CALLIOPE
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I hate school, Mama. I just don’t give a damn about school.
Please don’t talk like that, son. You talk like a man and you’re only a boy yet. Please don’t talk like that, or I’ll have Daddy smash you in the mouth.

Daddy won’t smash me in the mouth, Mama. Daddy is usually too drunk to walk home at night. He wouldn’t even be able to see me, let alone smash me in the mouth.

I’ve tried to be patient with you, son. We’ll talk about this matter later. Right now I have to go down to the World Wide Airplane Plant and rivet bolts on the wings of airplanes for two dollars and fifty cents an hour, with time and one-half for overtime.

I’m not going to school today, Mama, because I think school is a lot of—
I’ll whale the tar out of you if you keep talking like that.
Awright. Awright. I’m just telling you I’m not going to school today.
By God, you will go to school today.
Ha. What the hell you going to do about it if I don’t?
You just wait until I get home from work and I’ll knock some of that cockiness out of you.
Go to hell, Mama.
God, but you’re a trial to your Mama. Why do you always have to be a trial to your Mama? Can’t you try to be decent for a change?
I’m going out and throw stones at a few windows this morning.
Just for something to do.
I hope you’re kidding or I’ll call the cops. They’ll know how to handle snotty kids like you.
What’ll I do when I get hungry, Mama?
Here. Here’s five bucks. Buy yourself some lunch and supper. I probably won’t be home tonight.
Where the hell are you going tonight?
That’s none of your business.
Got a date with that guy in the Cadillac convertible, Mama? Are you going to come home drunk again tonight?
Don't you dare talk to me like that, damn you. I'm your mother and don't you ever forget it.

Nah. I won't never forget it. Where's the five bucks?
Here. And I want you to spend it on food, not beer. Do you hear?
Shove off, Mama. I'm not as little as you seem to think.
Oh, God. I wish your father was here now. He'd damn quick put a stop to this snottiness of yours.

Daddy doesn't really give a damn one way or the other, Mama. He told me so himself. He said, "Son I don't really give a damn one way or the other." That's what he said, Mama.

Oh, shutup, will you. I know your Daddy doesn't give a damn one way or the other. He never did. He never will.

That's the way the ball bounces, Mama.

Sometimes I could hit you, you little beast. You're impossible. I can't stand here yakking with you all day. Yesterday I was five minutes late for work and they docked me a buck. Can you imagine, docking me a whole dollar for being five minutes late?

What do you do with all your money, Mama?

Daddy and I are saving up to buy a new home and a new car and a new television set and new clothes and we are going to save enough money so that you can go to college.

How come Daddy spends all his money on booze, Mama? Doesn't he want a new home and a new car and a new television set and enough money to put me through college?

Why don't you ask your Daddy, son? What the hell do I look like, an encyclopedia?

I did, Mama. Daddy just said he doesn't really give a damn one way or the other.
Mardi Gras ...  

... George Eddington

“But Andy, I should give up something for Lent. I always used to when I was a little girl. Maybe I’ll give up smoking, or maybe I’ll give you up.” She waited for his answer. “No, I’m not kidding, Andy, maybe I’ll give you up—give up you. Which is it?” She listened intently, the smile slowly vanishing from her lipstick-smeared face. “Of course it matters. Should I say, ‘give you up,’ or ‘give up you?’” Lenore paused again. “Well, you can come and knock on the door in an hour and I’ll let you in— if I haven’t given you up for Lent.” She slammed the receiver viciously into its black cradle and flopped onto the bed.

Simultaneously she lit a cigarette and kicked off her shoes; one into the corner by the bathroom door, the other into the open suitcase on the luggage rack. Looking at the ceiling she mumbled to no one; “Sure, Andy, sure, call around in an hour. I’ll be here if I haven’t given up you for Lent.” Laughing shrilly, without humor, she reached for an almost-empty tumbler on the night table, cursed when she saw the worn ice cube and smelled the sticky sweet odor of cheap whiskey and tepid ginger ale. She drained it slowly, sloppily, dribbling the mixture on her blouse, then she threw the glass across the room. It fell into a pile of soiled stockings on the floor near the dresser.

Lenore lay on the white chenille spread and gazed about the room and wondered idly whether that joke Andy had told upstairs had offended anyone. Not that she really cared, she told herself; she simply wondered how thin-skinned the others at the party were. At the moment she couldn’t recall exactly how it went, but there was something about a man in New York on a Sunday morning who asked a cop where everyone was. The cop replied that since it’s a Sunday morning, the Catholics are all in church, the Protestants are in bed, and the Jews are in Washington. She fretted a moment, sensing she had left something out. Everyone in the room had laughed when Andy told it, so she decided not to let it worry her again.

“The Saint Charles Hotel, New Orleans, Louisiana,” she mumbled, closing her puffy eyelids to the yellow ceiling. “Romance in a romantic southern city with romance-filled nights and romance-filled in-betweens.” She tore the gold bracelet from her arm and flung it against the dressing table mirror. Apprehensively, she raised herself
to see whether she had done any damage and as she looked around the room, it occurred to her that it was disorderly.

A crumpled copy of the *Times-Picayune* with the orange and purple “Hail to Rex” article on the front page lay on a chair; on the floor near it was a brown and white menu from Antoine’s; red and black spools of film stood on the dressing table. Leonore wondered if they’d turn out, if she had used the camera properly, if she had bought the right kind of film for the camera. She decided immediately that she wouldn’t have them developed. There was only one shot she wanted: the family of five dressed in red satin devil’s suits. She had snapped the group in front of the hotel. “Mama devil, papa devil and three little devils,” she muttered.

“But what *should* I give up for Lent?” Her tired voice asked the question thickly. “I’m here with another woman’s husband because I’m too damn stupid to catch one of my own and I’m too damn weak to say ‘no’ when he asked me along on this joyride. Travel,” she hissed as she ground her cigarette into the ash tray, “is so damned broadening.”

Reflecting on the last couple of days, she admitted to herself that she had seen some interesting sights: the flambeau procession through the narrow streets of the French Quarter, the Ursulines peering nervously through the half-shuttered windows of the convent; the garbage cans on the sidewalk in front of the houses; the jostling, drunken Negroes on South Rampart Street; the Zulu Parade; the white-hulled ship at the river front unloading bananas by means of a fascinating conveyor; the Dixieland blaring from those doors on Bourbon Street.

“That piano player in the bar on Bourbon Street. In the place where Andy complained about the price of beer. ‘A buck for a Bud!’” She mocked Andy’s incredulity. “The piano player had eyes only for me. And he played *Sweet Lorraine* and dedicated it to me. Just because Andy didn’t say ‘Lenore’ to him loud enough. I know if I go back there he’ll play one for me and if there isn’t a song called *Lenore*, he’ll make one up.” She picked up the phone and asked for Andy’s room. “Yes, yes, of course I’m okay. No, no, I’m almost sober again. I’m fine. Just thought I’d go to bed early. See you at breakfast. No, I’m not giving you up for Lent; I’ve decided on candy because it’s fattening and because I don’t eat much anyway. Good-night.”

She was in no mood to coo and gurgle and linger over her good-night. She took her coat from the hook in the closet, collected her shoes and bracelet and handbag and steadied herself into the corridor. “I *will* give Andy up for Lent.”
"It certainly is worth while,
I have danced it quite often.
The music is delectable and everybody
does it.
Everybody does it,
It is proper.
O I love to dance."

The sand moves.
The winds whirl the sand
As it moves each grain into its proper
place.
Each grain waiting to be changed to dust,
Dust of the ages,
Never to change;
Always dust.

"Listen to the music,
It plays as we dance,
On it plays
And man is happy.
This is the absolute
Think of nothing."

The sand moves,
closer it slides to a final place
And then dust.
The decomposition and edification
is complete.

The world must make ready to repeat,
But must it always be deceptive,
Must it always deceive,
while changing sand to dust.

... James Keats
Susan stood gazing stiffly from the kitchen window at the colorful pattern of the garden in the warm forenoon sun. As her eyes traveled unseeing down the row of bright hollyhocks standing tall and straight against the white fence, to the blood red of the coxcombs at the far end of the plot, and finally to the blazing yellow and orange of the marigolds bordering the center path, she listened in silent fury to Marjorie chattering gaily as she helped Grandma put away the last of the breakfast dishes.

Susan hated Marjorie. God wouldn't like that because Marjorie didn't have a mama now—Aunt Louise had died last year—of cancer, Mother had said. But Susan didn't care. Oh, she was sorry Marjorie's mama had died, but she hated Marjorie for taking Grandma away. Other summers she had always been Grandma's girl, but now that Marjorie had come, Grandma loved Marjorie better. Things like today made Susan sure of it. Why wouldn't Grandma take her to town too, if she liked her as well as Marjorie? Instead she had said:

"You stay home today, Susan, in case someone comes for eggs. Marjorie and I will only be gone about an hour."

"Eggs! That was just an excuse. Grandma just didn't want her along."

"Susan!" For an instant her heart leapt in anticipation—maybe Grandma was relenting—perhaps she wanted Susan to come after all! But, "Susan, if someone should come to buy eggs, the change is in the cracked blue bowl in the cupboard. Do you think you will be able to make change all right?"

"Yes." Ordinarily Susan would have choked with pride to be entrusted with such a grown-up responsibility, but today the pleasure was as gall. Grandma was only using it as a sort of bribe to keep Susan from going with her and Marjorie.

"All right, Dear, we won't be gone long."

"Bye, Susie. I'll tell you all about the animals we see on the way," called Marjorie happily.

Susan haughtily turned her back and gazed again on the garden. Watching a hummingbird as he disappeared into a hollyhock bloom
and emerged again, she thought of the game of counting the farm animals on the weekly trip into town. She and Grandma had made it up. It had been a mistake to tell Marjorie about the game; it wasn't just Susan and Grandma's secret anymore. Now Marjorie had broken another of Susan's intimate little ties with Grandma.

As distance swallowed the sound of the receding car motor, Susan turned and wandered aimlessly toward the front of the house. Entering the living room, she discerned Marjorie's doll house in the cool gloom created by the drapes drawn against the sun. Going to the east window, she pulled the drape cord, allowing the sunlight to suddenly flood the room and illumine the miniature house with its one side cut away as if slashed by a giant axe, revealing the tiny, carefully placed furnishings within. The doll house was Marjorie's pride, her birthday present from her father. Susan had secretly thought, though, how her daddy would have bought her a much nicer one.

As she stood there surveying its fragile intricacy, she was suddenly seized with an overpowering urge of destruction, a desire to trample, to crush this symbol of Marjorie in all its vulnerable fragility. The intensity of the compulsion shook her. Her hands felt hot and moist; instinctively she scanned the window and the room behind. Then she backed a quick step away. Desperately she thought aloud, "I mustn't! What would Mama and Grandma say when they knew?"

But must they know? Her mind gaining momentum spilled out thoughts tumultuously. "I wouldn't tell Grandma I did it. I could say I don't know how it happened. I'll tell her that maybe it was one of those brownies in the story she read us last night." And think how Marjorie would look! Maybe she would cry, and then Grandma might not like her so well—"Big girls don't cry," Grandma had said.

Susan moved to the toy house and shook it tentatively. A few pieces of furniture tinkled as they fell over. Experimentally she shook it harder. More pieces were jarred from their places as Susan watched fascinated. The delicious power of destruction became malicious ecstasy when Susan thought of Marjorie. Gently she kicked the structure, then harder. Her foot went through an opening representing a window, tearing the pasteboard on either side. Thinking of Grandma and Marjorie, Susan remembered the ice cream cone Grandma always bought her on the way back from town. Today Marjorie would get the ice cream cone—her cone. Suddenly she drew her leg back and kicked hard, consigned to her task of demolition.

Startled, she turned from her survey of the ruin before her at
Grandma's voice calling "Susan?" Frozen, she watched Grandma and Marjorie come toward her. Grandma was taking off her hat as she spoke,

"Did everything go all right, Dear? We brought you back a surprise from town for—why, Susan, whatever happened? What have you done?" she repeated, her voice rising.

Susan experienced a brief glee at Marjorie's stricken look and inarticulate cry, but looking again at Grandma, the glee was overshadowed by a rising uneasiness. If only Grandma wouldn't stand there with that silent look of hurt. All Susan's protestations of ignorance, her innocently suggested solutions stuck in her throat. Frantically she choked, "Grandma, I didn't do it! Honest, I—I—" The tears were close now.

Grandma spoke slowly, "Susan, why? What has happened to you?"

Fear closed in on Susan. She was unable to utter a word. Everything had gone terribly wrong.

Grandma was saying perplexedly, "You haven't been the same girl this summer, Susie. Something has come over you. Marjorie has been so nice to you, but you have treated her so meanly, and now this. I'm afraid I'll just have to call your mother tonight to come after you. I can't put up with this any longer. Why couldn't you be a nice little girl like Marjorie?"

Over her panic and the grief of being sent home, Susan reasoned despairingly, "That proves that she loves Marjorie best. She said—she said Marjorie is nicer than I am." Then defiantly, "I don't care; I'm glad I did it. That will fix Marjorie. I'm glad!"

Later that evening after a quiet meal at which even Marjorie's usual chatter was stilled, Susan stood alone at the same kitchen window, staring dejectedly out at the garden now dim and shadowed by late twilight.

Grandma's voice cut into her thoughts. Turning she saw Marjorie standing beside Grandma with a small box in her hand. Grandma was saying,

"Susie, Marjorie has said she will forgive you. Isn't that nice of her? If you will tell her how sorry you are for what you did and promise to be a good girl like her, I will let you stay. See, she even brought a present for you from town."

Susan looked slowly from the small box in Marjorie's outstretched hand to her benignly smiling face. Bringing her hand up in a flashing movement, she knocked the box violently from Marjorie's grasp. "I don't want your stupid present! I won't say I'm sorry because I'm
not! You took Grandma away from me, and she was my Grandma first! I hate you!"

Through a mist of furious tears, she saw Marjorie recoil and Grandma; with a gasp, put her arm around Marjorie’s shoulders. Running blindly past, she screamed again, "I hate you!"

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**Adeste**

Into little oriental town of wooden shacks
Came little men in white collars, turned backwards,
Who spoke the great and only truth.
Down came evil idols.

And, in season, old woman put statue of saint
With little candle on table in shack in wooden town.
And went with age and cane to wooden church.
Down fell blessed candle.

Three fishermen, watching over their nets by night,
Saw little light rise in the east
Until it was a great light that shone round them.
Up came empty nets.

"Eight hundred homes destroyed,
four thousand homeless,
Girl burned to death in teeming port city."
That’s what the newspaper said.
*I say, “So what .. Christmas? So What!”*

... Wesley Grunther
This day was dusty and red. The earth seemed shriveled before midmorning, so great the heat—heat fitting a fever, for the earth is sick.

And our hearts are sick. A man died today, and with him our hope—or a segment of it, for we must retain our hope, at least. Although I have witnessed the crucifixions of eight “Messiahs” in my 41 years of life, never have I felt such rancor knotting my vitals as today, when I viewed this ninth “Messiah”—a gaunt, young Nazarene called Jesus. During the time he was among us, he had seemed of different mien than the others. His words and doings, near to us, were making us credulous. Here at last was our Awaited One, we prayed. Indeed, we felt we could almost affirm the reality, the truth, of this one.

We were fools. We expected too much of this carpenter’s son. How could we be deceived into believing that such a one could lead us to victory! Pilate finally washed his hands clean of the matter, which was a good thing. As stubborn as he is, we made the Roman governor realize his folly in trying to prevent the execution of this only one we hate more than he.

But I did not join the ranting, bitter mob; for I am a man of careful temper, and tried earnestly to subdue my own rage by giving simple thanks to Jehovah for ridding our beaten land of these blasphemous imposters. All the way up to Golgotha I prayed and, at times, wept.

I chose to walk a space behind the roiling swarm surrounding Jesus. I was choked by the dry, swirling dust of the road, but through it I once caught a glimpse of the Nazarene, dragging his cross. And I walked in the rut it made on the road.

A breath of cool air on the hill relieved my smothered head. I laid under a gnarled old fig and watched the churning crowd above me. I heard the tap tap of the Roman mallets, pinning the Nazarene onto his cross. And I saw him writhing and moaning as they lifted him up.
I shall never forget that sign: “This is Jesus, King of the Jews.” A young woman had fastened it above the Nazarene’s head just as the soldiers were raising the cross. The soldiers laughed and joked. For us there was no humor; the woman herself was wailing. A supreme irony, it was; this demagogue pinned to the cross was the Awaited One, you see, the One who was going to crucify the Roman oppression, who was going to establish a kingdom greater even than that of the despised Augustus; oh yes, the One who was going to give our sons a future—our sons, for we have bred them here. Yes, oh yes—and God, is so difficult, even now, to restrain my curses and my tears.

The heat of the day has passed now, and it is dusk. I have mingled among my friends in hope finding comfort, but the bitterness in our hearts and on our faces is a thing terrible to behold. Three crosses stand silhouetted on Golgotha ...

In a few minutes, I shall go to watch the soldiers take him down.

To Mother Earth in April ...

All we thy children, crowding yet in thy womb, and killing thee, Old woman—Mother who must die with us—,
All we, thy weeping waiting murderers in suicide Wallow and wail in the gloom of our doing.

But thou, great brave old silly, again though in vain art bright bedecked,
Lilting back a million murderous years to dress again in frills of green lace and perfume.
Still thou, in thy flirting spring frock, dying Mother art laughing—
Art hiding thy cancerous children, and childish coquettting with death.

... Pete Cooper
The Hobby . . .

. . . Pete Cooper

"That's what you need, pal," said the fat, sweaty, pinstriped man who overflowed the red leather lounge-chair. "Every guy with a top executive job like mine or yours needs a good interesting hobby to take his mind off business part of the time. Now take yourself . . . or better yet take me: why, if I let myself, I'd be worrying myself sick over my work every damn single minute I'm awake. The club here, or the country club, they don't take your mind off it; hell, they're a big part of it! You know what connections mean to a man in my position. And the wife and kids? . . . every minute yammer yammerin' for money. Well where's it come from? Hell, pal, they don't take your mind off the job!

"So it's just like I said: a responsible man like me needs . . . or like you, pal . . . he needs a good interesting hobby where he can get off all by himself and forget this whole damn mess of labor meetings and purchasing and nagging little stockholders and really get all wrapped up.

"Now take mine, like I was saying: it's nothing elaborate . . . sure, it takes a few bucks to get started, but what the hell! Now I don't say you'll want to take up the same thing I did, of course, pal; I just want to show you what a damn good thing it is for a man in our position. It's a thing called "fireballing" . . . technically it's 'hyrdogravitative fission or some such fancy handle . . . and it's really great! They got a couple of magazines out now in it, and a national club, but I don't want to get all wound up with that. It's simple enough so you can just play around with it on your own, and dammit, there's nothing like it for taking your mind off the job!

"Well anyhow, what it is, it's just a sort of high-class chemistry set you start with. A bunch of stuff that you mix up according to how much space you got to fuss with it in. Now I got mine going in an empty three car garage out by the plant, but on a smaller scale you could do it in your own basement, pal.

"Now what you do, you mix up this bunch of elements, like I said, into a greasy ball about the size of your fist . . . anyway mine was. Then all you do is touch a match to this ball of stuff and toss it out into
the middle of the space. Well the whole thing bursts on fire and somehow it starts spinning . . . just hanging there spinning in the middle of nothing; not a damn thing to hold it up or anything! There's some complicated physics explanation for it, but that don't matter just for a hobby.

"So you got this burning ball spinning around in the middle of your space, see. Well it takes some patience, of course . . . with mine it was just that for about six months . . . just that ball of stuff spinning around, getting hotter and hotter. Well anyhow, after that, this ball begins to bust up. Now it'll break into a whole bunch of little spinning balls of fire . . . the biggest ones no bigger than your fingernail, and these, when they break off, start moving away from where they were, real slow. If you speeded it up a hell of a lot it would be like an explosion.

"Now these little balls of fire, also spinning like all hell, start to float off in all directions. Well mine's been going like that now for about seven months. Some of these little ones have hit the floor and ceiling and front and back of this three-car garage, but the ones that started toward the end walls have got probably another four or five months to go. Some have burnt out too, but they aren't the ones that are most interesting to watch.

"You see, pal, that's the charm of it all: whenever you want to get away from everything and forget your troubles you just go watch this whole array through this high-power lens gadget that comes with the set. You focus way back on a whole section of the space, or you can focus down on little tiny specks that you can't even see with your naked eye.

"Oh, but I guess I didn't tell you yet . . . these little balls of fire will shoot off just little tiny bits of stuff, which also burn for a few days and then they go out, but these don't drift off; they go circling around the fireball they came off of. Some of them even have tinnier bits of stuff going around them!

"Well maybe I'm getting too complicated for you, pal, but you get the picture don't you? It's fascinating . . . all these little tiny patterns of moving specks, hanging in the middle of nothing. You can watch them by the hour.

"Now what I like to do is focus way down on one little speck for a while till I really get to know it. Or just focus on one little bunch of them, going around one of these burning blobs.

"There's one little burnt out speck that really had me fascinated the other night. This particular bit of stuff is going around one of
my smallest fireballs. It’s one of nine little chunks that have come off this burning bit, and there’s things happening on it that I can’t find on any other, large or small, in the whole damn garage. Now with the absolute strongest focus this lens gadget can muster, I can get that speck magnified big enough, so I’m looking at just a little part of the surface of it. So the other night, like I said, I was watching it, and I could get a good look at it every few seconds when it got around to where the little fireball was between me and it, so it was lighted. You see, I always keep the place dark . . . it makes it more spectacular.

“Well anyhow, this particular speck has mysterious things happening on it: in the first place, there’s whole patches of it that have turned green. And in some places there are little lines and little tiny things sticking up that are real regular and orderly . . . not like the sort and little tiny structures or whatever just appeared in the last couple of rough messy surfaces of all the others, It’s all very tiny, of course even with the strongest focus, but it’s queer as hell. Those lines and little tiny structures or whatever just appeared in the last couple days, ’cause I remember looking a couple days before when I noticed the green patches.

“I tell you, pal, it’s fascinating as hell. Just that one tiny bit, I could watch a whole night and never lose interest. It’s terrific for making yourself forget about business. I wish you’d come out tonight and take a look at what I mean. It’ll hafta be tonight or tomorrow though, if you want to see this one I’ve been telling you about, ’cause that whole group is damn close to the garage floor. It’ll hit and be all done before the end of the week.”
Ashley...

... Sherwood Snyder

If I ever doubted the validity of Rumpelstilskin or of Rapunzel, that doubt has been destroyed by my daughter Ashley. That peg-legged dwarf and that long tressed princess do exist as does the rainbow's reward... and the goose's golden egg and all the tiny, smile-provoking people of "Let's Pretend." They exist because Ashley wants them to exist and because I will not destroy those happy holidays of childhood. However, being an adult, I must not cry with Cinderella or journey in a paper boat. But in place of these joys, I can have the dreams, the "Let's Pretend," of a father.

Ashley is nearly two, but I have viewed her under fancied bridal veil and with the apron of motherhood. Someday, my dream will be hers. Meanwhile, she is too busy caring for a tattered linen book and a tired teddy bear whose family has all but disappeared from the contemporary toy market of "real hair," of "real eyes," of vapid realism.

She is so small, yet I have heard her play at Carnegie Hall and have joined in her ovation at the Barrymore. And, while I place her in the realm of concert and curtain call, she shrills with excitement over the sounds she can produce by clapping her cupid-like hands down upon a row of darks and lights. She dances and swirls to music until she eddies to the floor with a cry of excitement, laughing so freely as her world continues to circle.

With each day comes a change. Each day alters a cherished dimple or fold as I watch the beauty of her mother in repetition. Her eyes are brown with sparkles of green. Her features, petite. Her hair which has succeeded in tipping her shoulders, rebels against braid and curl. Each day, I look, hesitate, then postpone a "Buster Brown" decision.

Each day brings astounding discoveries for Ashley. Today, it is something shining and on it she can see a little girl, herself. She kisses her. Look! the top comes off and inside, lives something red. It makes all sorts of fascinating tracks on the wall. What fun! Ashley is fun!

My daughter has given me many great gifts... a purpose to all I undertake and a softening of sorrow. But the most wonderful gift she has given is... Rumpelstilskin and Rapunzel.
Dark clouds had been gathering in the west and the apprehensive eye of the hunter and hunted told them that soon the day's sport would be interrupted by the turbulence of a November storm. The day had been warm, too warm for snow or good hunting and now the promised rain disheartened even the most optimistic of the prospective deer killers.

The inclemency arrived before all the retreating hunters had found the old dirt road upon which their cars were parked. But by night all had left except for one car, a prisoner of the mud; the reward for a procrastinating hunter.

In the car sat a man and his young son. The boy, adjusted to the prospect of spending the night in the marooned car, was asleep. The man was awake. He sat with an alert gleam in his eyes resembling the deer he earlier hunted. The rain, in monotonous pattern, resounded as it struck the mud-bound car while thunder and lightning played havoc with the elements encircling the man, who remained unmoved. The flashes of lightning danced through the sky and across his stoic face. His eyes—two organic marbles—held stationary by the surrounding flesh now wet with sweat, peered through the car window.

Presently, an old Ford coupe, with three occupants, moved slowly on the mud road. The driver, constantly shifting gears, maneuvered from mud hole to mud hole with the laboring auto. Its lights, penetrating the tempest for only a limited distance, fell upon the car of a marooned hunter. Before the driver recognized the stranded object flames and thunder leapt not from the sky, but from an unknown source within the mist. Finally the noise ceased with a clicking sound as a rifle hammer fell upon an empty chamber.

In the room sat a dozen uniformed men listening intently to a hunter. He sat in the middle of the room on a small wooden chair. His boots were mud-coated and his clothes damp. His facial features remained apathetic except for a nervous shifting of the eyes; he could not quite comprehend the situation.

He spoke in a low tone, continuously asking where Company B
of the 5th Battalion had erected its headquarters. The room was crowded with men, but none answered. They had all read an army record sent hurriedly with a government file concerning the hunter. Part of the record read—"While retreating in the Philippines, during World War II, Corporal Ashland of Company B, 5th Battalion, engaged and repelled a large enemy force endangering his battalion's position. His unit was retreating on a dirt road during a rain storm and the jeep he was in became mud-bound. The enemy battered the road with artillery fire, killing the other soldier who was in the corporal's jeep. When the artillery stopped, the enemy advanced a large force up the road. Corporal Ashland bravely fired upon them with a machine gun and destroyed a light tank with several hand grenades. After several minutes of fighting the enemy retreated with seventy dead. By this action Corporal Ashland saved his battalion and is hereby recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor."

The police officers did not wish to talk after reading the report and the hunter became silent while drinking a cup of coffee. All was quiet. Everything was calm outside, too. The rain had stopped. Next to an old Ford coupe, the front window, shattered with bullet holes, lay three sheet covered bodies; victims of a war fought in the Philippines. They were waiting for the county mortician and his ambulance.
Stepping out into the deserted street, Camden tugged at his hat brim and started across the plaza. The man standing on the corner stared at him as he passed and turned to watch his progress down the street. Camden thought perhaps it was a former customer until the man suddenly dashed into a video-booth. Shrugging and thinking how strangely spring affected some people, Camden continued on his way. The two sleek women, fashionable in their new metallic dresses, stopped their conversation as he approached. Looks of disgust tightened the flat planes of their faces, and they drew back against the building as he went by them.

“What can be the matter,” he wondered, furtively feeling of his zippers and then touching his collar and tie. No, nothing seemed amiss. He hurried to the curved modern shop front and tried to examine his image in the plastic of the molded window. As nearly as he could tell in the distorted reflection his appearance was unchanged. The short, plump silhouette of the businessman of 2154 A. D. seemed the same as ever. Perhaps a trifle too short and too plump, but after all that was the current trend. Everything seemed in order, but running his hand across his broad, perspiring forehead he gave a slight shudder. What could it be that had caused the two incidents, and why had they unnerved him so? “Better get home and calm down,” he thought.

He stepped to the curb and hailed a passing jetaxi, but as he started to open the door the driver stopped him. “Wait a minute, you. I don’t want any trouble; you’ll have to find some other cab. Go on! I’m not getting mixed up in this.” And a trail of vapor marked his departure. Camden stood amazed, his hand still extended in the air, as he watched the misty streak fade in the soft twilight of the April afternoon. Perplexed, he started once more walking along the avenue, but now the cold tide of panic was rising in his chest.

The group of boys at the curb didn’t seem to notice him at first. Then one suddenly pointed and said something to the others. Spreading out along the sidewalk they jeered as he passed and suddenly he knew! It was impossible, unbelievable, and yet it must be true. That
would explain everything, the man’s startled look, the women’s disgust, the cab driver’s aversion. As his pace increased, something hit him on the shoulder, and he began to run.

Turning the corner, his breath coming in gasps, he nearly ran into the uniformed Constab just getting out of the automobile at the curb. “Look Sedal; there he is now!” the officer exclaimed, pointing at Camden. The other Constab glanced up and dashed around the front of the vehicle to cut off any possible escape. Slowly and carefully they approached, talking in low soothing voices that made Camden’s flesh crawl.

“There now, we won’t hurt you. How did you get off the reservation anyhow? No reports have come down from the Center yet; if someone hadn’t called in, there’s no telling what trouble you might have gotten into. Easy there, come along quietly and you won’t be hurt. It’s just for your own good.” Strong hands gripped his arms, and Camden wept.

Rolling over in bed, Camden swore as he threw back the perspiration soaked sheet. “Gashi! What a dream!” he murmured as he flicked the switch for the morning news telecast and readjusted the air conditioning control; “It must be hell to be white.”

Advice ...

Timbrel!
Cymbal!
Trumpet blast!
   A shallow joy.
Wooing
Harp string!
Viaticum last.
   So late my boy.

... Sherwood Snyder

21
The city—our single great industrial hazard—
Howls and flashes and grinds
And finally, not satisfied with deafening, blinding,
It more than maims, it breaks
And leaves us twisted on the technicolor cement
Reflecting the nervous neon.

In the night we hear it still, behind closed doors,
The hum of the mechanical fly.
Was this, then, the dream of the "Empire Builders?"
Those Artists of the Ugly . . .
They built the night-fly with innards of wire and tubing
Lubricated with lives!

It hums about us, this monster bug, deafens us to truth,
Blinds us to the beautiful.
And, if still we know too much, bites us just a bit
And leaves us on the paving,
Insane with sleep. And the crowd gathers, sirens roar,
The hum becomes a shriek of repetition.

Can't you see that we are lubricant and fuel at once?
All the same weight and grade
(It only takes a little more in winter!) keeping the engine—
The insect—running smoothly.
It is OUR shepherd; to want is to know too damn much,
And then to sleep on cement.

... C. W. Gusewelle
About Calliope . . .

Infinitesimal estimable effusions
Ambiguous ridiculous diffusions
Symbolical syllable, insufferable trivia
Palpitating, stimulating, pale effluvia
Phantoms of phantasy, shadows of shade
Lustrous, luminous gradations of grade.
Meaningless mysteries of minutiae
Where does it lead you? Where am I?
Rhyme without reason, reason without rhyme
Haven't you wasted enough of your time?

or

Infinitesimal estimable silly stuff
Ambiguous, ridiculous, highbrow enough
Symboical syllables, insufferable trivia
Stimulating, palpitating pale Olivia

and so on

... Florence Strassel
Two Ears and a Tale...

... Bob Chatterson

Bartolomo is a small Spanish town which is pretty at this time of the year. There are quaint village houses with thatch roofs and pretty girls and bullfighters and bulls.

This was the season of the bullfights. The bulls were leading seven to five and so I hailed an old, rattling taxi and made my way to the arena on the east end of the village because I had heard that Senor Cisco was to be the number one attraction and I had not seen him in a long time.

The afternoon was warm, and the stands were crowded with shouting people who were dressed in gay, multicolored clothes and they were waving and smiling, drinking out of goat-skin pouches.

The arena was round and on one end there was an opening where the bulls came out. There was sand on the floor of the arena and it looked clean and pure in the sunshine. I sat down and took a swallow from the bota of wine I had and it was warm in my stomach and made me feel a little gay.

There was a roar from the crowd as Senor Cisco made his appearance in the arena. He was dressed simply in scarlet toreador pants, slit to his thighs on the side, a chartreuse, lace-trimmed shirt and a large Napoleon hat. He bowed gracefully to the crowd, snapped his pink cape and beckoned the first bull.

I watched with interest as Senor Cisco displayed his skill. He sidestepped beautifully, taunting the huge black beast that charged time and again at the cape. As the band struck up, Senor Cisco deftly maneuvered with the beast. He would be a killer in a mambo, I laughed to myself, not knowing quite why I laughed and not caring and wondering if Senor Cisco would laugh if he knew I was laughing about something which I did not know whether to laugh or not. I took a drink from the bota of wine.


The big moment came. The bull, bleeding from several places where he had been pierced with the pike and panting from the strain of battle, stood still to catch his breath. With intrepid bravery, Senor
Cisco stabbed the beast in the heart and it was all over.

The applause was deafening. Hats, flowers, pillows, and an occasional grapefruit sailed down into the arena and fell next to the modest, bowing Senor Cisco. Senor Cisco, head high, shoulders square, departed from the arena wiping the remains of a well-aimed egg from his forehead.

I dropped in on Cisco a few minutes later. He was lying on an old iron stand bed in his dressing room when I walked in. “Hello, Senor Cisco,” I said, unscrewing the top of my bota of wine.

He sat up, his face old and wrinkled. He took the bota, licking his parched, blue lips. “Ah, Virginia Dare wine,” he said. He looked up at me then. “Ernie, how are you?”

“Fine,” I said. “And you?”

“I am tired,” he said, lying back down on the bed and sighing. “I am getting too old for the bullfights. Youth, they are the ones who will inherit the earth.”

It was a profound statement. It was good to know that sometimes even a bullfighter could be a philosopher. “You are right Cisco,” I said.

“It is good to know that a man has friends, though, Ernie,” he said, looking at me and smiling again. “Are you writing now?”

I sat down on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette. “I was thinking about writing something about bullfighters. Maybe a novel.”

“Good,” Senor Cisco sat up, took another gulp of my wine and wiped off his mouth on his satin sleeve. “I am glad to hear that, Ernie, because bullfighting is an art and it deserves proper recognition.” His eyes shone with a passionate flame. “When you stick el toro in the heart it is then that that Moment of Truth becomes meaningful to you. Do you understand me, Ernie?”

“Yes,” I said. “I understand. But tell me how it feels to face the bulls. It is not that I am afraid to go into the arena with a bull to find out, it is just that I am paralyzed with courage.”

“Tell me,” he said. “What do you think a great bull fighter thinks when he faces the charge of a maddened brute?”

I shrugged. “Deep down I suppose you are afraid. But, on the surface, your skill and final courage are the only things that show. Am I right?”

Senor Cisco laughed slyly. “I am never afraid, Ernie,” he said. “The bull is half dead before it even comes out in the arena. I dance a little, whirl a bit and stab it to death. It is all very boring. But
never tell people that in your novel. This is a good way to make a living.”

Just then Senor Flio came rushing into the room. He held two ears and a tail. “Ah,” he said excitedly, his youthful face flushed with victory, his white teeth flashing, black eyes dancing with ecstasy. “I have killed my first bull, Senor Cisco. What do you think of that?”

“That evens the score,” Senor Cisco replied thoughtfully. “Next week, when I meet the fierce bull of Altamadas, I will have a chance to put the matadors out in front eight to seven.”

“Yes, yes,” the youth said, bowing eagerly. “I owe you so much for teaching me your art, Senor Cisco. I do not know how ever to repay you.”

“Money will be fine,” Cisco replied, holding out a large silver basin with his coat of arms painted in bold blood designs upon it.

Senor Flio clinked ten pesos in the basin and departed whistling the first movement of Rachmaninoff’s concerto in C sharp minor.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“It is Flio. He is young and full of courage. He will soon take my place.”

I remained silent, letting Senor Cisco mull over his thoughts. It is hard for a man to know that he is on his way out and that death stands a little ways off, smiling and confident. Senor Cisco said at last, “I have not long to live and it is strange and terrible to face death alone.”

“You never married?” I asked.

“Women” he scoffed. “Women are unworthy of love.”

I nodded my head in agreement and we each drank several botas of wine in silence. I passed out long before dark.

It was early in the morning and chilly when I awoke and found myself alone in Cisco’s dressing room. I swore fiercely because I had a bad hangover. I showered and shaved and left the dressing room. It took me most of the morning to discover where Senor Cisco lived, but I did not see him again for a few days because I bought some wine to help cure my hangover and I slept a good part of the week in the gutters.

Then, one calm, bright day, I went to see him again. The taxi stopped before a magnificent Gothic castle set back off the road and hedged in with shrubbery and trees and flowers. I walked past the fragrant flowers and pounded on the solid, worm-eaten wooden door.

Senor Cisco threw the bolt and admitted me. He was dressed in his simple bullfighting costume.
“Why are you dressed in your bullfighter’s costume?” I asked.
“I had hoped to talk more about bull-fighting.”
He sighed, resting upon his sword for a moment, and spoke. “This afternoon is the big bullfight between me and the bull of Altamadas. It is fortunate that you came along now. Will you help me practice?”
“Yes,” I said. “What do you want me to do?”
“You will be the bull,” he replied, galloping about the room, thrusting with his sword and whirling quickly and flicking his cape.
“Come now,” he shouted, a look of easy confidence on his face.
“Charge me.”
Feeling silly, I got down on all fours and charged the cape. Senor Cisco was quite slow. If I were a bull, I thought, I would gore him into the ground, and so thinking I charged swiftly and butted up and under the flicking cape, knocking him down. He lay there, stunned for a moment.
“Ah,” he sat up, his deep-set eyes aflame. “So you are playing for real, eh?” As he swung the sword roundhouse, I held up my hand signalling that I was ready to quit, and lost three fingers to the second knuckle. “This is dangerous play,” I said, licking the blood from the fingers. “Let us call it a day.”
“Good,” he wiped the blood on his cape and smiled. He produced two bottles of wine. “Let us drink a toast.”
“To the defeat of the bull of Altamadas,” I said, tipping my bottle.
“Skoal,” he replied.

That afternoon I felt funny all the way to the arena. Senor Cisco sat in the back seat of the cab, his wrinkled face thoughtful, eyes closed. I cannot explain it but I sensed death in the atmosphere. It was, I think, the smell. A thick, pungent, unpleasant odor, like decay, filled the back seat of the cab. Perhaps it was because Senor Cisco did not believe in bathing. At any rate, I expected the worst.
It was a clear afternoon. I could hear the shouting of the crowd and see the brilliant-colored clothes they wore. Yet, something touched my heart like an icy finger. My palms were wet with cold sweat when Senor Cisco made his bow in the arena.
There was a tremendous ovation and flowers descended upon the hero of Spain. There were hisses and boos for the huge, fierce bull of Altamadas who was led into the arena. Cisco stared impassively at the bull.
Would the burning will of this old man triumph over the maddened instinct of a brute beast? It must, for in that instant when
the sword point rends the heart of the bull bringing black oblivion to its suffering, all the meaning of life becomes clear. It is that illuminating Moment Of Truth.

I forced myself to sit back and relax against the shapely legs of a senorita.

The bull thundered toward Senor Cisco then, snorting with inflamed rage, eyes hot and alert upon the flicking cape. Feint, sidestep, manuever, tease, whirl. I watched Senor Cisco intently. And then, it came. That Moment Of Truth.

The bull, feigning exhaustion, went down on one knee. Senor Cisco charged, sword poised for the kill. The crowd roared and the stands shook with excitement.

I felt myself tense and tried to rise, but the shapely legs of the senorita behind held me in their vice.

The bull weaved, came up swiftly and gored Senor Cisco in the breast.

"Thees ees boring, no?" the senorita behind me whispered in my ear.

I looked up at her and she was smiling with white teeth and black, snapping eyes and she was slim and pretty.

Senor Flio came into the arena then and he looked competent and poised. As Cisco lay there bleeding into the sand, his face composed in death, the bull trotted up, lopped off his ears with the sword and held them aloft to a stunned crowd. There was a smattering of applause.

I relaxed and lighted a cigarette because there was nothing else to do. The wheel of life had completed one cycle and was now beginning a new one. I did not feel so bad about Cisco then.

I took the senorita's arm and we both laughed as we left the arena arm in arm, and we stopped along the way to her hacienda and I bought two botas of wine. I decided to go to the bullfights tomorrow, if I did not have a hangover.

It occurred to me later, as I sat at my typewriter, that it would be much easier to write a novel about Senoritas.
Parody on Sawdust . . .

You are damned
scream Bible-tapping demigods with one finger tap tap
tap tap
bam bam
and with nine pleading come
be saved
You are damned . . .

You can outwit a trout a centipede and so
a soul You
repent Ye or smoulder in eternal bright yellow
flames in the black utterly black night of hell
god-created for Man

Congregation You hypocrite swaying on polyphony
sniffs dripping sulphur and lush gates of paradise
nodding brittle heads snoring here and sinning
sins outside the doors
and finally cries hallelujah and shuddering dies

. . . scream demigods tapping bibles and yelling to
god created heaven and earth hallelujah
be saved
You are damned

. . . John Eastman
The Two Worlds of Whitman ...

. . . STEVEN MITCHELL

This essay was the prize-winning effort in the recent Walt Whitman Essay Contest sponsored by the English Dept. It is printed here in its entirety.

The first world of Walt Whitman, the world into which came the Leaves of Grass, was composed of many influences, old and new. In order to understand their product, we can briefly examine these influences.

The impact of Calvin on the United States was indirect, yet the stronger for this. Applied Calvinistic thought in the new world resulted in a paradoxical intolerance of other faiths, an over-concern with the conduct of others, and a rigid ethical code. With the approach of the mid-19th century, America began to throw off the constraining Puritan ethics. Puritanism remained an important factor, however, well into the time of Whitman. As a Bohemian young editor, Whitman could scarcely be called a rebel in the Calvinist ranks. Rather, he looked in on the closed circle with the true detachment of the young intellectual. His objections to Calvinism did not stem from questions of dogma; they rose from the fact that strict adherence to this faith must result in an inhibited, hence incomplete, man. To Whitman, life was something to be taken in its totality, nothing could properly be rejected. The meaner aspects of life, the rude people who gave no evidence of being among the Elect, all must be accepted. Whitman, like George Fox, saw in every man a great integrity and a yet greater potential. Think of Whitman then as rejecting Calvinistic thought because of its arbitrary division of mankind, and because its code prevented the full enjoyment of life as he visualized that enjoyment.

Walt Whitman began his formative period during the Jacksonian Era; and, as could be expected, he was a political writer in his first literary years. One might picture him as a callow person, a young man with ability who merely followed the prevalent trends. Jackson had
liberalized American democracy to a revolutionary degree; his contention that any man was qualified to hold any political office appealed to Walt Whitman. Another effect of Jackson on America was something which might be called “Jacksonian Anarchy”: That is to say, the liberalization of democracy by an extreme individual emphasis. It was this effect that marked the formulation of Whitman’s concept of democracy. Departing from the Jacksonian line, Whitman struck upon the idea that a democracy could not be composed of a group of anarchistic individuals; there must be a common love, a type of spiritual union that would flow across individual lines. By this extension of Jacksonian thought, Whitman tried to retain individual integrity while transcending the whole of the people with some sort of a common spiritual bondage.

Another influence in this first World of Whitman was the last faint glimmer of the French Enlightenment. The Enlightenment enriched, even more, Walt Whitman’s ideas on democracy and the real brotherhood of all men. The movement had as its cornerstone a boundless belief in the inherent perfectability of man, its passwords were liberty, equality, and fraternity. America, at the time of its struggle for independence, was well steeped in Enlightened political views. In application under such representative democrats as Jefferson and Jackson, there was a great deal of emphasis on liberty and equality and but little on fraternity. Unlike the Philosophes, Whitman did not rely on the criterion of reason in forming his ideas; his approach to democracy was an emotional one. In replacing the intellectual attitude with the emotional, he found, as he did in Jacksonian thought, the absence of a real brotherhood or common, spiritual community. His re-affirmation of the third member of the golden trio added to his growing concept of democracy; with fraternity given its just place, his views began to assume a wholeness. Whitman now caught a glimpse of the Utopia that so intrigued the Philosophes. The clarity of his democratic concepts had grown with each succeeding influence; he now seemed to realize the potential of democracy in his own dream of the perfect state.

As Walt Whitman looked about him, he saw the faint beginnings of this new democracy. They lacked only the vigor that had become an integral part of his democratic formulations. The virile picture of strong men and women moving west in search of a new life supplied this vigor. The westward movement leveled politically and socially; it emphasized strength and courage and comradeship. Whitman’s look westward seemed to be the catalyst that set him into artistic
ferment. His ideas on democracy had not been unified; they lacked the final ingredient of a living physical proof. He saw, in the young, seminal frontier, the affirmation of his views.

Whitman’s task, the great measure of his poetic existence, now took shape. This task was one of humanizing American democracy. Drawing upon his fertile background, Whitman was able to visualize his own expanding views; the individualism of Jefferson and Jackson must be replaced by some sort of spiritual love-union in which men might be brothers. Men were to blend themselves into this union, not by the keen intellectual processes of the Enlightenment, but by some emotional, heart-felt exercise.

In feeling his way through the intellectual atmosphere of the Nineteenth Century in search of his role as the poet of democracy, Whitman shared the democratic faith common to his time. He felt, however, that this faith required some new means of expression; his plunge into free verse and his new, colorful language are best seen in this light. He felt the need, as did Emerson, for an immediacy in poetry, to “chant our own times”. In Walt Whitman’s total acceptance of life lay the perfect vehicle for the sought-for immediacy. Through the lyrical translation of his own impression, he glorifies fur-trappers, boatmen, laborers, and farmers. These are really projections of his own ego, and Walt Whitman is thus placed in the paradoxical position of being so individual as to be universal. He attempts to understand himself (hence all men) by encompassing the whole of objective and general existence in his own subjective and individual experience. So in the early Leaves of Grass, we see not real individuals sung and celebrated, but rather Whitman’s computation of the democratic average.

Whitman’s computation came to life with the Civil War. Whereas before his songs of exuberant democracy had been really of himself, he now saw men—the long lines of gray and blue. The Civil War marked a turning point in Walt Whitman; he no longer sang of Whitman, American democrat, but of faith in the Idea of democracy itself. The sight of men torn by horror and sickness, pain and fear caused him to re-evaluate and to examine the Idea that provoked the entrance into the war. The result, as seen in “Drum Taps”, is an affirmation of the spirit and ideal of democracy in America. Thus the immediate result of the War was a sort of maturation, a growing up of the democratic idea which characterizes the rest of Whitman’s work. If the Civil War can be set down as the maturation point in the career of Walt Whitman, it must also mark the beginning of a conflict.
The exuberant and often unscrupulous financial speculation following the Civil War marked the beginning of the second World of Whitman. The formulation of Whitman's poetic program had taken many years. Political interests, abolition, the many interests of his early period were abandoned as his scope and purpose broadened. The westward movement had given life to his dream, and the Civil War gave it a purpose that set the pattern for his later work. In the second World of Whitman, the glittering decades following the War were of primary importance. The sensitive, impressionistic mind of Whitman, so newly filled with his finally resolved democratic concepts, was nearly overwhelmed with the wave of materialism in the Gilded Age. Railroads and oil, canals and land, everyone wanted his portion and more. The savage question of Reconstruction raged through the land. "Acrid the temper of the parties, vital the pending questions." The Fiskes, the Goulds, and the Black Fridays insulted his very soul. The treatment of the South as a conquered land was a terrible blow to a spirit fed on a belief in progress and brotherly love. A new individualism, "continually enlarging", threatened to put aside the general love Whitman envisioned. This same individualism boded a return to the Jacksonian anarchism he had so carefully avoided. Here then are the factors that contributed to the disillusionment of Walt Whitman. He had envisioned the Civil War as the force that would transcend the old individual and sectional interest; the Union was to have been its symbol. The result of the war, much to Whitman's pain and disgust, was not the solution of America's problems but the onset of a whole new band of difficulties. Because of the bitter experience of the war and its aftermath, he could not be optimistic about the immediate solution of the new difficulties. The young, flourishing democratic tree described in the early Leaves of Grass was now ivied with hypocrisy and greed.

The carefully constructed democratic dream now had to be looked at anew; most apparent to Walt Whitman was the abysmal failure of America in the present democratic adventure. His confidence shattered by the Black Fridays of the Gilded Age, Whitman was now struck with the problem that had bothered the deeper thinkers of the Enlightenment: could an inexperienced people be given, en masse, a freedom that could destroy them? Could a people placed in a democratic situation refrain from the excesses manifest in the post-war years? A re-appraisal of the old task and the formulation of a new were Whitman's answers to these questions. As his first realization of democracy's potential, the early Leaves of Grass, bubbled with a
bright *joie de vivre*; "Drum Taps," reflecting a mature faith in the Idea of democracy, flowed in a more stately fashion. His first task, humanizing American democracy, was accomplished by the lyric portrayal of his own sense impressions. This broadened in scope as he sensed a deeper feeling of togetherness during the war. His new task was of a dual nature; he realistically portrayed America's democratic failures, and prophetically announced his hopes for the future. It was a caustic and embittered Whitman who told of the sad state of America in the post-war era.

"—Of the President with pale face asking secretly to himself, *What will the people say at last?* Of the frivolous Judge—of the corrupt Congressman, Governor, Mayor—of such as these standing helpless and exposed, Of the mumbling and screaming priest, (soon, soon deserted,) American had failed in the present, but Walt Whitman could not give up his dream. Moving away from the sense of immediacy in the first editions of *Leaves of Grass*, he projected his vision far ahead in time. In 1876, Whitman said "—that the fruition of democracy on aught like a grand scale resides altogether in the future". He attempted to retain the older ideals, but realized that their time was not at hand. The Heavenly City of the Enlightenment could still be seen, it was only made smaller by distance. Toward the end of his career, Whitman seemed to wonder even about his long defended ideals. In 1888, at a dinner table conversation he said "I seem to be reaching for a new politics—for a new economy. —I don't quite know what, but for something."

In attempting to analyze Walt Whitman's projected democracy, one is impressed with the terrible price these projections must have cost him. He was forced to renounce the democracy of his own time, the same democracy he had sung so loudly in the early Leaves. At the same time, the Idea had grown too large to be abandoned—it must simply be put off until another day far in the future.

"—You broken resolutions, you racking angers, you smother'd ennuis!
Ah think not you finally triumph, my real self has yet to come forth,
It shall yet march forth o'ermastering, 'till all lies beneath me.
It shall yet stand up the soldier of ultimate victory."

Walt Whitman considered much the same problem as did Dostoyev-
sky in his story of the Grand Inquisitor. Whitman witnessed the excesses of democracy and concluded that the people were not ready for real freedom. Dostoyevsky maintained that they actually did not want freedom. People, he said, were willing to trade liberty for security through domination. Whitman faced this problem by saying the fulfillment of democracy should not be confined to the few present years. The prophetic tenor of the later editions of *Leaves of Grass* might be viewed, not as the hope of a poet for future generations, but as the only possible answer a man of Whitman’s temperament could have had for the failure of his own time. In support of this idea, consider that each phase of Whitman’s work was “right” for the time. The first exuberant phase rose out of the soul of a poet newly convinced that in the common man lay the building blocks for an ideal democracy. He sings of himself here because he feels he is every man. Before the Civil War, Whitman had represented the multitudes through his extreme consciousness of self. Beginning with “Drum Taps”, he saw with clarity the immense tangle of this human multitude. After a transitional reaction of honest disappointment at the post bellum excesses, Whitman arrived at a sober appreciation of the relentless problems of democracy. The hasty rebel had come safely through the collapse of his first World into a second. Whitman’s second World demanded of him a revolutionary’s strength to keep faith in what he now recognized would have to be an evolutionary triumph for his democratic convictions.
Editor's Comments...

We note with extreme pleasure the interest that has been shown in *Calliope* this year, both by students and by faculty members. We are also grateful for the excellent jobs done this semester by several groups of students interested in the continuing success of the magazine. Their work in publicity, sales and distribution, and in make-up has put new blood into the magazine and this augers well for the future.

We hope, furthermore, that all of the many people who gave us their support this year will continue to do so next year, both by actual subscription and by spreading the “Good word.” If you have any suggestions as to the future content of the magazine, improvements, etc. please do not hesitate to suggest them. *Calliope* will always encourage the best in literary expression on this campus but we must know what you wish to see. *Calliope* is your magazine.

*R.C.R.*