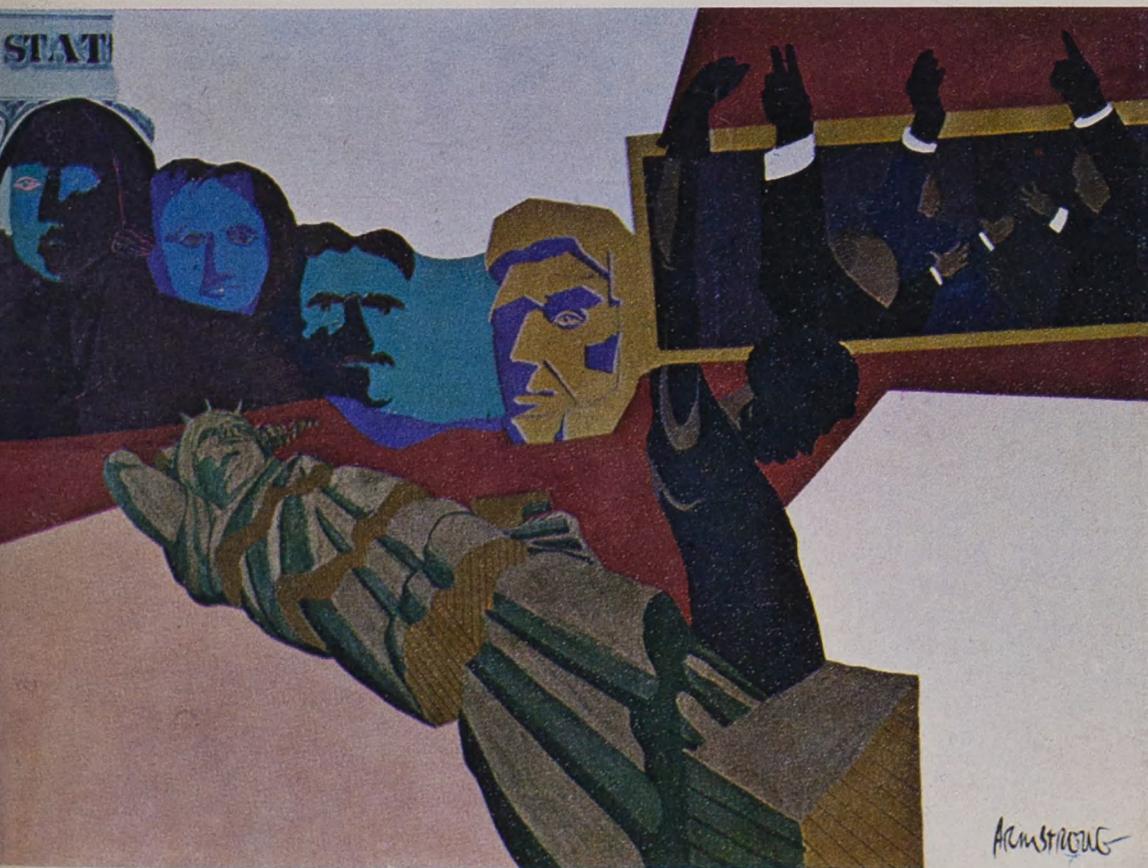


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Friend of the Dead

by ALLEN TOFTELY

Twenty-one years had passed since Freddy Chamsault accepted employment in the insurance adjusting offices of Martin and Hobartsen. He'd accepted the position of clerk in the Traffic Claims Division with the understanding, perhaps the illusion, he would one day be advanced to Division Chief or, at least, Claims Supervisor. But Chamsault never received any of the expected advancements. In truth he was never promoted at all. He'd received recognition only twice. Once, during the mid-point of his career, the Chief had given him a desk plaque which advertised, to anyone interested, the man behind the desk was Chamsault, Fred H. More recently, Supervisor Hajeck had thrown his twenty-year pin on his desk after making a sarcastic remark concerning Chamsault's dedication to labor. The remark embarrassed Freddy for he actually was dedicated to his job and the only reason he appeared not to be was due to his poor health.

A shaft of sunlight suddenly cut through the window onto his desk as Freddy tilted back in his chair. He removed his glasses and closed his eyes for a moment. We live in a world, he thought, without care, a world of indifference and apathy. A place where not even the doctors were concerned with the plight of their fellow man. They study you, the body, without caring about the soul, without attempting to put the fears of the spirit at rest. Memories came back to him, the overstuffed chairs and the stacks of magazines in the waiting rooms where, even as a child, he'd waited with his mother, waited for the doctor to see him and make him well. But he knew the ordeal too well now, he knew how difficult it was merely to convince the doctors he was sick. He knew how sar-

castic they could be, and he'd long since realized a cure was more than you could hope for, an easement of pain was, often, the best they could do.

A sharp pain cut through the fingers of his right hand, and Freddy remembered he hadn't taken his medicine for several hours. He believed the pain in his hand was due to arthritis, and he knew how serious that was. All one could hope for was relief, and Freddy had learned, from a lady on the bus, of a new medicine which produced almost miraculous results. He opened the desk drawer, his medicine chest, and selected a small green plastic container. He set the bottle on his desk in a manner which he thought might cause Velma to notice. Velma turned and smiled from behind her desk across the aisle.

"New medicine, Freddy?"

"Yes, and I'm keeping my fingers crossed it'll work."

Bennollini, the auditor whose desk was next to Velma's, slammed the palm of his hand on the desk top and began to laugh. Several people throughout the office raised their heads from their work and gazed down the aisle.

"The only thing that will work for you," Bennollini said, "would be to cut off your head."

The remark brought shouts of laughter from various co-workers in the office. Freddy dropped his gaze to the container and pretended to read the directions for dosage. After the laughter subsided, he picked up the container and held it in his hand. The name of the drug was NARIZ and Freddy felt comforted by its name. He pulled the plastic lid from the bottle and tipped four capsules out into the palm of his hand. He took them one at a time, swallowing each one with a great deal of facial movement.

"How can you do that," Velma asked, "without water?"

"When you've had to take as many pills as I have, you learn to get along without water."

Velma's eyes softened and Chamsault felt comforted. Velma was the greatest person in the office, he thought, the only one who really knew what people were. He put the pills back into his desk drawer and began to open the morning mail. The mail consisted of letters pertaining to injuries or deaths incurred in traffic accidents and Freddy enjoyed reading them. The best letter was from Miss Tessie Rune of 845 12th St., who had suffered a broken back in a collision with a laundry truck. Freddy glanced through the sentences explaining the accident until he came to the paragraph that described the pain endured and the financial loss incurred since the accident. He liked to read this kind of information, and dream of the kind of settlements he would give to those unfortunates who had suffered needlessly. He would be just, and his only reward would be a stray tear, perhaps, or merely the look of wonderment on those unfortunate faces that had finally met an honest man. He wouldn't be anything like Hajeck who used these very same letters to corner and destroy his prey.

He read the pain endured part of Miss Rune's letter and was about to study the loss incurred when he heard foot steps coming up the aisle. It was Hajeck, and Freddy immediately set the letter aside, because it was company policy that no one other than Hajeck or the Chief was allowed to read the letters. Hajeck stopped in front of Bennollini and mumbled something, then returned to his desk. Chamsault was tempted to return to the Rune letter. He decided

not to risk it however, and he began to stamp the letters RECEIVED, filling in his name and the date in the space provided.

It was not until he'd filed the letters that he noticed it was time for the coffee break. Chamsault hurried down the aisle and into the lobby where he bought a cup of black coffee and the morning newspaper. Returning to his desk, he leafed through the paper to the obituary columns. He read the funeral announcements from the various funeral homes, as he sipped from his cup. THE PARLOR OF LIGHT had nothing of importance since all the funerals were to be held in churches, and Chamsault disliked traveling to them since many were out of the city and difficult to get to by bus. THE GATEWAY HOME had several funerals slated for that afternoon, but Freddy didn't recognize any of the names and so rejected them. Finally, he read the announcements from THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY. One name caught his eye, WITHERMOTE, J. J., and his heart began to beat wildly. Withermote, that was it, the pharmacist who had operated the small drugstore on the corner of Madson and 54th. Chamsault remembered a small man with pure white hair, and deep set eyes. He remembered that Withermote had been wounded in World War I, and later lost his leg in an aircraft accident. This was the kind of tragedy that never failed to interest Freddy; this was the kind of narrative he liked to read and think about.

Freddy rose from his desk and walked down the aisle to Hajeck's desk. He stood off to one side of it and waited for Hajeck to finish talking to a client over the telephone. After several minutes, Hajeck hung up and turned to Chamsault. Freddy knew the only way to handle Hajeck was to speak first and lead the conversation. He moved, half jumped, in front of the desk and forced the excitement to fade from his face.

"Do you remember," he said, "Withermote, that little pharmacist who ran the drugstore on the corner of Madson and 54th?"

"No," Hajeck said, "I've never lived downtown and I never knew anyone who had business there."

"J. J. Withermote was a great friend of my father's."

"Never knew 'im."

"Yes, he died last Monday ya know, and his funeral's today."

"That's too bad."

Freddy shifted his weight from his right foot to his left, and lifted his gaze to the ceiling, attempting to appear reflective. He waited in that position for a moment, allowing for the reality of death to produce the full impact.

"I should go, I suppose, his family all came to my father's funeral—I even remember J. J. closed the drugstore for the afternoon so he could make it."

"Christ Freddy, you went to two funerals last week and I don't know how many the week before. The company policy has always been to allow free time to the employees when they had to go to a funeral but this is too much. It's almost like you - -"

The blood rushed up the back of Freddy's neck, and he fought to keep it under control. He would wait him out, he would stand there until Hajeck gave him a flat yes or no. He allowed his gaze to rest on the books which were above and behind Hajeck's head.

"What time," Hajeck asked, "will you have to leave?"

"The services are at one, so I suppose I'll have to travel over my lunch hour to get there."

"And when can I expect you back?"

"Well, the services will be over at least by two, but I don't know when the graveside ceremony will be over, but I'll get back as fast as I can."

"I suppose it would be asking too much for you to miss the graveside and come back after two?"

Freddy refused to answer. He rocked back on his heels and waited for Hajeck to give in. Finally, the supervisor mumbled something and dismissed him with a sideward wave of the arm. Chamsault walked out into the lobby and drank water from the fountain. Hajeck, he thought, was an animal, an ignorant, indifferent animal who did not have the compassion to be friendly towards anyone, not even the dead. Suddenly his own bitterness twisted him, and he felt impulsive enough to have it out with both Hajeck and Bennollini, but he fought the suggestion, forcing it back into his insides where it weakened and died. He left the lobby and returned to his desk.

He began another function of his job, pulling and filing the accounts that hadn't been settled and thus were to be taken to court. His spirits grew as the morning wore on, and he worked more rapidly than usual. After pulling and mailing the files of unsettled claims, he discovered it was a quarter to twelve, allowing him fifteen minutes to kill before lunch. He sat down at his desk and once again folded his newspaper open to the obituary page where he began to read the obituaries. He read several that were almost boring, almost typical enough to cause him to feel indifferent towards the dead. Then, near the bottom of the page in the column called **THE BREAK IN THE CLOUDS**, he found a blurb that caught both his eyes and his heart. **INVALID DIES OF UREMIA AGE 32**. Beneath this blurb was an account of the life of George P. Havenhauer who had been a cripple since the age of five when he was struck by an automobile. The article went on to state that, in spite of his handicap, Havenhauer had entered Woolson school and, because of his cheerful disposition became one of the school's most popular students. Hazel Wenstock, his first grade teacher, remembered George as having a smile that would 'light up the world.' At age fifteen, Havenhauer suffered the loss of his father and his family was forced on welfare. For some time, it was feared George wouldn't be able to continue his education, but help finally arrived through the benevolence of the **LADIES FOR A BETTER CITY LEAGUE** which awarded him a clothes, lunch and school material scholarship of thirty-five dollars a year. After graduating from Harrison High, Havenhauer established himself as one of the foremost landscape painters in the community. Only last year, a Havenhauer painting won the blue ribbon at the state fair and also netted the **HIGHEST PRICE PAID** trophy. Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Tomas bought the painting for fifty-six dollars, but as Mrs. Tomas stated: 'The painting is lovely. I wouldn't sell it for less than two hundred dollars now.'

This was the kind of account Chamsault found pleasure in reading, because he always gained inspiration and hope from reading the story of an unfortunate who had managed to live, perhaps become successful, through the help of others. Suddenly Freddy felt an intense desire to have known Havenhauer, to

have encouraged him in his painting, to have helped him up on the judges' stand to receive his trophy and to somehow have become a part of Havenhauer's life through caring. He glanced up from his desk and realized people were leaving the office for the lunch hour, and he rose from his desk, following them out into the lobby.

Outside the day was warm and bright. Freddy walked at a rapid pace down Gagnohl Avenue, across 5th West, toward the bus stop on the corner of Gagnohl and 6th. He walked in an easy gait, fast enough to stave off arthritis, yet not fast enough to burden his heart. He knew he was approaching that age where malfunctions of the heart were prevalent, and he took all the necessary precautions. When he reached the corner, he realized the bus was pulling across the intersection toward the stop. He pushed his way through the knot of people standing beneath the BUS STOP sign and walked several paces up the street, because he knew the drivers usually stopped a short distance ahead of the crowd.

The bus opened its door directly in front of Freddy, and he hastily climbed aboard. Inside, he walked slowly down the aisle, glancing sideways at the people sitting next to vacant positions. He wanted a companion to talk to, and he'd learned from experience not to choose a seat too hastily. Sometimes he found himself beside people who would totally ignore him, and other times he had the misfortune of sitting next to the most sarcastic people in the world. Near the rear of the bus, he spotted a well-dressed woman, about his age, who was holding a boosters cup for a charity drive. He tipped his hat and slid in beside her. The beginnings were difficult since Chamsault was always torn between methods of starting the conversation. He decided to wait, reasoning the woman would speak to him first, if she was a good woman at all. Suddenly he felt short of breath, and he began to breathe deeply, throwing his shoulders about with emphasis.

"Is there something wrong," the woman asked.

"I think nothing, but I've had shortness of breath and a pain in my chest lately."

"God, it may be your heart or something — you should see a doctor."

Freddy forced his facial muscles to relax, and he attempted to appear pale. He tilted his head forward slightly and dropped his gaze to the floor. He waited for several seconds, knowing it took time to create the right impression.

"I have," he said, "but the doctors can't seem to find anything wrong. I've gone to them, but they don't help, they don't even ease the pain."

The woman reached out and grasped Freddy's hand. She gazed into his eyes and Freddy could tell the woman was truly concerned, so concerned, in fact, she couldn't speak. He felt the warmth of her hand, and a sudden shiver came up his back and swept over his shoulders. He turned his head and allowed his gaze to follow the line of brick store-fronts and apartment houses sweeping by. Suddenly the view abruptly changed, the bus seemed to have stopped and the buildings began spinning past the window. He felt himself being pulled down, as though he were folding into himself and growing smaller like a seed caught in a whirlpool, yet he wasn't frightened. He felt strangely secure, protected by some invincible power that would never allow him to be

harméd. Then the sound of a distant voice broke into his consciousness, and the pressure dropped away allowing him to come back, growing rapidly in size until he was once again in the bus holding the woman's hand.

"Poor dear," the woman was saying, "poor dear."

Chamsault pulled away from the window, and once again gazed into her eyes. He felt rested and very calm for a moment, then he sensed something about to give way between them and a strange apprehension began to grow deep in his abdomen. He realized the warmth of concern in her eyes had flashed away, that she was no longer seeing him as a man in need, but as a stranger. He felt her release his hand, and his heart began to beat wildly, driving his blood into up into his head. He wanted to say something, to grasp her hand and keep her near him, but the words floated about, disjointed in his brain, and her hand slid away from his and was gone.

For several seconds, they sat silently together, and Chamsault felt his resistance crumble and leave him, allowing him only enough strength to resign himself to her departure. Then a bell rang somewhere in the bus, and the woman looked up, recognizing her stop. Chamsault twisted awkwardly on the seat; he felt a desire to do something for this woman who had been so kind. He glanced around the bus, hoping to hide the embarrassment in his eyes, then his gaze accidentally spotted the charity cup she held in her hand. He allowed a smile to grow on his lips as his hand reached into his pocket, and retrieved a quarter. With a great sweeping movement, he swung his arm around and dropped the quarter in the cup. The woman smiled a half-smile that barely turned up the edges of her lips, then leaped up and was out into the aisle before Freddy had a chance to be polite. Near the door, she turned and appeared to study him for a moment, then she walked down the steps, through the door, and was gone.

Freddy was disappointed she'd left, yet happy to have met her. He leaned back in his seat and enjoyed the feeling of happiness tinged with disappointment, and thought that of all the emotions a man was capable of feeling — this one was the best. The sun shined down on the city, and seemed to clean the buildings of their drabness. The signs, the sidewalks, and the street itself appeared brighter and somehow fresher. Chamsault allowed his mind to play with the memory of the woman, re-creating their meeting, the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand. The feeling of quiet happiness flowed across his chest, and he thought about how great it was to live in a world of care. Yet even as the thought came into his mind, his brain began to break it up, erode it, and finally force it beyond all recalling.

It had been his eyes that had betrayed him, for, in truth, they had not seen a world of care, but one of indifference and apathy. The passengers on the bus sat silently, gazing straight ahead, without the least bit of compassion or even recognition of their fellow man. It is as though they have forgotten how to care, Freddy thought, or perhaps, much worse, they were afraid to care. Maybe they were afraid someone would take advantage of their emotions, that someone would bleed their spirits dry through emotional greed.

Suddenly, the air seemed unbearably hot, and the sound of the bus grew up, filling his ears with the pounding of the engine and the whine of the tires. The

sense of loneliness became almost too great for him to contain, and, for a moment, he felt faint. Then the adrenaline entered his blood to overcome his fear, and he felt a sudden violence pull in his intestines, and force his brain to compose words of moral outrage. He stood up in the aisle as though he would speak, but no words came to his mouth, and his only movement was the rocking of his head which seemed to be affirming words that had already been said. For a moment he glared at the passengers, but that too fell away, and he turned and walked up to the front of the bus.

Freddy attempted to relax, taking in great breaths of air, and slowly allowing them to escape through his nose. In a short time, the day, once again, seemed warm and bright, and Freddy began waiting for his stop. The bus switched lanes abruptly, and he saw the Commerce Building ahead.

He walked down the steps, and waited until the bus stopped and the door opened. On the sidewalk, he turned and walked up the street towards THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE which was a two story building in the center of the block. Ahead of him on the sidewalk, a crowd had formed and was slowly filing through the two white columns of the portico. As he entered the crowd, Freddy felt the tempo of his heart increase, and his breathing came in short, shallow, starts. He followed, in a slow shuffling gait, the man ahead of him in line, and his senses became aware of all the strange and familiar things he enjoyed at funerals. The heavy odor of the flowers, the dark clothing, the soft low voices, and above all, the eyes and faces drawn and blunted, mutated by pain. At the door, an usher gently touched Freddy's shoulder and Chamsault allowed his head to fall to the side, as he'd done so many times before, so the usher could whisper in his ear.

"Are you a relative of the deceased?" the usher whispered.

"No, I am his friend."

The usher stepped ahead of Freddy, led him down the aisle to the second row, and motion for him to sit down. Freddy was pleased with his position for it placed him behind the pallbearers, and near the family of the dead who sat one row ahead of him and across the aisle. Watching the family was interesting to him, for only in watching their movements could anyone truly identify with their grief. The widow raised her handkerchief to her eyes and a tremor shot through her hand. The man next to her, perhaps her son, put his arm around her and attempted to speak, but his voice cracked, emitting a sharp animal sound that broke the stillness of the parlor.

Suddenly the organ began to play, and the pallbearers carried the casket through a side door and set it gently on a chrome stand in front of the altar. The head pallbearer then moved around to the side of the casket, snapped several locks, and lifted the lid. The widow's head rolled back and a piercing cry came from her lips. Freddy could hear his heart beating in his ears, and a weakness came over him making his legs feel limp and useless. A minister climbed to the altar, and stood directly behind the casket. He began to speak, but Freddy couldn't concentrate on what he was saying. Sounds came from indistinct places in the parlor, the human whisperings that sounded like puppies crying for food, and the coarse rattling murmurs which were meant to be spoken softly but always came out too loud.

Freddy began to sense a slow building in the tempo of the sounds, and it made him uneasy. A bead of sweat ran down the side of his forehead, and he wiped it off with back of his hand. The sounds in the parlor increased, and Freddy felt a small seed growing in his abdomen. It grew larger and filled him with the terror of sensation, of feeling something incomprehensible which seemed separate from himself, yet a part of his being. The body, a quarter silhouette above the top of the black casket, appeared to be suspended, unmoving, but floating in space. The feeling grew up through his chest, over his shoulders, and up the back of his neck like a damp hand. His feet began to move involuntarily, shuffling to the beat of some ancient rhythm suddenly found in the forgotten darkness of his brain. He felt a sharp pain in his head that caused him to stagger slightly, bumping the pew in front of him. His consciousness seemed to split, thrusting a part of him into the parlor with the parlor sounds, and leaving half of him in conflict with the feeling he could sense but not identify. For a moment, his hands pressed against the sides of his head in an attempt to force his brain back together again, and he suffered the illusion of conquering the seed, of pushing it back and destroying it. Then, the widow began to moan, and the seed welled up heavy in his abdomen, breaking his consciousness into small objects like falling stars which showered on the parlor floor and fell through his body. He felt the muscles in his cheeks pull the flesh back against his ears and he heard a high and terrible scream cut the air. His arm became disconnected from his side, and waved wildly like a flag, while his ears were filled with a loud thumping sound which came from inside his body.

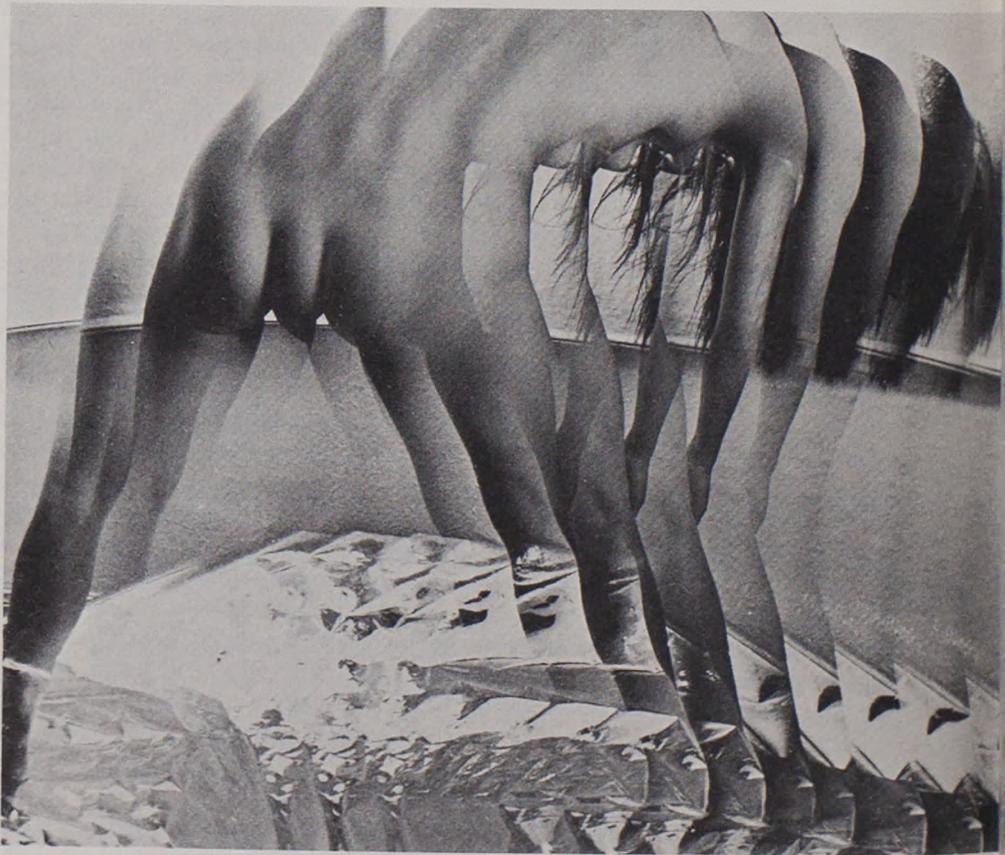
Then the quiet came, a strange silence too deep and vast to comprehend, yet a silence he knew — the silence of a bell. He slumped to the floor among the burning stars, and felt the pull of a whirlpool forcing his body back together again.

Hands gripped his arms, and he felt himself being pulled upright, and carried toward the side door of the parlor. His eyes burned, and it took him several seconds to clear them. He became conscious of someone asking his name, and he turned his head toward the sound. He saw the usher, his face etched with the marks of anger, and when he turned his head to peer back into the parlor, he saw the hostile faces of the bereaved staring back at him. Freddy dropped his gaze to the floor and muttered his name.

"You were at the Nottalvine services," the usher said, "you were that one at graveside."

"I've lost two friends," Freddy said, "in one week."

The usher dropped Freddy's arm in disgust, and went along with his fellow usher back into the parlor. Freddy found his smashed and battered hat in his hand, and straightened it... He put it on as he walked through the back door into the alley. In the sunlight, Freddy felt a new lightness in his gait, and the excitement and recklessness of youth. A quick-check of his watch told him he had an hour and a half to kill before catching the bus. A nice leisurely meal, he thought, would be just fine, and he walked down the alley, his arms lifting high in cadence to his steps, appearing in all respects like an old man in winter who had suddenly found spring.



Jay Myrdal



Linda Stein

AMANDA'S MOUSE

Something has gone wrong with
the scheme of Kings and things.
From a crack in Zeus' forehead;
the remains of a three-thousand
year-old pregnancy. Micrackis
was found in his infancy Friday
night. No Sarpedon gleaming
for battle:

Just an ordinary mouse. No
thunderbolts celebrate Micrackis'
arrival. Zeus' last,
quivered in the manger-darkness
of Western Montana, huddled
under foot in the dirt,
born in a tavern. A mouse.

It is quiet over Olympus
although Zeus trembles
in his house. Hera serves
coffee with goat's cream,
assures her man that all
will turn out okay.

Micrackis is invited
to the sixth grade class
on Wednesday. Little
neighborhood girls love him
in his cigar box. Zeus
doesn't know, neither does
Micrackis.

Lee Nye

HERO

From the rusted hinge of my elbow
to the squeak of my knuckle, arthritis
hums over old wires. F.C.C. has nothing
to do with this message . . . it's A-G-E.
Frost settles in the black hair
of my chest and it's only August.
Winter snows will take what's left.
I cough the time of day each
morning and spit events of yesterday.

Old glass. My specks that I've seen
the world through since WPA-days;
they have to be changed next Tuesday
for the close-up view. I did Saipan
and Leyte. Rain washed most
of the boy out of me and that's why
jungles are primitive. War is a kid's
trip away from home.

Time dies in
the Nevada desert, confirmed by
jack rabbit blood, and headlights
drip the story nine miles west
of Winnemucca: there is enough
ass to go around. Great cocks!
In 1939, I thought it was all
locked up in Fort Knox.

Lee Nye

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

THOMAS HUFF

Acts of civil disobedience are one kind of acts in disobedience to law; consequently, the problem of defining such action, which is the purpose of this paper, lies within the more general problem of the nature and extent of one's obligation to obey the law. Too often, in recent times, the suggestion has been made that one is never justified in disobeying the law and that every lawbreaker is either a criminal or revolutionary. This suggestion does, I submit, oversimplify and misconstrue a very complex and difficult problem.

In order, therefore, to establish a definition for civil disobedience it will be necessary to understand the philosophical context within which acts of civil disobedience can be distinguished from other acts of disobedience to law. Consider the following rather limited list of actions which might appear to defy the criminal-revolutionary distinction, and yet which all manifest the common characteristic of disobedience to law.

- i. Bob Cratchet, under legal contract, refuses to pay back a loan to Scrooge. If he pays back the loan his children will not have enough to eat; Scrooge doesn't need the money.
- ii. A doctor performs an abortion on the fifteen year old girl who is pregnant because she was forcibly raped by a mental incompetent. The law under which the doctor practices allows abortion only in cases where the mother's health is in danger. The abortion is performed discreetly.¹
- iii. Cassius Clay refuses induction into the armed services. He claims legal justification for his action on the grounds that the conscientious objection statute of the selective service law exempts him from military service.
- iv. Martin Luther King marches amid great publicity in Birmingham, Alabama, though he has been refused a parade permit, and a local court injunction upholds this permit refusal.
- v. John Jones, a young man, publicly refuses induction into the armed services because he believes that the Vietnam War is immoral. He wishes to dramatize that fact.
- vi. A man who has served time in the armed services burns his draft classification card publicly in order to protest the Vietnam War.
- vii. A young Negro sits down at an "all-white" lunch counter under the belief that the owner has a right to refuse service to anyone, but not merely because his customer is black. For his action he is, in fact, arrested.

All of the above actions disobey the law. It would, however, be difficult to

¹This case, which is well known in law journals, is taken from Packer and Gampell, "Therapeutic Abortion: A Problem in Law and Medicine," *Stanford Law Review*, II (1959), 417, 435, where it is introduced in a different context.

describe these actions as criminal or revolutionary. They do not, obviously, fall under the classification as criminal because they all explicitly claim some sort of justification which is not ordinarily claimable by the bank robber, the embezzler, or the murderer.² Similarly they do not fall under the classification of revolutionary because in no case are the agents claiming that their action is either intended to destroy an entire legal-political establishment, nor is their action meant to imply that justification could be offered for action which was intended to destroy this establishment. What is philosophically interesting about some of these actions is that while they are clearly and explicitly done in defiance of positive law, this defiance entails an explicit recognition of what the law is and/or how the law has been administered, and either an explicit assertion that the law is not (and/or has not been administered) as it ought to be and, therefore, is not a law, or that the law is what it is and ought not be obeyed.³ In either case justification can be offered through an appeal to higher law.

I use the term 'higher law' here in the very broadest sense to include both the sense of more fundamental laws, e.g., a constitution, or in the broad sense of moral norms which might include a personal sense of conscience, religious belief, culturally relative prejudices, or very general conceptions of fairness and justice. In this sense, morality applies to any standard of conduct outside of law itself.

As has been stated the purpose of this paper is to offer a definition for civil disobedience which will mark out, hopefully in a manner consistent with the traditional and ordinary uses of this expression, precisely what action in disobedience to law is to be designated as civilly disobedient.

DEFINITION: An agent is civilly disobedient if he explicitly (through an appeal to higher law) and intentionally disobeys a law with the express intention of accomplishing judicial and/or legislative vindication,⁴ with appropriate care (1) to be sure that all available normal channels for redress of grievance have been exhausted, (2) to avoidance of unnecessary inconvenience to others, and (3) to avoidance of destruction of the entire legal-political establishment.

The above definition stipulates the necessary and sufficient conditions for ascription of the term 'civil disobedience' to an action. Consider these conditions:

(1) No action may be said to be civilly disobedient unless that action is rational (in the non-evaluative sense),⁵ i.e., unless the action can be said to have been done for certain conscious reasons, and can be explained as having been motivated by them, it cannot under this definition be said to be civilly disobedient. This rules out all action in disobedience to law which is an unintended consequence of some action, which is explainable in terms of physiological conditions, or which is motivated by unconscious intentions.⁶

²See page 9 below.

³The problem of whether or not a valid law exists depends on the sorts of conditions law must satisfy in order to be law. This problem is the source of much recent controversy among philosophers of law. See for example H. L. A. Hart, "Positivism and the Separation of Law and Morals," *Harvard Law Review* 71 (1958), 593-629; and Lon Fuller, "Positivism and Fidelity to Law—A Reply to Professor Hart," *Harvard Law Review*, 71 (1958), 630-672.

⁴Defined below in condition (3).

⁵For a detailed discussion of the ascription of 'rational' to human action see Carl Hempel, "Rational Action," *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Association*, (1961), 1-16.

⁶In the Freudian sense.

(2) No act may be said to be civilly disobedient unless that act does, in fact, break some law or defies some application of law. In other words, an action which attempts but fails to break a law will not be considered under this definition to be civilly disobedient.

Two problems arise here. First, does arrest constitute a necessary condition for the assertion that a law has been broken in the sense applicable in condition (2)? The answer would seem to be that it does not. It may very well be possible, under certain conditions, that an individual may break the law and the enforcement authorities may ignore the action in order to keep peace at some broader level.⁷ This condition might obtain in a circumstance in which, in the opinion of the enforcement authority, arrest of some law-breaker might lead to such consequences as a riot. Second, would arrest constitute a sufficient condition for assertion that condition (2) has been satisfied? The answer here would seem to be, yes.⁸ Many cases of civil disobedience will be actions against enforcement authorities when in the view of the agent (see condition (3) below) the law is being applied unequally or beyond its original intention. In other words, an agent's knowledge that enforcement officials are likely to illegitimately apply some law makes possible an act to be included under this definition as civilly disobedient. In this case the agent seeks arrest, believing that he has in fact broken no law. In order to satisfy this condition he must, of course, be arrested. Our young lunch counter sitter would be a typical case satisfying this condition.

It can now be seen what condition (2) asserts. In order for an action to be civilly disobedient that action must either break a law, whether or not the agent is arrested, or it must be an action which leads to arrest though the agent believes this arrest is a consequence of illegitimate application of law. An action which, in the opinion of the agent, *might* lead to illegitimate arrest, but which in fact does not lead to arrest will *not* satisfy this condition.

(3) No act may be said to be civilly disobedient unless that act is done conscientiously. This is, perhaps, the most important condition to be discussed.

In order for an act to satisfy this condition the reasons [see condition (1)] which motivate the action must fall in at least one of the following classifications. First, the reason for the act may be a desire to seek judicial vindication for the act. Cassius Clay's reasons for refusing induction would be typical. In this sort of case the agent seeks to have his action's legitimacy adjudicated by that court. Within a legal system such as ours the only way it is possible to have such a case adjudicated by the courts is to break the law. Justification for this demand by our legal system lies within the general principles of the adversary system of adjudication. In order to insure that both sides of a case are adequately and fully stated, both parties must be, in effect, committed to the case in question, and for the defendant this means that he must have broken the law. The agent breaks the law, conscientiously, in order to achieve vindication of his action in court. He justifies vindication of his action in court by an appeal to laws higher than the law which he has in fact broken in order to

⁷For a detailed discussion of the conditions under which authorities might exercise this right see Joseph Sax, "Civil Disobedience—The Law Is Never Blind," *The Saturday Review*, LX39 (1968), p. 22ff.

⁸Note that arrest will be sufficient to satisfy this condition which, in turn, is only a necessary and not a sufficient condition for an act to be civilly disobedient. Condition (3) below notes that the agent must be conscientiously seeking arrest and cannot be accidentally arrested.

have the law in question or its application declared inconsistent with higher law.

The second classification of reasons which satisfy this condition are those which appeal to legislative vindication. In this sort of case the agent breaks the law in order to bring about legislative change in the law through achievement of recognition for what he considers to be the injustice or immorality of the law. John Jones, our young induction refuser would be typical.

Many actions which satisfy condition (3) may, of course, be seeking vindication in both ways. Martin Luther King's action, as mentioned above, would be typical. Since it may be difficult to determine how an action may be adjudicated in court an agent who is essentially seeking judicial vindication may "hedge his bet" by seeking fanfare publicity in order to try to accomplish legislative vindication (i.e. change in the law) if judicial vindication does not occur.

One qualification must be made regarding this classification of reasons which satisfy condition (3). It may be impossible for an individual who does not fully understand the processes of government to explicitly seek vindication in the manner suggested above. A man may "strike out" at a law which he considers unjust, though he may not understand the processes by which this law can be changed either through normal channels or through acts of civil disobedience. Such action is to be considered as satisfying this condition if the agent in question would, if he had understood the processes by which this law could be changed, have sought such change. What is crucial in this instance, as the discussion below will show, is that the agent is not merely seeking defeat of his own obligations under the legal practice, but defeat of the practice itself.

It should be clear that both kinds of reasons will lead to action which is public to the degree necessary to accomplish the appropriate vindication. It should also be clear that in many cases seeking legislative vindication the more public, i.e., the more fanfare associated with the action, the more likely will there be success in attaining its objective. Similarly, it should be clear, that fanfare need not be a part of action which seeks judicial vindication. All that is necessary is that the appropriate enforcement authorities know that the action is to take place.

There is also an interesting exception to this case. An agent may in certain circumstances wish to accomplish the act or acts before he makes them public. Our doctor, for example, may wish to perform the abortion before he makes his action public in order to insure accomplishment of the act. Antigone's act of burying her brother would be the best known instance of an act which satisfies this circumstance. This sort of act will satisfy condition (3) provided that the agent seeks change in the law either through normal channels without making his act or acts public if he believes that this is the best way to accomplish change (see condition (4) below), and if he is willing to make his act public if vindication cannot be accomplished through normal channels, or if he makes his act public after the act has been accomplished in order to seek legislative or judicial vindication.

There are certain interesting implications of condition (3). First, when seeking judicial vindication an agent must break either the specific law which he believes to be inconsistent with higher positive law (or applied in such a way as

to be inconsistent with that law), or he must break a law which he believes is implied, (in some legal sense, by that law. Refusal to pay the part of your taxes which is expended for something you cannot conscientiously support is the best known case. Judicial vindication will only be possible provided that the law which is broken bears some legitimate legal relationship to the law in the name of which change is sought. Symbolic breaking of law cannot accomplish judicial vindication. Second, when seeking legislative vindication the agent may symbolically break laws which may be unrelated legally to that law which he considers illegitimate, provided, of course, that he intends to make the symbolic significance of his action clear. One thing should be noted in this context. It is often difficult for an agent to break the specific law or laws which he considers illegitimate; consequently, civil disobedience may only be possible either through symbolic law-breaking or through the disobedience to laws related to the law in question. Our veteran who burns his draft classification card would fit this category. Insofar as he cannot refuse induction (he's already served in the armed forces) he can only symbolically break the law.

Legislative vindication is, perhaps, the most controversial condition suggested here. If we deny this possibility then we would be forced also to deny symbolic law-breaking as a possible mode of civil disobedience. I suspect this is the case in Mr. Justice Fortas' *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience*.⁹ Fortas' exclusion of symbolic law-breaking from acts classified as civilly disobedient is, I believe, vitiated by his exclusion of legislative vindication as a possible legitimate reason for acts of civil disobedience. This would seem to be unnecessarily restrictive. Many acts in disobedience to law are motivated by moral reasons which can seek satisfaction only through a change in law rather than through adjudication of the consistency of lower with higher positive law, and these acts seem to me to fall quite appropriately under the classification of civil disobedience.

Before stating the last two conditions an important point should be made. The law, at minimum, establishes a system of mutual forbearances between the individuals who live under that law for their mutual benefit. It would, therefore, appear to be illogical and imprudent, if not immoral, to deny others rights which one would claim for oneself on a ground of mutual benefit. No individual has, therefore, the right to renounce his own (and only his own) obligations under a legal practice which defines a system of mutual forbearances unless there can be an appeal to the defeasibility conditions of that practice. In other words, given acceptance of a practice as mutually beneficial the obligations of that practice are strictly defined.

It is in this context that social contract theorists seem to have grasped something fundamental in legal practice. Granted agreement to live under a particular legal practice, failure to fulfill one's obligations implies a failure to live up to one's commitment as defined by that practice. This sort of action is normally termed criminal,¹⁰ because within the practice it is logically necessary

⁹Abraham Fortas, *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience* (New York: Signet Books, 1968), *passim*.

¹⁰Criminal here and following is used in a restricted sense which does not include acts of civil disobedience. Criminal action would be action which fails to fulfill legal obligation without the express intent of defeating the practice under which those obligations obtain.

(in order to have the practice) that obligations be defined strictly.¹¹

This understanding of legal practices is crucial to the problem of civil disobedience. An act of civil disobedience, according to this argument, will be an act which seeks not the defeat of a particular obligation under a practice but either a change in the defeasibility conditions of that practice or defeat of the practice itself.¹² It is in this sense that vindication, as used in condition (3) is to be defined as the accomplishment of the defeat of a legal practice.¹³ Acts of civil disobedience do not, therefore, entail a claim upon *others* to fulfill their obligations under that practice, but rather the defeat of all obligations under that practice, which is to say, defeat of the practice itself. In this context the action of Bob Cratchet mentioned above must be disqualified as an act of civil disobedience.¹⁴ He has not sought through his action defeat of the practice under which he acts.

Note also, and this is very important, that insofar as the aim of an act of civil disobedience is to seek legislative or judicial vindication then there is presumed to be a valid judicial and legislative establishment to which the appeal is made. The attempt to defeat a practice through legislative or judicial vindication implies, therefore, an explicit recognition of the validity of some legal and judicial establishment as a condition for an act to be meaningfully termed an act of civil disobedience. It is in this context that conditions (4) and (5) obtain.

(4) No act may be said to be civilly disobedient unless all available legal channels of vindication have been exhausted.¹⁵ Two points need to be made here. First, availability of legal channels is to be understood, in the context of (4), as those conditions available to the agent himself. Under certain circumstances, due to limitations such as time or money, what would otherwise be a normal channel for redress of grievance may simply not be available to the agent in question. The impoverished Negro's inability to bring civil suit against a school board would be a typical case. Second, insofar as an act of civil disobedience is seeking legislative or judicial vindication, and insofar as this kind of vindication is only possible so long as there exists a legislative and judicial government, and insofar as there is good empirical evidence that redress of grievances through normal channels threaten less the viability of government, then exhausting of normal channels of vindication would be logically implied by the intent of anyone who is civilly disobedient.

It should be clear that considerable difference of opinion may obtain as to whether or not this condition has been met. Opinions may vary considerably on such questions as whether or not there is time to use the normal channels or whether enough money is available to pursue these channels fully.

¹¹For a detailed analysis of the relation of obligations to practices see John Rawls, "Two Concepts of Rules," *Philosophical Review*, LXIV (1955), 1-32. The analysis of legal practices offered above owes a great debt to Professor Rawls' paper.

¹²For all practical purposes change in the defeasibility conditions is a change of practice. Henceforth this paper will speak only of defeating the practice itself which is meant to imply both circumstances.

¹³The term "practice" is being used here in a context broad enough to include actions of government which are meant in some way to be beneficial to all those living under that government. For example, engaging in war or membership in world organizations.

¹⁴I'm not sure whether it is appropriate to call Cratchet's action criminal or not. It would seem plausible to suggest that there might be a classification of actions outside civil disobedience which break laws but which are not also revolutionary or criminal.

¹⁵Legal channels would include not only actual court proceedings but also dissent in the form of petition, assembly, voting, political activity, etc.

(5) No act may be said to be civilly disobedient unless a maximum effort is made to avoid inconvenience to innocent bystanders. To act in such a way as to disrupt the lives of others in a manner which defies a practice of mutual forbearances unrelated to the practice in question is to threaten practices which are themselves justified. Consequently, actions of civil disobedience must be done in a manner which takes cognizance of other unrelated practices. Again, the intent of such action is the defeat of a particular practice considered to be worthy of defeat, and this defeat is sought through some valid system of government. Minimization of attack upon valid practices supported by a government is implied by the desire to seek redress through what is valid in government insofar as a government can justify itself only through the validity of the practices which it develops, and the effectiveness of its enforcement and adjudication of actions under those practices. In this sense an attack upon a valid practice is an attack upon the grounds which justify the existence of judicial and legislative government.

It is in this context that one of the most difficult problems connected with civil disobedience arises. Does an act of civil disobedience deserve punishment under an established system of punishment? This question is as old as Socrates' discussion with Crito concerning his escape from Athens. The answer according to condition (5) is, yes, provided that the system of punishment is a valid practice within that legal system. To suggest that an act of civil disobedience does not deserve punishment is to suggest that an agent could seek to avoid punishment through an act of civil disobedience, which in turn implies a claim that the practice of punishment should, in its present form, be defeated. Without such a claim the agent who has been civilly disobedient must, consistent with his desire to seek vindication through a valid government, accept his punishment. In many cases his action, if it seeks sympathy as a means to legislative vindication, not only does not imply a denial of the practice of punishment, it implies, quite to the contrary, the validity of that practice. Socrates claimed to believe in the validity of the Athenian government. He insisted that he had done, and would continue to do, the acts which were considered by the Athenians to be in disobedience to the law in order to accomplish vindication of his views. He further insisted that this not only did not entail the right to escape punishment, it entailed the obligation to accept punishment.

Returning finally to the point made in the introduction. The action of the criminal and the revolutionary fail to meet the conditions of civil disobedience primarily because they fail to meet condition (3). The criminal is not seeking vindication of his action through defeat of the practice which he disobeys, and the revolutionary does not genuinely seek either legislative or judicial vindication of his action for it is his intent to destroy not only some particular practice but the very government where this kind of vindication might be obtained.

Acts of civil disobedience are often prevalent in difficult times. They rest ultimately upon judgments which consider normal channels of redress, danger to innocent bystanders, methods of influencing legislatures, ways of finding vindication in court, predictions about the behavior of enforcement officials, etc. They are certainly not the sorts of actions one enters into without careful and considered analysis, which is, ironically, most difficult in difficult times.



John Stocking

NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS

Nothing is what it seems:
for instance, these legumes, beans.
I certainly do not know
what it all means, the alterations
occurring to my pantsleg
in the middle of the night.
The candle that follows me

through the downtown diner.
I could try. An Eric Satie sweatshirt
delivered anonymously.
An address book that can kiss
exactly as you like to.
Should one call the police
and report the stolen thief's ring.
It hurts. It stings.

My books are melting, they are the first
and last ingredients
of the terrible birthday soup.
All night I stand outside my window
and watch myself sleep.
He knew better. The coffee needed him.
So what. There are stones to read,

trees to zipper. There is the wren
forever on the sill I must croon to.
It makes me nervous. The thing gets done.
The telephone book is memorized,
I am encouraged to swallow
the scotchtape. Which
has nothing to do with bliss.

If you do not understand that
an execution of the toy heart
will follow. As you say, business
is business. I only write the damned things
for you to bleed them.

James Tate

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GO FOUNDER

I haven't seen her for a long time now.

We write to each other, though. We write a lot.

What are we doing?

Is it growing, or is it ending?

Are we forgetting to think, or are we thinking too much?

Are we making it better, or are we denying ourselves happiness?

Perhaps it is just the absence.

I get the feeling I'm going blind.

I do something and it's wrong.

I correct it, and the correction's wrong.

I explain the correction, and the explanation's wrong.

I apologize for the explanation, and the apology's wrong.

Surely I can't be wrong all the time.

Then I said, "Let's forget the whole mess."

She wrote and said, "Yes, let's forget the confusion."

I wrote back. "OK, fine. It's forgotten. No more confusion."

Then she wrote back. "Alright, now let's really forget it."

I'm confused.

I will not worry too much.

When I see her again, things will fall back into perspective,

If there is any perspective left.

Pat Caffrey

SUNDAY DRIVE

*Mark where the road curves from sight
under the cliff, where river and tracks
shift the glittering stone. Rain
enters the sharp veins of the grass
there, as I test a rusted key
in the newly bloomed guts of a cat.*

*Open, maggot. Kiss the pit
between bone and eye. Tick, squat
in the deer's nose like a wart, a ball
infesting foreign meat. These larch
insult my green ideas, and ask
if my knees will know the place to start.*

*The grass cuts like slick paper,
and the blood line on the saddle of skin
stretching over from my thumb
names a fortune. As the wind
dries dust into the scab I listen
to those lost words, senseless, thin.*

David Slabaugh

THE DANCE

*You're at this party and finally
you're next to the prettiest girl there,
what will you do? Dash your cigarette
in your shoe, pick a number from one
to ten, decide your innocence is a good
disguise, rise like a swan in a trance
and ask her to dance? And what will she*

*do in your wings, fling herself famous
and cool? Beat you to breakfast with
indigenous eyes, think you handsome,
quiet but cruel, in your lofty common
sense, a cinch? Nothing to lose
and why not she sighs, the things
girls do if you give them an inch.*

John Holbrook

IN ANSWER TO LONG DISTANCE

*You call from Seattle to say it doesn't snow.
Yes, I have been well. Christmas brought me ice
to edge the window, steam by one P.M. I would
think of you: Thin children begging mint and honey,
trucks that sand my street. Pine are deep
even at the river but you've told me you are lonesome.*

*I wonder if I ride sleds as you might
or watch hills fade back grey and what can't be.
Why were you always twelve in winter? Look up,
hands on the shovel. Do I run after deer, slide
away your silence on the trail night leaves?*

*"Throw a snowball for me." There's no way
to lure whatever witch named her hex cold.
Chalk, beads. I see you somewhere teasing cats
and make the color sky turns. "Did we hold the wind
to learn how candles linger?"*

*If you believe, only walking is different:
The steps I hear beside me, thud and sting
then your pout. Don't rise again. Morning
is less promise than my arm, any tree full
and cinnamon as your cheeks.*

Dennice Scanlon

CHATFIELD'S DISH

by
BRIAN BEDARD

Brockton pointed to a dotted line. "Right there, sir, if you would."

The construction worker signed the title for the black convertible. Brockton smiled at the workman's wife. She was holding a baby. It's face was dirty, and snot ran lava-like from the nose, settling in a yellowish crust on the upper lip. The eyes were quite close together and glazed with a dull stare. The ears were enormous.

"He sure is a cutie," said Brockton. "How old?"

The woman grinned, showing a missing front tooth. Her other teeth were laden with tartar and hung away from the gums.

"She's ten months old yesterday," she answered, lowering her head as though Brockton were some kind of inquisitive school principal and she a young girl caught on the playground with her dress up. Brockton eyed a figure moving around in the lot. He stood up and slid around the desk.

"Yes, sir, nothing like a baby. They're really something." He was single. He opened the door and placed his hand on the man's back. "Well, thank-you folks. I know you'll like it. Come back again. I gave you my card, didn't I? Good."

"Thank-you, Mr. Brockton," said the husband, his head out the window.

The convertible slouched out of the lot, its tail pipes an inch from the ground, letting off small clouds of blue smoke.

One of the other salesmen was already on the lot. Brockton lit a cigarette and watched him channel the man into a year old Lincoln Continental. He had wanted that sale. Minnesota imports always brought a better commission. He turned and walked into the showroom.

The showroom floor spread dazzlingly out in a wave of deep gold carpet which grew right up to the walnut trim below the bay windows. In the center of the room a red Plymouth Fury convertible rotated gently on a concealed turn-wheel. White vinyl covered the interior. The chrome gear shift glittered with the reflections of the chandeliers hanging overhead. The dash sunk inward, almost concealing the endless speedometer, and smothering the switches in warm red vinyl and strips of mahogany paneling. Brockton watched the convertible ease around. Chatfield knew his stuff, no question. Perhaps the only thing missing was a naked dame rubbing her titties on the hood. But then Chatfield was an old man . . . Brockton glanced at the four other cars, arranged in a star formation, all of them softer colored hardtops wearing huge banners on the trunks, the hoods: "The Hot One," "Family Fun," "Save 100's," "Luxury Line."

Bach streamed from speakers somewhere in the ceiling. Brockton walked past a black leather bench, past a white wrought iron love seat, toward the fountain in the front window. The fountain gurgled at the passing traffic, turquoise water streaming from the mouth of its lion-like figurine. Brockton watched the blue-green water make its flawless cycle. Not bad, he thought, but not the best either. He stuck his finger in the water.

Over the music he could hear voices. As he moved in the direction of the voices he recognized the choppy baritone of Oscar Chatfield. The other voice belonged to Chuck Geraghty, the new salesman. Brockton opened a new car catalog. Chatfield sounded angry.

"Like I said, boy. We don't want another convertible on this lot till April. Understand? Convertibles are summer merchandise in this country, boy, this is Idaho, not Florida, and you better get that through your head."

"Yes sir, Mr. Chatfield."

Brockton was amused. He had told Geraghty to discourage rag top discards in the fall. He couldn't feel sorry for Geraghty because he had never pulled a stunt like that. Never. Old man Chatfield had never chewed his ass. He wondered if Geraghty would ever learn. You just didn't let the old boy catch you with your arm in the cookie jar. You didn't make bad deals, they didn't exist; and if they did, you made sure someone else got the mustard.

The grilling in the next room had stopped. Geraghty asked if that was all. Brockton could hear Chatfield fiddling with his candy dish. It was a small glass dish, the shape of a woman's breast, with an exaggerated nipple for a handle. He kept peanut brittle in it. Geraghty watched him spin the lid in his fingertips.

"You know, boy, there's two things you got to be grateful for. One is that I'm not going to make a spectacle of you. The other is that fortunately for you, Brockton unloaded that convertible this afternoon, and he did it just like apple pie. So if you're smart, you'll keep your eyes on him; he's with it, boy, really with it."

Brockton smiled without opening his mouth. Very good; Chatfield canonizing him for Geraghty the school child.

Chatfield put the lid back on the dish.

"You like football, boy?" Geraghty looked relieved. Maybe the old man was going to loosen the noose.

"Yeah, sure, I watch it all the time. It's a great game if you like action, I - - -"

"Then you know who the Green Bay Packers are."

Geraghty hesitated. Christ yes he knew who the Green Bay Packers were. But Chatfield didn't want a spoken answer; he wanted instead to see an eagerness in a man's eyes. Geraghty had heard that from the other salesmen. He tried to make his eyes listen. Chatfield lifted the lid off the dish again and took a piece of peanut brittle, prefacing his next speech with a series of dull snaps.

"Do you know why the Green Bay Packers are the best boy? Three reasons. The first is pride. They got pride. Starr talked about it here just last week before they went out and stomped hell out of Oakland. And he's right, too. You get used to being the best, see, there's nothing else but the best. You remember that. And the second reason, boy, is that the Green Bay Packers can smell money. And once they smell it, no one's going to keep 'em from having it. You see what I mean?"

Geraghty responded correctly.

"You bet that's what makes them. They can smell money. But that's not all that makes them. There's one more thing; they don't make mistakes, ever. And that's where we come in, boy. I like to think that Chatfield Motors is the same way. No mistakes. None. You see? You ever see what Green Bay does to people who make mistakes? That comes from real good coaching boy, real good coaching. But you know something about Lombardi? He's smart enough to give those boys a free rein, the way I do with the bunch around here. It shows faith. He knows he can't be on that field, just like I know I can't be in Minnesota and here at the same time. That's why you're all free to make your own deals. I have to trust you, boy. That's all. So just remember this, the deals you make we stick by. I've done it that way for twenty years and I don't intend to stop now. And if you make too many mistakes, I'll call you a cab, boy. Just call you a cab."

The whole thing made sense to Geraghty, crushed as he was. Brockton was impressed, too. Only in a different way. The front of the red convertible was coming around again. Yes, Chatfield was clever, but God, what a politely brutal bastard he was.

Geraghty said nothing. He had violated the Green Bay code. It was worse than the night he had dropped the marshmallow at Lyman High's Athletic club initiation. Thirty one guys carried that marshmallow in the hollows of their crotches from one end of the gym floor to the other without dropping it, but he dropped it ten feet from the line, and he had to stand in the middle of the gym floor, a giant white "L" beaming up at him, and eat that marshmallow for the smiling faces with the stripes on their arms.

Chatfield could see his success on Geraghty's face. Geraghty was waiting, wondering if this had been just a troop of dwarves sent out with forks and whips to heckle the Christians before the lions were loosed; if the pause had come in the knitting just before the guillotine fell. But Chatfield lightened his tone. He offered Geraghty a piece of peanut brittle.

"You know, boy, when I came to this town in 1948 there was nothing but weeds where you're sitting."

The candy dish loomed up in Geraghty's face, like the first real breast he'd ever seen, on his sister one night in the bathroom after coming home from a

movie. She had thrown their mother's cosmetic bag at him and had smashed nearly everything in it.

"Nothing but weeds, you bet. Hell, this whole strip was the edge of town. Wilderness. With nothing but a highway running through it. Land? So cheap it wasn't funny. People didn't dream anything would ever happen out here. Didn't ever dream - - -"

Brockton listened a minute. He'd heard it before, and he respected Chatfield for it, for the whole ball of wax, the high interest loans and the holes in the asphalt, the law suit, the sewer, the trips to Minneapolis, the fight for the Plymouth franchise, the Cadillac with the dead body odor in it, the trips to the reservation on repossessions, the growth of the strip, the fierceness of the new competitors. But Chatfield was no fireside bombshell; when he had told the story to you once, you just couldn't listen again.

Brockton eased out the door. The scarlet plastic banners which formed a geometrically designed cobweb over the rows of shining cars flapped back and forth in unison. There was a young, good-looking woman walking hesitatingly along the rows of cars. Brockton put on his sunglasses and spat. The final sale of the day. No trouble at all.

The woman said she was a checker in one of the local grocery stores. She pointed to an old Mercury parked along the side of the highway and told Brockton that her ex-husband left town, that he left her the worn out wreck setting before them, that she was not about to fight with all he little pet idiosyncrasies of such a heap — her husband was always making some part of it work by pinching or pulling or turning or kicking something that wasn't at all related to the part in question — and that she received some money in a settlement and was ready to pay cash for what she termed decent transportation.

Brockton smiled and nodded and pointed and chatted and flattered her into a turquoise Edsel that Chatfield had personally laid an extra hundred dollar bounty on.

The woman seemed perfectly satisfied. She drew a large wad of bills out of her purse, and in a matter of twenty-three minutes Brockton sold and delivered an oxydized blue Edsel to a cooperative and beautiful woman, collected the hundred dollar bonus, and jumped into his demonstrator and headed for the Spade Flush Bar for a scotch and soda and a few words with the bartender.

During the next two weeks the woman brought her Edsel back three times. She gave her name as a Juliet Drayson, and she asked for Brockton each time and refused to talk to anyone else. Brockton was always quite willing to respond to her pleas of a fuzzy, radio, a noisy heater, a drafty window. Not only was he willing to listen to her mechanical complaints but he was also ready to hear various episodes of her life. He found her more and more attractive; he noticed with greater interest the trim contour of her rump, the precision tailoring of her pointed little breasts. He enjoyed, in particular, taking long rides with her, to test whatever problem the car might allegedly have, watching carefully the movement of her feet and legs as she worked the pedals, the thrust of her rigid breasts with every turn of the steering wheel, the way she held her lips when she spoke.

He was talking with Chatfield one afternoon over the hood of a black station

wagon when he saw the Edsel in the middle of the highway, waiting to make a left turn. Chatfield had been elaborating on some plans for expansion. He noticed the Edsel, too.

"There she is again, boy," he said, casting his eyes toward the approaching car. "Looks like you got yourself a bucket of troubles there, boy. Was it worth the extra hundred?"

"Yes, I think so," said Brockton, jingling the change in his pocket. "I think so."

Juliet stepped from the car.

"Carl, I mean Mr. Brockton, I sure am glad to see you. My transmission's been acting up. I didn't even know if I was going to make it over here."

Chatfield sucked on his pipe and said nothing. Brockton watched out of the corner of his eye, but couldn't detect a sign of any kind. He ushered Juliet to her car.

Juliet removed her coat before pulling away from the lot. It was something she had done the last three visits, telling Brockton that the car had a very good heater and that she wanted to be comfortable when she drove. He didn't argue.

She looked especially good today. She had been to the hairdresser. Brockton watched her skirt climb to the top of her nylons. She glanced at him occasionally, played with her hair in the rear view mirror, smiled, drove on. They reached the city limits and kept going. They took the old highway which ran fairly close to the river and drove until Brockton asked her to pull over. She turned off the ignition and looked at him. What a lovely mouth she had. He kissed her very softly. He moved closer to her, put his hand on her knee, kissed her again. She pulled away and asked him to move back to his side of the car.

"What's wrong, baby?"

She smiled and started the car.

"Tell you what," she said, as she swung the car back toward town, "why don't you stop by for a drink tomorrow after work?"

Brockton leaned back against the seat and smiled.

"Sure. Good. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

About four o'clock the next afternoon Harvey T. Kiakuck, prospector, planted a filthy boot on the lot at Chatfield Motors. Brockton was discussing a sales promotion with Geraghty in the showroom when he noticed the bearded Kiakuck standing in the middle of the lot and looking around as though he were lost. Brockton laid down his pen and paper.

"Who in the hell is that?" he asked Geraghty.

"Don't you know him? That's old man Kiakuck, from up around Split Rock. He's been prospecting up there ever since I can remember."

"Does he have a car, Geraghty?"

"Not that I ever heard of. He's gone through a lot of mules though."

Brockton began to wonder if the old man was really there because he was interested in a car or because he wanted to use the toilet or the telephone. And then he wondered what kind of car you would sell to an old buzzard like that.

Kiakuck just stood there, waiting. His face was quite ruddy, almost shiny wherever his beard didn't reach. He was wearing some kind of an old fur cap, knee-high boots, and a buckskin shirt and leggings. He had tied a dirty maroon handkerchief around his neck and was carrying an enormous canteen, fastened

to a leather strap which ran from his shoulder to his hip and which swayed back and forth whenever he moved.

Brockton asked Geraghty if the old man had any money. Geraghty said he wasn't sure, but he thought Kiakuck owned quite a bit of Whitetail Valley. He said it was rumored the old man had a vast quantity of gold hidden somewhere up there, and that he owned various livestock, all of which he protected with an eager shotgun year round. Brockton smiled and watched the old man take a drink of water.

Kiakuck was fastening the lid on his canteen. Brockton adjusted his sunglasses and lit a cigarette as he walked toward the old man.

"Afternoon, sir. What can we do for you today?"

Kiakuck turned quickly, the canteen flying out at his side, and looked at Brockton with a lively pair of eyes set back in the recesses of his hair and beard. When he grinned, Brockton saw that his teeth were all oddly long and pointed, as though he had filed them or had gotten them pointed like that by eating in some ungodly fashion.

"Howdy, howdy, howdy, howdy. How you son? Sure is a nice place, yes sir, a real nice place. Always admired Chatfield, oh, yeah. Chatfield's really got something here. Christ I remember when that highway was nothing but an old trail. Them religious folks used to go through here by the thousands, headed for Oregon. Why, do you know that one time there was a bunch of 'em all got sick and had to camp along here for three days; course they didn't have much grub, travelin' light and all, so you know what I did? By God I went up Cedar Creek and - - -"

Brockton had tried at several points to sandwich a word in, but Kiakuck just kept rattling on, poking his finger into Brockton's chest, gesturing at the mountains and the ground, spitting furiously from the fantastic lump of tobacco he had stuffed in his cheek, laughing at his own jokes with a lupine howl, and scratching himself wherever he pleased with the stubby fingers of his dirt-caked hands. Brockton had never before encountered such an avalanche and he was caught between a natural curiosity for the old man's tales and a growing irritation at being coerced for the first time in his selling career into an involuntary reticence. He listened for twenty minutes, interjecting an occasional "wow" or "right," during which Kiakuck lived through the heaviest snowfall in Idaho's history, waded an icy river up to his neck, shot, skinned and ate a mountain lion raw, witnessed a hanging, sired a couple of half-breeds, tied an umbilical cord in the dark, and staked the first mining claim in Whitetail Valley with nothing more than a broken shovel and pan with a hole in the bottom. The only thing that stopped Kiakuck at the end of the twenty minutes was his thirst, and Brockton, like a little kid waiting for a merry-go-round to slow down, panicked at the first sign of participation, and asked him if he had ever owned a car. He knew immediately he had said the wrong thing.

"The only car I ever had was a '36 Ford and it's sittin' in the creek by my shack. Just couldn't keep up with me I guess. Just gave out one day and I rolled her down the hill. She weren't a bad old wagon though, nope. Christ that Ford went from Jamison Springs to Boise, floorboarded all the way, and never burned a drop of oil. Didn't use up all the gas, either. Ain't that the

wildest you ever heard though? Another time I filled it full of rocks and pulled down the opening of a shaft I had up by Black Ledge. Spun the tires till the flames were shootin' out behind me. That's real punishment. Then I had to use it for a living quarters when my second claim shack burned down, and I had to pull the springs out of the seat 'cause they was too damn soft for sleepin'. I gotta have a hard bed, that's all, a good hard bed. Do you know that one time - - -"

Brockton climbed up on the hood of a late model Chevrolet, folded his arms, and let his head droop a little. He looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to five. The slender figure of Juliet Drayson began to move back and forth across the window of his brain. He became numbed to the harangue going on in front of him. Kiakuck had finished his hard bed episode, had lingered on his first bear kill, and had moved into a carefully edified narrative on small pox when he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence and asked Brockton what he'd take for the red Ford pickup in one of the back rows. Brockton started.

"What? What did you say?"

Kiakuck turned and pointed at the pickup.

"The pickup. What'll you take for it?"

For a few seconds Brockton was speechless. He'd forgotten a price. He never forgot prices. Finally he resorted to a price sheet that Chatfield made all of the salesmen carry.

"Let's see. '53 Ford, red. Two hundred dollars."

Whenever Kiakuck got ready to speak, he would shove his bottom lip out with his tongue, giving his chin an appearance of immense swelling.

"Two hundred, eh?"

Brockton nodded. Kiakuck scratched hard under his arm.

"I'd give you a hundred and fifty, cash."

Brockton never made a practice of dickering over prices. But he sensed that Kiakuck was not bluffing. He thought that he might even have to hurry to get a hundred and fifty. The hands of his watch finally shoved him into a reply.

"Well, it's not a policy here to change prices, but if you have a hundred and fifty cash, the pickup is yours."

He folded the price sheet and stuck it into his shirt pocket, quite pleased that he had been able to give in so painlessly. In a few minutes it would be over. But Kiakuck produced a deep frown, pushed out the lip, glanced over at the pickup, thumped softly on his canteen, and stepped up close to Brockton.

"Well, you see, it's this way. I ain't exactly got a hundred and fifty cash."

Brockton felt like a poker player who has turned over a cinch hand when there still is one sucker debating about throwing in.

"Well how much do you have?" he asked quickly. Kiakuck took a deep breath.

"I, uh, ain't got any cash, exactly. But I got a real high class palomino, two years old, worth a hundred and fifty. I thought we could just sort of swap?"

Brockton looked at the old man. A palomino? What in the hell had he gotten himself into? He couldn't get mad at Kiakuck; it would no good. He began to turn the idea of the palomino over in his mind. Actually it might not be a bad thing. In fact, if it were done with the right touch, it might be turned into a

good thing, a real good thing, something Chatfield himself wouldn't have the nerve or the finesse to pull off. Yes, a palomino for sale at Chatfield Motors. Why the hell not? Drugstores were selling bacon; gas stations were selling ammunition.

"You got yourself a deal, Kiakuck. Something we've never done before, but we're willing to take a chance. Uh, where's the horse?"

Kiakuck took a long drink of water. Brockton watched him, wishing that he would hurry up.

"Well, now, that's another thing I forgot to mention. You see, this palomino is in a pasture just off the highway where you turn up to go to my place. I didn't have a way to bring him in, except to ride him, and I figured twenty-three miles was a little too far to run a horse, especially on pavement, so I caught a ride with Henry Grunning. You know him, don't you? He's farmed that land up past Baker Creek for thirty years. He had a cow once that had a calf with two - - -"

Brockton thought furiously. A sight-unseen trade. That was something Geraghty might do. And yet there was something compelling about the whole situation. The pickup really wasn't a big item. Kiakuck was well into the history of Henry M. Grunning, pig farmer. Brockton looked at his watch. Juliet would be waiting. He was going to have to interrupt Kiakuck some way. He did so with a yell that brought Chatfield to his office window.

"It's a deal!"

Kiakuck stopped. He looked pleased. Brockton told him to stay where he was and he would take care of everything. He went into the sales building, located the keys to the old pickup, made out some papers, and hurried back out on the lot, the papers flapping in his hand.

"Here," he said, laying the papers on the hood of a nearby car. Kiakuck made two quick scribbles with the pen.

Kiakuck looked like an unkempt poodle hanging out the window of the pickup.

He thanked Brockton again and again, as he jerked the pickup out of the lot, burning the clutch and revving the engine at full throttle.

"Haven't drove for awhile," he would say with every jerk. Brockton almost laughed. It was the wildest deal he'd ever made.

When Kiakuck had finally disappeared, Brockton turned to go into the showroom and saw the stone-like eyes of Oscar Chatfield peering at him from the office window. He stopped in the middle of his whistling and waited for Chatfield to do something. But the old man didn't move. Brockton shrugged his shoulders and hurried into the showroom.

In the morning Brockton rented a horse trailer, asked Chatfield for the assistance of one of the wash boys, drove the twenty-three miles to the Whitetail turnoff and found the palomino dead. Its mangled carcass lay in a heap near the railroad tracks which bordered Kiakuck's pasture. Brockton stood there looking down at it. The wash boy got sick and went back to the truck. Frowns and smiles alternated on Brockton's face for a few minutes, and then he began to talk to the horse.

"Very clever. Very good. You're a smart old man, Kiakuck. Congratulations."

He turned and walked to the truck. All the way back to Lyman he couldn't help painfully admiring the craft of Kiakuck.

After he returned the truck and trailer and paid the rental fee out of his own pocket, he went and told Chatfield about the horse. Chatfield looked up from his desk, took a few drags on his pipe, and said, "Oh?" And then after a short pause he said, "I'll talk to you later, boy, I'm busy right now." There was nothing on his desk.

The next week Brockton sold a record number of cars. He moved about the lot more agilely than ever before. Nothing got past him. Occasionally he would notice Chatfield in the window of the office, watching him through a thin film of pipe smoke. Another week passed. Chatfield had not called him in about the Kiakuck deal, but he was there in the window more than ever. Juliet showed up a few times, and Brockton loosed a mechanic on her each time. She would leave with a pout distorting her pretty lips, and the Edsel would roar and spit gravel, almost until she was out of sight. Brockton knew that she would be back. He knew he would call his mechanics again.

Chatfield waited another week and then finally called Brockton in one morning.

"Nice day isn't it, boy?"

"Yeah, nice, a little cold, but nice."

Chatfield reached for his dish.

"How's everything going, boy?"

"Just right. Just right, in fact, I was in the middle of a sale when you called me in here."

Chatfield hesitated. Brockton seemed so damn happy. He offered Brockton a piece of peanut brittle, but Brockton reached for it, stopped, smiled and withdrew his hand. Chatfield put the lid on the dish a little hard.

"You see the Pro Bowl, Sunday, boy?"

Brockton sat up in his chair and leaned forward, an interested look on his face.

"No. I didn't."

Chatfield fumbled around in his pocket for his pipe. He had been counting on Johnny Unitas. Brockton began to stare at him now, and he had to look away, out the window, anywhere. The smoke from Brockton's cigarette was drifting across the desk and up into his face. Finally he got the pipe lit.

"You know, boy, I've been kind of the all points manager around this place for damn near twenty years. That's a long time. And I'm beginning to wonder if maybe it isn't time I delegated a little responsibility to somebody else. You know what I mean? What I've been thinking of is a kind of general manager post, or sales manager I guess you could call it. But I'm just not sure about it. I want to get the right man."

"It must be pretty hard alright, trying to decide. I guess it's pretty hard on a man your age, being expected to take care of everything. I hope that if you do decide to make some changes you get the right man." Chatfield had frowned at the words "your age."

"Yes, yes. Well I've done a lot of thinking, boy, and I've made what I think to be the best selection. I just thought I'd get your opinion on the matter since you've been with me so long. What do you think about Geraghty?"

Brockton almost laughed, but he showed no sign of humor on his face. He paused a few moments, squinting his eyes as though involved in intense mental exercise, and then taking a chance on Chatfield's growing irritation he answered very solemnly, "An excellent choice, sir. I really think he's your man."

Chatfield was dumbfounded. That was his safety valve pass. Geraghty's amateurish bumbling was useless to him now. His mind darted about, searching for another alternative, knowing as he did that Brockton was watching him closely, waiting for him to get angry, to blow up, something he had never done in front of a salesman; something he had never had to do. He was able to show nothing on his face. Finally he reached for another weapon.

"Well, actually, I suppose Geraghty's a little young, he doesn't have the experience that a - - -"

Brockton broke in loudly. "Oh, but that's just it, Mr. Chatfield. He's young; he's willing to get in there and play ball with all he's got. That's what it takes, don't you think? A man who isn't afraid to get his feet into the game?"

"But, but he makes mistakes, too many mistakes, don't you think, boy? I mean that's what separates the amateurs from the professionals, don't you think?"

"No, no I wouldn't say that. I'd say the thirst for money separates the two. I'd say the real professional is a guy who is willing to get himself involved, to risk everything if he has to, as opposed, say, to an amateur, or even a coach who does nothing really but stand on the sidelines and watch this kind of guy please the public and draw the money. You see what I mean?"

Chatfield was confused. He hadn't been talking about football, had he? Or had he?

"Well, maybe you're right. Maybe Geraghty is the right choice. He's got some things to learn but - - -"

"He's not very smooth though, do you think, Mr. Chatfield? I mean he doesn't really lead the group in sales. There are some others that are really capable, and maybe even a little hungrier, don't you think?"

Chatfield stood up and walked over to the window. He watched the ice melting on the lot. It was obvious now. Brockton wasn't going to crack. In fact Brockton might crack him if he didn't get him out of there pretty soon. And there was only one way to do that.

"Would, uh, you consider the job, boy? You don't have to answer now. You just think about it and let me know."

"Oh, well, I didn't mean that I - - -"

The old man went to the door and opened it. "You think about it, boy."

Brockton knew it was all down hill now. He nodded and left the room.

Outside a January sun was destroying the mounds of dirty snow the city crew had piled up in the center of the highway. Brockton stood there in the warm breeze and watched the water flow into the tiny ditches along side the road. It wouldn't be long now. Maybe a few years. Maybe ten. It didn't matter.

Inside Chatfield munched softly on a piece of peanut brittle and stared at a row of trophies on a bookcase under the window. He sat there, a man without heirs, an old bachelor who had sold a little ranch and built an automobile kingdom, wondering what Brockton would do with the trophies when the time came.

FROM ACROSS THE CANYON

I come, knowing stone as the grain
of wind. There will be others. Small grouse,
pheasant at noon. Tell me about velvet
in a chest of cedar, horns of elk
in early March, east. We are the hill.
See how the sky bows first?

I remember something young where
your shoulders curve. A black dog slung
across your arms. What is it that moves you
from the fire into night? Must I stay?
Kiss and rub the burning knuckles, search
for berries, spices to trade beside the road?

"Lean closer. I will break the current,
talk of soft green cloth and elk above
the river." This is new wine. Show me
the sun and red barrels. I come,
white birds. Wind. Look how I bend
before the hill.

Dennice Scanlon

CHYSAUSTER

Only these stone hut walls record their lives.
We now: not Roman. We speculate them
pastoral and kind. We say the grass is modern
but this loud wind must have been here then
tearing their eyes like ours, blurring the enemy
that never comes. And without trees no love
was secret on this hill. Your hot glance
at a girl exposed you to the grunting god
they hid with cattle in the far hut you were not
allowed to see. Where did they suddenly go,
third century, before Penzance and the discovery
of tin? You have to shout your theory
in this wind and shouted it sounds silly.
Black plague comes back laughter and grass bends
obedient as ancient beets. The size of huts
implies big families or people so communal
they did not use names. No one's found a coin,
something that might indicate exchange.
You loved your sister and she mocked you
as you crawled the dirt toward her, your breathing
muffled by her cackle and the drumming sky.

Richard Hugo



Patty Elliot

PAYING MY TAXES

The Internal Revenue agent visits me only
by night. We are old friends, newly acquainted.
I tell him I do not have to pay. He talks
in decibels of Leavenworth. He knows
what I am worth before he goes away.
"You need someone to take care
of you. Someone down here."
Prophecy or mistake, a cold computer
let me take that paper man, my lone
exemption. I love him as I may to widen
the walls of my prison, make the government pay.
Tough as he is, he faces up to forms.
I keep them in a desk drawer with a safety
catch. Computer love is like the poetry:
more exciting when routines break down.
Nevada's never been my kind of state.
But in the evergreens of Washington,
we shoot for the moon
and learn to gamble on the government.

Sister Madeline DeFrees

Under the magic wand of biology, man is now gradually becoming quite different from what he was. Here and now he is changing into a new and paradoxical animal, unknown to those who assign names to things, an animal with a special pied physiology. Here and now *Homo sapiens* is in the process of becoming *Homo biologicus* — a strange biped that will combine the properties of self-reproduction without males, like the greenfly; of fertilizing his female at long distance, like the nautiloid mollusks; of changing sex, like the xiphophores; of growing from cuttings, like the earthworm; of replacing his missing parts, like the newt; of developing outside the mother's body, like the kangaroo; and of hibernating, like the hedgehog.

and now:

**THE
EVOLUTION
REVOLUTION**

DAVID M. RORVIK

With the rhapsodic passage above, translated here from *Peut-On Modifier l'Homme?* (*Can Man Be Modified?*), famed biologist Jean Rostand penned the preamble to the Evolution Revolution, which has burst upon us with an impact that is bound to be felt for centuries to come. In history books yet unwritten, the remarkable discoveries of the mid-20th Century will be underscored to mark the beginning of a new epoch easily as significant as the one in which man evolved from ape. This is the new era of Participatory Evolution. No longer is man the offspring of Nature, the creature of natural selection. Science has provided him with the technology to become his own maker.

Dr. Edward L. Tatum, Nobel Prizeman, calls man's growing ability to engineer his own genetic future, "the most astounding prospect so far suggested by science." And Caltech biologist Robert L. Sinsheimer terms it "one of the most important concepts to arise in the history of mankind," adding that, "for the first time in all time a living creature understands its origin and can undertake to design its future."

But while science soars ahead in the light of this brilliant new dawn, society sleeps, dreaming what has gone before, not what is to come. Society and its laws lagged painfully far behind science during the Industrial and Technological Revolutions; it may now become hopelessly lost in the wake of the Evolution Revolution—*unless*, as Dr. Jonas Salk puts it, "the managers of society are given some advance notice of what may be in store." What follows, then, is not only a description of man's new creative prowess, but also an attempt to define some of the problems society will have to resolve if it is not to give way entirely to a technocratic elite.

If this particular revolution has any one father, it would have to be the late Dr. H. J. Muller, winner of the Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine. This scientific visionary repeatedly startled the world with a program for genetic betterment called *Germinal Choice*. His plan called on parents to forego egotistical desires to reproduce their own genetic characteristics, to utilize sex *only* for pleasure, not for propagation. To populate the earth, and at the same time improve the human genotype, Dr. Muller proposed a program of artificial insemination, using the sperm of a select group of men, chosen for physical fitness and mental acuity. Women deemed fit to have children would be permitted, perhaps with assistance from their husbands, to pick sperm donors from this pool of men. In sharp contrast with the current policy of strict donor anonymity, Dr. Muller called for detailed dossiers on all donors to help the prospective parents make a wise choice.

Critics of the plan said that it was imbued with the odor of the human stud farm. And lack of donor anonymity, they charged, would greatly accentuate the legal and emotional problems of artificial insemination. In cases where the donor is known, they asked, could he be sued for child support should the mother's husband divorce or abandon her? Could the donor be named as correspondent in a divorce proceeding? Could the administering doctor or the donor be charged with adultery? Could the wife similarly be charged? Could the AI offspring claim to be heirs of the donor in an estate settlement? And so on. These are not fanciful questions; there are lawsuits revolving around them in the courts today. Recently, for example, a woman was given custody of a child conceived by artificial insemination. An Oklahoma court turned down her husband's request for visiting privileges on the grounds that he was not the child's biological father. The fact that he was the only father the child had ever known counted for nothing.

To skirt these problems, Dr. Muller urged widespread establishment of frozen-sperm banks. These banks would administer only those sperm specimens that had been in storage for at least 20 years or obtained from donors who had since died. Though Dr. Muller's dynamic program—backed in part by such scientific luminaries as Sir Julian Huxley and Nobelist F. H. C. Crick—has yet to be im-

plemented, AI is rapidly coming into its own, perhaps accounting for 10,000 births each year. And frozen-sperm banks—some of which will be used to keep a sperm supply viable even in the event of nuclear war—are springing up all over the country. Dr. Jerome K. Sherman, a pioneer in this field, estimates that there are already hundreds of healthy babies conceived from sperm frozen for long periods of time.

Now egg-implantation techniques promise to make possible a *complete* program of germinal choice. Scientists have already succeeded in removing fertilized egg cells from prize cows and implanting them in genetically less desirable animals, which carry the embryos through to birth as if they were their own. Fertilization is achieved through artificial insemination, using only the sperm of choice bulls. The prize cows, freed from the burdens of pregnancy, can go on supplying egg cells to be implanted in other animals. Thus a prize herd can rapidly be built up. A cow that might have had only eight or nine calves in its lifetime, instead mothers hundreds.

The day is rapidly approaching when this technique will be applied to man. Leading geneticists say that it will be used not only to improve the quality of man, but to give the barren woman the fulfilling experience of childbirth, and the wealthy woman the opportunity to avoid the rigors of pregnancy and still have children. The barren woman will simply have her doctor implant a fertilized egg cell, in effect an embryo, into her womb; a woman too sick to risk pregnancy, but able to produce viable eggs, will have another woman, perhaps a relative, bear her child for her. The wealthy woman could simply hire another woman—a sort of super-mother surrogate—to undergo embryo implantation, carry the fetus through to term, and relinquish it to its real mother at birth.

Hence, as Jean Rostand notes, man is on the verge of an era in which reproduction no longer demands the actual physical union of two human beings. The genetic characteristics of a man and a woman can now be combined across vast distances of space and time. Man, says Rostand, will have to adjust to the notion that children can soon be born of parents who have long been dead or separated by continents their entire lives.

Though artificial insemination and the techniques of egg implantation have mind-stretching implications for society, man will be called on to make even bigger adjustments in his thinking when science usurps man's most sacred institution—motherhood—and makes it the prerogative of the test tube rather than of the womb. Already science has learned how to husband the miracle of conception *outside* the human body.

A few years ago, Dr. Daniele Petrucci achieved test-tube conception in his laboratory in Bologna, Italy. *In vitro* (in glass) fertilization occurred when he joined ripe ova with sperm in a carefully balanced laboratory environment. He kept the developing embryosa alive in a nutrient solution that was similar to the amniotic fluid that surrounds the fetus in pregnant women. One of his test-tube babies lived 29 days, another 59. The historic experiments horrified the Catholic world and the Pope publicly condemned Dr. Petrucci and his work, forcing him to curtail further research.

The gap between science and society was suddenly exposed—and raw-edged, as evidenced in this anguished, but mis-directed, volley from *America*, a Cath-

olic journal: "The spirit of Frankenstein did not die with the Third Reich. His blood brothers regard a human being as just another expendable microbe, provided it is legally defenseless, physically helpless, and tiny enough to ride on the stage of a microscope."

Though Dr. Petrucci's critics overlooked the fact that his research is directed at the ultimate improvement of mankind, not at monstrous manipulation, they did raise one valid question: Is science able to cope with the requirements of the test-tube baby, once it is created? The answer, quite clearly, is no, not at the present time. But researchers are aggressively accepting the challenge on all fronts.

Researchers at the University of Kansas Medical Center, for example, are busy studying the function of the placenta, the computer-like organ that regulates the life of the fetus in the womb. The Center's Dr. Kermit E. Krantz has developed a placental simulator which makes it possible to study—and mimic—the functioning of this organ outside the womb. Others are ambitiously seeking to make artificial wombs out of steel, capable of supporting fetuses in pressurized, oxygenated nutrient baths from conception to birth. The Baby Factory of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* is already under construction.

Meanwhile, a new breed of medical specialists called fetologists are exploring the world of "the littlest astronaut." This sphere, previously considered sacrosanct, is now being probed with bold new techniques designed to detect genetic defects in time to do something about them. On the frontier of this new science is actual fetal surgery: the removal, treatment, and reimplantation of the fetus. All of this is expected to stand science in good stead when ectogenesis or test-tube pregnancy becomes a reality. By then, Rostand notes, "it will be little more than a game to change the subject's sex, the color of its eyes, the general proportions of body and limbs, and perhaps the facial features." Similarly, as science gains increased access to the developing fetus, the possibility of programming personality and increasing intelligence will be considerably enhanced.

Research in sex control is already yielding sensational results. Lab animals treated with hormones, in recent experiments, have undergone complete sexual transformations. Embryos originally destined to be males turn out at birth to be females, capable of reproduction. Females, conversely, are as easily transformed into males. Scientists have no doubt that similar techniques will one day be applied to man; at first, perhaps, to give parents children of the desired sex; later, to control the world's sexual balance.

Dramatic as these advances are, the doors to an even more astounding future have been flung open by discovery of the structure of DNA, the essence of biological inner space, and the chemical code of life. Now that man has broken the code, he can undertake to manipulate the DNA molecule and the genes that make it up, thus becoming master of his own heredity. Genetic surgery is the term Dr. Tatum and others have coined to describe the manipulation of DNA. Dr. Tatum foresees the day when geneticists will be able to delete undesirable genes, insert others, and mechanically or chemically transform still others—foreordaining, at the molecular level, the physical, mental, even racial characteristics of the incipient individual. Dr. Joshua Lederberg, another Nobel Prize-win-

ning geneticist, believes that genetic surgery could become a reality within one or two decades, provided that an aggressive program of research is sustained.

But perhaps even before man is deleting unwanted genes with laser erasers and inserting others with viral transducers, he will be manipulating the chromosomal content of DNA in such a way that sex will no longer play any part in reproduction. Though the billions of cells that make up an adult human being seem to differ radically—some go into making up bones, others form to make eyes, skin, hair, and so on—they all have a common ancestry: a single fertilized egg cell. And each of those billions of cells contains a set of chromosomes precisely identical to those in the fertilized egg cell. For years biologists have been teased by the question: Why cannot each of those body cells—"loaded" as they are with the same instruction-laden chromosomes as the fertilized egg cell—grow into complete individuals, identical to the ones from which they have come? No one could think of any valid objection to the notion, but neither could anyone think of any way to bring this incredible stunt off.

Then, finally, in an historic breakthrough a few years ago, Dr. Frederick C. Steward of Cornell University successfully bypassed the sexual process of pollination in reproducing carrots. He took single cells from various locations on the body of a mature carrot and, by bathing them in nutrient solutions, grew them into adult plants identical to the carrot which had donated the cells.

Already an ingenious means has been found of duplicating this feat in the animal kingdom. Dr. J. B. Gurdon of Oxford University, using a technique first developed in the United States, routinely takes the nuclei out of frogs' body cells and implants these chromosomal packages in unfertilized frogs' eggs, the chromosomal content of which has been destroyed by radiation. In this environment the body cell nucleus, in each case, "switches on," that is, starts growing as if it thought it were a fertilized egg cell. The result? Normal tadpoles genetically identical to the body-cell donors from which they came, unique creatures of asexual propagation. Dr. Rostand notes that such offspring ought not to be considered the children of these cell donors but their twins.

Cloning, as this process has come to be known (from a Greek root meaning "cutting"), puts man "on the brink of a major evolutionary perturbation," according to Dr. Lederberg. He adds that "there is nothing to suggest any particular difficulty about accomplishing this in mammals or man, though it will rightly be admired as a technical tour de force when it is first accomplished," which, he indicates, could be at any moment.

A number of geneticists have recently pointed out that cloning, which amounts to a unique sort of parthenogenesis or virgin birth, offers numerous advantages over the Germinal Choice approach to improving the human genotype. In Germinal Choice one deals with two elements—egg and sperm cells—of only *potential* quality. Moreover, one can never be certain what specific advantages will accrue from their combination. With cloning, on the other hand, one deals with a single element—a body cell nucleus—whose value is already firmly established in the record of the adult cell donor. In other words, one simply selects exemplary members of society and proceeds to make copies of them through the cloning process. A single copy, a dozen copies, ten thousand copies, whatever society has use for.

Eventually, Dr. Lederberg predicts, body-cell banks will replace sperm and egg banks. And Dr. Rostand has proposed that even the average man put some body cells aside, to be used, in case of untimely death, to grow a whole new replica of the individual. The problem for society here, apart from the fact that the insurance companies will be forced out of business, will be the person who goes on replacing himself indefinitely, thus achieving a sort of immortality. And, of course, precautions will have to be taken to keep fanatics and madmen from cloning themselves. "Imagine," shudders one geneticist, "what would have happened if this technology had been available in Hitler's day."

The problems may be awesome even among sane men. Just as nationality and racial origin have turned men against one another in our own era, suggests Dr. Lederberg, so might "clonism" generate strife in a future era. But if the wars of the clones can be avoided, the phenomenon offers immense promise for mankind. Besides making possible unrestricted duplication of prize cattle, race horses, and other animals, it opens up a number of new possibilities to man himself—including, in Dr. Lederberg's words, "the free exchange of organ transplants with no concern for graft rejection." And the neurological similarities of the members of a common clone will greatly facilitate communication, making astronauts, soldiers, underwater explorers, and others who must work closely together, ideal candidates for cloning.

The late Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, world-famed biologist and one of the first to propose cloning people, recommended that individuals with "special effects," such as lack of pain sense, visceral perception, resistance to radiation, and so on, be among those selected for cloning. Most individuals, he suggested, should not be cloned until they have their life work behind them. Then they could spend their retirement teaching clonal "offspring" all they know. Dr. Lederberg agrees with this approach, noting again that the neurological similarities of teacher and student will go a long way to bridge the generation gap that makes contemporary education such a chore. Others, whose value to society proceeds from their physical capabilities (dancers and athletes, for example), will be cloned young.

But man will never be satisfied with running off carbon copies of existing models; he will set out to make new ones. Human hybrids are just around the corner. Already laboratory technicians have grafted human chromosomal material onto that of other animal species. So far these experiments have been limited to isolated tissue cultures but, says Dr. Lederberg, "Before long we are bound to hear of tests of the effect of dosage of the human twenty-first chromosome on the development of the brain of the mouse or gorilla." Finally, he believes, we will produce man-animal chimeras of "varying proportions of human, sub-human, and hybrid tissue." A panel of highly respected scientists predicted not long ago that such techniques will be used to create human-like animals to perform low-grade labor.

"What," asks Dr. Lederberg, "is the moral, legal, or psychiatric identity of an artificial chimera?" And more important, "how is it possible for man to demarcate himself from his isolated or scrambled tissues and organs on one side, and from experimental hybrids on another?" He suggests this answer: "Pragmatically, the legal privileges of humanity will remain with objects that look

enough like men to grip their consciences, and whose nurture does not cost too much. But rather than superficial appearance of face or chromosomes, a more rational criterion of human identity might be the potential for communication within the species, which is the foundation on which the unique glory of man is built."

Dr. Haldane, ruminating on some of the ways man might change himself, once commented, "It may be that our remote descendants will be immortal, sessile (attached to the ground, like a flower), or born talking perfect English." But first, he said, man will create a number of mutants, each bred for a special environment. For life under the sea, obviously, lungs will have to give way to gills and other fish-like properties. For low gravitational fields, Dr. Haldane recommended "a regressive mutation to the condition of our ancestors in the mid-Pliocene, with prehensile feet, no appreciable heels, and an ape-like pelvis." So much for future moon dwellers. For high gravitational fields such as the colonizers of Jupiter will encounter, Dr. Olaf Stapledon has called for a human quadruped with an elephant-like trunk for grasping.

Genetic manipulation is certainly an important aspect of Participatory Evolution; but there is another facet to this phenomenon, one even more breathtaking than test-tube birth, clonal propagation, and hybridization. It can be summed up in one word—"cyborg." The cyborg—or cybernetic organism—is part man, part machine. It defines a new rung on the evolutionary ladder and points to man's ultimate destiny. Already there are cyborgs among us—individuals with dacron arteries, ceramic hip joints, silicone breasts, pacemakers, electronic bladders, plastic corneas, and so on. Eventually, many scientists are convinced, man will be almost indistinguishable from machine, having discarded all his bodily parts (except, perhaps, for his brain) for more durable, if not immortal, mechanical counterparts.

Cybernetic experts are already talking about brain-computer symbiotes. Some foresee the day when it will be possible to discard even the brain, having first programmed all of its knowledge and personality into a computer "being." Astrophysicist Arthur C. Clarke goes even further:

"I suppose," he says, "one could call a man in an iron lung a cyborg, but the concept has far wider implications than this. One day we may be able to enter into temporary unions with any sufficiently sophisticated machines, thus being able not merely to control but to become a spaceship or a submarine or a TV network. This would give far more than purely intellectual satisfaction; the thrill that can be obtained from driving a racing car or flying an airplane may be only a pale ghost of the excitement our great-grandchildren may know, when the individual human consciousness is free to roam at will from machine to machine, through all the reaches of sea and sky and space."

And if Clarke's final vision comes true, man will eventually grow weary of corporeal existence in *any* form. The final evolutionary step will come, then, when he learns how to translate his being into "frozen lattices of light," becoming a creature of electromagnetic radiation, able to probe the far reaches of the universe with the speed and agility of light, "free at last from the tyranny of matter."

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POEM — 2

An afternoon man walked down wooden stairs
past the Roxy Theater, elastic
bands on his sleeves with red white and blue
stripes, an eagle in his mind,
and on his head the black bowler hat
and walked down to the river in the
Saturday afternoon sun.

The man wearing the bowler hat
walking through the way
things happened to be
a Saturday afternoon man
with his woman as
she walked in the afternoon
on his arm and carried an umbrella
in the sun
she walked down
to the river carrying that parasol
on her arm.
They wait standing on the landing
for the black steam boat
that makes excursions up the river
in the afternoon.

On the boiler's door there's a cast
iron eagle.
Mean looking hot iron eagle
there is always waiting
getting up steam to go up stream
always waiting
and that mean looking afternoon eagle.

Swain Wolfe

"A faithful guide, whereby admirers of the clavichord are shown a plain method of learning not only to play clean in two parts, but likewise in further progress to manage three obligato parts well and correctly, and at the same time not merely how to get good inventions, but also how to develop the same well; but above all, to obtain a cantabile style of playing, and together with this to get a strong foretaste of composition."

J. S. Bach

"Try and find"

Joseph Hayden

"Novelty, order, art and taste"

Joseph Hayden

**JERRY
MADER**

Listed above are thoughts which state quite specifically the musical notions behind this piece. The first, by Bach, is the preface to the first edition of his two-part inventions. The others, by Hayden, are his secret of composition and his criterion for good music, respectively.

Invention No. 56

INSTRUCTIONS

The base line indicates which string is played on.

The graph line indicates what is to be done with the left hand and bow (vertical lines are not played, but indicate connected events).

The performer must measure and make with his ears and instrument the relative distance between base line and graph line. He must do this also in relation to the other two parts.

In the space between the brackets, the performer is obliged to improvise on what has gone before, and on what is ahead.

In this particular invention, the duration of the improvisation is determined by the first viola and the bass, their coupled, sustained pitches indicating to the second viola the beginning of the end.

Invention
#56
Two Violas - Bass
Mader '68

The score consists of three staves. The top staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking and a *cresc. poco a poco* instruction. The middle staff begins with a *p* dynamic marking and also includes a *cresc. poco a poco* instruction. The bottom staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking and includes a *cresc. poco a poco* instruction. A vertical line is drawn between the first and second measures of the music. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *pp*, *p*, and *cresc. poco a poco*.

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This image shows a handwritten musical score on three staves. The notation is a form of musical shorthand, possibly a type of tablature or a simplified staff notation, consisting of horizontal lines with various symbols and notes. The score is divided into sections by vertical lines. A large, empty rectangular box is drawn in the center, spanning across the middle of the three staves. Dynamic markings are present throughout the score, including *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano). The notation includes notes, rests, and other musical symbols. The staves are labeled with letters: the top staff has notes labeled G, D, G, C, A, D, G; the middle staff has G, D, A, D, C, G, D, A, G, D; and the bottom staff has E, G, D, A. The central box is positioned between the first and second vertical lines, with a double vertical line on its right side. The overall appearance is that of a personal or working manuscript.

FLUX

While life's blood is dripping from above
The flow is to the other side of the cone
When Terra spins and the city of Brotherly Love
Is white in the light of the Kingdom of Stone.
How nice, the forgetful spice of memories bank

Lies, all lies

In this poem, Flux the glorious chemicals
Are telling us, and MAAT, Everlasting;
O U kid's (wonderful love cone) body,
Say, and ecstatic venturing forth to the wholeness
Inside Purity that is beyond death and words,
As the last line points out in the obvious lie
About Cosmogenous gratitude or thankful
Infinity (takes off from Uranus), and the
Still more obvious avoidance of what
Might have proved more easily palatable
But less demonstrative lie, M-O-T-H-E-R,
This Oedipal temptation might have appeared
But the psychedelic Chemical is stronger
Here than Mother Nature's call, and the flux
Is toward love, wherein the many
Separate forms and colors are discernable
To a somewhat disturbing degree, the poem
Ends with the line . . . The many, the fathers
To thank, this line now.

Tomorrow;

How rapturously understated, the
White of dust, of Grey, of wind swept space
And the next day,

How exquisite now, the colors are so
Beautiful against the blue sky,

And an hour later;

There is a high power line going up
This way and that way, the busy
Electrons, very busy, I hear them in
The ripples of the flag, and their
Suchness is a flashing feeling along
The Souls of my feet as it is along
The souls of the humble grey-green guards
Feet, who lowers the colors, and salutes
The H. P. lines, with an awry grimace,
And whose shiny black boots, are shiny,
And black, and it's all so very cliche,
Even, and apple pie, and Mother,
God and Country, and now.

Mike Fiedler

MEETING WOUNDED HEAD

I have hidden my bones in the tall grass
and am wandering through fields
talking to horses. Birds chase their heels.
I say: Where did you learn such grace
that you never step on living things?
They point their ears to the hills.
Any minute I expect a whirlwind
and the spirit of Wounded Head.
They called him gentle who never took a scalp.
A storm lifts my bones.
Wind in the veil. Wind in the hair.
And oh, the wild flowers everywhere.

Sister Michele Birch

THE CALLER

In the morning you wake bare,
not a dresser scarf to wear
to the door, not the door itself to let him in.

Halfway upstairs he lets go and floats;
knocks where the ceiling was, turning
on his own axis, and never sees you.

The elevator blinking like a plane
stops at this floor; no one
gets out or in. His face

suspended in the air, smirks back,
and both hands wave goodbye in gloves;
another guest gone you didn't get to know.

Weeds are too young to cover the light.
Everywhere you look is out in space.
Waiting, one cold finger feels for a pulse.

Only your fear is real, a running crack.
Nailed to a shout
it comes back and comes back and back.

Alison Zier

The Imaginated Lover Of Lucy Stone

by

BARBARA CROGHAN

When the dishes were done in the evening and the crumbs swept up, when the children were settled in front of the television and her husband kissed off to his bowling or lodge, Lucy Stone walked with her imagined lover.

She met him by the gate and they walked up and down the darkening streets, laughing, whispering, shouting at the evening, singing, pausing for a kiss, holding hands. They bent to each other, strained, collided accidentally, glided, turned to touch, smiled. Their conversation floated, melted, blended in a meld of intellect, wit, tenderness, and passion. The time passed so quickly that it was no time until the suitable programs were over for the children, until her husband could be expected home from beer and bowling or lodge and cigars.

On this evening, because she could stand her ordinary life no longer, Lucy Stone was leaving with her imagined lover: the television would have to take care of the children; lodge and bowling would suffice for the husband. In her bag she packed two new bikinis that she had not tried on in the store, a loose, flowered pant-dress, nine nightgowns, the cashmere coat her husband had given her twelve Christmases ago. On top of these she arranged hair-ribbons in colors to go with each costume.

She met her lover by the gate.

"What have we here?" he said with a smile.

"My things," she replied with a cryptic look.

"I see," he answered with great knowledge.

"I've known it for a long time. I can't go back. They exist so nicely without me and . . ."

"Of course, my darling, I understand. Of course you can't go back." He took charge of her bag and they closed the gate.

They walked on together as if it were any other of their mad evenings. They bent, they strained, they collided. There was tenderness in her smile, passion in his look. Only the bag, out of sight most of the time in the darkness, reminded her of the difference. Because he carried it, felt its tug and weight, she reasoned, it could not be quite the same for him. He must be wondering, pondering. He must want to ask her . . .

"Dear, I have something to ask you," he said.

"Of course you may ask me anything," she replied.

"Where would you like to go?" he smiled.

"Go?"

"Move toward. Come to, if you like. Where?"

She looked at her reflection in a passing shop window.

"I'm not dressed for much."

A young girl shuffled past them wearing a fringed blanket over her shoulders.

"She's a sparrow and you're my yellow canary," he whispered.

"Still, this jacket. I'm not dressed for much."

"You're beautiful. You're a queen."

"No, I'm not dressed for that at all."

They passed a street where a tall black hedge invaded the sidewalk and instead of moving onto the wet grass, they pressed in to each other until they were one person, walking, swinging together, the bag held over the grass, alien and unwanted.

They moved into brightness past shiny cars in every color, red, orange, yellow, grass-green, mulberry.

"I'll take the mulberry," she said.

"Here we go 'round the mulberry," he laughed.

"Wouldn't they be shocked!"

"Shocked?"

"If I ran away with you and we drove a mulberry sports car. Wouldn't they be shocked if we drove it to church!"

"Shocked," he agreed, laughing softly. "Shocked to see US in church."

"The angels would rejoice," she said. "They'd blow their golden trumpets for us in our mulberry car. We'd be God's elect in our mulberry car."

"Hush," he whispered, his finger on her lips.

"It's all right," she said. "It's all right anyway with God."

"Yes, with God and the angels. Not with people."

The bridge over the river was streaked with cars and the foot-way was narrow. They could not walk together because of the bag. They stood, instead, and watched the black and silver of the swirling currents of water.

"You don't mind?" he said as he lifted the bag to the railing.

"Not really," she said. She was relieved she would not be seen in the bikinis.

They were dizzy from the water and the traffic and the other side of the bridge was the haven they ran to. They were gayer than ever now, unencumbered as they were. They slowed at windows of king-size beds and rows of lamps and chairs in every color, all flowered, all patterned. They smiled at the

colors. He nodded at the nearest bed. She laughed. That, too. That, too. She pointed at the pictures of fishermen, the four seasons, clowns, trees, all prints, all nothing. He laughed. That, too. They had that, too. THEIR house, THEIR music, THEIR pictures.

He touched her yellow jacket and asked it again: "Where would you like to go?"

She smiled as he steered her down a black alley fit for garbage and cats and dark doings. Surrounded by dirty gray walls of sides of buildings, underground parking-lot entrances, loading-zone signs, it stood at the end of the alley like an entrance to a dream, sparkling white, deep red, and golden.

He held the door.

She entered.

The music was loud and electric. He placed their order with the long-haired girl and they danced till the drinks came and then sipped the cool, sweet drinks and listened.

"People cry," she whispered.

He bent his head near hers.

"I'd forgotten. My little girl said it when she was two and when I told my mother, she said that I had said it, too, at the same age."

"People cry? Just that? Just those words?"

"Just those two words. At two, sentences are short."

They could not look at each other. Instead they danced again for an excuse to hold on to each other. Bombs of sound burst around them as they whirled around the orchestra, whirled and whirled, and then standing in the silence that followed, held each other still.

"That's all folks. A little 'coffee-break' ha-ha."

They left.

She wanted to fly to the stars, to ride in the snow queen's coach, to break pieces of sugar-frosting off the candy house, licking off the sweet. She held his hand.

She wanted to feel the sweet demands of her wedding night and honeymoon and the first few years.

She wanted to suckle her children again, to feel the pull on her breasts, the surge through her body.

She wanted and wanted and never ceased wanting. He smiled and understood and never ceased understanding.

Rain was falling and an old man stood, at midnight, watering his lawn.

"It's a night like the ones my mother used to look for night-crawlers," he said. "She sold them for thirty cents a dozen."

They passed a sign advertising night-crawlers. Behind it, in the garden, a long-skirted woman was moving a light in circles.

They crossed the river again, passed the cars, the hedge, the young girl with the blanket.

He looked at her with a question.

"I'm not dessed for it," she said.

"You are. You're beautiful."

"They'd laugh."

"They'd bow before you."

"I'm not young, not beautiful, not even intelligent."

He led her, in spite of her protests which were true, to the throne.

She reclined on the grassy knoll and smiled at her subjects.

"Lucy Stone, it's Lucy Stone!" they whispered.

He gave her a look of encouragement.

She stood.

A great chorus swelled out of nowhere, violins, harps, trumpets.

She opened her mouth to speak.

She had so much to say.

She said, very softly, giving the words no importance, "People cry."

The chorus filled the night. HER WORDS filled the night.

"I knew you could do it," he said and pressed her hand.

"I wanted to do it, but wanting isn't enough. TRYING isn't enough even. I didn't think I could do it at all!" She was jubilant. She had never been so happy in her life.

The grassy knoll was wet but she wanted to remain there forever. She wanted to hear that chorus forever but already it was gone. Only her lover remained. She looked into his face and smiled.

"I KNEW you'd do it," he said and she was happy again.

She remembered, at last, her clothes in the river. She remembered that she had wanted to stay and, because the clothes were in the river, couldn't.

"Do you suppose they have traveled far by now?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so," he said.

"Then that means I can't stay."

"I'm afraid it does," he replied.

"I'll have to go back."

"For tonight," he agreed.

"I'll come tomorrow night and I'll bring a new bag. I'll bring a soft fur muff, golden slippers, black nightgowns. You won't put my new bag in the river."

"No," he smiled.

"Or burn it in a fire?"

"No."

"Or give it to the girl with the blanket?"

He smiled. "No, I won't give it to her."

"And you won't leave it in the bar or toss it over the hedge or sell it to the woman looking for night-crawlers?"

He was shaking his head and smiling. He would not do any of these things.

They walked up the path to the gate and dropped hands. It would not do to hold hands by her very own gate. They could not kiss goodnight. They could not even whisper together. They must pretend to have met by chance, to care nothing for each other, to be planning nothing.

They stood by the gate, she on the inside, he on the outside. They stood with tender hot thoughts for each other, the gate between them.

She turned up the walk to the house; he turned down the street. Their separating steps were slow, then picked up speed as they hastened to bridge the interval of absence.

A DREAM AFTER YOU LEFT

*My heels ring in the empty street.
I stop under a lamp,
catch a train to some foreign place.
A woman waits with a basket in her arms.
You might expect her hair golden,
it's brown. The smell of pie fills the yard.*

*Remember our first night on the bridge.
That hotel is a castle on the island point.
The food we eat in the cafe
steams on cherry tables. We are in Rome
and you are another girl, still smiling,
your favorite way to welcome friends
or a lover to his chair.*

*I seem to shuffle out and in
not knowing which face is yours.
Maybe she's the one to come,
to slide new flowers in the bottle neck
and lean like a stem for approval.
Remember the girl who sang
and hunched with the guitar, she's a man,
you think my heart his song.*

*My eyes move away where girls laugh
the way you did in that pine forest.
Snow is falling on the white road.
If you return, come smiling
and laugh with a face that's grim
with the need to stay.*

Pat Todd

CANTINA IANNINI

*Walls were painted blue so long ago, you think
of old sky you thought lovely turned as it did,
in your lifetime, dirty. Six crude wood tables
and the pregnant cat seem permanent
on the pockmarked concrete floor. The owner
gives too much away, too much free wine
and from his eyes too much grief. His facial lines
amplify in light the two small windows
and the opaque door glass flatten out.
To enter you should be poor by consent.*

*You and the world that hurts you should agree
you don't deserve a penny. Nor a clear tongue
to beg sympathy from wine dark as your life
and rich as your dream you still are nothing in.
And you should agree to cross your throat
and weep when the casket passes. You should kneel
when wind crosses the olive grove in waves
of stuttering coin. At nine the light goes down.
You weave home to homes you'll never own.*

*Only men in broken rags come back
to drink black wine under the painting
'moonlight on sea' a drunk thought lovely —
turned as it did, in his lifetime, muddy.
You hear the wind outside turn white. Wasn't
some loud promise in another wine? Sea cliff
with a girl, her hair streamed out your lifetime
down the sky? Your wine is dead. Tomorrow
you'll return to this grim charm, not quite broken,
not quite ready to release your eyes.*

Richard Hugo

THE CLOUD-CHASER

On the rib of a hill in Corsica,
not far from arid farms
the ragged cloud-chaser waits,
twirling his bone whistle
in tune with the wind
like a twister's hum.

The dance begins!
A white cloud forms from the drift
of a skyblue day —
a watery eye glides over the ground,
blind as the cactus sponge
the cloud-chaser hugs in his arms.

The ragged man waves at the sky,
tests the earth with his tongue,
prepares for his race
with the rolling stone of the sun,
dances on each grain of sand
as he follows the cloud.

The men of the village gather
fearing disaster and thirst.
They chatter about the cloud-chaser
who may be confused by the orange
of the moon. He may be insane!
They are sad without rain.

The villagers mutter,
 "The chaser of clouds is back.
 He carries the sky on his shoulder.
 He comes empty handed,
 no scripture, no tablets in stone."

Shy women circle him tossing their hair
casting their veils at his feet,
singing and joyous with laughter,
holding him close in their seine,
lightly kissing his skin
for a taste of the rain.

Ed Lahey

ON TOADS IN GARDENS, POETRY, CATS AND SEVERAL RELATED MATTERS

for Marianne Moore

A toad here,
In this, my imaginary Garden!

Fancy that,
Said the Cat.
No, not Fancy, not this warty beast,
A thing loaded like a stone,
Planted like old lies
Under my apple tree.

Bees make buzz there,
Fructify this imaged bloom
And dance the life in.
No, I fancy not.
No toad can grow from
Imaged mind.

How about a Bat,
Said the Cat
A mouse in flight
To witch the night.

No, I think not. But
That Toad now, that real Toad,
Moved his tongue, see!
Moved one eye, see!
One eye only,
Agreeing with all poets
And even, who knows
With Cats dreaming under
Imagined apple trees in
A wild bloom of Bats.

And perhaps, but only
Perhaps, winking the shape
A poem makes.

John Moore



Jim Todd

Entitled "Rerun", Todd's oil painting contains no color. Using only black and white hues, Todd has depicted clichés typical of cinema violence and contrasted them to violence in reality.

LET

HIM

by JEAN STROMNES

Corie knew she was drunk, even though her head felt clear. Whiskey always released her into being self-contented and in good humor, so that she smiled at people who walked by her in the bar, people she usually distrusted.

She knew that Paul was pleased to see her like this, smiling so freely. She felt him seeing her as beautiful. He was watching her and smiling. He never looked as closely at her when he was sober, she thought, and allowed the warmth that had generated her returning smile to tighten. But as she continued watching him, she forgot her criticism, and let his confident eyes carry her up, up, where he was, where smiles floated easily in and out of one's mind, where it took no effort to be happy.

"Hi, Paul," she softly said.

"Hi to you."

"Do you see that woman over there, that little one who just came in?"

"Yeah, isn't she nice. I've seen her in here before . . ."

"She had to be pushed in, you know. That guy was poking her along, with his hand on her back." Her dress was thin, her hair furry black and she had walked with her eyes nearly closed, looking down, as though she were blind. "She should have been wearing roller skates. He could've pushed her better."

Paul smiled. "I never have to push you, do I?"

"No, you don't." Hurriedly said, out of wobbliness because he was too certain of her. Can't be a puppet — "Maybe you pull me in here, drag me so to speak."

He quit smiling. She was sorry she had spoken. "Look Paul, I'm sorry. I've had fun tonight. Really." Did he believe her? He would because he knew her, knew the times when she was tense and the other free times.

He smiled again. "Have another drink then?" He picked up their glasses and paused.

"Sure, why not?" She quashed out her cigarette.

He got up and went to the bar. Corie lit another cigarette. She watched his walk, unbalanced, slightly drunk, his back pulled in. She liked to watch his body. He was a small man, twenty-five years old, with strong legs. At the bar he turned and winked at her. She winked back, and thought how untrue to accuse him of being unaware of her, as she had thought and said to him at times. Pride rushed around her mind as she thought how he was the first man whom she loved who also loved her. No man ever knew her so well. Images of them touching, needing each other, reminded her that he loved her. Then she was afraid, and fighting the fear that he could leave her. She pushed away the thought that she could not make him love her if he ever did not want to.

Paul was talking to a friend at the bar. Hofeldt. Fat and sloppy, a photographer. He was always broke, Corie thought, and usually potted up. Never bought his own beer. Don't come over here, don't, don't . . .

"Hi, Glen," she said as he and Paul sat down at the table. "Watcha been doing?"

"Oh, nothing much. Tried to hock my typewriter today. They wouldn't take it, the bummers." He laughed loudly, looking around him.

"Well, why don't you give it to me. I sure could use it, you know. Mine's broken down," Paul said.

"Just may do that, hate to carry the damn thing around with me. Never stay in one place very long . . ."

Corie was already bored with him. It was easier to be bored than uncomfortable and around him it was usually a choice between the two. He was loud, laughed too much, and pulled too many illegitimate laughs out of her. Paul and he continued to talk, while Corie slowly faded away. She had tried to talk with Glen before, and never, or rarely, succeeded. It was hard for her to pretend she liked him. Paul doesn't have to pretend, she thought. He has a kinship with the lonely — even the obnoxious ones — that I don't have. Am scared to have. Wish Hofeldt would go, I am so stifled.

She looked out of the window, watched cars slink back and forth, a few people go in and out of bars. She glanced at the people around her, but no one absorbed her attention. Paul talked to Glen. She noticed that there was a pathway of squashed cigarettes, papers, ashes, and dead matches beneath the row of bar stools. She felt her mind and stomach take a step down, the muscles in her legs tense, and she knew how strongly she did not want to be there, in that bar, any longer.

She looked down at the table, knew she was frowning.

"Hey, what's the matter? Are you feeling all right?"

She put her hand on his, tried to smile. "I guess that I'm tired of it here, Paul. I can't relax."

"You want to go?"

She nodded.

Paul pushed back his chair as though to go, then leaned forward again and sighed, looking down, frowning. Corie watched him, becoming afraid of the decision he would make. God, he wouldn't make her leave alone, would he?

"Hey, Paul, how about a game of pool?" Glen spoke.

"No, Glen, guess not. We've got to be going. Corie doesn't feel too good, and we've got to work tomorrow, you know."

"Hell, looks like you don't have much choice." His mouth wrenched sideways — Corie imagined him stuffing spaghetti into it — and he tipped back in his chair, his back stiff and the tops of his boots hooked around the table legs for support.

"Yeah, yeah sure." Paul mumbled, his eyes vague, he stumbled and stood. He was drunker than Corie had thought.

Corie watched him. He was barely able to walk. She was walking straight. Why did he always have to get so drunk? He seemed stumbling and weak to her, and she hated him. Then she loved his weakness. She could hold his arm to steady him and go home with him and be there when he wakes up in the morning. She could be powerful, but this power too she hated. She did not like to use it, for it laid the responsibility for his life on her. But then, if he

were steady and could walk alone, he would not need her.

She had made the choice for them to leave. As they went out the door, she sensed the eyes of his friends on her back, calling her a bitch, a bitch.

He insisted on driving, and she let him, even though she knew he was too drunk. As they headed toward his apartment, she relaxed, placed her hand on his knee. He looked straight ahead, guiding the car about the road, not knowing how little he was staying on the right side of the road. She watched the side of his face, as it shone from lights reflected upon it, then darkened again.

She sensed he did not want to talk. She felt like an ogre for making him leave, a bitch, a witch, and then she felt mistreated. Why should he be so cold to her?

What will she do if he doesn't love her? Run to her mother?

She removed her hand from his knee and pulled herself away from him, so they weren't touching.

He looked at her. Then slowly, "Corie, what's wrong now? You wanted to leave, so we did. I quit drinking even though I still want to. You ought to be happy." His words were thick.

"Not when you want to punish me for leaving." She squeezed the fingertips of her left hand in her right, hurting them, grinding out the tension in her.

He laughed, shook his head. "I just can't satisfy you, Corie." He looked straight ahead.

She was silent. Now he was unreachable. She wanted to talk, but it seemed too much of an effort. Phrases went through her mind, any of which she could say but she did not know which was right or which she really meant, or which would make him angry. Can't make him angry.

But the silence increased and her mind was filled with too much. She could not choose any more what she would say. She cried, "Paul, I just want to be alone with you. I hate that bar, don't you know? And you act like you don't want to be with me, that you'd rather drink with your friends. Can't you see?"

The words tore into his mind like the trailing sound of a diving broken plane, too high intolerable. "Look, don't whine, will you, I can't take that. If you want to tell me something just tell me, don't shout."

Silence, again. Regret. She knew she had gone too far, had accused him of too much, unfairly. She wondered what he would do, now, if he would stop loving her.

They reached the apartment and went inside. She sat down on the couch. He stood near the door, watching her.

"What are you going to do, Paul?"

"I'm going out." He spoke quietly, fixedly.

She started to cry. "Please stay here, please."

He walked over to her, stood above her, then touched her shoulder. "Look, you won't hold me by crying, you see: There are other things . . . I can't love you when you're like this. Maybe you'll see that if you're alone for awhile."

"No, no, no." She did not want him to go. She could not bear being alone. She did not want him to love anyone else. He might not come back. She could do nothing without him. He didn't love her, he just wanted to drink.

He left.

Corie sat still as she heard the gate to the fence slam, and soon the car started, then backed out the driveway. As the sounds departed she began crying again, walking around the little front room, then into the kitchen, turning all the lights on. All the tension seemed to be gathered in her shoulders and hands, her hands upon her mouth, pressing. In the kitchen she stopped in front of a mirror and looked at her eyes, blue targets. Looney, she thought.

In the front room the couch was littered with papers, books and a dirty ash tray. Corie glared at them and shoved them out of her way with the side of her hand. The ash tray fell to the floor, clunking and landing upside down. She kicked it away, then sat down on the couch. She felt unable to move, wanting to move, to have a place to move to. Aching, as though she had just learned that she was all the ugly things in the world to all others. She wanted to cry out that they were wrong, that they could not see her. And she ached with the self-love that one who is hurt enjoys.

Then she was finished crying. She ruminated, hating being alone in that room that had nothing to give her. All things so still, out of place, smiling at me with their pointed edges. The brown cardboard box with tall swinging letters — Kellogg's Corn Flakes — filled with old shoes and bottles and notebooks but nothing really precious. And she looked around for something precious of his, of theirs, that she could tear into bits to show him her pain.

No, I will not show rage. I will sit here and contemplate action. I will act. I will not be a log. He cannot treat me like that, do anything he wants with me, expecting compliance. I will not stay here being that, meek.

She would leave. At that moment of decision she knew she would probably not leave. But she preferred to act as though she would, because then she might really do it.

She walked around the small rooms, searching for a pencil, but could not find one. Cannot leave without a note . . . There, I know. Light a match, blow it out, let it cool. Grab some paper. "Paul, I am going. You do not love me. Corie." She sat on the couch with the note in her lap and thought about walking in the dark a mile and a half back to her apartment. The cold black streets and hurrying between streetlights, dogs barking and strange figures ahead of and behind her, drunks in cars. No, she did not dare. Besides she would be more miserable there. Alone.

She sat staring into the room until her eyes began to hurt and her body was numb. She lay down on the couch and closed her eyes. Black. Is he sitting at a bar talking to another woman? There, in a smothery dark room, leaning with his elbows on the bar. He turns his head to see a woman approach and smiles at her. She is small and confident and quick, playing him the way he wants.

Corie shut off the image. No, he will not do that. He will come but now he has to be away from me. I accuse him of a lot. Too much. It is a way of controlling him but I cannot control him. It shows mistrust and that hurts him because he does love me. But I am always afraid to believe him and want to test him and make him show his love all the time but I can't. I must let him.

When he returned three hours later, she was asleep on the couch. A crumpled piece of paper was on the floor, which he didn't read. He took off his

jacket and lay down beside her. When she felt him near she opened her eyes, looked at him and smiled.

"I'm glad you're here. Let's go to sleep now."

"Yes."

FORM LETTER

*What are you seeing
with the eyes I've given?
My fingers read a leaf
on a table larger than air.
I crack a seed from the tree
and you are gone, leaving no answer
but wind in a sleeve.
Branches are warmer.*

*The lions only work here,
the serpent knows nothing.
I hang on a thread of blood.
History marries me
to my disfigured brother.
We have eaten our fathers
as the child eats my breast.
I am the miles he must go.*

*I own enough death to buy you.
Force your gift. Come for me.
I have grown from a dead cell
to this beast, blind
from the first and lost,
two ends of thread in my fist.
Either/or, let me know
what weapons the world is for.*

Alison Zier

WHERE IT ALL CAME FROM

from Christopher Mountain

by MIKE MELNECK

The clock had said twenty to four for as long as I could remember. It stared out of the top of an abandoned railroad station tower near my father's home. The hands made a frown, or a mustache that wanted a mouth. Most of the numbers were gone, and a few feet under the weatherblasted face a very narrow window spanned almost the entire width of that face of the tower. Some of the bricks were pockmarked where they'd been hit by gunfire, and some were broken at the corners. The top half had been painted a very dark red, but probably only once because a lot of it had been peeled by the sun and rain. My father once hunted elephants and shot a tiger and he said that when they were dead the wounds were hidden in their coats.

My father took me there for the first time on my ninth birthday. I'd known it was there for a long time. An aerial photograph of our property was hung over the fireplace in his study. The property was shaped like a half-moon, with the railroad tracks making a circular boundary around a long, narrow lake where I never caught one fish, and the deep woods where my grandfather and father had cut a clearing and built our home by hand, many years before. My father took me there on my birthday mostly because I'd asked him to every year on that day since I'd been old enough to know that our property included much more than the rambling yard I wasn't often allowed out of.

We started after we'd had chocolate cake with chocolate ice cream in the afternoon. I asked if we could take Eric, a large basset hound. My father said, "Eric will fill his coat with burs or wander off after a squirrel and we haven't time to chase after him or pick him clean." That was about as many words as my father usually had on any subject. I was unaware then, but he was very old by the time I was nine.

To get to the small clearing where the old station stood, stark against the sun or the moon or the snow in winter, we had to walk through the wood that ringed the house and barely parted for the road that was only paved a couple of summers ago. The trees were very close together and in places the pine needles were very deep and once I fell in them and for a brief moment thought I could swim. Bushes with berries my father told me not to eat grew between and sometimes around and up the trees. The path through the wood was only wide enough for one and since I was nine and my father was walking mostly silent behind me I talked to him most of the way there because the sun couldn't get through enough to make it as light as day should have been. My father had hunted elephants and once killed a tiger and often talked of *spoors* during the tracking, so I looked for spoors on the path and once in awhile found a small pile of very hard rabbit droppings.

I walked beside him when we entered the clearing, and took his hand for a minute, but let go to start looking under, around corners, over and through pilings and inside the building. He mostly watched, telling me to make sure I didn't soil my clothes or cut my hands on the broken windows.

Weeds grew up through the platform where the timbers were far enough apart. There were more grasshoppers than I thought there were in the world, and ladybugs on the sunflowers. Hornet's nests hung under the wide eaves like lanterns in our garden.

Through one of the broken windows I saw the benches with dust and spiderwebs, pieces of plaster and glass on the floor, and here and there some rabbit clods. The ceiling was very high and there were bird's nests in the rafters. The sun came through several holes in the ceiling and I could hear the birds chirping and flapping over my head.

After the Benedictus we will stand. The opposing rows will come out of the pews and come together in the middle of the aisle and turn toward the altar. When we get to the foot of the communion rail the boys will turn to the right and the girls will turn to the left and we will walk to the ends. And as soon as there are enough boys and girls to fill the communion rail we will kneel at the rail and the rest will make rows behind the ones kneeling. Then the Bishop will ask us questions and we will answer, "Your Excellency," then whatever the answer to the question is, we will give it in the same way we've learned it. Now remember that we are receiving the Holy Ghost and that He's the dove of peace and He'll be just over our heads all the while so we must be very attentive and very quiet unless we are answering . . . No!! Christopher. There will be no birds in the Church because the Holy Ghost is a spirit and He'll come into your soul. Of course you can't see him. Christopher! What have you learned in the last four weeks? You're going to be confirmed, all of you. Now do you want to pay attention to me or would you like to go back to the classroom and write in your Catechisms?

"Come on, Chris." My father looked very tired and while I didn't want to leave the old station I knew better than to ask him to stay or to go back to the house alone.

"May we come back, father?"

"I don't know, Chrissy. There's nothing here but bugs and dirt and broken glass. You can find plenty to do around the house."

"It's very quiet here, father," I said, "Eric and I could come and —"

"I don't ever want to catch you here alone or have your mother tell me that you and that dog have come here. Do you understand?"

I said, "Yes, sir," with part of my cheek between my teeth and the film on my eyes made him look much larger than I knew he really was. But however big he really was, I also knew how much bigger than that I always thought of him as being and even that day when I was nine I knew that my father was too big for me to ever make him understand in time to do any good.

It was starting to get dark by the time we got back to the house and my father took the steps two at a time, leaving me on the bottom one. As he opened the door he turned to me and I had started to say, "Thank you, father," but he

looked at me and said, "If you're going to stay out, put on a sweater and let Eric out of the porch so he doesn't scratch the varnish off the door."

I let Eric out and talked to him for a while, telling him about the station tower that father told us not to go there alone so I guessed he'd never get to see it. Eric loved to chase grasshoppers and I told him what kind of fun he'd have at the tower if father would take us there one day. Eric licked the sweat on my arms and rolled over on his back so I'd rub his chest and tummy. If I'd stop, he'd paw at me till I'd start again and once he caught one of his claws in my sweater. When my father finally called to me to put Eric on the porch and come inside, I got a few swats with the hairbrush for the stitch Eric had pulled loose from the sweater.

I dreamed about the station tower that night, and for several nights after. I dreamed about Eric and me running all the way through the wood down the path to the clearing where the station stood. We did everything that boys and dogs do at old railroad station towers and the second night of the dream my father was waiting for us when we came back to the place where the path met the road that went to the house. I woke up crying, hoping that my mother and especially my father hadn't heard me. The third night I dreamed that the station had been moved away by my father, and the fourth night I couldn't even find the clearing. The path went straight to the edge of the railroad tracks but the station wasn't there because the clearing was just as filled with trees and berry bushes as the rest of the wood and the only way I knew the clearing was supposed to be there was because the grasshoppers were there. I cried and ran back to the house and Eric went off the path after a rabbit. I screamed at him and then my mother was pushing the hair back off my forehead. There was a bead of sweat on my upper lip that made my mouth feel cold.

"Chrissy, you're ringing wet." She unbuttoned my pajama tops, then went over to the dresser and brought back a clean pair of pajamas.

"Get out of those wet things while I get a washcloth."

"I'm OK, mother." She pulled the covers down, got up and went into the bathroom. I took off the pajamas and when she came back she washed me with the cloth so that my skin felt very cool. She waited till the clean pajamas were on, then said, "What have you been doing in your sleep, Chrissy? Crying last night and the night before, now you're screaming for *Eric* of all things. What's the matter?"

The matter with you, master Christopher, is that nothing can please you. Nothing we do in this classroom, nothing we can put you to in the playground. Honestly, we sometimes think you may not be happy here. You sit all day and draw pictures of angels. We know you draw very well. But you refuse to pay attention. Why? We spoke to your father last month about your low marks in Catechism and your absolute refusal to participate in the rosary. I must say too, that Mr. Mountain was far from complimentary to us. You're a good young Catholic boy, Christopher, and I think what might do you some good is a talk with Father LeClaire. I'll tell him you'll stop in his office in the morning after Mass. Now go back to your seat in that room and show me how you can behave for the remainder of the day.

My mother wiped my forehead once more with the cool cloth and primped the covers around me, then reached over and kissed my cheek.

When she got up to leave, I said, "Will father take Eric and me to the station tower, mother?"

She smiled and I could see half her face in the lighted doorway then none of it as she looked down at me and as she snapped the light off she whispered, "Your father's very tired, Chrissy. We'll have to see."

He used to buy a bag of nectarines from a stand that stood at the side of the road between the city and the turnoff to our home. He would buy the nectarines and bring them home for my mother and me to slice into small slices and mix in the ice cream we'd make in the yard in the summer. The ice cream was better than any he ever brought home from a store and sometimes there would be gingercake with raisins.

There was ice cream with nectarine slices and ginger cake with raisins the day of the funeral. There were uncles and friends and I had to wear very nice clothes and to keep Eric on the porch. I listened to the uncles talk in small groups or to my mother about my father's *embolism*. They told my mother how lucky it was that he had no pain like another man they'd known with a tumor who had lain in a hospital in New York for almost a year and who'd died during the surgery. They told her that this way he wouldn't be a burden to us. She sat crying softly while they told her over and over again that it was good that there was no pain. I listened to them and went to the side of my mother's chair and looked at her face and wondered how there could be any good in something that must have hurt her that much.

Eric was sniffing all along the trail and every few steps would stick his head into the brush and make a little grunt in his throat or sneeze from the pine needles. The sunlight stood at ankles in streaks down through the trees to the ground or stopped on leaves and the dust floated in tiny specks in the streaks. I bounced in my steps on the path. Eric bounded back and forth as we moved along the path and the water was in my eyes again so that the streaks of light and the floating dust were blurred and the path weaved back and forth in front of me as we ran along it toward the clearing. *Please, God, let there be a clearing.* The berries he'd told me not to eat had spots of light in the middle of them and they bounced as we ran. I thought of scuffing my shoes and looked down but the haze was in the way. The shoes were blurred by the running and the ground was going up and down. All I could hear was the crunching of the pine needles on the path. Once in a while Eric would bark or stop to sneeze. I couldn't hear the birds and up ahead in the path Eric stood facing me, barking and swishing his long tail, then he turned and bounded farther down the path. A branch snapped under my foot, and just ahead of me Eric came out of the brush onto the path. I called him as I ran past. *C'mon Eric! Hurry.. down!*

When God calls a man from this life the ways and the light are many times not known to us in ways we immediately understand and because we do not understand we find an anger with God. When God calls a man from this life He gives the strength of that life to those who must stay behind and with strength that man will not die but will have life with God. Today as we lay Huston Mountain to rest in this green earth we trust God to give the strength of

his life to one woman and one small boy. They must take a strength and mold it with God's hand into a life from which Huston Mountain is gone. God has called a life, and given a life.

I looked up as we broke into the clearing and the face of the clock stared down at me and my breath caught short in my lungs. I was breathing very hard, and Eric's muzzle was in my hand as I stared at the clock in the tower. Dust billowed out from under my feet in little clouds as we walked around the station and up onto the platform. It was late afternoon and the grasshoppers were thick in the weeds. I forgot Eric as I moved to one of the large, broken windows and he nosed in the weeds for the grasshoppers. Inside the station the sun streaked across the large room to the opposite walls making the benches throw long shadows across the floor and up the walls. I climbed over the dirty sill, taking a large spiderweb with my shoe. Standing in the dust I looked up at the bird nests in the rafters and the holes in the roof. The film in my eyes kept them from being as sharp as they'd been the day my father had brought me there when I was nine. I walked across the room to the double doors and couldn't open them. The birds in the rafters were screaming at the intrusion. Their flapping and darting about caused a brief shower of small sticks in one corner of the room, but they soon settled down to their chirping. I watched them with my hands in my pockets and my head tilted back till they stopped screaming. Then I sat down on the dirty bench in my very nice clothes and let the tears finally run down my face in drops. I looked into my hands and saw my father watch me look the tower over for the first time when I was nine. The drops soaked into the floor as my father told me there was plenty to do around the house.

Eric had his face in my lap. He was covered with burrs from the bushes on the path. I leaned over and moved my mouth over the fur on the back of his neck. I put my arms around his neck and moved my mouth back and forth on the fur until the crying was finished and I could see.

Behind the counter in the station there was an empty jar on a shelf, and in a small cupboard I found a cap that had a torn bill. It was too big for me but I stuffed my handkerchief in the headband and sat it on my head, cocking it to one side to make it fit. I looked over the counter through the cage into the station room. My father sat on one of the benches and had Eric on a leash.

The dog will have to go in the baggage car, mister.

It's all right, he's used to the train. He won't mind.

You'll have to behave your very best, Chrissy. If Wallace is going to keep you the whole summer, you'll have to be the nicest young man. You will mind him, won't you, Chrissy?

The dust danced in and out of the streaks of sunlight and the light was getting thinner as Eric and I moved slowly down the path toward the road that led back to the house. The trees were a little farther apart, and I noticed for the first time that I had to stoop to walk under some of the branches. Eric was sweating off of the end of his tongue, walking just ahead of me on the path, his head low. He didn't sniff for rabbits in the brush or sneeze from the pine needles. I picked a berry from one of the bushes and broke it in my hand. There was hardly any juice, and only a few small seeds in the hollow center.

They smelled like the tiny flowers that grew in the clusters the berries were in on the bushes, and on the way down the path I threw some at trees, and broke a few more in my hand. They were all the same.

When we got to the road, I looked up toward the house. The yard was empty, but lights were on on the porch and the drive was full of cars. I looked at my dirty clothes, and at Eric with burrs in his coat. I looked back down the path, took a deep breath of the pine smell in the air, and started up the road toward the house.

On Bricker Hill in Memphis a wide road winds around the top and down the side past an old convent painted rust brown. The yard is small and there is a grotto in which stands the Madonna, holding the Child and a rosary of blue stones. It was the summer I stayed with Wallace that I bought a rosary of blue stones and took it back to the country, to my father's grave, where I laid it in the grass by the stone. That was the day I cried because Wallace wouldn't let Eric out of the car, and because Wallace looked like my father had looked the day he'd taken me to the station when I was nine.

THE WANG CH'UAN VILLA

after a print by
Wan Yuan Ch'i

A traveler stopped
at this house
on his way north
in the summer heat.

In the garden
flowers droop from the heat
and the stones of the path
are sun warm.

Rooms are made gracious
by shadow, while enameled
streams walk through groves
on the traveler's cup.

The long road stretches again
before the traveler's horse.

Ann de Pender

IN ANSWER TO YOUR CALL

The office door had a warning light, so it's likely the four still at large were known to Bureau staff. The fact that it all happened while two payrolls were in a drawer implies an inside job.

The public is urged to be on the lookout for four wounded men, most probably armed with illegally concealed weapons, records as long as your reputation. Known felons are warned to steer clear of one another.

There was no trace of drugs, no sign of a struggle, no toolmarks or visible means of escape. Suspects are brought in on charges of breaking and entering, rape, gambling, disrupting peace, and nonsupport.

But meanwhile we are asking for your aid not just in stopping these petty outbreaks but in finding the whole movement's source. Anyone with information leading to arrest will be rewarded. This is a recording.

William Velde

CULTURAL COLLEGE

Safely bound in pulpits, fat professors
claim young minds, write novels
praising adversity; hosannas to the poor.
Fine art walls hide queer extremes
and a girl who models nude;
charcoal smudges abstract flesh.
Chicken wire and welding rod
forge coat hanger transcripts.
Da Vinci fights Picasso
in a world of wedgewood dreams.

You drama your sweat from a rostrum.
I play mine to sawmill din
and blank expressions.
Mondays are the same.

Today we renew the crap-layered
academic ritual, your act
impressive and vigorous as always.
I will do my part and feign
some rapt inquiring interest
But if you see your art as revealing
explain the celibate horse you ride
Sundays away from your wife
and the cellar rat who outlives you.
By the way Doc,
how's your tennis?
Love fifteen and the dung wagon rolls.

Alan Solum

WITH PAUL MAURIAT ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

*All afternoon you have been pushing the needle
back to the same song. Soon I will call
you a romantic. You will rage
and say it is the Brandenburg Concertos
you really like. They bring order into life.*

*L'Amour est Bleu. It takes a Frenchman
to say that. It's enough to make you cry
you say, you with the exquisite oriental eyes
and the name Makiko, meaning, eternally happy girl.
You are more beautiful than the nude*

*on the album cover. Decorated with butterflies
she hides behind elegant arms and legs.
She is someone's lover or she is alone.
She makes me feel like gin, like ice,
like a thousand blue glasses. We drink*

*coffee from clay cupss you
reminding me that I am French
and like Bach, and me
telling you that somewhere
I saw a blue flower.*

Sister Michele Birch

John Stocking



ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE RECTORY

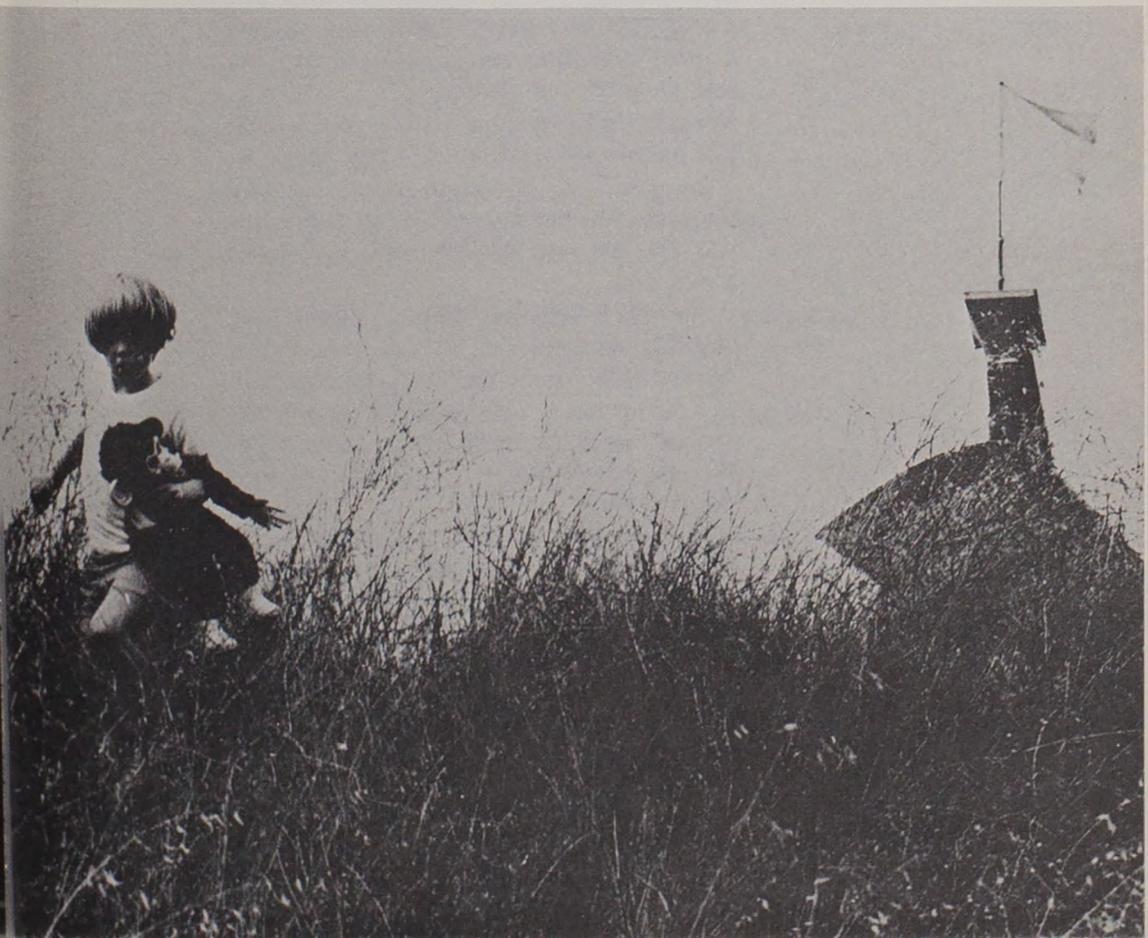
*Sunday and Mauriat again. A full orchestra:
percussion beating Black is Black
in the dead man's room and Sister Lisa
dancing on the red carpet. She leaps*

*and Christ descends from the ceiling
against a wall of purple curtains.
The matador, part of the decor,
loses control of the bull. Black walls*

*close in. He was young, a priest,
who drove one night into fog.
His friend stays downstairs
and drinks alone.*

Sister Michele Birch

John Stocking



WE WERE SO HUNGRY

*We were so hungry
we collapsed under
the spirea.*

*A couple of fierce hounds
examined us,
we spoke their language,*

*it just came to us.
They said to be patient,
a big surprise
was on its way.
The white one put his foot
by mistake*

*in the water.
The brown one thought this
a great joke, laughed
and laughed and finally
fell over the cliff.
The white one said*

*the only surprise
was the last one, though
a red dog
in the center of the bush
violently disagreed.
All the time*

*we were quietly dying.
We did not speak
the language
of the squirrels, though.
We thought
it was funny.*

James Tate

FAMILY ALBUM

*You move outside your dream, dying
inside. On cooling cement your molded feet
reflect brittle scalp and skin, eyes
that do not sleep
or see — the end of an old line.*

*What will he say for Father, the son
who is yours no longer? Bitter
in his spleenless being, he spit out
that State Street stink, left you in Africa
calming other seething sons.*

*You ache to focus the faded colors
of a college graduate grinning through new moustache
and no tie. Vision disappears as your face
fills with old images of birth
and promise. Compromise and Sunday suppers remain.
He will not love again in time.*

*Somewhere, your smaller seed sits beside
an aging god, her hair tangled in his palm.
The sun pulses down, yet still they sit
supported by an ancient stone and something
twisted in their smile.*

*You, Father, unfold her letter. Hurried handwriting
rushes the page to its end. She is coming home
this summer. You will listen
but she is not what you want to hear. The man
in Montana moves for September. You
sent her there.*

*Close the door, Father. Fasten the black curtain.
Fall away at fifty-eight and wait
for your cold companion, dreaming at your throat,
to stiffen.*

Elizabeth Boggs

AN ORANGE SKY

A ship reefs in doldrums and coves
where kings hurled the Pali and winds
can send red hibiscus to the hold.
The slick lines of kelp on the ball
of stone ballast help on the ends
when girls flash in helms on the scud.

A dark figure moves on the road
between tamaracks and the marsh
where bear wait in blinds on the shore.
The green moments will curve for the horse
when she foals and dies in the spring
and wolf spiders burrow her door.

The rich sumac has named the hill
and pink codling shows near the core.
A sharp bone has cut through my skin
where mute stars have failed to resound
the lone wolf that reels on the sphere
of red lives defied by the wind.

Linda Lovell

a little something for everyone

by C. D. LIBBEY

HAD SHERRY THAIN BEEN BORN in sixteenth-century China, her father would have placed her in a weighted bag and flung her into the middle of the Yang-tze River. Unfortunately, she was born in twentieth-century America, where this utilitarian custom has never achieved its deserved popularity.

Sherry's parents were well-to-do, which meant that they were expected to feel a certain pity for a pauper or a Black man, but were also allowed to experience distaste for a man, who "hadn't the gumption to pull himself up by his bootstraps." The Thains prided themselves on the fact that they were tolerant toward Negroes, beggars, and other unfortunates. Philip Thain often bragged that he knew "one of them" quite well, while serving his country during World War II. Philip had been a captain in the artillery and the Negro had been his orderly. Philip once interceded with the Colonel for his man and succeeded in keeping him out of the guardhouse. From that incident on, the Black man had known his place and had kept it; thus, since the incident, Philip had been able to exist in a state of complete lack of prejudice. He was proud that he had brought his daughter into an atmosphere of tolerance and understanding. Philip Thain was an American in the best sense of the word.

Harriet Thain was from Boston and was Harriet McMurphy before her marriage. The signature on her checkbook now read Harriet Ellen Thain, because Harriet dropped the McMurphy from her background on the day of her marriage. But she had not forgotten her Irish extraction, and faithfully sent a check for ten dollars to the Irish Orphan's Relief Fund every year, on March seventeenth. Harriet Thain was thirty-nine years old and was also genteel. She made every effort to achieve that particular level of culture and refinement which would allow her husband's family to forget her humble origins. She wore diamonds with grace, smoked Chesterfields through a gold plated, cigarette holder and smiled almost constantly. She took pride in daughter's erect carriage and fine manners and regularly thanked the Anglican God for Whom she had traded the Roman deity, that her daughter's name was Thain. Harriet Thain, like her husband, was remarkably free from prejudice. She had a nodding acquaintance with the Hawaiian mother of four, who had been in the same P.T.A. group, and once, had even smiled at her when the two had accidentally met in the soap section of the local A&P store.

Sherry was born late in the April of 1950. The happy event took place six months after Philip and Harriet were married in the chapel on the Thain family estate in Connecticut. She was conceived exactly nine months before under a soft August moon on the white sands of old Cape Cod where Philip was va-

cationing with his father and where Harriet was working in a gift shop on Harbor Street. Sherry would never have lived to develop an interest in the fate of humanity or a taste for oysters on the half-shell had it been possible to convince the Thain family doctor that an abortion was advisable. But even the threats of a man as important as Andrew Thain, Sherry's grandfather, did not alter medical facts. And so Sherry was allowed to squirm out through Life's portals toward an existence in a state of insulated *ennui* until shortly before she met Harold Porter, an assistant instructor at the Randolph Harrison Institute of the Seven Liberal Arts.

Randolph Harrison is a fairly small school which prides itself on its liberality and far-sightedness. Harrison's directors, under the able guidance of Andrew Thain, successfully anticipated the Crash of '29, World War II and the nuisance of Civil Rights conflicts and they periodically congratulated themselves on their foresight. To combat the Depression, Andrew Thain and his fellows invested heavily in Swiss gold. This move permitted them to endow the college with a new library only ten years later. In that same year, after correctly analyzing the machinations of the mustached Fuehrer, they converted their Swiss gold to munitions, armaments, and American industrials. To deal with the threat of the New Radical Left, Randolph Harrison abandoned its Monroe Street campus to a group of aggressive realtors who intended to convert the century-old buildings to nearly adequate slum housing. The books from the Library and the records from Administrations were moved out of the city to the new campus in suburban Green Hills; the rats and roaches from the Psychology building were left for the new tenants to utilize as best they could.

The move was completed in 1960 and the same directors exchanged the same congratulations that year as they had earlier in history. Randolph Harrison was safe again, this time from civil disorders in the form of broken windows and obscenities splashed on the statue of Randolph Harrison which stood in the center of the Mall in front of the new Administration building. Andrew Thain once again bought his wish and peace reigned on campus until the Spring of 1968 when, overcome by the budding trees and the smell of fertility in the earth, the students demonstrated and demanded the addition of a colored faculty member.

"Well, what in the hell color do they want?" sputtered Andrew Thain, from the head of the mahogany table in the Director's Parlor. "We already got white!"

The other six staff members echoed his indignation and blustered their objections while Andrew shriveled into a ball of rage and beat his tiny fists against the chromium arms of his motorized wheelchair.

"No God damned passle of brats is going to push me around. If Huntington and Carstairs couldn't do it then, by God, no snot-nosed kids can either!"

"Take it easy, A. R.," they counseled. "We'll talk some sense into these kids."

"Do it then!" he shrieked. "It's them God damned, long-haired, Commie subversives, I tell you! I knew it would come to this when I let one of them black nigger bastards into Randolph Harrison. I knew it was going to happen."

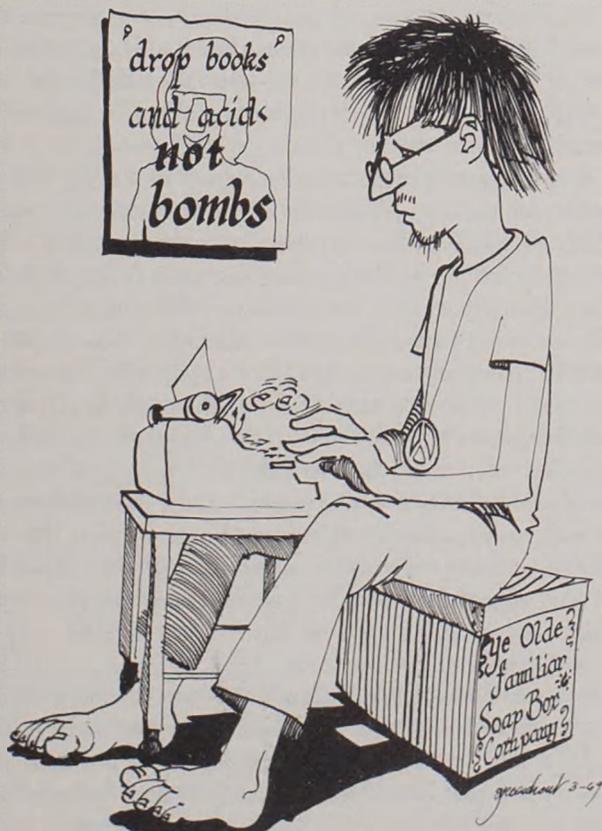
"It was the Supreme Court, A. R. We had to do that," they pleaded.

"My own granddaughter out there too; singing and leading them around, and

boycotting classes and carrying signs, and sitting on the grass with her knees showing. It's sinful, I tell you!"

When the legalities of the present situation were examined and it was finally realized that the students would accept no other decision, the board of directors began accepting the applications of Negro instructors. Andrew Thain took a leave of absence, liquidated the Andrew Thain Annuity Scholarship Fund, and left for a vacation in Venezuela where he spent his summer being wheeled on the beach outside of Caracas, snapping his knitted shawl at the bright tropic sun and spitting at the ocean. Sherry Thain and her fellow revolutionaries resumed classes and awaited the arrival of their savior.

Mark Chancellor temporarily assumed the chairman's seat on the board of directors and reviewed more than thirty applications before he found a Negro whom he felt would be suitable. Harold Porter was the son of a white, British diplomat and a beautiful West Indian woman who was one-half Negro. He re-



“... and we demand more liberal, open-minded professors who are challenging ... and think like we do...”

cently completed his education, on scholarship, at Oxford in the field of Classical Language.

Mark Chancellor approved Harold's application because Harold had lighter skin than any of the other applicants.

"Look at it this way, Gentlemen," Mark said to the other directors, "while I agree he is none too suitable, he, at least, is not bearded. He weighs only one hundred and forty pounds and so poses no physical threat. I understand he sustained some sort of injury in a racial altercation and will not be dangerous to the virtue of Harrison's young ladies. He dresses quite conservatively and, were he to straighten his hair and have his nose and lips improved, he might pass as a much more desirable type."

"All right," injected Morris Burke, "let's hire him if he'll get his hair straightened and have some of the meat cut off his face."

"Mr. Burke," retorted Mark, "You are being frivolous. Let us remember this is a serious meeting and all of your attention is required to deal with the problem at hand even though it may be distasteful. I hardly think this Porter fellow would submit to such an operation. I offered my sentiments only to demonstrate how far this particular Negro surpasses all of the other applicants. And now, I would appreciate your serious comments as regards my nomination, Gentlemen."

"Oh shit," Morris Burke was resigned to his fate. "If we got to have a nigger, we might as well get the whitest one we can. But he better be bondable, just in case there is trouble. By damn, I think old Andy was right to get the hell away from all this crap."

The rest of the board agreed with the same degree of fervor, and Harold Porter became a member of the faculty at Randolph Harrison on a one year contract at a cost to the school of six thousand dollars per year with a four percent increment. His duties would be to teach three sections of *Black Culture and Its Impact on American Thought* and to justify his continued existence as an almost human being to Randolph Harrison's board of directors.

When Sherry Thain returned to Harrison in the fall, she was enthused about only one thing and that was Mr. Porter's *Black Culture* course. During the summer, she read a condensation of "Che Guevara's Diary" in *Reader's Digest* and had began smoking her mother's Chesterfields without parental approval. By September, she was a confirmed revolutionary. Only the anticipation of Mr. Porter's arrival on campus kept her from leaving home for San Francisco, India, or another faraway place. On registration day, Sherry greeted old friends, forgave old enemies and, using both hands, hailed each person she saw with the Maharishi peace sign.

Over cokes in the Campus Corner with her friends, Sherry was ecstatic. Five girls were huddled around a scarred formica table in the darkest corner of the smoke filled cafe. Each girl was pretty in her own way and each wore tight Levi's, white make-up, and had long, ironed blond hair. Three of the thatches were dyed, but Sherry and her best friend, Pamela Sparr, were natural.

"Oh shit, I'm so excited," Sherry burst out. "Did the rest of you get in all right?"

"I only got into two of his sections," Pam replied, "I'm so pissed off. The other one was filled."

"My advisor's an ass," commented the tallest blond. "He only let me sign up for one section."

"It's just like those damn bureaucrats," injected a girl wearing sunglasses with lenses five inches in diameter.

"Oh hell," sighed Sherry in disgust. "It's just like those damned, petit-bourgeois capitalists. You can't let those middle class fogies keep pushing you around. They've screwed up the whole world, and it's up to us to keep our lives out of their clutches and find our own things. I forged Mr. Scrobble's name and got into all three sections," she paused, awaiting the expected admiration. "I just hope Mr. Porter isn't over thirty."

The girls congratulated Sherry on her audacity and traded comments until late afternoon then went their separate ways. Sherry and Pam bicycled back into town dreaming of the fulfillment they would find in discovering the world under the aegis of a real Black man. By the time the girls separated, Harold Porter grew a foot and gained sixty pounds. He was as handsome as only a Black man can be and held the knowledge of the ages between his ebony temples.

That same night at dinner with her parents, Sherry was withdrawn and uncommunicative. She was dwelling on the wonders which would unfold for her when she finally was able to comprehend the nature of man and the meaning of truth. After Mr. Porter made these fundamentals clear to her, she would become either a hermit in the wilds of Montana or an Indian mystic. She was mulling over these possibilities when her mother interrupted her thoughts.

"Sherry, what's the matter, Dear? You aren't eating."

"Oh Mother, please! How can you think of eating at a time like this?"

"It happens to be exactly seven-thirty," Philip Thain broke in, "and for more than forty-five years, I've been thinking of food at precisely this moment."

"Oh Father, you just don't understand."

"I don't understand? I don't understand what? How in the hell am I supposed to understand when you won't say a word to me? You just sit there and stare with your God damned hair laying in the plate, soaking up gravy!"

"Now Philip," counseled Harriet, "don't curse at the table."

"I don't see what in the hell difference it makes. Your daughter hasn't heard a word I've said since she started running around with those long haired weirdos."

"Please Philip," Harriet explained, "Sherry is simply excited about the arrival of this Negro person. She feels that his instruction will prove beneficial to her outlook on life. I think that we should exercise some patience. After all, she is only a child."

"Mother!" Sherry was near bursting. "I am *not* a child! And Mr. Porter is *not* just some 'Negro person'! He is a Black man. He is a member of the Brotherhood of Man to which we all belong. He has lived life at its richest levels. He will be more than 'beneficial.' Mr. Porter will teach me the true facts about living." Sherry spoke with great dignity. "And now, I would like to be excused."

"All right, you're excused," Philip Thain relented "but you just be damn sure that coon keeps his distance while he's teaching you his facts of life or I'll teach

him a few facts of my own."

Sherry gave her father her haughtiest look but did not deign to answer as she swept away from the table. She knew it all along and now she had conclusive proof of the effect of middle class morality. She saw it on her father's face as he pronounced the word 'coon'. She ran up the stairs to her room and flung herself across the bed with such vigor that she toppled the night lamp which stood on the bed-side table. She ignored the pile of shattered ceramics as she wept for the century-old plight of Mr. Porter and his race of sorrows. Her only solace was in the knowledge that from nine o'clock until eleven on Monday morning and again from two until three in the afternoon, she would be in *his* presence discovering the remedy for the materialistic, Fascistic Capitalism, which her parents lived by.

Were Sherry Thain able to view Harold Porter at that very minute, she might have been forced to express some concern, if not downright dismay. Mr. Harold Porter, Oxford fellow, was sitting on the bed in his freshly painted apartment in the converted Psychology building on the old Randolph Harrison Monroe Street campus. He was huddled on the bed, clad in only his boxer shorts. Two pillows were pinched between his rather frail body and the headboard of the old fashioned double bed. He held a paper back novel tightly against his spindly, lightly-tanned knees. Harold had reached page 200 in "that hard-hitting, action-packed, million-selling novel, *Sweet Kiss of Death.*" His breath came faster as he reached the section which explained that, "the dum-dum .45 caliber slug exploded through Fletcher's body, two inches to the left of his navel, splashing gore and slime against the tiled bathroom wall; and I noticed that he'd eaten creamed asparagus and pork chops for dinner just two short hours before. The meal was only partially digested."

Harold privately maintained that he didn't really enjoy this sort of thing but some relaxation was necessary and the Mike Spade, Private Eye series was as far removed from Cicero and Livy as it is possible to get. And too, Harold found that this type of reading offered enough contrast to his usual studies to keep his fine-tuned mind at an efficient pitch. As he finished the last page, Harold discovered that it really had been Frank who had slit Katherine's throat, just as he had thought all along. He closed the book with a sigh and rolled to put it in the dresser drawer underneath his clean socks. He considered buying another Mike Spade novel for the next Friday night, but rejected the idea because the plots had become transparent after only three selections. Zane Grey perhaps . . .

Harold gathered himself up off the bed and strolled to the bathroom where he examined his teeth in the mirror. While he was diligently scrubbing them and searching among the crevices with dental floss, he reflected on the sparkling ivory, and also on the decision to take his present position at Randolph Harrison. He was certain that his teeth were his best feature, perhaps his only good feature; but he was not nearly so positive that his decision to become a teacher was the best he could have made. Harold was a tolerant man but since the bus station attack which had emasculated him, he had not been overly fond of people in general, nor of white college students in particular. At the time of the attack, Harold had known enough physiology to understand that, while his testicles were missing, his manhood was still intact. Knowing this, he had

not been damaged psychologically and had been through several "meaningful relationships" since. Still there are limits to tolerance.

Actually, Harold took the job simply because he needed money. When his favorite niece, Karen, one of the few black students at Randolph Harrison, contacted him and begged him to apply for the position he mailed the forms immediately. Harold did not plan to become a teacher. Soon after receiving his degree in Classical Morphology, Harold discovered that his ambition was simply to make as much money as quickly as possible and to retire at a very early age. He abandoned London in favor of New York and dutifully submitted application after application until, his money running out, he answered Karen's summons. Randolph Harrison was last choice. His goal of amassed wealth was not defeated, only delayed. Perhaps there was such a thing as studying economics while teaching. He remembered hearing of a correspondence or some such thing. Perhaps . . .

Monday, September 30th was the beginning of classes for Fall Semester at Randolph Harrison. Since seven that morning, upper-classmen were greeting old friends on the spacious grass Mall in the center of the campus. Entering freshmen wandered desperately through the strange buildings which circled the Mall searching for misplaced class rooms, lost advisors, and in the case of the male students, tight sweaters, large busts, and short skirts.

Sherry Thain and her friends sat casually in the midst of a group of beards and beads on the edge of the pool which circled the bronze statue of Randolph Harrison with upraised arms imploring mercy for his flock. This sacred area was reserved for upper-classmen and Sherry and her companions, as sophomores, were taking full advantage of the privilege. Sherry and Pam arrived promptly at seven and asserted their right of proprietorship until the rest of their group of campus radicals appeared. For more than an hour, the group conducted a conversational search for the absolute meaning of Truth and made plans to revitalize the Committee for Cultural Reform with an election of officers and a plea for Mr. Porter to act as faculty representative.

"This is what the town needs," Ray Thomas lept onto the embankment of the pool surrounding the statue and assumed a pose, not unlike that of Randolph Harrison standing behind him. He punctuated his outburst with periodic tugs at his short, blonde mustache. "This is exactly what the whole damn country needs. The middle class has trembled in the shadow of Big Brother for too long. It is left for the young to pump some blood back into the veins of this dying nation. It is for us, the young, to act to change the face of America before the force of our righteous cause withers and dies as the grass beneath our feet is dying now. Last year, we sponsored six demonstrations and were successful in bringing a representative of Black Power to enlighten us here in the very heart of bigotry. This year, at this moment, the times scream out the need for us to do even more! This year we must—"

The warning bell for the nine o'clock class rang and the remainder of Ray's fervent plea was lost in the scuffle of students hurrying to class. His sentiments did not go unappreciated, however, for the surrounding group rewarded his fervor with a standing ovation before they disbanded for class. Sherry and Pam hurried off to catch Abner Stokeley, a colored athlete and an excellent scholar,

whom the girls had met the previous year and who stopped on his way across campus to observe the spectacle of Ray's oration.

"Abner!" exclaimed Sherry, taking his arm. "How are you? I'm so glad to see you back! Are you on your way to Mr. Porter's class?"

"Hi Sherry, Pam. I'm fine. You girls look good too. Yeah, I thought I'd drop in on the culture thing. You never can tell, it might be an easy grade—since we have something in common and all."

He chuckled at this witticism and the two girls laughed outright.

Sherry admired Abner's intelligence, his blackness, and was intrigued by the thought that he was undoubtedly the possessor of a great deal of soul. Abner thought Sherry was an immature, spoiled little virgin, with whom he had nothing in common intellectually. But he was intrigued by the fact that Sherry was the proud possessor of a thirty-eight inch bust. For some time, Abner had considered putting her inverted prejudice to good use and patiently awaited the opportunity to approach her without the knowledge of her parents since Abner knew exactly what the reactions of Andrew, Philip, and Harriet Thain would be if they found out. He met old Andrew Thain in the school parking lot the winter before and offered to assist the old gentleman in maneuvering his electric wheelchair into the Administrations building. Andrew glimpsed the color of his skin and immediately tried to run him down. Only the curb around the parking lot and Abner's athletic skill allowed him to escape unscathed.

The trio ambled across the spacious Mall toward the Liberal Arts building and their introduction to Black Culture: 201. The girls anticipated the enjoyment and reward they would find under the guidance of Mr. Porter. While Abner grinned, the girls talked of human dignity, civil rights, and the Brotherhood of Man. Abner responded with quotations from the Metaphysical poets which contained endless sexual puns that escaped the girls. The relationship budded.

While the students were on their way to class, Mr. Harold Porter was anticipating their arrival; but he was definitely not anticipating any enjoyment or reward. Mr. Porter felt sick to his stomach. He was locked in his office, sweating profusely. He had already soaked two handkerchiefs, and was now working on the third. He was not thinking of Black Culture, Black Power or even black birds. He was thinking of resignation. He sat behind his desk with his face buried in his hands and moaned aloud wondering what tin the world had ever possessed him to believe that he could explain what it was like to be black. He didn't know what it was like to be black because his parents spared no efforts in keeping him insulated from prejudice.

Only once did he hear the word, "nigger," directed at him. The college boy in the station meant it as an insult but it failed to produce a reaction in Harold; he simply smiled at the young student. Harold fainted with the first blow and did not regain consciousness until after the doctors sutured his wounds and placed him in the warm sterile comfort of the hospital bed.

Harold froze when he heard the knock on his door. They were coming to get him! There was no escape now. He listened to the knock once more and sighed as he shuffled across the tile to answer the summons. He reluctantly allowed the door to drift open, then looked up into the face of a tall, aesthetic

individual in a dark business suit. The figure strode into the office, forcing Harold back against his desk. The creature attempted a smile, held out his hand in a gesture and began to speak in an authoritative voice.

"Mr. Porter, may I present myself? I am Mark Chancellor, acting chairman of the board of directors. I believe I am the man responsible for your placement in this position."

"Oh . . . , yes . . . , well . . . " Harold was dubious as he grasped Mark's hand, grateful for something to hold on to. He mopped his brow as he swept his hand around the small office, indicating that Mark was welcome to take anything in it. Mark moved behind the desk and assumed the seat of authority. He waved at Harold to be seated in the visitor's chair, removed his glasses, rubbed the bridge of his nose, folded his hands on Harold's blotter and began.

"Now, Mr. Porter. I believe that I may assume you to be a responsible man; otherwise, I hardly could have reconciled myself to your placement in this most responsible position." Harold nodded, dubious. Mark continued with authority and gusto.

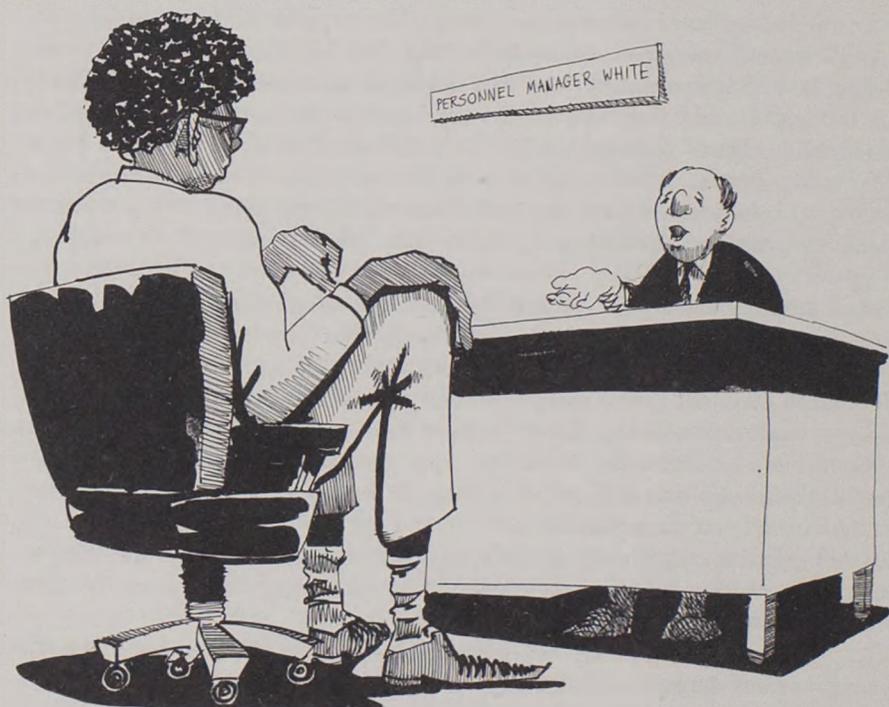
"Mr. Porter, I believe that you are well aware of the power and prestige which you could wield from this position and I hope that you are also aware of the responsibility with which this power saddles you. I am sure that in your choice of Randolph Harrison as the place in which your life's work will be carried out, you have made yourself familiar with some of the history of this grand, old institution. Here at Harrison, Mr. Porter, we have a fine heritage to look back upon. I assure you that this proud heritage is free from racism and prejudice; and it *will* stay that way, Mr. Porter."

Harold nodded and wondered what this man was trying to say. He was uncomfortable, waiting for the rest of the oration and thought that even the classroom would be better than this.

"To put the subject bluntly, Mr. Porter, the board of directors has requested me to gain your assurance that Harrison's fine record will remain unsullied in the future." Mark undelined his statement with the cadence of his clasped hands marching across Harold's desk. "We do not want any trouble, Mr. Porter." Harold nodded once again and made a pass with his thumb at the droplet of sweat which clung to the tip of his nose. He was attention personified. A room full of students will be a relief after this. Mark Chancellor continued.

"Now, Mr. Porter, we feel that the subject of Black Culture will be covered quite adequately if you confine your lectures to the subject as it relates to the African continent. You might remark briefly on the influence of African culture on contemporary American dress and such related subjects. At the same time, it is the opinion of the board of directors which hired you, Mr. Porter, that it would be inappropriate for you to concern yourself with slavery, riots and other distasteful subjects. The children whom you are required to teach are quite sensitive and have a tendency to become upset rather easily." Mark paused and stared directly at Harold's forehead. "You do understand, do you not, Mr. Porter?"

Harold nodded vigorously and glanced conspicuously at his wrist watch. Mark smiled beneficently, replaced his glasses, arose, and extended his hand once more.



“ . . . and I know you have a degree in Black Studies, but . . . ”

“Well then, I am relieved that we are able to come to an understanding so mutually beneficial. If the spokesmen for the races could follow the example which we have set this morning, then there would be far more accomplishment and far less destruction. Well, I leave you to your duties, Mr. Porter. It will be my pleasure to relay your comments to the other members of the board. Carry on, Mr. Porter.”

After Mark's departure, Harold gently closed the office door and stared at it for a moment, bewildered. In the wake of Mark's monologue, he felt some relief that he had not yet formulated the content of his course. He took a folio containing a tablet of blank typing paper from his desk, mopped his brow once more, took a deep breath, and stepped out in to the hall just as the last bell clanged.

Mr. Porter's first Black Culture session could probably be termed a minor success. He walked stoically into the room and chalked his introduction on the

board as he had seen so many professors do. When he turned to face his jury, he was inspired with some little self confidence. The faces which greeted him were warm, smiling, and very sincere. Several were also black, much blacker than Harold. He attempted a Cockney dialect joke which was greeted with embarrassed chuckles from the majority, a loud guffaw from Abner Stokeley, and sincere unselfconscious laughter from Sherry Thain. The hour was passed with pleasantries about British country life, several more dialect jokes, and Harold gaining in confidence by the minute. He ceased sweating early in the hour and dismissed the class nearly ten minutes before the bell. He almost whistled on his way back down the hall, hurrying to his office to prepare his lecture for the next meeting. He decided that it would be entitled, "Black Culture and Contemporary American Dress." Harold prayed fervently that the rest of the classes would go as smoothly as this first one.

Mark Chancellor's meeting with the board was hardly as successful as Harold's lecture period had been. There were no dialect jokes. There was no laughter. Andrew Thain had returned from his vacation in Venezuela. He maneuvered his mechanical chair into its position at the head of the table and sat, peering over the edge, like a wrathful child looking for something to anger him. The batteries in the chair whined, echoing Andrew's shrieking syllables. His high-pitched voice was no longer articulate, but it had lost none of its authority. He glared across the mahogany at the group assembled before him and addressed the men in snarling tones.

"Well, I see you son of a bitches were busy while my back was turned."

"Please, A.R., take it easy," pleaded Mark Chancellor. "Our decision was necessitated by the demands of the times. The students demonstrated for this move last spring, and it seemed that our image might be—"

"You spineless bastards, you let them Commie subversives make you hire a nigger to teach in *my* school! I knew it was coming to this when they started that God damned social assurety thing. You chicken-shits!"

"Please, A.R., take it easy. Don't get excited."

Andrew Thain had been warned to "take it easy" by the finest doctors in the country. His heart was in fine condition, but through years of hard living, he had developed a bladder weakness, and a dark stain was spreading from his crotch, down his legs and onto the leather seat which covered the batteries powering his wheelchair.

"By God, I'll get as excited as I damn well please! You bastards don't have the sense it takes to pour piss out of a boot, and I'm going to run things myself from now on! Damn good thing I got back when I did, or you son of a bitches would have them long-haired Commies running my school! By God, I'll change this—HUUNNGGGG!!!"

Andrew's urine served as a most efficient conductor from the storage batteries to his privates and the electricity coursed through his body until it struck the nearly bald pate. It stood the few remaining hairs on end and released them momentarily in a tight permanent wave. His cloudy old eyes popped open and the wasted body snapped to a seated attention. His shrunken mouth shot open and shut in 8/4 time until his expensive false teeth flew out and chattered noisily across the polished mahogany. The machine short circuited before any-

one could do more than gape in astonishment at the display and Andrew, released from its power, collapsed once more into a heap of impotent rage and gasped for breath. For the next two weeks, he lay imprisoned in the hospital, smoldering and reflecting on the conspiracy which surrounded him.

Philip and Harriet visited Andrew nearly every day and even Sherry managed to stop in twice. Sherry's duties as a Christian, however, were curtailed by her deepening involvement with Abner Stokeley. Not that Sherry had a lasting alliance in mind, not at this moment at least, but she certainly had become very fond of Abner in a very short period of time. It was not even necessary for Abner to plan circumventing Sherry's parents, for Sherry was conspiring against them. She had decided that her first positive act of rebellion would be to fall in love with the inherent nobility of the Negro as personified in Abner Stokeley. This was not a sudden decision, for Sherry gave it a great deal of thought during the eighteen hours which she spent in Mr. Porter's class the first two weeks of school. Mr. Porter, since his first day in class, spoke of nothing but the close relation between the Black and White cultures and the necessity of the two races to become as one and live in mutual harmony. His sincerity and fervor with which he spoke of "getting along together" were the basic ingredients in Sherry's decision. Finally, after a life wasted in the fruitless pursuit of pleasure, she would accomplish one positive action in the cause of peace and harmony in the universe. She would give herself to Abner Stokeley.

During the first weeks of classes, after football practice, Sherry met Abner every day for a coke in the Campus Corner Cafe. The happy couple spent their stolen minutes in the coziest nook available, Sherry sighing and clinging to his hand and Abner indulging himself with vague sexual puns which Sherry regarded as profound compliments to her virginity. Each day, after cokes, they walked hand in hand to the Library where Sherry parked her bike. As they walked, Sherry haughtily ignored the quizzical glances of the campus Victorians and Abner stole covert glances at the proud bulges beneath her sweater. Occasionally he dropped a book and while picking it up, surveyed the marvelous legs and buttocks which were outlined by the skin-tight mini-skirt. Sherry may not be overly endowed with intelligence but she was, as Abner so aptly put it to his friends in the locker room, "built like a flying buttress."

Sherry's conquest was complicated by the lack of a proper trysting spot for even the dingiest cranny of the Campus Corner was hardly feasible and neither partner had access to the back seat of a car. But Sherry, in her quest, became the incarnation of modern feminine ingenuity and was not to be put off by considerations which would have daunted a lesser person. She formulated a plan and submitted it for Abner's approval. Abner listened to the plot unfold with amazement. He had desired Sherry's body since he had first seen her bouncing across campus the year before. He had even drawn up a tentative plan of attack but hearing her offer that incredible specimen of femininity more casually than a stick of chewing gum was more than even Abner's vast intelligence could readily comprehend. He was struck dumb and could only assent with a wide grin supplemented with vigorous nods of his coal black head. With Abner's approval, Sherry did not waste time wondering whether her plot would work. She had plotted her course and began to put her plan into action the

very next evening at dinner.

"Mother . . . Daddy," Sherry smiled knowingly. "I'm going to a Cultural Reform meeting and it will probably last quite a while. I'll be in pretty late so you don't have to wait up for me . . . if that's O.K."

"Hell," Philip Thain grunted, "you might as well stay out all night. You've just been mangling around here all day like a pregnant cow. Why don't you find a boyfriend or something? Now, get your hair out of the gravy and finish dinner."

Philip Thain did not see the wistful smile which curved his daughter's lips at the mention of a boyfriend. Sherry finished her dinner with more relish than she had shown in some time and hurried to the garage to get her bicycle for the journey to the campus and her triumphal entry into womanhood.

Sherry's plan was ingenious. But a young lady of eighteen cannot be expected to consider every eventuality. It may have been the added weight of Abner's baby slowly taking shape in her pampered, blond body or it may have been the force of the window which smashed Abner's hands as he was lowering her on a rope from his third floor dormitory window at four in the morning. It might have been any number of things, but the rope slipped and Sherry fell the remaining fourteen feet to the ground and landed in the lilac bushes. But even the cuts and bruises from the tumble did not diminish her unbounded joy as she pedaled toward home. Her thighs ached with a joyous pain which she had never known as an intact virgin. She was Earth Mother. She was the complete woman at last. She had left the symbol of her initiation into the mystery splattered on Abner's sheets for all the world to see.

The next morning at Sunday brunch after eighteen long, dreary years, Sherry Thain completed the severance of the umbilical cord which had bound her to middle class morality and had wasted her youth. As Philip Thain was finishing his orange juice, Sherry sat tall in her chair and related the events leading up to and including her loss of virginity.

"WHAAAT?" Philip Thain turned purple and spewed orange juice across the expanse of white linen.

". . . and I'm going to marry him too!"

"With a *nigger*?" Philip leapt up and snatched from the middle of the table the fragile vase which held a single white rose. He hurled it to the floor, but the carpet in the breakfast nook was too thick. Raging, he retrieved it and smashed it over the edge of the table cutting his index finger in the process.

"He is *not* a 'nigger,' Father! He is a very intelligent Black man, and we're going to—"

"Shut up!" Philip sucked his bleeding finger, trying to think.

"I'm eighteen," Sherry, the revolutionary, refused to be intimidated. "I'm a woman now, and I'm going to get married! This—"

"The hell!" Philip Thain's mouth was beginning to foam. "The only thing you're going to do is go to your room and stay there until I find some boarding school to send you to!"

"You can't," Sherry was on the verge of tears. In her desperation, Sherry resorted instinctively to womanly wiles. The words seemed to utter themselves. "You can't. This isn't the first time. I'm . . . I'm pregnant!" Sherry smiled in-

wardly at this piece of strategy and glared defiantly at her father, tears coursing down her cheeks.

"Oh Good Christ," Philip Thain sank wearily to his seat. "Get up to your God damned room before I blister you."

"Really, Philip," interrupted Harriet, "I've asked you not to curse in front of the child. I really wish that you would try to control yourself—"

"You shut up too, you Irish bitch. I knew it was coming to this when you started flapping your ass at me out on the Cape."

At this brazen insult to her mother, Sherry jumped from the table, and ran sobbing to her room. She locked the door, clutched her telephone, and flung herself across the bed, smashing the new lamp on her night table. Her fingers clawed the dial as she desperately tried to reach Abner. But there was no answer from his room and the receptionist assured the sobbing voice that he had left no messages when he left to pick up his date. Impossible! There had to be a mistake! It couldn't have been Abner, not after last night.

Sherry fought to control her sobs and searched her memory for something Mr. Porter might have said which would console her in this hour of trial. Her memory was blank. She must find Abner. She would marry him today and they would run away to Utopia together. After only a short pause for reflection, she eased her door open and crept to the head of the stairway, listening. She heard only muffled growls and the tinkling of ice cubes emanating from the bar in the corner of the lounge. As soon as the muttered threats had subsided, she began her stealthy descent.

While Sherry was desperately trying to reach Abner, her mother finished the argument begun with her husband more than eighteen years before. She burst into tears and thought of running to her room, packing her clothes and moving out. Suddenly, she remembered that she had no place to go and, swallowing her Irish pride, she appealed to her Anglican God, and apologized to her husband for her audacity. Philip accepted the apology with great dignity and the loving couple tried to unravel the mystery of their wayward daughter. They were groping for a solution when Sherry began her silent trek downward. By the time Sherry reached the topmost landing, her parents had consumed a pint of gin and the devoted pair was beginning to make some progress toward a solution.

"But she can't marry one of them, Philip."

"Well, she sure as hell has to marry someone."

"Yes, it would never do for a Thain to give birth to an illegitimate child," Harriet's dignity was bolstered by the alcohol.

"Why in the hell couldn't you have had a son?"

"Really, Philip. Sherry is a highly desirable young lady. I'm sure that there must be some young gentleman, who—"

"Hey, maybe that's it." Philip was enlightened. "What man in his right mind could refuse her build and my money? We'll hire some college kid. Hell, with Dad's help, we could even get a teacher from the school." Philip was elated by this gin-induced solution.

"Well, I suppose there is something to be said for— What was that?"

Harriet's sodden agreement was interrupted by the sound of the front door

slamming, followed by the roar of Philip's Chrysler, screeching down the drive in front of the house.

Sherry had overheard her parents' decision regarding her future and now, as she skidded out of the drive she sobbed in anguish for her parents in their guise as white slavers. She sped toward Randolph Harrison, her mind filled with images of the sweating ebony of Abner's body, coupled with her own pure ivory, marching together on the path to equality.

Sherry scarcely reached the entrance to the drive, when Philip and Harriet roused themselves and stumbled in a confused haste to give chase.

She's gone to get the nigger, Harriet. Get off my feet! Get your car! I'll call Dad. Hurry!"

"Oh Philip, our baby!"

"Later, God damn it, get the car!"

Philip finally contacted his father at a special board meeting on campus and informed him of the latest transgressions against the family dignity while Harriet impatiently honked the horn in front. As he completed the call, Philip liberated a half-filled quart of gin from the bar and frantically dashed off in pursuit of his misguided daughter, tripping over the threshold and skinning his knee in his haste. He eventually reached the front seat of Harriet's Ford and, gasping for breath, clutched the bottle to his heart. The chase after Sherry progressed with a liberal division of the remainder of the gin, resulting in rather erratic driving on Harriet's part and Philip's firm decision to find the first available match for his rebellious daughter and once more bring peace to his life.

As the two cars sped down the quiet highway, Harold Porter was enjoying a quiet moment of reflection in his office. He smiled happily as he thought of how well things seemed to be working out. His lectures during the past two weeks all followed the pattern set by the first class he had conducted and Mark Chancellor had not found occasion to visit his office again. To hear Harold speak, one would think that such a thing as slavery never existed. And indeed, as far as Harold was concerned, it hadn't, so it was successfully ignored. Harold carefully structured all of his talks around the happy subjects of peace, harmony, and good will toward men so even the most scrupulous board of directors could have found no trace of controversy in Harold's speeches. Yes, things were going quite well. Harold felt much better than he had on that first Monday at Randolph Harrison. He smiled to himself, closed his eyes for a moment and was content.

After a short minute, Harold turned in his chair and stood up, thrusting his hands behind him in the manner of an Oxford don and looked out of his window. The deserted Mall was a picture of serenity on that peaceful Sunday morning. Harold decided to get a breath of air and walk around the campus. After all, he had been at Randolph Harrison for two weeks and his own building was the only one which he had seen.

He strolled outside and passed the Science building, the new Psychology building and the Library. He stopped in front of each and rocked on the balls of his feet with his hands clasped carefully at parade rest as he studied each impressive artifice and examined the legends set in concrete by the Alumni Committee. He considered extending his contract as he turned toward the Ad-

ministration building on his tour of his newfound home. He was still thirty yards from the granite steps when he noticed the puny, red-faced heap of flesh coming from the side door of the building down the concrete ramp riding in a sparkling chrome wheelchair.

Andrew Thain was released from the hospital at nine that morning. He had a police escort to the board meeting, where he was investigating the possibility of converting Randolph Harrison to a munitions factory when he was interrupted by his son's urgent phone call. He was now hurrying to the office of the F.B.I. where he intended to demand their full resources for the search for the black desperado who had deflowered his granddaughter. He was berating his directors for their cowardly act of hiring such a man as he flew down the specially built ramp at the side door and turned the corner on one wheel. He slowed for the parking lot curb when Harold Porter bustled up to offer assistance.

"Excuse me, Sir," Harold smiled benevolently, full of peace, harmony, and love for his fellow man. "May I offer you some assistance?" "Out of my way, God damn it!" Andrew Thain raged. "I don't need help from no God damned, sun tanned college punk!"

"Oh, you don't understand, Sir," Harold smiled. "My name is Harold Porter, and I'm an instructor here in Black Culture series. This suntan is really my ski—"

"Porter? Harold Porter? HAROLD PORTER!" Andrew turned purple, and his teeth fell into his lap. He began to fumble with the selector arm of his wheelchair. "You God damned rapist! You're *worse* than a nigger!!"

"Well yes—I mean no!" Harold stuttered, beginning to back away. "I mean . . . if you consider the extractions of that word, it seems to connote neither goodness, nor evil." Harold smiled hopefully at the little man who began to chug toward him. "You see, the word seems to be derived from the Spanish *nigra*, which in turn, finds its roots in the Latin *Ni*—"

"I'll kill you sex fiend son of a bitch!" Andrew's mouth began to foam as he shrieked. He shoved the selector arm into Hi/Forward and his machine jumped toward Harold. "I'll tear your hide off!" He maneuvered his chariot of destruction around the plaque set up by the Alumni Committee and screamed anew, "I always said it would come to this!"

Harold saw the wheelchair lurch toward him and turned to flee. The campus once again looked ominous and threatening. He could see safety nowhere. He skidded across the slippery grass toward the center of the Mall. Andrew was gaining. The pool surrounding Randolph Harrison's statue was the only shelter. Andrew's machine was nearly touching Harold's heels and Andrew was flailing at Harold's back with his knitted shawl, as Harold reached the bank of the pool and began to circle it.

Muted screams of "skin," "rape," and "nigger," issued periodically from Andrew's toothless lips as the chase coursed around the rim of the pool. Harold slipped at one point and Andrew gained and flailed away with renewed vigor. But Harold, hearing the threat of "hanging," put forth a new burst of speed which brought him fully around the pool and only six feet behind Andrew. Harold, eyes directed 180 degrees to the rear, ran at full tilt, while Andrew,

his crotch rapidly dampening, pursued empty space with his snapping shawl.

The chase continued in this fashion until Harold, seeing Sherry Thain and her parents running from the distant parking lot toward him, stopped and issued a plaintive cry of despair, thinking the galloping figures were reinforcements for Andrew. Andrew, hearing Harold's cry, jammed his brakes on and turned to face the criminal. Sherry's distant shouts, mingled with her parents' echos and Andrew's incoherent shrills presented Harold a vision of absolute chaos. He splashed over the rim of the pond with slender agility and made his way toward the sanctuary offered by the uplifted arms of Randolph Harrison.

Sherry was near enough to hear Harold's confused insistence on the fact that "nigger" actually found its roots in the Latin, rather than the Greek, but she could do no more than scream her horror when she saw her grandfather take up the chase once more. Andrew shrieked as he careened again at top speed around the pool. The dark stain of urine was rapidly spreading toward Andrew's seat. Harold grasped the outstretched hand of Randolph Harrison, pulled himself clear of the stagnant water, and clung tightly to Randolph's neck as he gaped in wide-eyed astonishment at the shriveled old gnome stampeding around the pool, snapping his shawl at the water and screaming profane threats.

"You Commie bastard! I'll rip your God damned head off! I'll cre—
HUUNNNGGGGG!!"

As the shock struck, Andrew's withered arms flew involuntarily to his sides and the shriveled high hand clamped a vice on the wheel of the chair. Sherry and her parents stopped and watched, astonished, as the machine its forward motion halted by the force of Andrew's grip, flew into a series of tight figure eights, struck the embankment of the pond and hurled Andrew from it depositing him neatly among the lily pads. Harold gaped, petrified, as the wrinkled pigmy groped across the pool toward the statue still muttering threats. Andrew reached the statue, grasped Randolph Harrison's bootstrap and pulled himself from the water. He looked up at his objective and, shaking his head in bewilderment, put his face in his arms, began to weep, lost consciousness. Harold began to whisper in forlorn helplessness just as Sherry rushed up to offer aid.

Harold relaxed his death grip on Randolph's neck and slid into the water and reluctantly helped Sherry drag Andrew from the pond onto the grass before Philip and Harriet arrived.

"Good Christ," gasped Philip, amazed, "what in the hell happened to Dad?"

"Oh, Daddy, it was terrible! Grampa nearly killed Mr. Porter!"

"Porter, eh?" Philip glanced at the prone figure of his father, now muttering restlessly, and turned to look at the frail figure watching him apprehensively from behind Sherry's shoulder. "Hmm. Must be a pretty fair match." Philip chuckled. "Nobody's ever put the old man down before."

"It was an accident, Sir," Harold spoke anxiously, wondering what calamity would befall him next. "I was merely trying to explain to the old gentleman about the Latin origins of the—"

"Oh sure, sure," Philip waved his hand in distraction and, noting his daughter's concern, remembered the reason he came to the campus in the first place. "What was it you said you did for a living, Mr. Porter?"

"Why, I'm an instructor here," Harold frowned, wondering at Philip's interest.

"A teacher!" Why that's wonderful, Mr. Porter. Isn't that wonderful, Harriet? Married?" Philip shoved Sherry out of the way and embraced the cringing Harold.

"Why, no . . ." Harold winced. "I can't . . . You see, I'm—"

"Daddy!" Sherry remembered the overheard conversation at home and gasped as she understood her father's meaning. "This is Mr. Porter! He's not the—"

"Now, you just hush, Baby," Philip's imagination had already solved the problem of the impending birth. "Daddy'll take care of everything." He grinned broadly at his wife. "I think we've found a man for our little girl."

"But, Sir!" Harold squirmed uncomfortably in Philip's grasp, beginning to understand Philip's plans for his future. "I can't." Harold's mind worked frantically until he hit upon his one saving grace. "I couldn't," he sighed with relief, "you see, I'm Black."

"Yes, Daddy. And it was Ab—"

"Black?" Philip weaved trying to focus the blurred figure. "Black? Mr. Porter?" Philip paused and emphasized his words with increased pressure on Harold's bicep, looking carefully at the tanned face before him. "Mr. Porter, you are *not* Black!" He paused again, "Do you like your job, Mr. Porter?"

"But, Daddy, Mr. Porter isn't— And it was Ab—"

"Oh sure, sure, Honey," Philip cut her off and leaned toward the wavering figure of his wife. "He's *not* Black, is he, Harriet?" Harriet shook her head and bleary-eyed, grinned in approval.

"But Daddy, Ab— Abner!" Sherry screeched in shock as the figure of her lover, Abner Stokeley, strolled into vision, his arm clasped familiarly about the waist of her best friend, Pamela Sparr. She gasped in amazement.

Abner was grinning as he and his partner sauntered up to the little group and glanced at the figure of Andrew stretched on the grass. He nodded to Harold and grinned broadly at Sherry, clasping Pam even tighter.

"Hi there. Looks like you've had some excitement. I'm Abner Stokeley." He glanced toward Philip and Harriet then, turning to Sherry, still grinning, "and I guess you all know Pam." He smiled sweetly at the pretty blond at his side. Pam stared, unmoving, toward the damp grass at her feet.

Philip and Harriet looked in disgust at the scene before them contrasting Abner's blackness to the pale complexion of their prize.

Sherry was stunned, nearly overcome by the shock, but gradually she allowed herself to understand the contemptuous smile slashed across Abner's face and, summoning each particle of the dignity inherent in her white, Anglo-Saxon, protestant heritage, she forced herself to smile sweetly at Pam.

"Hi, Pam. How are you?" The words were spoken with hauteur and stateliness as she swept to Harold Porter's side and grasped his free arm. "And I guess that both of you know Harold . . . *my fiancee*." Her words dripped venom, but her smile was loving as she embraced her man.

"Wellll . . ." Philip Thain's purpose was fulfilled. His smile matched Abner's in magnitude. "You kids are going to be real happy." The words held as much

threat as promise.

Andrew Thain groaned and unconsciously tried to roll his tired body away from the shameful scene. The sound was echoed by Harold's forlorn whimper as he finally realized the immensity of the plot against his serenity and nearly fainted.

"But marriage . . . children . . . I could never . . . oh, God, no." Harold's plea was desperate. He was kept erect only by Philip's firm grasp and Sherry's loving embrace.

"Of course, Darling, just as we planned," Sherry beamed and clasped him closer. She stood erect, bust thrust forward in defiance, and sneered disdainfully at Abner, "but I hardly think that this is the place, nor the company in which to discuss our future." She shook her blond mane contemptuously and began to steer Harold toward the car.

"Yeah, I suppose we'd better get Dad home to bed." Philip looked in distrust toward Abner's blackness. "Here, Boy, lend a hand."

"Yes, Sir," Abner, bearing the bulk of Andrew's limp body, snickered under his breath at some secret joke as the old man was borne along.

"But marriage . . . I can't possibly . . . You don't understand . . . I'm--"

"Don't worry, Darling, we'll be so happy!"

And they were, for the most part, at least. Almost exactly nine months after the couple was legally joined, Sherry gave birth to a healthy, eight pound, four ounce, baby girl, named Vessey. Harold shakes his head bewildered each time he views the child. Fortunately, he has little time to wonder, for most of his time is divided between his continued duties at Randolph Harrison and his night classes at the Howard Ranstadt School of Economic Analysis.

Sherry encourages her husband's self improvement campaign and listens in awe to his continuing platitudes on race relations, for she is still determined in her rebellion against middle class values, and to that end, reads and rereads back issues of *Ramparts* while Harold studies his economics.

Philip and Harriet returned home to finish their drinking bout. The results of the Sunday spree were so effective that they decided to make it a regular occasion. Philip maintains that the liquor allows him an escape from the pressures of his new position as chairman of the board at Randolph Harrison. Harriet utilizes the custom on week days also. She feels it helps her subdue her temptations to revert to Catholicism. It also helps her overlook the darkened complexion that her first granddaughter is evidencing recently.

Old Andrew Thain was borne away from his quest for racial purification a changed man. He gave his position to his son and since has resided as an invalid in his son's home; because he could never again be coaxed onto crutches, much less into a wheelchair. He now spends his days abed, his eyes wandering aimlessly over the shadowed ceiling and musing in capricious wonder on the value of Chinese custom.

Cartoons by ED GROENHOUT

CONTRIBUTORS

SWAIN WOLFE, local poet and cinematographer, received a federal education grant for two of his films, *Summer's Child* and *Notes of a Migrant Child*. JERRY MADER, UM graduate student, composer, and lecturer who scored both of those films, has been described by avant-garde composer Alvin Setler: "Jerry Mader is doing the most exciting music in his field in the country today." DENNICE SCANLON, a senior at UM, will have poetry and fiction published in the forthcoming *Intro*. ELIZABETH BOGGS, a UM junior, has had poetry published in *Alkahest*. CHRISTOPHER LIBBEY will work on his MFA next year at UM. ALLAN TOFTELY is a senior majoring in English at UM.

WILLIAM VELDE, whose poetry has appeared frequently in *Poetry Northwest*, received his MFA from UM this year and will work on his Ph.D. at the University of Iowa next year. ED LAHEY, widely featured in such publications as the *Malahat Review*, *Sage*, and *Voices International* while an instructor at UM, will teach at Boise State College next year. JOHN MOORE, UM professor of English, has had his poetry published widely, most recently in *Poetry Northwest*. JEAN STROMNES is a graduate student in English at UM. LEE NYE, photographer and creative writer, has been published widely, most recently in *London's Photography Magazine*. PATTY ELLIOT is a UM junior majoring in art. LINDA STEIN, junior majoring in art at UM, won first prize in the drawing division of UM's all-student art show.

ED GROENHOUT, newly appointed Executive Director of the Montana Arts Council, will receive his MFA at UM this spring. DAVID RORVIK, UM graduate and science writer for *Time*, has been commissioned by *Look*, *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *McCall's*, and *True* to enlarge on "particular perturbations" of the evolution revolution. DAVID SLABAUGH, MFA candidate at UM this spring, taught for two years with the University of Maryland Extension Service in Okinawa, Japan and Korea. MIKE MELNECK, UM graduate student, will be a MFA candidate at the University of Arkansas next year. ALISON ZIER, enrolled in Writer's Workshop at UM, will be featured in the next *Intro*. BARBARA CROGHAN is a UM junior majoring in English. BRIAN BEDARD will receive his MFA from UM this spring. PAT CAFFREY, a UM forestry major, was born in Heidelberg, Germany and spent several years in Europe and the orient. PAT TODD, MFA candidate at UM, will attend Cornell next year. JOHN HOLBROOK, also a MFA candidate, has had poetry featured in *Poetry Northwest* and the *Colorado State Review*.

THOMAS HUFF, UM professor who received his Ph.D. from Rice University, recently received a Carnegie Corporation grant through their Council for Philosophic Studies Research. Former UM student JAY MYRDAL is a fashion photographer in London. JOHN STOCKING, UM assistant professor in Art History, received an MA in Art History from the University of British Columbia and an MA in Education from Harvard. JIM TODD, who will receive his MFA this spring at UM, studied at the Chicago Art Institute and has taught at elementary, secondary and college levels in Germany. JOHN ARMSTRONG, MFA candidate at UM, sold one of his paintings to the William de Kooning family of national prominence. MIKE FIELDLER, son of literary critic Leslie Fiedler, has had poetry published in *Anonym* and *Undercurrent* at the State University of New York. LINDA LOVELL, a junior majoring in English at UM, has been featured in the *National Anthology of College Poetry*. ALAN SOLUM is a senior from Missoula majoring in English.

RICHARD HUGO, UM Professor who wrote both poems for Garret while in Italy on a Rockefeller Grant last year, will have his second book, *Good Luck in Cracked Italian*, published this fall. SISTER MICHELE BIRCH, who teaches elementary grades at Everett, Wash., has been featured in *Occident*, *The Cloud*, *Marauder*, and *Kayak*. JAMES TATE, read on the Northwest Circuit last year, won the Yale Younger Poets first prize in 1967 for his book *The Lost Pilot*. ANN DE PENDER, a legal secretary in Spokane, Washington, will be a MFA candidate at UM next fall. SISTER MADELINE DEFREES, assistant professor at UM, has been featured widely, most recently in *New American Review* and *Poetry Northwest*.

