she's not. Do you understand that. And she's not going to be told anything. Nothing at all." Papa deliberately took his ax and walked calmly back to work with shoulders stiff and erect trying to control the fear he had felt at John's words.

Dumbly, Creda stood paralyzed while alternating waves of thought and nothingness kept coming and going and coming again. But no words or

familiar expressions could find root in her tormented brain. She had suddenly been thrust from one world into another. Sounds of work reached her ears and she automatically moved away from them. There was no thought that Papa had taught her the danger. She simply moved. She walked without seeing. Briars pulled at her legs, but she felt no pain. Her knees refused to support her any longer and she collapsed on the ground in one little tattered heap like an old out-grown dress which had been thrown into the corner and forgotten. No shape, just a form. From her lips came no utter of a scream, she showed no outward violence against the God who had willed her to know the truth. There was only one angonizing sob and then, silence. Only the convulsing of her shoulders showed that she was crying. Finally, mentally and physically exhausted, she slept.

Feeling the cold and dampness from the ground, Creda awoke suddenly. Her first conscious thought since she had heard those horrifying words, "she's not really your daughter," was "I have no Papa." Frantically she looked around her. She saw her little doll and desperately clutched it to her as if some monster would take it from her. She got up and walked in order to warm herself. For need of some understanding, she talked to her doll. "We're alike. You have no name and I have no name. You came out of no where and I did too. But I love you. I'll keep you from harm and protect you. You won't have to be alone because I'll keep you with me always", she stopped. "Does Papa feel the same way about me?" But the question needed no answers, for the answers were in the stories that Papa told her, in his eyes when he looked at her in his dogged protection of her. She realized the heartache that Papa would feel if he knew even a portion of the terror that she had felt. "He must never know. I must protect him just as he has protected me. Maybe someday when he is old . . . No, not even then must he know."

FRANNY AND ZOOEY by J. D. Salinger

A Review by Judy Rogers

Franny and Zooey confirms J. D. Salinger's reputation as a master of contemporary prose form and particularly as a master of dialogue and characterization. All of his characters appear as living, believable people who deserve both the reader's understanding and his sympathy. One can almost hear their speech.

But if Salinger has achieved something very fine in dialogue and characterization, it is unfortunate that he has very nearly failed with plot. **Franny**, which is the shorter piece, and which seems to make no particular claim to plot or movement, comes off very well. But in **Zooey**, Salinger has tried something more and this "something more" appears to be both a presentation of his own philosophy of life and a solution to Franny's problem—an emotional breakdown caused by a peculiar form of religious fanaticism, and Salinger unfortunately does not do either very well. Franny's solution comes in one great moment of enlightenment—a single, significant insight presented to her by Zooey, which will enable her to have a completely different attitude toward life and to be able to bear its frustrations with a maximum of equanimity. It would be perfectly lovely if one's problems could be solved this way—but it just isn't true—particularly for someone like Franny. And I don't think even Salinger believes in it—it just doesn't ring true, it doesn't come out with conviction.

Salinger truly does have a wonderful way of writing but in his unprolific offerings to date he really hasn't said anything to this reviewer. With his tremendous talent, I can still hope that he will.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD by Harper Lee

A Review by Christene C. Bryant

The setting for Harper Lee's **To Kill a Mockingbird** is Maycomb, Alabama in the depression years of the thirties. The major characters are lawyer-father, Athens (Atticus) Finch; his two children, Scout and Jem; and his sister, Alexandria, whom Scout pictures as "analogous to Mt. Everest—cold and there."

Scout Finch, the narrator, is in her adult years looking back on events of her childhood. But the reader soon discovers that this book is more than merely a child's story. It is first of all a story of the South built around a racial conflict that had its beginning there. The theme is a plain but tactfully revealed plea for interracial understanding. The candid view of eight-year-old Scout Finch gives a rather unattractive picture of the justice (or injustice) that man will deal out to man, depending on his color. The reader can compare the interracial situation at the time of the novel with the same situation today. This comparison gives a clue to the progress, if any, made by the ideas represented by Atticus Finch.

The action of the story is focused on the trial of Tom Robinson, a Negro,

accused of raping the daughter of Bob Ewell, a white man. Atticus Finch ignores the ridicule and criticism of his "lawing for niggers" and attempts to defend the young Negro, who is falsely accused. The trial and conviction of Robinson is the dramatic climax of the story.

Mr. Underwood, Maycomb's editor, compares Robinson's later death to the senseless killing of songbirds by hunters and children." When the book ends, Scout is still only eight years old, but she has no trouble understanding that it is a sin to kill a mockingbird.

The book is written in the language of the South. There is a version of it to fit each character, whether he is young or old, white or black, learned or unlearned. Anyone whose background is even remotely connected with this language will find that he cannot read this book without becoming wrapped in nostalgia.

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT by John Steinbeck

A Review by Inez Beville

Ethan Allen Hawley, the main character of **The Winter of Our Discontent**, is from a well-bred, New England family whose ancestry can be traced back to the American Revolution, and it has always been rumored around New Baytown, Long Island that his mother's family came over on the **Mayflower**. Before the story opens, Ethan's father had lost the family fortune. Ethan had been in a war, married a charming woman who wants prestige, and fathered two children who want everything their teen-age friends have. But Ethan had had a business failure, and as the novel opens he is a clerk in a Sicilian grocery on a block the Hawleys used to own.

The main action is brought about by Ethan's trying to recapture his fortune. There are four men who influence his decisions. Baker, the local banker who was a friend of Ethan's father, almost seems embarrassed by Ethan's poverty and offers to let Ethan in on an unethical business transaction. Morphy, the careless bank-teller, tempts Ethan to rob the bank. The owner of the grocery, Marullo, entered the United States illegally, and tells Ethan that "where money is concerned, the ordinary rules of conduct take a holiday. It doesn't matter how you get it just as long as you get it and use it to make more." Danny Taylor, Ethan's lifelong friend, has become the town drunk. He also owns the only suitable land for an airport. In order to get this land, Ethan betrays his friendship and brings about a situation which leads to Danny's death.

Ethan is aware of the moral laxity in his contemporaries' attitudes toward success. But he adopts these attitudes and plans to keep them only until he has security. He plans to abolish all the rules until he has what he needs; then he plans to "reassume his virtue as easily as changing his shirt." The major conflict of the novel is internal. It is between man and his conscience, and points to the novel's theme: that man's personal integrity is endangered by the lack of integrity in our society, and that society, measuring man's success by his material possessions, oftentimes pressures him into dishonesty.

Steinbeck has defined many problems people encounter, especially that of dishonesty, but he does not intend to solve these problems. He simply recognizes them and presents them to the public. The problems are broad ones, and for Steinbeck to make it appear that the characters in his novel could solve them, the book would have been less believable. Perhaps by causing his readers to think about the problems, he has done much toward solving them.

THE CHILD BUYER by John Hersey

A Review by by Esther Etterman

Are contemporary theories toward education and patriotism improving our society? Or are we making false progress that is bringing us nearer Aldous Huxley's **Brave New World**? John Hersey must have meditated these questions when writing his recent novel, **The Child Buyer**. This work of fiction employs satire and caustic wit to expose prevalent weaknesses of our society.

The Child Buyer is written in the form of question and answer transcripts from hearings before the Standing Committee on Education, Welfare and Public Morality of a certain state senate. The hearings have been called to investigate the conspiracy of a Mr. Wissey Jones, with others, to purchase a male child.

The plot opens with Mr. Jones, Vice-President of United Lymphomiloid, rolling into the Township of Pequot on his collapsible motorcycle. Mr. Jones has been assigned to buy a young child of extreme mental ability for a secret, fifty-year, government project. Through shrewd query of school officials, Mr. Jones learns that Barry Rudd—a ten year old, white, male child from the slum section of Pequot—has the qualifications he wishes to purchase. Barry Rudd is a genius in a school system that does not believe in "singling out . . . the extremely gifted child" or removing him "from the common learning situation," a school system in which anyone differing from the "norm" is considered a "deviate" and treated as a "delinquent."

Mr. Jones, who finds that he must negotiate with "everyone who has the slightest hold on the child," is well aware of the susceptibility of today's television-conditioned audience to "payola"; so he operates on a "bargain myth" by offering money and merchandise that is inappropriate to the needs of the receiver.

However, one by one the interested parties are persuaded that Barry should be sold "for the sake of his country" and "for educational opportunities" he will receive. Realizing the corruptness of the members of the state senate and of the school officials who are forcing him into a bizarre future as a specimen for science, Barry offers a decision that becomes an interesting climax for an unusual story.

In **The Child Buyer**, Pulitzer Prize winner John Hersey has concentrated his satire on what he considers to be the fallacies of our progressive educational theories and the inconsistencies of our book-burning legislators. I shudder to think that **The Child Buyer** might very well be a preview of the future.

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