Calliope Winter 1954-55

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Hold Hands; Grin; Jump . . .

. . . Giles M. Fowler

The people he knew were pretty much alike; they generally advocated Oxford gray. When a tall mincing feminist in Paris snapped his gloved fingers, the females (who, because of certain mysteries, hormones, and little social graces, were different from the males) took eye pencils. And with studied poise, they drew their eyes big and their lips small. Just as last year they had drawn their lips big and their eyes small.

The men all invested in vests, and this year black was the shade for shoes. Just as last year, cordovan was the color. The casual grin was also a necessary accessory, just as ten years ago it had been the brooding stare, and last year, the big smile.

The decree of the moment insisted on good solid professions. Tycoons and artists were strictly passe. They were old shoe (cordovan). Engineers were priority material, and especially civil engineers. Doctors were also nice so long as they had that casual grin.

Among the females he knew, the revival of the home look, since a fateful day in early September, had taken definite advantage over the career look. Since that date, in fact, looks were everywhere. The blank look, the flat look, the plucked-rose look, the hurt-whore look, the raised-eyebrow look, and the oh-what-the-hell look. But definitely not the baby bearing, hand-red, fan-blown look—or smell.

Smells were passe—unless your perfume was applied from a boulevard bottle, sensually shaped like a human embryo.

This was the situation he was faced with.

Then one day he heard a bunch of the people talking in a long semi-circular corner booth.

"I want to be frank with you. I mean "

"So do I. Oh hell yes. Where were we "

"And their dances are so "

"Remember all the parties we had when "

"The last I heard from his girl she was in "

"the bedroom with the lights out, and "

"Why me? I'm not the only girl in his "

"Bedroom with the lights out. I tell you "
"Those parties were wild. I mean "
"Saint Louis was where he saw the "
"girlfriend, and she was dancing with "
"the lights out, and there was this party "
"Wild. I mean wild!"

He thought then that he was going to start getting corny, and start setting himself up as a sage, and start telling them all what was wrong with them.

But it wasn't any use. He couldn't even call them a lost generation because it was corny and Hemingway and Gertrude Stein had exploited that line. This was the fifties, not the twenties, and he was just a kid.

Besides, he thought (as he thumbed the buttons on his vest and grinned casually) we aren't lost. We're anything but lost. We're being funnelled together down one drain, and we'll all hold hands when we go.

And sure enough, off in the distance there was a faint but distinct sound, like water swishing against porcelain.

Observation . . .

Green wailing wenches
Consist in flattened euphoria
Amid inverted sequences
Of the repugnant mass while

Hot twisting breaths
Exchange the reticent word
Of a milder melancholia
Lost in warm clouds you can

Eat of my thoughts
And dine in burned bread
While escapist building blocks
Tear conversely the frigid

Boiling cross-motif to
Unwoven threads and seed
A gothic pattern-place
Where thick wet sounds

Pervert toy soldiers with
Atonal surface harmonies
And the warped Aesop
Must smell of mildewed flesh

Buried beneath the tertiary
Mores of someone's wavering
Wallowing think-mist
I find myself.

. . . Deane McKercher

Never Look Back . . .

. . . Franklin Kirby

It was raining, and James Montgomery, Captain, United States Army, was crouched, shivering, in his slime-filled foxhole, trying to see through the darkness, trying to see the Sons of Nippon out there who wanted to kill him. His mind was detached from his exhausted body, soaring giddily upward, forming words: "Jesus Christ, what a mess; what a stinking, fouled up mess." His mind looked way down at his body, hunched there, waiting. "Waiting's the worst," the old timers had always said, sitting in a warm room, drinking beer, laughing drunkenly, "but when they come, you forget all that." He rubbed his hand over unresponding lips, feeling nothing. Something kept trying to force its way into his numbed mind, something small yet insistent, something about his being a man, something about being a child . . .

When he was young, he would stand on a hill overlooking the city, and with clenched fists, would mutter fiercely, "I'm going to be someone." Jim Montgomery left his widowed mother amidst the barren stench of tenements, and when she cried, he sneered, "You were never a mother to me, you never gave me nothin'." His mother was nobody—so he left.

Young Jim Montgomery was part of the city—he breathed with its breath of dynamos; his heart beat was the thud of the die-presses; his energy was the surge of industry, the production line, the sweep of gigantic corporate machinery, marching relentlessly across the continent—an overpowering monstrosity that sucked men into its vortex and processed them on its assembly lines, recreating man in its own image. Young Jim was a part of the city, a product of the machine, and he lived by the law of the machine—"produce, or you're nothing; produce, or get out; produce, or die," the machines thundered in a deafening chorus.

"I've got to get ahead," Jim Montgomery said.

"Get ahead," the machines echoed, "Produce," they throbbed.

And Jim Montgomery did get ahead. He was as ruthless and impersonal as his Creator, the Machines. He was the upsurging line on a production chart; relentless, dehumanized, pitiless. He sold his part-

ners out, cut them down like a giant scythe, and got ahead. He played the stocks with strokes of inhuman genius, and was on his way up. He *was* going to be someone.

Jim Montgomery went to church every Sunday, and like a machine went through the prescribed ritual of salvation, but the roar of the machines drowned out the voice of the minister.

Then, suddenly the machines gained tempo, the industrial giant leaped into full power, America was at war. Jim Montgomery was drafted, through he tried his best to get around it; stock market manipulation wasn't considered an essential industry.

Captain James Montgomery loved the Army. The thrill of power, of absolute authority, gripped him, and the rhythm of the machines gave way to the tempo of marching feet and the clang of tank treads. With a vast machine of flesh to manipulate at will, he became more aggressive than before, because none could contest him or stand in his way. He was the Maker, and the men had to produce. And the men despised him. The system that he was a part of made him no leader, because he had no following. He carried men ahead as inexorably as the moon pulls the oceans—he was the tide of men's affairs. He had to get ahead, accompanied by the roar of men and their machines; that drive was a part of him, that thing that makes a man's will indomitable—the desire for glory, to surpass all others, to get ahead. And men feared him, and looked up to him—and despised him.

Now, James Montgomery crouched, shivering, in his foxhole, afraid, with the enemy out there waiting to kill him. No glory now, no roar of machinery, just fear. He reached trembling fingers into his shirt pocket, and took out a small book, which the chaplain had given him. It was a Bible. He remembered the Chaplain's words about fighting for a better world, where men would be free, where they wouldn't have to bow down to anyone, where all would be equal—. He looked up. "God—," he hesitated. Then a maniacal light kindled in his eyes, and with contorted face, he cursed. He cursed the freedom and equality of man, and the niggers, and kikes, and yellow-bellies, and the cowards tied to their mother's apron strings back home. He trembled as if in a frenzy.

"What I am, I made myself," he muttered ferociously through bared teeth, "No one helped me—not God, or my mother, or anyone. What I've done, I've done as a man, alone, not asking for help, and not giving it—a power unto myself." He flung the Bible into the mud and stood up. "Let's go get those yellow-bellies!" he screamed.

And so Captain James Montgomery, credit that he was to the

great competitive system that spawned him, and the society that nurtured him, scrambled out of his hole and plunged forward. Captain Montgomery traveled exactly the length of a standard roll of ticker tape before a .30 calibre slug smashed through his spine and lodged in his left lung. He sprawled face down in the mud.

"Mother," he bubbled.

The bullet had come from behind.

. . . a different way . . .

. . . so I went a different way. Well I'm coming down Seventh see, and here's this character:

He's sitting in the middle of the sidewalk and fussing with his ear-lobe and staring at the ground.

Well he looks sorta helpless and drunk see, or else I wouldn't of paid no attention.

(Down there you get all these "Bohemians," talking in circles and living like pigs.)

But this fella looks like a decent old joker—just pretty much fogged—so I ask him,

"Ya need some help mister?"—no answer. He don't even blink. So I nudge him, "Hey Mister!"

. . . His eyes slither up me—real weird!—and he growls, "I am thinking." That's that: he's an odd bird!

Well I should of took off, but I didn't. Well hell, I was curious. So I ask, "What ya thinkin?"

He says, "I am thinking of death and of children." . . . There's something about him . . . you know?

Well I guess I was nuts, cause I plopped down beside him—right there on the sidewalk!—and told him,

"Well, death I don't go for, but Boy I like kids; So tell me, how many you got?"

He sighs, "I was thinking of death and of children, and feeling quite peaceful and hopeful.

But now you have forced me to think about you. The world, and its sidewalks, are yours."

And then he gets up and walks off! Well my God! I just tried to be friendly . . .

. . . Pete Cooper

Some Good . . .

. . . Margaret Perry

He couldn't remember exactly when he began to hate his brother. It must have been when his mother was pregnant. The fellows used to tease him whenever she wasn't around, call her fatty and stick their stomachs out. Then Herbie was born and that was the last time he ever saw his mother alive. She had died in childbirth and that was all he could remember, except he loved her an awful lot and she had died. But Herbie had lived and he hated him for that. It was when he first saw Herbie that he knew he really hated him.

"William," called his father. He was looking for him in the living room.

"Out here, pop," he answered. William was sitting on the old swing on the front porch. The hinges squeaked and the whole swing moved unevenly. It had been that way for years now.

"William, don't you want your allowance?" asked his father as he came on the porch. He was a tall man, not very old but he looked older than he was. He had loved her too and things just weren't the same for him since she had died. He pushed back his thick hair with a strong, tanned hand. "Have you forgotten what day this is, William?"

"I guess so, pop. Gee, it's hot, isn't it?" He looked into his father's sad, brown eyes for a moment and then took the money.

"Why don't you go to a movie?" asked his father. "You can take Herbie, if you want to."

William looked down at his money and clenched his fists. He leaned back so that his stomach slumped and began to swing back and forth. He felt the staring eyes of his father on him.

"I'll give you money for him if that's bothering you." His father stood up and turned around to look in the street. "Where is Herbie, anyway? He should stay nearer home." His father squinted his eyes as he looked down the street, past the neat row of frame houses.

"I don't know, pop." William averted his eyes to his warm, brown feet. He had long toes that were all nearly even. Only the little toes were short. Herbie had round, stubby toes William remembered. He was tall with dreamy eyes, but everything about Herbie was rotund. His short neck and short body reminded William of the species of puffin he had read about in school. Herbie had the face of a cherub

someone had once said. William hated Herbie that very moment. The color rose in his face and he clenched his fist tighter.

"That money's going to melt away if you don't let go if it," said his father jokingly. He sat down again and rubbed a damp hand over his wet brow. "What are you going to buy for Herbie's birthday, William? You don't need to spend much on him. A fella his age doesn't care much what you buy him."

Again William felt the staring eyes of his father on him. His father wanted to know what he was going to buy Herbie. "I don't know what to buy, pop. I'll think of something." His father smiled and leaned back in the chair with closed eyes. That was answer enough, thought William. Every year it had been the same struggle and every year he had finally found something for Herbie. Whatever he gave Herbie, he liked it. Herbie was easy to please. But still William hated him. It was as if he ate something that didn't agree with him, took medicine, and then felt all right again. That was the way his hate affected him. He didn't hate Herbie all the time, just sometimes. But the illness was always there, ever recurring to make William sick with hate. Every year Herbie was a year older, it meant their mother was dead another year. Soon it would be four years. Instead, the time seemed equal to William's fourteen years. He stood up to go. "I think I will go to a movie, pop. I'll take Herbie another time"

He walked slowly with his hands dug deep into his pants pockets. He could feel the movement of his slender thighs beneath the rough denim material. The heat filled sidewalk burned his bare feet as he trudged on toward the business section. He was only a block away when he heard voices; young, angry voices. They came from the Millers' high, front yard hedges.

"Leggo of my sailboat," cried the little voice. "Leggo. It's mine." He began to cry.

"Aw, shud up," said the older voice. "You can't sail a boat on a day like this. It might burn up." He laughed.

Another small voice cried in defense. "Give us the boat, you bully. I'm going to tell my daddy."

"Leggo . . . leggo," cried the first voice. He was crying loudly now, almost convulsively.

William recognized the voice and started to go on. But when he heard the screaming voice cry, "my brother gave it to me," he stopped. He listened afterwards and all he could hear were the heartbreaking, convulsive sobs of the little boy. Then the older boy came walking on to the outer sidewalk.

"Hey," called William.

Ten year old Dickey Miller turned toward him "Yeah. Whadda ya want?" He swaggered as he spoke.

William walked slowly over to Dickey and stood directly in front of him, two inches away. "Give me the boat," said William very quietly.

"Go away," Dickey shoved William to one side and began walking in the opposite direction. Herbie and his little friend stood at the edge of the sidewalk, still in the Miller yard.

William looked at the quickly retreating figure of Dickey Miller. William felt the four little eyes staring on him. Herbie's eyes glistened. William ran and tackled Dickey at his waist, making him fall on the warm, hard sidewalk. "I said give me the boat," repeated William in a high screaming voice. He held Dickey on the ground, pinioning him at the shoulder blades. Dickey released the boat but William did not let loose. Herbie ran up and picked the boat up off the ground. "Don't you ever let me catch you bothering him again," said William angrily. Then he released Dickey and stood up with a tense, jerky movement. Inside him he could feel the pounding of his heart which sounded like the quiet rapping of drums in a parade. He relaxed, dug his hands into his pockets, and began slowly walking in the direction he had first started. He felt a little sick inside, the way he had felt the time before Dr. Jordan had given him an enema. Still it was different. It was as if he didn't hate Herbie at all. It was as if he really loved him. *My brother gave it to me.* He could still hear the little voice, high and hurt, screaming for the toy his brother had given him. William felt a surging inside and all the sickness went away. He even felt a small breeze.

"Willyum." It was Herbie's voice. The small, chubby figure ran up to his brother and hugged his arm. "Gee Willyum, that was sure some good."

William looked into the round, smiling face and hugged it against his slender thighs. "Yeah, Herbie, it was sure some good."

Ballad of the Comedy in Lust . . .

ermine ermine
say the boys
belltinkle joys
in the cellars
of heat
bark bark
say the boys
(wind-up toys)
rage into morning
my sweet
O watery eyes
and bloody nails
and a wisp of
slimy hair
haw haw
say the boys
give us noise
give us noise
when we leave off
our shuddering
there

when we leave off
our shuddering
there

. . . John Murphy

Today a Stranger . . .

Today an urban stranger
to myself remembering
hours before negation
death that bit of bone
consuming dust and element
of question sighs in the
winds then shrieks after
heartbeat thump thump
he is answered and we
mould
    still the stranger
is remembering hours
before negation the child
in sunsets burst with
violent violet flaying
only and night cricket
song and frog moan in
the child the eyes of
dawnflowers rise to imitate
the sky and greensong
floods mourning day into
night in the child's
heart before he fled to
urban swarms of twisted
masks before he joined
the unholy and tearless
chant of proud privation
blinded in the dancing
streets testifying to
nothingness he hears the
children sighing dying
alone
    and the stranger
who is myself measures
heartbeat waiting for
soft experienced winds
and while he chants despair
standing shamelessly aware
before the tender and
bleeding Spirit That is
God he knows that though
humanity is inhumane man
replaces man bless my
seeds O radiant Image
with the long lost Liturgy
of love forgotten now but
planted firmly in me I
offer You my sons O old
new Liturgy chant on

. . . John Murphy

Today and Today and . . .

. . . Shirley Havice

Amanda Aramintha Upjohn lay very still in her bed. Her bed was located in a private room in the newest section of the Woodlawn Memorial Hospital.

Each morning, when the nurse came in to wake Amanda and do all the hundreds of little things nurses always do in the morning, she always groaned and tried to turn from the light. What time was it? 6:30? But that's the middle of the night! What's the idea of calling me out at this hour?

Then her fogged mind would remember, and she would sigh and settle down in the bed and look up into the face of the kindly nurse who had been sent to wait on her. Wait on her! That was a good one! Even now, Amanda could appreciate a bit of humor. And not the salty humor of the new generation, either. There were still funny good things in the world.

The nurse mumbled her usual morning ritual over the tired old body and then swept away to other duties. Amanda was alone to think for at least half an hour before the breakfast tray would arrive.

Life hadn't always gone on within these four white walls. Once there had been grass you could touch and real silver and sparkling glassware and tinkling laughter. The walls hadn't been painted then. Paper, with gay big patterns had hung on the walls, and the decorators were usually bustling about the place, in one of the rooms, somewhere in the house . . . the house . . . the big house on the corner . . .

"Oh, yes, nurse." "Thank you." "It *is* a fine meal, nurse." "Oh no, just dozing a bit." "Alright."

Where was she? Oh yes, the big house on the corner. Thoughts weren't working as well anymore. Ought to send them out to have them repaired . . . wonder who to call . . . oh, but that was silly. Who ever heard of sending thoughts out to be repaired! What would Johnny, dear old Johnny, think of this little rambling . . . still, it was fun to ramble, just let the mind go where it would. It was certain the body could never move again.

No. They had left no illusion about that. Once, they had pretended, and quite successfully, too, for a while, that it would get up and carry her around again. And, foolish girl, she had believed in it, had worked and prayed and looked forward to it, until she saw

the little projects getting further in the future, felt in the arms that could not move, the absence of power.

Power . . . everyone sought power in this world. On the football field, in business, everyone striving for his own personal goal. Walking, running, driving, talking, laughing, and woven through it all, the one silver thread of goal. Everyone had to have a goal, they said. They mourned the happy-go-lucky fellow who seemed to have no goal in life. Everyone had to have a goal.

Yes, everyone, even if you were flat on your back and would never rise again, you had a goal in life. Yes, Amanda, you too once had a goal. And yours was no easier to attain than anyone else's.

You had set for yourself the almost impossible goal of not hating the God who had let this happen, who could have so easily chosen someone else, though, God knows, you couldn't wish it on anyone else. That was in the days when your mind at least was still alive. You still had some human spark in you then, trying to overcome your animal-like, hurt-creature attitude.

And you, just like everyone else, fell short of that goal, didn't you? First it crept in, day by day, just a few minutes at a time, you hated, your mind rebelled against this cage of inert material that scarcely made a hump under the bed-clothes, and you hated. It came only once in awhile at first, when you caught a glimpse of a child running down the street, heard the footsteps on the floor above.

Then it became almost a daily ritual, you waited eagerly, watched the hands on the clock move toward the hour which you had set aside to hate all of God and his creatures, and the arbitrary world they had made in the sunshine.

And then the final stroke. You didn't look forward to it so much anymore. Somehow, in some way it seemed to stay by you, coloring every thought, every word, and, if there had been any, every deed. Slowly, as the hour hand reeled off the days and the weeks, you ceased to hate. There was no point in it, no constructive object.

And after all, there was no object in thinking thoughts which would never be told to another, or of contemplating actions which could never be done. And you ceased to think. Yes, admit it! Even worse than hating that which is merciful to the Sunday Christian, even worse that lying in bed year in and year out and never feeling a muscle twitch, except in your mind, you stopped thinking!

But how can a human stop thinking? How can the cerebrum, the largest section of man's mind, cease to operate? It isn't done at once. No master switch is thrown. No, as you look back, Amanda,

there was no particular hour or day, or even month when you ceased to think. You can't even remember the day when you realized that you didn't think anymore. Unimportant day. Just like all the rest.

And now you're free, Amanda. No one even expects you to think anymore. And you've had your Hell, on earth. Now there's nothing more to do but live out an eternity, any way you want. To run in the sun, to run your fingers over the keys of a piano you can't play, to read a book, talk with an old friend, to feel the good feeling of a spring day.

Well, what will it be? Everything before you, yours to choose. What? A soft white bed? Why, yes, it can be arranged.

Regression . . .

Between constricting walls
A candle's pale light
To keep the darkness out
I wait for sleep to come.
Why should I fear the night
Start with each branch against the pane
And the shadow of the leaves?
I used to think of — such things — what?
Why can't I recall?
Now I think of grotesque shapes
And a thousand melting images.
The candle's almost melted away.
Soon it'll die in a wraith of smoke
And its fitful shadows'll be absorbed
In closing night and I'll be afraid
To light another. It's a child —
It's a childish thing.
Should I read a book — or walk
In the streetlight's yellow glow?
I'll not dare light another.

. . . John McClure

("? - !") in dissonance . . .

. . . K. K. Jeffry

As he settled down upon it, he thought the red-topped stool resembled part of a baboon he had once seen at the St. Louis Zoo. He would have giggled had he not been him and had he not been there. It would be too silly, he thought, and besides . . .

The man who glided toward him (whose name was Wally) looks like a Cedric, he thought. Yes, he is a Cedric, unless, perhaps he could be a Caesar or a Pierre, or even a Clyde . . . but surely a lion tamer. It really wasn't too absurd a thought, for the man (Wally) did look like the ones found in "center ring" cages. His coat was little and tight and red and he even had a thin moustache.

The man smiled. I think I'll growl at him, he thought. But only momentarily, that would have been too much.

A thick and loud, "Hey, Hippo!" attracted him from the left. He turned, stared and thought, sure enough, a hippo . . . a great ugly hippo.

The hippo said, "Save it," to the voice and then winked at the man.

"You are, though," he said.

"Yep, sure am," admitted the hippo.

Funny, he thought—all this. I wonder why. (He always seemed to be wondering why.)

Something rubbed against his back and he turned quickly to observe it. It was a long woman who proceeded to slide on the baboon beside him. She seemed sleek and showed an immediate attraction for Wally. He couldn't uncover the significance but knew it was there. Then, he noticed her long nails.

Of course, he thought. How silly of me, Cedric must have something to train. And appropriately enough she purred.

"You dog!" A little man addressed a larger one in jest. A St. Bernard, he mused. A goddamned St. Bernard. By God, this is uncanny.

"I suppose it's proper," he told the lady beside him.

She ran a moist, pink tongue over her little lips and peered at him cautiously. "What's that, honey?" A purr!

"Well, I mean . . . he's only a terrier."

"Say . . ."

"No really, he has to be like that."

"If you say so honey."

It was beginning to be fun now.

In less than fifteen minutes he had nearly a complete ark. It wasn't any good, however. He began to think too much. Why do I always have to do that, he thought.

He made a journey about the place and talked with several of them. Most of them told jokes and many were funny. He was becoming relaxed now, and didn't notice it anymore.

He told a few of his own jokes and seemed to be accepted into the group. This pleased him for a while but then he began to think again. Someone said, "Aw, don't pay no attention to hippo, he never says very much." Then he was right back where he started. Of course not, he thought, they never do.

"Oh don't be an ass!" one of them said.

"But, he has to!" he cried. He was standing up now and his face was white. "He has to . . . don't you see?"

Then he noticed that he was nearly whinnying. He became horribly frightened and fled from the place . . . but it was in a gallop.

Over in a corner a woman whispered to her companion, "Are you a man or a mouse?"

Clouds Small in Contrast . . .

Morning and one in a large bed,
Lying there still; beautiful and legendary.
A kiss, she awakes, a dream is dead,
Not her's — mine instead.
I feel the chills — a moment more to stay
While she wills others to begin.

. . . Gordon Hope Jr.

There was Magic in It . . .

. . . Leo Swartz

The sunshine was creeping slowly along the leaves of the textbook on my desk. I knew when it would reach the torn bottom of the pages, twilight would slink through the valley of the Rhine. In spite of this eagle-eyed person in front of us, we all would have liked to throw our books in the corner and to hasten into the curling fields and mysterious woods. However, there was a strong discipline in our boarding-house and only on Sunday afternoon were we allowed to spend our time in the country-side and then only for a few hours. Today it was Monday.

One by one closed his books and directed his dreaming eyes to an indifferent point in the darkening landscape. The day before I had read in Moby Dick: "Say, you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it." The same happened with us. Fancy led us down to the nearby lake which showed its black surface almost hidden between steep rocks.

Later in the evening when we already were in our bedroom somebody said. "I cannot stand it longer." Everybody understood. We were lying in our beds, the hands crossed under the head, looking at the pale moonlight in the room, watching the huge shadows painted on the walls, and waiting until evening-inspection was over. Then, very softly we got up again. Hands grasped excitedly for clothes. One window squeaked. Frightened, we listened for some moments. Nothing happened. One by one leaped out of the window. Twelve times you could hear a hollow fall. We stood without motion. In front of us the windows suspiciously glittering in the moonlight remained dark. Slowly we turned and walked in the direction of the woods' ghostly line at the horizon. We smelled the fresh cut grass. The misshapen building to our backs grew smaller and smaller. The wind rustled the leaves and the nightbirds shrieked. A fox crossed our way. No one spoke. We were wide-open for the adventures of this gloomy night.

When we stumbled over the first boulders we knew that the lake was near. A narrow path led us down to the lake. The branches of the bushes touched our faces. Sometimes a boulder began to roll.

We listened for a moment to its dull leaps and to the answer of the echo. Suddenly, the lake . . .

"There was magic in it" — It blurred our eyes — it crept in our hearts — it took our hearts — it swallowed our bodies. The moon was no more the only one which bathed its pallid face in the ruffling waves.

A storm was beginning to come up. Heavy clouds were extinguishing the dim light. We shivered . . .

When I reached for my blanket on my bed the first lightning illuminated our bedroom. I saw that my neighbor's bed was empty.

We rushed the whole way back. The storm dashed sand in our eyes, in our half-opened mouth, in our ears. It agitated our hair. Groaning trees bent almost to the ground. We held hands not to lose each other and fought exhausted against the weather. We stumbled down the narrow path. The waves struck, clapping the rocks, — the lake roared. We prayed loud. We called his name — no answer. Again . . . nothing.

Another glaring lightning flashed down the yellow rocks. Two yards in front of us our roommate was sitting on a boulder with a smile on his face. "There was magic in it."

Transition . . .

I,
no longer a sapphire hue and white,
As of a summer sky with staunch sails bright against;

I,
once turning the yellow, bronze and rust
Of each chrysanthemum, when autumn had commenced;

I,
now feeling the dread, gray winter cold,
Look back on blue-white Summer, golden Fall.
Now stark limbs make me feel so old, so old,
While, high above, the migrants call and call.

. . . Mary Lou Lemon

The Way of Ektu . . .

. . . John A. Eastman

Ektu shuffled slowly behind his fan-spread team, aiding the fagged-out dogs occasionally by giving the creaking komatik a push. His tired gaze fell to the bundled figure seated on the moving sled, then to the south where a faint half-circle of gloomy light sat on the horizon. One had traveled long and one must camp.

He jabbed his snow knife into the white surface. Working quickly, he cut neat white rectangles, placing them one by one, tier upon tier around him. When the last blocks were placed he went around the outside, stuffing mittened fistfuls of dry snow into the gaping cracks between the blocks.

The figure moved from the komatik and the two crawled through the narrow entrance tunnel.

"Can a wife make fire?" said Ektu. Kaolut tossed rank chunks of fat into the soapstone kudele lamp and seated herself heavily before it.

Ektu lay down on the fur covered snow bench and passed a hand through his tangled gray hair. Smokes of many fires had grimed his face and bitter famine had scraped and hollowed it. Of middle age, he was old for one of *the people,* the Inuit, who by their battle for survival, burn out young. And yet one was young enough to breed sons, he mused, and looked at Kaolut, big with child. Very soon one's wife would give one another son. It would be the first in a long while. But there had been others. Indeed, long after Ektu would walk out on the ice alone, men of the Inuit would speak of his sons. Miltak, Aktuk, Sauqussek, Tusuaq, and the others. And daughters? His thin lips tightened. It was for the good of the impersonal *one,* the Inuit, that the little girl babies had been placed on the lonely ice to die. For there were few like Ektu, who could produce sons, men, hunters. Without hope of a mate to serve, of what use were daughters? More mouths to feed, less food for those who must eat.

Even now there was no food. The herds of caribou had vanished long ago, and for many sleeps one had eaten from his caches until they were empty. One had known the hunger pangs, and even they

were ceasing, and Ektu was glad he had started for the white man's trading camp as soon as he had taken the last meat from the last cache. He had come over the gray jagged sea ice toward the large camp of the white man, where sights, sounds, and smells were strange, but where one might receive food for a few furs of the fox. One must have food to be able to hunt food for one's wife and son; and if food was nowhere but at the white man's camp, there one must go for it, though one feared the white man and did not understand his ways.

He closed his eyes and when he opened them again Kaolut was yet beside the flickering kudele.

"Why does a wife not sleep?"

"One has slept. The melting ice on the walls says one's husband has camped long, for there is no ice in a new house as long as fire burns. Has one's husband the brain of a fish?" She snickered and Ektu's thin face smiled as he gave her a playful nudge.

Again on the trail the temperature fell, and the slow moving komatik, with the thin ragged dogs in front and Ektu behind, left a wake of icy mist over its trail. When the faint glow that was the sun appeared again, the wooden igloos of the white man's camp stood ahead. One wondered where the white man found drift-wood to build igloos like these. He smiled. One could wonder many things about the white man.

Leaving Kaolut to erect a caribou-skin tent, he shuffled into the low log igloo which, by the blood red flag flapping above it, he took to be the place where he could exchange his little bundle of pelts for food. He stood for a moment with his back to the door, the clamor of a strange tongue faltering him. He stared at the big pale creature who was the white man and noticed the huge hands and the odd colored hair covering his cheeks and chin. He was very busy for the room was quite crowded with the people who had furs to trade for food. Back and forth among the wide shelves he moved, and on him the black eyes of the waiting people. Ektu, while seeing men of his blood, felt strangely timid and unsure. They were of the people but yet they were different. They wore things the white man wore, strange boots that were not of the caibou skin, colored artiggis or shirts under big coats that had buttons and pockets. They laughed like the white man, loud, and all of them seemed to be talking in the same curious tongue. It was puzzling why these Inuit dressed and laughed and talked like the white man. Ektu felt uneasy among them for he did not know the white man nor these Inuit who copied him. He wanted to go now and lead his dogs back North among the jagged humps

of sea ice to the white igloos of his people. But one must eat, and to relieve his anxiety, he smiled.

"Does a father know a son?"

Ektu turned. Beside him a young man was smiling. Ektu's eyes, keen black eyes of the hunter, fell upon the fat smiling face. His coat copied the white man's and his boots were not of the caribou skin. A tangle of black hair matted with dirt stuck to his forehead, and from wet lips a half-burned cigarette drooped. And a strange odor, not of tobacco, came from his mouth.

"Aktuk! A father is pleased!"

Ektu's smile made deep lines into his hollow cheeeks.

"A son was baptized by a white missionary and has a new name James Eelya."

The words 'baptized' and 'missionary' ment nothing to Ektu. He comprehended only that Aktuk, his son, was no longer called Aktuk. The son placed his arm across Ektu's back and led him to the wooden counter shelf. Ektu placed his pelts on it and looked up into the profile of the white man counting out the corresponding value in flat metal discs. Aktuk seized the pelts and held them up, his deep set eyes gazing critically.

"The hunting is bad," he guessed.

Ektu nodded. "One would not have come unless one's wife was hungry."

Aktuk smiled and the eye toward the white man went closed and opened again. "Can a father hunt with bow and harpoon and still keep a wife fat?"

A rifle leaned against the counter and Aktuk picked it up. "A father should hunt with a gun," he said and squinted through the sights. "A gun can kill a seal from far away." He snickered.

The white man had placed cans of meat and boxes of tea and pilot biscuits on the counter before Ektu. Ektu noticed that his eyes were the color of the sea when the ice cakes crash and grind together under a summer sun. For an instant those eyes held a glint of amused interest. Ektu smiled. The white man turned to Aktuk and spoke something quick and sharp in his strange tongue. Aktuk put down the rifle.

Ektu was happy. "One's wife will eat before another sleep," he said. "A mother would also see a son again."

"A son has forgotten many things. How is an igloo built? Or a harpoon thrown? Or dogs driven? The way of the white man is not the way of a father and mother."

Ektu comprehended and the impact of the full meaning of his son's words struck him with a sharper sting than could the tip of his own thirty foot seal hide lash bite the bristling back of a troublsome husky. But his face did not show it.

"One's wife will bear another very soon," he said. "Perhaps it will be another son, and perhaps he will be a great hunter."

"Perhaps," said Aktuk, and smiled in a strange way. "But if it is not a son . . .?"

Ektu's face did not change. "A son can hunt, a daughter cannot. A son can pick a mate, a daughter may not be chosen. When one is not sure, it is best that one should not have a daughter—even though a daughter is born."

An exclamation of surprise fell from Aktuk's lips, then he smirked and shook his ragged head slowly from side to side.

"A father's way is the old way," he said, still smirking. "The white man has made another way. A father does not need to starve, nor a mother. The white man has plenty of food. The chiefs of the white man—" he nodded toward the dusky southern horizon—"say that each of us—the people—shall be fed by them, so much for a year. If a father is careful, he can eat and do little hunting. And if he is smart, like a son by the name of James Eelya, he can eat and do no hunting. If one helps the white man and is friendly with him one is fed more than the white chiefs command.

"A father is a fool if he does not keep a child. For cannot a father and a mother also eat from food which the white chiefs say shall go to the child? A father should think carefully. If he chooses the white man's way, his stomach will never be empty. And he will be smart, like James Eelya."

Ektu and Kaolut ate for the first time in many sleeps. The food was different and rather tasteless, but it was food and it filled them.

Kaolut's pains were becoming frequent now and in the night three women came and sat beside her. Ektu lay in the opposite corner in his caribou skin sleeping bag, and knew he was to become father to another tonight. Always before he had hoped for a son. Could one hope for a daughter? He smiled at the thought, then his face grew serious. One had heard strange things today about the white man and his way. If his chiefs gave each of the people a supply of food, as Aktuk had said, one would never be hungry, nor one's wife, nor one's children. And it must be true, for Aktuk is fat. Yes, that would be very good.

He heard Kaolut groan and his thoughts returned to the child

she would bear tonight. Suppose it should be a son after all. Would he become like Aktuk, change his name, forget how to hunt to live? Ektu blushed, remembering Aktuk's bold admission. A son would never learn how to hunt if he was fed by the white man's chiefs. And of what use is a son who cannot hunt? Of what use is Aktuk? He blushed again. One would not like to have another son who could not throw a harpoon, who could not follow the seal, the caribou, the bear, who could not bring in as much meat as one.

But perhaps the son might not live to become a great hunter. Perhaps he might starve while still young because of a bad hunting year and empty caches. Such a thing had happened before. Would it not be better to let him eat from the hand of the white man's chiefs and live, than teach him to throw the harpoon to eat and die? Ektu frowned, then sighed. One's wife was old, too old to have children.

Aktuk had advised him to choose the way of the white man. Generations of hunters behind him, in him, pulled from the tundra and sea ice to the old way. He sighed again and closed his eyes.

A violent wind was blowing snow through the eternal dusk, swirling in powdery blizzards from one deep drift to another. Ektu listened to the weird swishing sound and heard the wind hit the stout wood of the white man's igloo and go whining around the sharp corners of it.

He stood in the opening of the tupik, the hood of his kulitak falling back limp on his shoulders. He had slept little. Kaolut had borne before the wind had risen, for the child was with her now. A daughter! The last child for one and a wife. He stared for a time at the moving billows of snow, and knew he would miss the old sounds, the old faces, the old ways.

There was a movement behind him.

"Ektu."

"One hears."

"One's daughter sleeps long."

Ektu turned and went to the sleeping bag. Still clutched to Kaolut's breast, the tiny figure was still.

"One's daughter is dead, Ektu."

"One sees. Give it to me." He took the little corpse in his arms as if it still breathed life. Cradling it tenderly, he kneeled and patted Kaolut. He smiled.

"It is good this way, little Kaolut. One knows now what to do."

He rose and, carrying the dead child, went out into the wind and snow. Far from the strange camp of the white man he walked, and when he finally laid the furry bundle down on the snow he spoke to it and his eyes were closed.

"Auk shu nee, little one. One sleep is good, and a long sleep is better. A child has directed a father, a hunter even. Sleep long, little one."

And later, when the increasing wind roared across a thousand miles of vastness to blast the camp of the white man with screaming rage, and a faint half circle of gloomy light that was the sun sat on the southern horizon, Ektu walked behind the bumping, veering komatik.

He looked down at Kaolut, bundled on the sled, and walked fast, for the dogs were headed North.

Sursum Animo! . . .

Far distant in our mind's extension
there is power of great comprehension.
In the outer reaches of man's mind
there lies a realm in which we find
the essence of Emerson's "over soul."

We can only wish to hold and know
the inspirations as they come and go,
For we are in still infant stages
in which man fore-sees the distant ages.
It's hard to grasp an abstract goal.

I hold to one pre-possessing thought
of how such ideas are sought.
The body must be dormant to the mind,
feelingless and anesthetized from which we find
the freeness of mind that the body stole.

Now in this state we derive
the wonder in which intellects thrive.
One dominant idea seems to tower—
There is a magnanimous Power.
This source . . . the Power, *Energy* the role.

. . . L. Jay Lancaster

My Grandfather . . .

. . . William Neville

When I was very young, the thing that I looked forward to most was the summer when I would be sent to live with my Grandfather on his farm near Montreal. It was a period of my life that was entirely too brief and never seemed to come often enough. I was there the summer of the year that the great war came to Europe.

My father put me on the train at Boston and explained that my mother would come up at the end of the summer to take me with her to Long Island and that he would not see me until I came to live with him again in October. We said goodby very formally and then I was on my way to Montreal and my grandfather.

He was at the depot with his hired man, Alex. He helped me off the train and each of us carried one of my bags to the car.

"You are growing very tall, boy. Soon you will stand as high as your father." He smiled and ran his hand through my hair. Alex nodded in agreement. I remember how I felt much older and very happy and I was thinking of what a great summer it was going to be.

All the way to the farm we talked of my parents and how I was doing in school and how it was on the farm after having such a hard winter. He told me about the bear he'd killed during the winter and of the fine new rifle he'd bought. We discussed the fishing and I agreed that we would have to go and find out if it was as good as the previous year.

My Aunt Ethel was in front of the house as we drove up and my Uncle Gerard was just coming out of the barn. Their only daughter, Margaret, was away teaching school in Ottawa. But the boys, Claude, who was to be killed in the Royal Canadian Air Force while over Germany in 1941, and Phillip, who would be reported missing in action after the raid on Dieppe in 1942 and never heard of again, were both living on the farm.

"Welcome, David!" my Aunt Ethel said. She hugged me and led me into the house. There were several dogs barking. My grandfather always had several dogs on the farm; fine, healthy dogs.

My room, as always, was upstairs next to Alex. After my bags were unpacked, everyone went downstairs and we sat around the table and drank coffee and talked about everything in general. The

boys brought out my grandfather's new rifle and showed it to me and Alex pointed to the picture on the wall. It was my grandfather standing beside the largest bear I've ever seen.

It was about three in the afternoon so my aunt sent us outside because she had to begin supper. My grandfather and Alex went to the barn to shoe a horse and my uncle Gerard and the boys went out to work in the fields. I ran to the rock.

The rock was about one hundred and fifty yards from the house, but you couldn't see the house from it. It stood in the center of a grain field and from the top the grain looked beautiful. At the other end of the field were the pine woods and they seemed to be full of wonderful things that I couldn't even begin to imagine. Whenever my grandfather had to work or was busy, I went to the rock and fought Indians or thought about what I would be when I grew up. I remember, I was very happy.

That evening I stayed up late listening to my grandfather tell about himself when he was young and used to sail on the fishing ships from Halifax. My aunt and uncle and the boys went to bed early, only Alex and I listened. He told me about whales and the men on the ships and all about polar bears that lived up in the Artic Circle. It was after midnight when we went to bed.

During the days after I arrived, we often went fishing together. Sometimes he would bring a small caliber rifle and teach me how to shoot. One afternoon we sat on the rock and he told me what the shores of Africa looked like and how the mountains of China were like toy mountains and I swear I could see them. He tried to tell me about women and explain what honour was, but I was too young to understand his words. He said that he was seventy-six years old and that he wouldn't live much longer. I couldn't picture anything without him.

One night he came back from town with Alex and Alex was helping him because he was drunk. He staggered around the house and swore and said awful things to my aunt and uncle and cursed my grandmother's grave. I could hear him from my bedroom, but I didn't get up and after that night I didn't think about it any more. I remember that my aunt cried for a long time after he was asleep. From the edge of my bed, I could see him laying on the couch, through the air vent on the floor of my bedroom.

A man came to the house one day and told my grandfather that he would have to come to court because the neighboring farmers had complained that my grandfather had been cutting lumber on their

land. They argued, but the man said he had no control over it. My grandfather told the man to get off his property. When I asked him what was wrong, he said, "Lies, boy. We have very bad neighbors." That was all that was said about that.

The day that it came was hot. There were no clouds in the sky and the sun was like a breath of flame right over your head. He walked into the house and stood by the door trying to fill his lungs with air. His eyes weren't as blue as they usually were and he had an awful look on his face. His hands were holding his chest as if he was trying to stop something from happening. He went to his bed and I ran to get Alex and my aunt. When they came in, he was hardly breathing and his eyes were very wide. Alex said somthing to him, but he didn't even notice. On the second of July, 1939, my grandfather died.

I cried.

My aunt and uncle and Alex talked about preparations for the funeral.

The priest came and gave him the last sacrements of the church.

The next few days were quiet. Not very many people came to the wake or the funeral. My father couldn't come and my mother wasn't at home in time to hear about it. Margaret came from Ottawa and my uncle Anthony came from Three Rivers, Quebec. But there was a very small crowd at the funeral itself.

After it was all over, we came home. Everyone went into the house and my aunt Ethel made a pot of coffee. I went upstairs and laid on my bed. They were talking loud, but I didn't pay any attention until my uncle Anthony said something about my grandfather and called him a son of a bitch.

"Don't talk that way, Tony." My aunt Ethel said. "He's dead now."

"It's true, isn't it?" Margaret said. "He put your mother in her grave ten years too soon, the way he treated her. And you! You stay here and work the farm and take care of everything and what does he leave you? A mortgage to pay off, bills for almost everything he ever bought and now this law suit because he stole lumber from those people. He was no good."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I got up and went downstairs. No one noticed me because they were talking too loud. My uncle Gerard was saying something else bad about him. I was starting to cry and I swore at them. Everyone stopped talking and looked at me.

"You're lying . . . you're lying." I screamed at them. "You're all liars. I hate you."

I turned and ran out the door and kept on running til I got to the rock. Tears burned at my eyes and I couldn't keep them back, no matter how hard I tried. 'How could they say those things about him?' I wanted to break something or hit someone.

I stayed there til it was almost dark, but the fields weren't beautiful anymore and the woods didn't seem to be full of anything wonderful. It was all dead and strange to me.

The sun was out of the sky when Alex came to bring me back.

"You better come to the house, boy. It's damp. You catch cold."

"Is it true what they said about him, Alex? He wasn't the way they said it about him, was he?" I begged for the right answer.

"Your grandfather was a fine man," he said quietly.

We started walking back to the house very slow.

"I want to go home."

He understood. "I'll call your parents in the morning."

My chest hurt and everything felt broken inside of me and I wished I'd never had a grandfather.

The Weaver . . .

Swing out from my blade of grass,
Oh spider of my soul,
And cast your gossamer strands
Upon some comet of imagination.

Drift beyond the parapets of convention,
And let dreams desire cross,
Upon the maze of silver bands,
The restraints of social consciousness.

Weave a web of fantasy
To catch the heart of romance,
And to bring the wonders of a lovers lands
To the threshold of my perception.

. . . Dave Marks

A Medal for Mr. Truitt . . .

. . . Robert Koupal

In every respect, Elmer Truitt was an average man. He was *the* average man. You could find him in every village or small town and you could find thousands of him in a big city. He was no more inconspicuous in a large crowd than he was if you saw him on the street alone. When people were introduced to him at a party or a convention (adventures he rarely enjoyed) they invariably forgot his name. He wasn't homely—nor was he good-looking. He was plain.

Elmer Truitt was the husband of a thin, but average looking, middle-aged wife who worried about prices. He had two average children who were both in the public school. He smoked nearly a pack of cigarettes every day and read most of the newspaper after his six o'clock dinner. He mowed his lawn on Saturday and enjoyed watching the fights on Wednesday and Friday nights. He owned a small automobile which he did not drive to work for it was too difficult to find a parking place. On Sunday he usually washed the car.

Every working day he arrived at the bank five minutes before opening time wearing either a gray or a dark blue suit. Truitt was a teller with the 4th National Bank. He wasn't a particularly good teller—but then again he wasn't a bad one. He was honest and did his job from nine in the morning until closing time. Although people sometime complained to the bank about some of its employees, they never seemed to complain about Truitt.

On an average Thursday morning at the bank he was bothered by some ink that had been spilled on the long glass covered table in the center of the marble floor, and left his cage to blot it up. While he was crouched over the table three men in coats walked into the bank. One of the men had a sub-machine gun.

"This is it," said one of the men.

Elmer Truitt did not hear the man but he did hear the scream of one of the women in the bank. The man with the sub-machine gun stood very close to Elmer Truitt. He reached out and pushed on the man, trying to knock the gun from his hands, but fell down while doing so. The man turned quickly and fired the gun. One of the trio in the coats lurched back as if punched and his head went thwack on the marble floor. A woman fainted and more women screamed

at the sound of the gun. The man with the gun looked down at his weapon strangely, dropped it and ran out the door. The other man started for the door as Truitt got up and he ran into him. Elmer Truitt fell down again and so did the man in the coat. The man in the coat was knocked unconscious.

"Hay, git ya final Post-Dispatch," whined the newsboy. "Man foils robbers . . . saves big loss. Gitcha paap-ear. Hay ya wanna read about uh big bank robbery. Teller foils crooks. Hay . . ."

At 5217 Tennessee, the house next to Truitt, a man read the front page story to his wife.

"That ain't all either, Hon. It says here Truitt, who was born and raised here, used to play baseball for Cleveland High in '35 an' '36. Funny . . . I was at Cleveland then and I never even heard of the guy. Oh yeah . . . Truitt! Sure . . . good ol' Elmer Truitt. Hell yes I remember Truitt. Why Hon, me an' him was just like this in school. Funny how I forgot that. Boy, has he ever changed," he said, looking at a picture of Truitt pointing to the spot where the man in the coat knocked him down. "Think of it, Hon, ol' Truitt livin' right next door to us all these years an' I never even recognized him. Always knew that he had it in him though. We all did. All of us that hung around with him. Had more guts than any of us . . . ol' Truitt did."

At 5215 Tennessee, Truitt's home, photographers took pictures of Elmer Truitt kissing his wife. They took pictures of him smiling down at his two children while they looked up at him proudly. For some pictures he posed in a boxer's stance and for others he held his father's hand-me-down revolver. Under those pictures was the caption, "Truitt is an excellent shot." The reporters asked him about how it felt when it happened and if he feared for his own life. They asked about his family and how it felt to be a hero. They even asked him if he thought he would do it again. The police, since one of the men had escaped, offered to post patrolmen near the house. Telephone calls came nearly all of the first night. Most of them said, "Good boy, Truitt, I knew you had it in you," or, "You probably don't remember me Elmer, but I knew you when you wasn't no higher than this, an' I wanna tell you it was a fine thing that you done."

The president of the bank excused Elmer Truitt from work the next week. Elmer spent the week speaking to assemblies at public schools and being guest speaker for the Elks, Shriners, Rotarians and a high school football rally. His children were idols at the public school and his wife was the envy of the party-line and bridge club.

On Sunday Elmer Truitt did not wash his car. He slept nearly the whole day.

As he rode the bus downtown Monday morning people pointed and whispered about him. He was forced to talk with two traffic policemen while walking to the bank and arrived five minutes late.

All the bank help said "Hello" to him as he walked toward his cage in the rear. There were very many people in the bank for so early in the morning and nearly all of them noticed Truitt as he walked through. A large number of them were milling about his cage.

At the end of the marble floor the bank president waited for Truitt. He shook his hand and asked him how he enjoyed his little vacation. He asked him to come on in his office.

"Elmer, ol' man," the president began, "I've been noticing your work for quite some time now and have often thought of taking you out of the teller's cage. Trouble was that there just wasn't anyplace else to put you. You know how slow openings are in a bank. But now, we're creating a new position here, Elmer. Sort of a public relations manager is what the job really amounts too. Won't be too hard a job for the man that gets it and it will give him a good chance to get out of the old place now and then.Now, Elmer . . . I've a good hunch I've found the man. I think that you could do it. What do you say Elmer? Be a good raise with the job too."

From his metal desk with the place card reading "Elmer Truitt, Public Relations Mgr." on it, he often looked at the spot where the ink had spilled.

Customers always remembered him as the man, the brave man, who foiled the holdup. He wasn't a particularly good public relations man nor was he a bad one. He was always on time and he worked at his job until closing time. People whom he met often had trouble remembering his name.

Dance! . . .

Dance—whirl—spin in the sun—
Skip to the slap of the hands—dance!
Strut—prance—jog to the chant—
Arch to the light by the pipes' strain!

Stutter-stamping-steps—
Slapping-clap-of-hands—
Rapping rhythms rising to a frenzied whirl,
To a mad red crest of a great free flame!
(Burn to a glittering sprinkle of ash
the droning death-dull night-bleak wall!)

Rise—stretch—reach to the sky—
Strain like a taut ringing string—sing!
Stamp—clap—swirl as they chant—
Spin to an ecstasy crest—
Dance!

. . . Pete Cooper

Reverie . . .

The little boy was gone it seems
His mind immersed in golden dreams
His feet submerged in cooling streams.
Strewn close about him on sanded shore
Were seven-league boots that pirates wore.
The reverie broke; thus he sighed
And wearily tattered sandals eyed.

. . . Pat Hemphill

I . . .

I don't believe,
I don't believe a thing,
No God created me,
There's no theophany.

No pseudo theology edifies me
Nor wrathful theologians,
Who's inimical tones disdain me,
Dare excommunicate me.
I excommunicate,
I excommunicate God,
I banish all with no existence.

Deceive yourself with lucid lies,
Pacify with flagrant errors,
Bind with ostentatious ties,
But I am truth.
I live with man,
With elite and effete,
Gaining interest on 30 coins.

. . . James Keats

To and Fro They Come and Go . . .

Black hearts stretched up to dry
Multi-colored skins fuse with
Haggard ideas and evolve a hope
To and fro they come and go

Between walls of brick the air
Spews of white hot possibility
And the skins perchance to blend
To and fro they come and go

While temptation rests for another surge
Floors are scrubbed with liquid torment
And shelves are full of golden leaves
Round and round some are found

Lead on you worthy rascal
That grey flecked temple is doing its job
Hurry for soon the hearts will dry
Maybe maybe who's got the maybe

This lucid optimism tastes delightful
To us still wiping our ears
Here let me help you shed your skin
Young birch birch please dont lurch

Elusive grease washes easier
With able minded detergent pads
This is the place where men must always
To and fro come and go

. . . Deane McKercher

What Lost Generation? . . .

. . . Margaret Perry

Back in the twenties there rose a group later referred to as the "lost generation." They were the ones who could not find themselves, could not adjust to the life around them, and therefore did not become lost in the mass of those who were 'adjusted.' The "lost" could not be cowed into believing what they did not, nor could this minority be torn away from their lonely journey of seeking the verities which they found so hard to recognize. And because this group separated itself from mass thinking and walked gropingly into the future, it has been labeled the "lost generation."

But then, was it the only generation that has been lost? How many generations have not felt the pangs of uncertainty — of searching? In 1920 the world had the sanguine memory of a war which happened to be the fertile ground from which their "lost generation" rose. But is it not true that all generations — our generation — have had to face either war, or something even more disconcerting: ideas? The "lost generation" could not accept the ideas of the mass, could not live in a world of indifference to the chaos around them, and today we have the same problem where we see a few of the present generation lost in a whirlpool of ideas and beliefs. Certainly we have had wars — the petty wars, the big wars — and this generation has had, like generations before, the problem of facing the beliefs of today, of yesterday, and of choosing to accept or reject them to some satisfaction. Here, we see, is the dilemma; and now is the time when there will exist a separation between those who find their niche in the world and those who refuse to grasp just anything and therefore become "lost."

The present maturing men and women have been labeled the "sober generation" — the "quiet generation." Some people seem to lament the fact that contemporary young adults are not a reflection of the Scott Fitzgerald era. But what critics of the present generation fail to note in its quiescent demeanor is a trait of interrogation. The lost faces which are emerging from the mass are somehow being overlooked in the sea of those who do not care to search, or do not attempt to understand. One need only to observe carefully to notice that now

— in this present moment — another lost generation is rising, a generation which does not sip champagne from slippers, or hold nudist bathing parties, but one which is most painfully searching for truth.

Most obviously there have always been individuals, or institutions, in search for life's verities. Every age has produced a Spokesman, in one form or another — respected or not by the world — expressing a mode of seeking out, and of living life. And so the present generation has been struck with the unquenchable longing to search and to search, to accept or reject, and to search again. Because the youth of today have been surrounded by hate, fear, and suspicion, their minds have become confused. Their hearts — their souls — cannot see, cannot grasp enough love in this world of hate, fear, and suspicion. Therefore, disenchantment, and an inability to realize what beliefs they should cling to in order to find a place in the existing society.

The present generation could argue that their mothers and fathers, who matured during the twenties, have given them a chaotic and run-down world in which to live. But the time for blaming one generation for the depravity of the other is past. If those in the contemporary scene would cease to lament over what they have not inherited and would proceed to present — in modern terms — their ideas of faith, we would at least have a starting point. The modern novels — poetry — drama — are filled with disillusionment and unrest without portraying solutions. Everything is in turmoil; nothing is certain. If only there could emerge one person, or institution, of enough stature — with enough faith — to instill our hearts and souls with a fervid belief in the good, the true, and the beautiful (and point out what they are) the underside of the earth would turn up its face. But it seems as if the thinkers of today can only define the problem, lament over it, and leave it to rest upon the breasts of others in this "lost generation." And because this is not enough, there are still the cries of those who wail: but what is the solution . . . but what is the solution?

Editor's Comments . . .

We hope that you are pleased with the Winter issue of Calliope and that you will see fit to pass the good word on to your friends. For unfortunately money to publish literary magazines is not found on any known species of plant life and the necessary shekels must be obtained from the genus and species known as *Pleasedus subscriberus*. Last year Dr. Wichers (whom we would like to thank once more) made the magazine financially possible by a generous grant from the Semi-Centennial fund. This year, however, we have launched the magazine on a self-paying basis for the first time and have depended upon subscription funds to provide the bulk of the publication costs.

We cannot make an appeal to everyone, of course, but we do sincerely hope that those who are interested in constructive thought and creative writing will see fit to back us. There are undoubtedly many among us who see no particular virtue in thinking; many who would rather concern themselves with only their professional pursuits or nothing at all in particular. We do not make our appeal to these. Rather we solicit the support of those who are actively interested in life, in solid, searching thought and in creative expression. We shall do our best to encourage this support in every way possible.

As you may have noticed, there has been no mention of prizes in this issue. The reason for this is that, upon considering the problem of awarding prizes, the Calliope Editorial Board has decided to make contributions submitted and published in both issues of this year's Calliope eligible for a larger prize to be given in the Spring at the Honors Convocation. We hope that this arrangement will spur further contributions of a progressively higher caliber and that the prizes awarded will then be truly a greater and more distinctive honor.

In conclusion we should like to thank all the many willing and industrious people who have made this issue possible: the contributors; those who helped with subscription sales and distribution; the members of the editorial board; the illustrator who designed the fine cover; the make-up editor who helped us over a big hurdle; the men in the print shop who gave us the best in cooperation and service; and last, but certainly not least, the subscribers.

R.C.R.