Spring 1958

The Rain

Thomas A. Gayle

Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol4/iss3/2
Calliope

"Western Michigan University's Literary Magazine"

Volume IV, Number 1

Editorial Offices: CALLIOPE, Ty House, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Michigan. Contributions to CALLIOPE may not be reprinted without the written permission of the publishers.

This publication is supported by the Student Council of Western Michigan University.
Calliope

Editor
Phillip D. Adams

Assistant Editor
Julie Picken

Business Manager
LeRoy Turner

Make-up Editor
Allen T. Conn

Faculty Advisors
Mr. Edward Callan
Dr. Philip Denenfeld

Committee Chairmen
Earl Wiswell, Poetry
Richard Hauck, Non-Fiction
Steve Strong, Publicity
John E. Rathbun, Fiction

Members of the Staff
Grace Bailey
Jane Mount
Tom Donovan
Donald K. Park
Bryce Forester
Thomas Scheffler
Karen Gernant
Bill Strong
Robert Gesell
Stanley Sunnock
Peter Green
Judith Swartz
Pauline Hylkema
Bill Thornton
Charles Leeman
Mary Ann Williams
Marcia Loush
John Zettelmaier
Contributors

THE RAIN, By Thomas A. Gayle .......................... 4
CONTENTMENT, By Joan S. Popke ......................... 5
SUBMISSION TO LIFE, By Bill Wiswell .................. 5
THE EIGHTH SACRAMENT, By Richard B. Hauck .......... 6
AN IDYLL OF SAINTS AND SINNERS, By Larry Bronson .. 12
LOVE AT U.S. 12, By Peter Green ...................... 14
MAN, SOCIETY AND MORALITY, By Phillip D. Adams .. 15
IMPRESSIONS AT THE TURNING, By Richard B. Hauck .. 23
SONG FOR COLD COUNTRY, By John Woods ............... 25
THE COLOSSUS IN QUICKSAND, By John Ciardi ......... 26
FAULKNER AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL WRITER,
   By Joyce Anderson .................................. 28
ETERNITY IN A DAY, By J. J. Egan ...................... 30
THE LIMIT OF USE, By Lynn Clapham .................... 31
MILTON GREETS DYLAN THOMAS, By Barbara Troy ....... 31
G. B. S. ON THE NATURE OF MAN, By Allen T. Conn ... 32
THE ETERNAL QUADRILATERAL, By U. Harold Males ... 35
CONTRAST, By Joan S. Popke .......................... 37
SUNDAY WILL COME, By Mary Ann Williams .......... ... 38
A Poem, By Max Steele .................................. 44
CLAY FEET IN COMMON, By Joan S. Popke ............... 45
TO THE SUN, FLYING, By Barbara Troy ................ 50
A Poem, By Max Steele .................................. 51
EDITOR'S COMMENTS .................................... 52
The rich man and woman have been fighting as she pivots to run in the gate that opens into the green-velvet yard she throws something down into the gutter where it alights with a soft ka-lump. The man turns and runs to the waiting Taxi without looking back.

There is no lightning to split open the sagging sky which has been trying to smother the city with its heaviness and heat, but suddenly the rain is there. So as water always accompanies birth, out of the womb of the negro night erupts a lean, dingy shadow. There is no sound as the veil of streetlight enfolds the bones padded by sinewy flesh and hidden by grey opaque cellophane skin which is, in its turn, draped by brown cotton memories of finer days; nor is there a sound when the dexterous claw rescues the object from its gutter grave; or even when the spark started by the light above strikes the black marbles which are framed by long dead strands of yarn. In spite of the silence, a chain reaction of efflorescence is initiated in the shadow.

The gnome, with uplifted face, declares to the world, “Heaven is showering blessings! God wants that this is for me.’

Having rationalized the theft, she slips the ring over her thumb and vanishes into the night on winder feet which try to keep pace with the pounding bright spot in her breast. Leaping over silver puddles and turning lightly on one foot to round the corners she meets dreams, each more promising than the last. She is transformed by the fairy-god-mother happiness into a radiant nymph still bright with the newness of her emergence. She soars and glides to the slums which should no longer be her home but for habit of occupancy.

As she floats through an alley her form is weighted by eyes heavy with ancient grief for a lost wife. The pile surrounding the eyes no longer can fix the blame of his loss upon his only consolent, so as there is no reason for her absence he knows she is there.

“Listen to her cries of delight,” he thinks as he clutches the well remembered wrist, “how she fights, still the wildcat.”

“Stop screaming, damn you, damn you, damn you . . .”

The drunk stands and is no longer the husband of a beautiful lady, but an animal whose last friend is reviled and leaves him amid great retchings of what once was a stomach. The pain fosters realization and the beginnings of a conscience long dormant.

The sky has relaxed and is no longer trying to smother the earth but is now coolly detached and impersonal except for the rain which caresses the once again dismal child. The girl lifts her hand and stares at her thumb as she knows that the rain is not blessings from heaven but nature showing empathy for her own with tears.
CONTENTMENT

Soft, muted music filled the room,  
And fire sputtered, red and warm.  
Sleet slanted, whipping window panes,  
A rising fury of the storm.

Wind whistled, and a shutter banged.  
Fire-flickerings danced upon the beams.  
A kitten slept upon the hearth  
And pinioned mice in twitching dreams.

Now snow fell, quietly. The clock  
Hands turned, and it was very late.  
The last bright cinder softly fell,  
And joined the ashes on the grate.

Joan S. Popke

SUBMISSION TO LIFE

Up rose the wave from its bed of restlessness,  
Nodded its head and fell forward  
issuing a half-cry, half-sigh  
from its soul of torment.  
Once upon the land  
it felt unwanted—removed from its element.  
So, as a subject, prostrate before a ruler,  
it slid backward whence it came . . .  
exhaling from its soul its almost silent desires

Bill Wiswell
I. the collegiate—Friday night

Bring a broad, we’re having a real orgy. Everything else provided. Just bring a broad and come. You know the place; it’s his own apartment and it’s big and so is his allowance.

So the collegiate went. He went as he always did, because he liked parties. Especially big parties, with lots of liquor and good talk and if the crowd loosened up, a lot more and a long night.

So he went. These were lots of people there, friends and people he knew too well to have them for friends and a few new people he would meet and forget in three minutes. There was a good hi-fi with plenty of progressive jazz that some liked and more pretended to like and a long, long table with a hundred different cheeses and meat spreads and chips and fish spreads and crackers and bottles in ice and glasses waiting for the ice and the bottles.

Vodka and sevenup and a squirt of lime, he said.

Right, coming up, just help yourself and don’t let ‘er get empty.

No sir, I won’t, he thought. A good party indeed indeed.

The platinum type blond he had brought said she would have anything, just any old thing, just so it was strong because she felt that she might like to get smashed and it was going to be a long, long night.

He ignored her and she kept quiet while they stood with several groups and talked good talk and trite talk and heard a lot of jokes and watched each other watching each other. The conversations interested him for a while, but only for a while. As the evening developed, the party spread out from the living room into the bedrooms and out into the cars out front and anywhere at all as long as it was comfortable.

To him, the party was a blur, hazy from smoke or what he did not know. He was getting thirsty. He refilled for the third time and tried to talk to the broad.

She was on her fourth and was feeling sorry for herself telling him how she had lost a very rich boyfriend and after all those weekends, too. Anyway, she was just a lost soul seeking solace.

Good liquor is good solace, thought he. And this is not very good vodka; you should not be able to taste the vodka. This does not taste like sevenup or anything; it tastes a little like varnish. Try something else, maybe. Anyway, old man, you have had three so why stop now?

The party had loosened up quickly. There were no more groups, only couples; and the one hundred different kinds of food had disappeared and the bottles were scattered and the ice melted, but indeed, it had settled down to a very good party.

The blond was on his lap and she was in no worse condition than
anyone else, in fact, she looked better than the rest, he thought.

You look good to me tonight honey. She giggled and stole some of his drink and giggled and slopped it and made him playfully angry.

Cudditout.

You look good too, she said.

He thought, now we are all set . . . what a good party . . . come Monday and back to classes . . . ah, but what could be more true than a good party and this excellent vodka . . . I wonder . . . you are hurting my leg, please sit on both of them at once please . . . I wonder if this party ever has to break up anyway I wonder if there is more ice . . . did I ever notice before blond hair . . . I wonder if it would break if I touched it it is so brittle looking . . . I had coffee with a real blond the other day and it was not brittle like this . . . man, the room is foggy . . . how many will know tomorrow, half will know in three or four weeks and maybe one or two will be scared but what the hell o boy o god o boy what a wild party this has become . . . somebody must have messed up the fi hi . . . hah fihi how fi the hi . . . hah . . . hi! hi lover . . . hey you know something you beautiful hunk of platinum blond, god o god you are beautiful even if brittle . . . stop squirming . . . he had forgotten her name.

He laughed . . . hey you know something honey? you really ought to put some clothes on.

She just said, why?

II the virgin—Sunday morning

She wore a tiny silver bead chain around her neck; a tiny silver cross hung from the chain. She was not Catholic, but she had often thought about becoming one. She was Pure.

"Hello, Mrs. Brian, did you enjoy the sermon?"

"Oh, my, yes, he didn't keep me awake at all."

Gentle laugh gentle smile.

"My, there you are," a chubby woman greeted her. "You are so pretty again today! And I see you here every Sunday! How wonderful that at least some of our young people are devoted!"

"Thank you m'am, how are you today?"

etcetetcet

The sun always shone on Sunday.

And she enjoyed church, but wasn't always satisfied. She thought many times that she could find something solid in the Catholic religion, or in becoming an Atheist; both Catholics and the Atheists seemed so sure. She was at that peculiar point in her thinking that every youth passes, and she knew it. She laughed at her confusion.

"Come along, dear, I want to get dinner started . . . George!"

"Coming, coming . . . wait in the car," said her father, interrupting his conversation with another elder.

Mother took her arm and they went together to the car. They were close, as mothers and daughters should be, but Mother always worried about her.

As they sat in the car, Mother asked, "Dear, you mentioned a
young man that you met at the University. I hope you are using your usual good judgment?"

“Oh, Mom, I just mentioned him... we just had coffee once... but I suppose he will ask me again.”

“Just the same, you know you can’t be too careful. I just don’t want to see you get involved in anything, sometimes I worry so...”

“I know, Mom. I wear a little cross around my neck to remind me.”

“George! Hurry up George!”

At home they ate. She read the Sunday funnies, helped Mother in the garden... it was Spring and the seeds were bought and needed only to be planted. She studied. She wondered at some of the things she read in her books.

“How much I need to know,” she thought. “What hell it is to know that I’m in a stage and feel it at the same time. Enjoyable hell.”

“Is there a hell?”

“What a sophomoric Sophomore I am. I like it.”

She heard her father put a record on the player.

“Oh, no.”

It was one of her father’s noise records and it was trains or something like that.

“Dad, please turn it down so I can study?”

“Waat?”

“Turn it down!”

“I can’t here you.” He turned down the volume.

“Turn down the fi-hi!”

“Oh, okay, I did... the waat?”

“Fi-hi, hi-fi... that’s all right... I’m a little backwards today anyhow.”

III. a love story

Strange that they should even like each other. He did not take her to parties, because he knew her. She did not ask him more than once to go with her to church.

Black and white, but complementary... they talked good talk and drank lousy coffee and saw good movies and bad movies and always enjoyed each other.

They talked long of what they believed, and they learned much from each other, as only two who are so different can learn. He was corrupt, at least he always said he was, but at least he was a gentleman. He impressed her mother and father, and when he was sober he was very fine. He was always sober except at parties. He went to fewer parties. He was reforming for her without knowing it. He was enjoying it. His friends kidded him but he still reformed for her.

She changed, too. Between them they worked out some of their problems and each gained new insights to many ideas. She liked to think that she was becoming less sophomoric.

They both were.

They loved in an ordinary way; she keeping perfect control and
not having to; he finding a certain respect for her that surprised him.

Yet she still felt empty; she could not crack her imaginary shell; she imagined she did not want to crack it. He had threatened the shell. She always wore the Cross.

He liked her, but he did not want to hurt her. He was very careful at first of what he said. He soon found that she could defend her beliefs, and he did not have to worry after that.

One Friday night, in fact, they had a long discussion on sex and morals etcetera. Before they finished, they had talked long and well, and he had learned much of her that he had not suspected, and she of him.

He did not kiss her goodnight. Instead, he stood and looked in her eyes, and she felt as if he were looking through her.

"Don't," she said. She quivered and turned and went quickly through the door.

The following Sunday they went to the beach.

IV. the sacrament . . . a fantasy

Sun burned the sand; sun burned the people; sun spattered diamonds on the Big Lake; sun tanned the hundreds of people who were trying to keep cool on the beach.

Two lay apart, alone, surrounded by the hundreds and yet alone.

He lay face down on the blanket on the sand; his back and legs were brown from the sun. His trunks were black and his shoes were off and one was full of sand. She was lithe and true blond and tight white stretched next to him, her face close to his. She wore a tiny silver bead chain around her neck; a tiny silver cross hung from the chain.

He said, I have wondered many times about that chain because you're not Catholic but you wear that little cross around your neck.

She smiled. "It keeps me pure."

You'll always be pure anyway. You are blond and white and probably perfect.

"But someday I will get married and then . . . ."

And then you will still be pure because Love is always Innocent.

He moved a little and kissed her.

"You are funny," she said. "you've been telling me that Purity is Impurity. I think you are backwards."

He laughed and turned over.

Am I right side up now?

"No."

He looked at her seriously. I told you what I thought Friday night. I told you that Virginity is a state of mind. I told you the difference is not physical.

"Yes, I know."

Do you see what I believe?

"Yes," she said. "But I still have the Cross around my neck."

He kissed her again.

"You're strange today," she said. "You talk to me like it doesn't
matter what you say. How do you know I am not offended by all these things you talk about?"

If I were to talk about something crude or filthy, you would hate me. Have I talked about anything crude or filthy?

"No your mind is beautiful." She laughed at her joke and sat up. She scooped a handful of sand and rubbed it on his stomach.

damndamndamn. You had better run like hell because when I get mad I swear and I swear I will fan your tail if I catch you.

She ran for the edge of the water but stopped when the cold sliding wave touched her feet.

She should not have stopped because when she did, he caught her. He picked her up, waded out into the water and dropped her.

You’re lucky, he said. I didn’t fan your tail, I just dropped you on it.

She spit and screamed at him and tried to dunk him but he stayed up and laughed at her.


damndamndamn she said. Then she kissed him hard. Some people on the beach watched and a few smiled but some frowned and some looked offended.

She didn’t let him go and he hold her and they kissed hard then

Iwant he said Iwant Iwantto

"No."

Somehow Iwant

"No."

Has no one ever touched you anywhere?

"no no they always ask that no no and no one ever until" . . .

She let him go and stood apart from him and looked at him frightened and sobbing just a little and he did not like it. She stood apart holding her hand to her breast and in her hand the Cross.

It was fear of him and it was Right but he could not stand it.

A fat, more than middleaged woman stood at the edge of the water. She had on a fat green bathing suit that reached from her knees to her chins. The suit was like a tent and her breasts hung in it heavy on her stomach. She stood on the wet beach holding her large inner tube looking at them with great round eyes that looked as green to him as the rest of her.

He felt gutted and he hated

What the goddamn hell are you staring atYOU BITCH?

What the woman said she said because she was very angry. She went away up the beach muttering about delinquency and degenerate morals and filthy mouths and Godlessness and etcetcetc.

He turned around to where she stood laughing a little hysterical laugh. Her laugh was funny and beautiful to him; her hair was wet and stringy; but something new was there; he thought she looked perfect. He did not know what he had broken.

Then they both laughed. He chased her again and she dove out
into the cold green water and they swam out until it was over their heads. It was cold out in the green water but they liked it and they stayed to swim alone together and to feel the hard greenness of the Lake.

They came in not wanting to come in, and found their blanket on the sand.

As they dried he said, I think that she can never be saved, that fat green lady, because she has never sinned.

She smiled a faint smile.

"Do you know," she said, "that it is almost time to go home?"

No, I don't. I see by the watch in my empty shoe that we have a lot of time a lot of time.

She lay on the blanket and looked at him. He lay on his stomach and he looked through her eyes into the sand.

What do you see?

Only the beautiful, he said, and smiled.

You can't see! you can't ... oh you're not so smart.

He looked through her.

"Your eyes are very blue," she said.

But your's are far more blue than mine, he said. Your's are not cloudy like mine and mine are probably bloodshot and I can see through your's.

You must think that you are Sin's only Bastard, she said. You must think that I don’t understand you, that you are talking me around in circles. "Is it just a line you are giving me?" but you are wrong you know. I think that oh don’t.

But he had already unfastened the little silver chain. He dropped it. The Cross lay on her throat, but the chain was unfastened.

I'm sorry, he said, I'm sorry.

She took the chain and tried to fasten it, but her hand shook and she dropped it and picked it up again and this time she took it off and placed it carefully in his shoe.

She looked through him.

You are perfect, he said softly. You are perfect but you do not want to be and this makes you more perfect and this is your hell.

No, she said. no nono damndamndamn

When he kissed her hard she held his neck tight. It seemed that she could breathe nothing but the sand and the heat and him. She was full and free

She twisted she breathed hard the Cross was in the shoe.

She twisted and said

I want

I want to be naked.

But the sun was burning on the sand and the people numbered in the hundreds and the fat green lady stood down the wet beach shaking her head and looking at them.
AN IDYLL OF SAINTS AND SINNERS

Larry Bronson

With so many new books coming out all the time, one may wonder why I chose George Eliot’s *Adam Bede* for the subject of a review when I could have picked any one of a dozen best-sellers. The reason I have chosen a book which was published almost a hundred years ago for the subject of my review is that I do not feel too much can be said about a book such as *Adam Bede*.

*Adam Bede* is as a refreshing change from some of our twentieth century works as a swim is from mowing the lawn on a hot summer day. In this novel, there is no sex, no slaughter, no glamor, no real villain or hero—in short, *Adam Bede* contains nothing that would be likely to earn it a best-seller rating today. What then are the reasons that this book has endured for almost a hundred years?

George Eliot’s careful delineation of both her major and her minor characters accounts for a great deal of this novel’s persistent popularity. There is first of all, of course, *Adam Bede*, who is ostensibly the main character in the novel. Adam, strong of body, intelligent, but perhaps too guileless for his own good. Ranking almost equally in importance with Adam is *Seth Bede*, Adam’s brother. George Eliot makes it clear that the Bede brothers have a strong family resemblance, but she points out that Adam’s dark complexion, as opposed to the fair complexion of Seth, is carried out into their temperaments as well. She sums up the difference between the two brothers in one succinct sentence: “The idle tramps always felt sure they could get a copper from Seth; they scarcely ever spoke to Adam.”

Another masculine character who figures prominently in the action of *Adam Bede* is *Arthur Donnithorne*, the heir-apparent to the land surrounding the market town of Hayslope, the community where the principal characters of this book live. Arthur is well-meaning and dreams of all the things he will do for the tenants when he come into ownership of the land. However, Arthur has one tragic weakness; he lacks self-discipline of mind. He is unable to stop from becoming too deeply involved in an illicit affair with one of his tenants.

The *Reverend Irwine*, rector for the community of Hayslope is one of George Eliot’s most appealing male characters. His charitable disposition is shown by his exemplary conduct toward his mother and invalid sisters. He is depicted as being a paragon of virtue with an easy-going tolerance for the Methodist movement which is just beginning to gain prestige in England at the time *Adam Bede* takes place. In short, the rector is conscientious, lives well, and, as the author says, would do almost anything to help someone else, but would probably not give his body to the fires of the martyr’s stake.
While her masculine characterizations are admirably executed, George Eliot's concept of her female characters is equally clear. The action revolves around two principal young women: Dinah Morris and Hetty Sorrel.

Dinah Morris is one of the leaders of the new Methodist movement just beginning in Hayslope. She is almost a saint on earth, always ready to pray or to comfort someone who is in trouble. She is forever running off to some distant community to help the "brothers and sisters" form a new group of Methodists.

It is, however, just this saintly atmosphere which is the flaw in Dinah's characterization. In attempting to emphasize the good qualities of Dinah, the author has overdrawn her to such an extent that the character of Dinah does not live in our imaginations. She is a series of shadows which pass through our minds, leaving a definite set of impressions, but failing to stand out from the mass as a separate entity. She comes, does her work, and then goes, and once gone, disappears into a filmy haze of reminiscence.

In direct contrast to the saintly character of Dinah is Hetty Sorrel. Hetty is a pretty, self-willed person who cares for nobody but herself. She is beloved by Adam Bede, but only cares for him enough to keep him interested in her. The attentions of Arthur Donnithorne are a different matter. He shows an interest in Hetty and the grim web which brings about the tragedy in this novel is woven.

Hetty is very much flattered by Arthur's attention, and due to his vacillation and her rash impulses, the affair goes too far, and Hetty, finally realizing her condition, breaks off her engagement to Adam and goes in search of Arthur's regiment. She thinks all that is necessary is to find Arthur and then everything will come out with a storybook ending. Unfortunately for her, she fails to find Arthur, and desperate, she abandons her new-born child and is brought to trial accused of murdering it.

Helping to hold the story together are the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Poyser, uncle and aunt to Dinah and Hetty. Martin Poyser is a typical English farmer, shrewd, cautious, and bound by tradition to the land which his forefathers worked before him. Mrs. Poyser is a good-hearted woman who will do anything for anybody, provided she doesn't kill them with her tongue first.

In addition to the clarity of image which is exhibited by all of the characters, except Dinah, is the careful prose style in which this book is written. In fact, careful is almost a key word to apply to a commentary on George Eliot's style. She uses words which say exactly what she wants them to say, without using a word too many or a word too few. Her humor is the quiet, chuckling kind; it never breaks out into a guffaw. The scene in which Mrs. Poyser tells the old squire just what she thinks of him is excellently executed and the book is almost worth reading just for that scene alone.

The author carries this careful concept one step farther than just employing it for humor. The passages describing poor Hetty's plight, a situation which could very easily become sordid under a different
treatment, are executed with skill, good taste, and restraint, and the pathos of the situation is pointed up rather than the sordidness of it. The author’s account of the trial and the events which happened after it are handled with sympathy and a feeling for the tragedy of the events.

As any writer must do in order to be great, George Eliot writes with a compassion for human nature. Her compassion, however, exceeds that of a merely sympathetic treatment of Hetty’s trial. She shows understanding and tolerance for the follies of all the characters in *Adam Bede*. She does not, as Jane Austen does, satirize human follies and failures. These human failings seemed humorous to Jane Austen and she expressed her amusement best by writings novels which exaggerated and ridiculed these follies. But to George Eliot, these follies are something to weep over, rather than something to laugh about. She finds nothing amusing about the misfortunes of any of the characters. Even old Lisbeth Bede, mother to Adam and Seth, is treated with a human understanding of an old woman’s querulousness.

However important her knowledge of human insight is to the success of *Adam Bede*, the author writes as well of pastoral scenes as she does of human problems. She describes the geographical features of Hayslope with a spontaneity which comes only from having lived in a rural community. It is quite obvious that George Eliot enjoyed being out-of-doors, else she would never have been able to describe the rural scenes in *Adam Bede* with such forceful clarity.

Keeping all the concepts of George Eliot’s genius in mind, it will be no surprise to anyone to learn that *Adam Bede* has maintained a high place among critics of discrimination for almost a century.

**LOVE AT U.S. 12**

We groped for love that cold night
at the edge of murky ribboned reality
with the tired snow skipping and skidding
a slow and silent dance of tumbling pirouettes
across and against our glassed whisper world.
Then the long gray puppets of searching white
and glaring eyes of red that flickered on and
flashed off as the clanging of their machined
melodies of whining notes pierced and punctured
our warm mirage of flake danced love... and echoed
in rude reality.

Peter Green
Man hangs from a precipice—his fingers clawing for a firmer grip: knowing that regardless of whether he falls or in some manner is able to pull himself up and gain surer footing, he will be unable to claim his distinctiveness as man. His one position of distinctiveness is that he is hanging from that precipice. As the French gentleman of the fifteenth century would say: "Rein ne m’es sure que la chose incertaine." (I am sure of nothing except the uncertain.)

The differences between man and animal are few. However important these differences may be, it must be realized that while they are the basis of man's elevation above the animal kingdom, these same differences are the cause of most of man's conflicts—both personal and social.

First of all, man is characteristically a rational being. He is able to withdraw into himself and contemplate his future actions. He can reflect upon the past, analyzing the acts he has committed, and can, according to a notion that has prevailed for many centuries, "learn from his mistakes and the mistakes of others."

Secondly, man is endowed with imagination. He can imagine, or dream of, what the ideal status, actions and accomplishments of man could and should be. Although the element of imagination is dependent upon man's rationality to a certain extent, it is still the major source from which man draws his moral idealism. It is by combining imagination and rationality that man forms the means by which he realizes and judges the motives under which he acts and the interests of others. Imagination, while providing man with his ideals is also one of the basic debasing elements in man's nature, "Man will always be imaginative enough to enlarge his needs beyond minimum requirements and selfish enough to feel the pressure of his needs more than the needs of others."

An animal acts by instinct and necessity. A hungry animal realizes it is hungry and it instinctively attempts to satisfy its hunger. The means by which the animal obtains the food it craves is largely a matter of instinct, but in addition there may also be a conditioned reaction as taught, perhaps, by its parents: It must not be confused with the rationality of man—it might be called "developed instinct."

The animal has nothing to restrain its natural instincts and cravings and, hence, there can never be any guilt attached to its actions. Animals are non-rational—unconscious of their instincts. Since they are unconscious of their instincts and have no means at their

1 Reinhold Niebuhr, Moral Man and Immoral Society (New York, 1947), p. 196
disposal to restrain them with, they cannot be held responsible for their actions or reactions. Thus there is never an actual moral problem when one is concerned with the actions of an animal.

There is an inherent element in man’s nature that prompts him to strive towards a state of self-transcendence in which he is able to consider the desires and needs of others, and to strive towards the achievement of a harmonious relation with them. In the process of attempting to establish a harmonious relationship with others man restrains his natural impulses and instincts by a will guided and controlled by the workings of his rationality and imagination.

Man is aware of himself and those around him. He is conscious of them, and with this consciousness there arises the consideration of others that makes man tend to restrain his actions. Restraint usually lies in dependence upon rationality, but, as Reinhold Niebuhr points out: “No man will ever be so intelligent as to see the needs of others as vividly as he recognizes his own, or to be as quick in his aid to remote as to immediately revealed necessities.”

Because man is able to restrain his actions with respect to those around him, he must be held responsible for his actions. Men do possess, with all their other moral resources, a sense of obligation toward the good as their mind conceives it. As long as man is conscious of this obligation, he can, and must be held responsible for it. “If man loses his consciousness he cannot be found guilty because he is not responsible.”

One of the most important features of man’s attitude at the present time, and perhaps all time, is that even though he is completely conscious of this responsibility he consistently ignores it. Ortega y Gasset notes two fundamental traits of the mass-man of today: “the free expansion of his vital desires, and therefore, of his personality; and his radical ingratitude towards all that has made possible the ease of his existence.”

In other words, man ignores the worth of other men and their desires while being conscious of them. The trait of man, as Gasset states it, is ingratitude, not unconsciousness or unawareness. “In the last resort . . . each individual has the responsibility of choice (between moral and immoral); and it is a responsibility that is not to be escaped.” Man does not tend, however, to recognize moral responsibility. If man recognized this moral responsibility for his deeds society could be remade by remaking man. The obvious fact remains that

2 Ibid., p. 28.
3 Ibid., p. 37.
6 The addition in the parentheses is mine.
while man is conscious of his moral responsibility he is not responding to it.

Man's make-up is also characterized by a conscience, which may be defined as “any emotionally-toned experience in which a tendency to act is inhibited by a recognition, socially conditioned, that suffering evil consequences are likely to result from acting on the impulse to act." Conscience is a moral resource, but it is a resource dependent upon social relationships and only be made actual in the light of the ideals of conduct which man professes. The Stoics and Kantians have placed too much emphasis on the natural obligatory force of the conscience—it is not as powerful as they would have us believe. Their position has been that by emphasizing and developing man's rationality mankind could develop a sense of duty adequate enough to provide mankind with a totally moral society. But no man will ever be so intelligent as to completely subjugate himself to a sense of duty.

Man is, by his very nature, a social being. He associates with other beings and to a certain extent is concerned with their welfare, or at least their existence. It must be pointed out, however, that the individual and social existences of man are at the same time distinctively separate and intricately woven together. "The moral life is a way of life for men in society," and, "it has at the same time a personal relevance and dimension or sphere of being." The moral life is both a personal and a social effort.

Religion is a personal moral force. And although it produces, in varying degrees, many moral influences upon the attitudes of society, it nevertheless retains its individual nature, for it is upon the individual that the moral ideals of religion have their greatest force.

The most characteristic ideal of the religious morality and, indeed, of individual morality, is unselfishness. And while the moral ideal of unselfishness is worthy of a great deal of respect, it must be noted that it is not without pitfalls. It is distinctly different from the politico-ethical ideal of justice that is both characteristic of and necessary for social harmony.

The religious ideal of Love, as manifested in unselfishness, is totally unrealistic. Men who have in the past claimed that the hope of a moral society lay only in the absolutism of religion must be made to realize that "All men cannot be expected to become spiritual any more than they can be expected to become rational."

Furthermore there is always the possibility that the perfectionism, which prompts religious generosity, is more interested in the perfect motive than in ideal consequences. Preoccupation with motive is an unvarying characteristic of the religious life, which has its own

10 Niebuhr, p. 73.
virtues, but it is also responsible for the many absurdities which have been committed in the name of religious philanthropy; absurdities which are inevitable when the benevolent spirit disregards the social consequences of a generous action.

Preoccupation with motive is also true of the rational moralists, such as Kant and the Stoics, who, while professing duty, hold that the motive upon which an act is committed is all-important. Perhaps motive is as important as they make it on a personal basis, but one must be careful to always take into consideration the possible social consequences of an action to be committed, even though there is an ideal motive prompting the action. No one has the right to do injustice to another simply because he acts from a perfectly unselfish motive.

The truly religious person generally tends towards one or the other of two extremes: he becomes a religious ascetic, thereby absolving himself from all social responsibility, or he convinces himself that he has more influence on the morality of his society than he actually has. As a religious individual, however, the rewards that are to be reaped will be reaped only by him, and have a bearing on society only in so much as he is a member of that society.

All this is not to imply that the religious ideals expounded and acted upon by man do not have some influence upon the attitudes and the morality of society. Indeed, the leavening effect that religious altruism has upon society has great significance and cannot be denied.

As one progresses from normal personal relationships to collective or group life another weakness of religious altruism, with regard to its moral practicability, becomes increasingly apparent. The social ideal of justice is difficult to attain, if it is ever attained, but it is even more difficult to attain the religious ideal of love (unselfishness). There is always present, however, in every movement towards social justice, an element of religious altruism.

Whether it be on a religious or a rational basis, as individuals, men believe that social justice should be established, but whenever they are members of an economic, racial or social group they use all the power that they can command in order to take whatever they desire or in order to justify their own social position and actions on moral grounds.

Whereas individuals proclaim the moral ideal or unselfishness, the ideal society holds highest is that of justice. Unselfishness is primarily a product of the heart, while justice is a product, at least partially, of man's rationality. Justice is man's answer to the evils of social inequality. Society needs greater equality not only to advance but to survive. The basis of social inequality is, basically, the unequal distribution of power within the society.

There are, primarily, two types of social power—economic and military. It is with these two types of power that men rise above their

11 Ibid., p. 74.
fellow human beings and assert themselves as members of a privileged class or group.

Military power has always been and probably always will be a prime source of social cohesion, especially where nations are concerned. The oppression that comes with a conquering force is characteristically unjust. The methods employed to combat military power and economic power have often met with little success, and yet have had tremendous influence on the attitudes of those possessing the power.

There have been, first of all, the attempts to combat the imposed injustices with open violence. This is perhaps the most common way to fight injustice. It is the type of resistance offered by the French, under the leadership of General DeGaulle, after the Nazi occupation of World War II. And at the present time it is the type of resistance being offered by many of the Latin American countries where the people are rebelling against the tyrannical oppressions of dictators.

The second type of resistance offered by oppressed groups is non-violence, which takes two distinct forms: non-violent resistance and pure non-violence (pacifism).

Pure non-violence, or pacifism, is the only means of resistance (actually it is complete submission to oppression) which has no resulting consequences that can injure or cause hardship for any other member of the society. The consequences that follow pacifism vary according to the will of the oppressive group. Often times the pacifists are simply annihilated, but the effect that the pacifistic attitude may have may be far-reaching and may influence, ultimately, the moral principles of the oppressing force. Needless to say, pacifism often results in martyrdom which in turn tends to strengthen the faith of those united in the pacifist movements. Pacifism is connected primarily with religion, as exemplified in the practices of the Anabaptists and the Mennonites.

There is another extremely important point that should be brought up whenever one discusses pacifism; that is, if everyone were to follow the pacifistic principle of Christ’s doctrine “Resist not evil” (Matt. 5:39) without devoting himself coordinately with equal integrity to a complete moral doctrine, society would soon be reduced to a state of anarchy.

Non-violent resistance is by far the most common of the two forms (Ghandi is generally considered the leading exponent of non-violent resistance), and is usually expressed by civil disobedience, boycott or strike. Non-violence has been misunderstood by a large portion of mankind for a long period of time, and it is often confused with pacifism. The moral implications of non-violent resistance are sometimes as disastrous as those resulting from violent resistance. The consequences of non-violent resistance are definitely more difficult.

12 For a thorough explanation of the nature of non-violent resistance and its moral implications, see Reinhold Niebuhr’s Moral Man and Immoral Society, pp. 240-256.
to measure than those of open violent resistance, but non-violence, too, can destroy property values and even human life. Although it is negative in its expression it may have very weighty and positive consequences. A strike, for instance, may destroy property values of an industry, and men, women and children, not engaged in the conflict, may suffer from the resulting hardships. Any form of resistance is inevitably bound to affect in some manner or another the other members of a community.

In truth it would seem that the only morally justifiable position is that of a pacifist: It, for the Western World, is the only one of the above enumerated modes of meeting with oppression or force that is at all coincidental with the Christian ideals of religious benevolence, humility and Love. In the Eastern religions, such as Hinduism and Buddhism, we also find that moral emphasis is placed on the ideals of humility and unselfishness.

Yet, generally speaking, we find that man has always considered himself to have a dual nature, and finds no difficulty in morally justifying his position of fighting for ideals of morality, social or personal, by wielding a bloody sword in direct opposition to the ideals he holds most high. The position that man takes on this issue is, perhaps, an attempt to reconcile the immediate needs of the present with the concept he has of the ideal future.

But, as long as there is any formidable amount of social power which provides the basis for social inequality, the ideal future can never be attained. As long as there is social inequality there will be majorities and minorities, whose conflicting interests can never be completely resolved. Regardless of the effect of the resistance offered in opposition to the injustice of the superior power, we find, for the most part, that majorities or minorities must yield to those who posses either military or economic power. As Reinhold Niebuhr so aptly states:

Moral factors may qualify, but they will not eliminate, the resulting social conflict. Moral goodwill may seek to relate the peculiar interests of the group to the ideal of a total and final harmony of all life. It may thereby qualify the self-assertion of the privileged, and support the interests of the disinherited, but it will never be so impartial as to persuade any group to subject its interests of the group to the ideal of a total and final harmony of all life.13

If the moral factors will not resolve conflicting interests man must rely on a certain amount of coercion to resolve the conflicting interests, and, reciprocally, the use of this power tends towards injustice.

The technological civilization that we live in “has created an international community, so interdependent as to require, even if not powerful enough to achieve, ultimate social harmony”14 This technological civilization is characterized by the centralization of industrial ownership (the source of economic power) in the hands of a few in-

13 Niebuhr, p. 272.
dustrial lords. The individual has been lost in the mass of laborers. Hence, mankind is faced with a situation in which the possessors of economic power, and likewise the laborers en masse, are not responsible to anyone other than themselves.

Those who hold power in a group generally consider themselves as privileged. In fact, they regard their privileged status as just reward for achievements of the past. Perhaps carried over from this attitude of the privileged class is the tendency of that class to perform philanthropic acts. The generosity of the privileged classes has been interpreted in various ways. It may be that they are attempting to incite the envy of those in the lower status. It is more likely that their philanthropy is a means of justifying their privileges. Nevertheless, they who have the power exercise it to maintain their privileges—justifiable or not.

There have been many attempts to overcome the injustice that is associated with social inequality and privileged groups. Perhaps in the past few years the most prominent or favored means of trying to undermine the established privileges of the power classes has been enacted in the name of the Marxist theory.

The Marxist theory holds that the injustice found in social life is due to the unequal distribution of power within a society. The significant moral contribution that has been brought to light through Marxist thought is that special privilege is intricately involved with the ownership of the means of production.

The error in Marxist philosophy is that those who profess it ignore individual life and its moral problems. They assume that all problems of morality and life are social, and that society can be manipulated like a machine. They hold that once the construction and workings of the social machine are understood all personal problems will automatically be solved. This error is comparable to believing that a corn on the toe of an individual should be treated by cutting off the whole foot.

Henry David Thoreau states: "There will never be a really free and enlightened State until the State comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power from which all its own power and authority are derived, and treats him accordingly." Thoreau was of course a person who sometimes anti-everything that was associated with civil law and power. There is, however, some merit in what he says, for the individual, as the basic element in social life, must be considered in the workings of society and his ideals and aspirations taken into account.

The moral problem that man faces is unquestionably: Can he be moral? Is it possible to have, within the personal and social spheres, a perfect moral life?

As was noted before, man has elemental distinctions that raise him above the animal world—rationality, imagination, conscience, etc. These elements are present in man's nature to be sure, but with-

14 Ibid., p. 49.
out an interdependence upon each other they near meaninglessness. It is only when they are combined and coordinated that they have significance, for ultimately the one major distinction of man is that he has moral potential. The previous elements discussed are important, but unless they are culminated in the development of a morality they do very little to make man anything other than a superior animal. It is extremely important to note, however, that unless man is moral he cannot lay claim to his distinctiveness.

It appears paradoxical to say that man’s great distinctiveness is his morality, and then conclude that man is incapable of attaining complete social and personal morality, yet, this is the situation in which man finds himself. He is unable to attain social harmony and the ultimate ideals of perfect morality simply because he is man, and because there are forces present within society that tend to make man immoral. Paul Tillich, a prominent figure in contemporary theology states the same thing when he says:

Man is bound to sin in all parts of his being, because he is estranged from God in his personal center. Neither his emotion, his will, nor his intellect is excepted from sin and, consequently, from the pervasion of their true nature. This intellect is as distorted and weakened as his moral power.\(^\text{16}\)

Tillich is concerned mainly with the individual and his relation to moral limits, but if we conclude that individuals are incapable of becoming “sinless” we cannot expect to establish perfect morality in the social orders.

This is not to say that man’s position should be considered as completely hopeless, for there are great possibilities for man to improve his moral stature by developing the capacities that make his morality at all possible. If man applies his rationality with integrity it can greatly aid him in the suppression of his dishonest pretensions and ego-centered desires. Human intelligence can increase the benevolence of man and help him to consider the desires, needs and rights of other human beings.

Thus it is that man hangs from that precipice. He is unable to raise himself up to the level of perfect morality and social harmony, and he does not dare to allow himself to lose his hold and drop into that position where he will be unable to claim his distinctiveness as man.


IMPRESSIONS AT THE TURNING

Richard B. Hauck

I.

I have waited months for the thawing and at last it comes. The water in rivulets runs along and under the edge of the dirty brown snow piled in hedgerows along each street and higher even than that along our driveway.

The snow when it was virgin was no less a nuisance even for its beauty. But now it is tiresome to see and the edges are flood. Its danger is gone because the streets are clean. When it was white so were the streets and people and cars slid and stuck and the snow was master; men made insignificant protest.

Now the soft days are come and slowly the dirty white yields and no one mourns its going because the soft days are exercise for fine thoughts disciplined and corrected and subdued by the hard grey overwhelming days.

Soon soon the warm soft days will come and with the warmth will come

the quickening brightness
you understand me
we needn’t talk
love

comfort
life.

II.

One score and one years ago my mother brought forth on this continent a new life
just me

III.

Reading
Spelling
Arithmetic
Etc.

Satisfactory
Satisfactory
Satisfactory
Satisfactory

Student is a good boy but seems withdrawn.

IV.

“Get a hit! Come on, run! go go go gogogo!”

thud

“It is an intestinal disease. He will grow out of it. But he will have to be careful for several years.”

V.

But if it happens, we are so young, what will happen? No, we are not too young if we are old enough to feel like this, so we are not too young don’t you see life is so short and all that jazz? Someday we all will die. Oh, now, now, o god it is terrible.
VI.
Class of '55, the best alive.
"It's your life, what are you going to do with it?"

VII.
Now when I was introduced to the great people I know what there was I had yet to know and I was overwhelmed. I tried and have tried for years now to gain it all and yet I rejoice in this impossibility. About me are the people some frantic some resigned some knowing and some who look forward.

Can I give my life now? I have waited one score and one to know. Tomorrow I will know. But yesterday I said tomorrow I will know.

I am glad that I don't yet know.

"Write it again. The idea is fine, not developed. Read more on that. You are being defensively rhetorical again. Since you can't pass Calculus maybe the Humanities are for you. O.K., take this for three hours credit."

oh, sure.

VIII.
What did you say your name was?
Really?
Tonight at seven, as usual.
What a lovely dance.
That is Orion. He only shows in the sky in winter.
Spring
And the warmth of you against me.
Soft your eyes and fine your firm fresh lips.
Legs and arms of promise and
Love me is Always.
We do not speak because
One, we do not have to, and
One, we do not want to.
Spring

IX.
The snow where it was white is dirty but it did not hurt to see the snow turn brown because it means that green will have its chance.
Where it was hidden once under the frigid steel grip of white the green waited because it had never yet been and when its time came the green was all
brightness

love

the soft rain

was all

comfort

release

love

was all

24
life
love

X.

When the snow comes again we will rot again. But right now we look back and wonder . . . but beyond holds more wonder now that the thaw is begun. The flood edges of the dirty snow threaten to wash our lawn down into the ditch and the new paint on the house is dirty and the gutters sag from the weight of watery ice but nights are starlight
cold
clear
and so very, very endless.

SONG FOR COLD COUNTRY

At the end of every lane
The shutters of the rain
Lock the pasture down.
Brown blasts the green.

The cistern breaks the pail,
A mirror slows the mill,
I carry coal and pour
Midnight on the fire.

The tower of the wind
Sinks into the sand
With the princess still asleep
In manacles of sleet.

John Woods

John Woods is an Assistant Professor of English at Western Michigan University. Mr. Woods published his first poem as an undergraduate at Indiana University where he later studied under John Crowe Ransom. In his senior year he won first prize in poetry in the "Atlantic Monthly" College Writing Contest. Since then he has published various pieces of poetry, short stories, radio plays and critical reviews in such magazines as "The Kenyon Review, Poetry," "The Chicago Review," and the "Saturday Review." His first book of poetry, "The Deaths at Paragon, Indiana," was published in 1955.
THE COLOSSUS IN QUICKSAND

One night I read philosophy.
When Plato went to sleep on me
I made this dream up willfully:

I saw a stone Colossus rise
from Lybian sands through the nine skies.
Someone’s idea of someone’s size.

Man’s of man, I seemed to know:
somehow the dream refused to go
so close that a whole truth might show.

It made it clear enough to guess
the thing was no high mightiness:
no emperor or empress
ever had slaves enough or stones
breaking each other from the bones
of time-enough—though it were aeons—
to haul so much of earth so high.
The figure stretched from sand to sky.
Its very height, as first, was why

no one had noticed it was sinking.
Only a dream could see it shrinking,
is what I dreamed the dream was thinking.

One sky after another cleared
to nothing as the great head neared.
Shins, then knee-caps disappeared.

It slid like weather from the skies.
Thighs, the great sex in the thighs,
the first rib. Then I saw its eyes.

And what I saw as it went by
was its own image in its eye,
still standing higher than the sky.
Whatever the thing was meant to be
all Greece and Rome intended me
to look into those eyes and see.

I watched the chest and then the chin
go under, and the sands begin
to rim the mouth and trickle in.

Then it was eye to eye. And then
the desert was all sand again.
A nothing where a dream had been.

John Ciardi

John Ciardi, distinguished American poet, has published five volumes of his own verse. He is Poetry Editor of the “Saturday Review,” and has caused considerable controversy among the readers of that magazine with the frankness and truthfulness of his poetry reviews. He is also Professor of English at Rutgers University, and directs the Breadloaf Writer’s Conference that is held each summer in the mountains near Middlebury, Vermont. Ciardi has gained great fame in literary circles for his translation of Dante’s “Divine Comedy.”
FAULKNER AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL WRITER

Joyce Anderson

An understanding of William Faulkner’s significance as a psychological writer begins with some knowledge of psychology itself. Perhaps no theory is as compatible with Faulkner’s writings as Freudian psychoanalytic theory, which has in recent years led to an almost entirely new conception of man. This conception reveals man not as a god or a devil, but merely as a human being. According to it, all men are all things, brave and cowardly, fearful and expectant, humble and arrogant. Taking this conception as a starting point, we can see that all men are capable of acts and ideas that would be defined by the more traditional concept as bad or abnormal. Psychoanalysis has explored and defined many aspects of the unconscious in man’s behavior, and has emphasized the view that every man has within himself various abnormal tendencies.

Faulkner, in his writings, has placed much emphasis on abnormality. In the light of psychoanalytic revelations, however, we can see that “abnormality” is itself the norm. Thus Faulkner’s characters are not isolated individuals in a “good” society; rather they are representative of all men, moving in a society which is neither good nor bad.

Freudian theory places the source of primitive, unsocialized impulses in the Id, which is dominated by the Ego or rational mind. The Ego supposedly seeks to control the Id by suppressing it into the unconscious depths of the mind. Abnormality, as Faulkner sees it, is the failure of the Ego to keep the Id where it belongs. Thus it breaks through into the conscious mind, and with it come the most primitive impulses in man. Faulkner is probably trying to express himself rather than attempting to affect his readers psychologically; his hold over them can be explained by such an effect.

Assuming that all men have primitive, antisocial, “abnormal” tendencies, Faulkner’s power may be said to lie in the fascination his readers find in seeing their own suppressed impulses expressed overtly through his characters. Faulkner makes good use of the psychoanalytic concept of the universality of abnormal impulses! He has, theoretically, punctured his readers’ Egos and wormed his way into the innermost depths of their minds.

This phenomenon is very much in evidence wherever he uses his stream-of-consciousness technique. It seems to presuppose the fact that all humans have, during their lifetime, common experiences, common perceptions, and common sensations. Too few readers realize, however, that they have ever perceived the world as did the idiot Benjy, or the Id-dominated perverts such as Popeye, Wilburune, and
the others. Faulkner, with his skill as a psychological writer, can overcome this obstacle. He simply forces his readers to regress. Regress to what? To understand the rambling, irrational reveries of Benjy, the reader must regress to early childhood! Most events of early childhood are not remembered by the conscious mind, but psychoanalysis has shown that they exist, very powerfully, in the unconscious. Supposedly long-suppressed because of their pre-socialized, primitive nature, the perceptions of this phase of life can be recalled through a weakened Ego. The feeling of “having felt this,” “having done this,” and “having been here before” as he sees the world through Benjy’s mind, can thus be explained to the reader. And then it dawns on him that he did, long ago, perceive the world with an irrational mind! It can be a very disturbing psycho-emotional experience.

Seldom in his profound psychological novels does Faulkner set his characters in concrete situations. Rather, they seem to move in a surrealistic world dominated by the Id. Possibly the only identification the reader can form is that which arises from having had similar “experiences” in the unexplained, often terrifying dream world. Here, according to Freud, the Id slips past the dozing Ego and gives vent to its stored-up impulses and desires in relatively harmless dreams. Theoretically, then, every human being has “lived” in an Id-dominated world.

William Faulkner, in his passion, has placed the sins of our time and our world on the microcosm which is man. We begin to feel that his anger is aimed at the helplessness with which man must bear his burden. His books are peopled with victims, if we may so call them, of the evils and disorders of this day; victims representative of all humanity. Faulkner implies that while man is doubtless endurable, he can also look forward to an existence which may not be worth living.

Andre Gide once said that not one of Faulkner’s characters has a soul. This could be psychologically analyzed as meaning that Faulkner does not look at his people as men, but as soul-less objects, as machines. Yet we notice that Faulkner himself has survived, not only the real, rational world, but the struggling, tragic world of his own creation. And we do not give up hope.
ETERNITY IN A DAY

the ell bangs and rattles outside the window
in the apartment next door two people shout at each other
and snatches of words echo and echo . . . lazy bum . . . shaddap
the honking horns and street noises rush up and add to the din.
at the stove, grey hair, bulging waist, red faced from the heat
she works over the night’s supper
the faded wallpaper her mute companions
until he returns . . .
no thoughts enter her mind save a recipe . . . where she last put
the big ladle with the burnt handle . . . the price of meat at
the grocers . . .
common thoughts to a housewife of thirty years.
the hall door opens and heavy footsteps tell her that he has
come from work
a kiss upon the cheek and a thirty year old greeting . . .
rushing to clear the cluttered table and open a can of beer for
him while he spreads the evening news to read.
a big man he is . . . gray and lined about the face . . . with the
tiredness of every day’s work in his eyes.
together they share the potatoes and the beans and the meat.
how was it today tom . . .
as usual . . .
conversation repeated for a thousand years in the lives of
these two.
well there’s a ball game tonight . . . and he goes to the radio in
the front room.
dishes done . . . sewing . . . eyes burning in the dim light
radio blaring . . . into the batter’s box . . .
turn that thing down for pity’s sake . . .
ball game forgotten he sprawls asleep in the big chair.
tom tea’s ready . . .
to bed to sleep until the morning ell bangs and rattles outside
the window
and the street noises and honking horns rush up and add to the din.
and tired bodies rise from hungry sleep to cook and dust and
work
and fall asleep again in the big chair for another thousand years.

J. J. Egan
THE LIMIT OF USE

How odd it was the pencil fell
From off the desk. It seemed as—well,
It couldn’t stop when once at edge
It should have found itself, but thought the ledge
Continued on.

Had it but known the time was right
To stop its rush, its clumsy fight
From waiting there, it yet could spell
The words of wise from in its well
Of hope.

Yet those of us do run and push our cause
Beyond the edge of use, when pause
Could help the thought’s acceptance gain.
Too loud a voice from one track, one plane
Can bind, bend, break its point.

Lynn Clapham

MILTON GREETS DYLAN THOMAS

I had my messages to diffuse,
And gave them to the world
In the manner I was taught—
In words peculiar to an Englishman.
They were fraught with my meaning and adequate.
They were well received and read then,
And scholars still persue
My poems, and quote them;
But when you came along
The world had known change.
It would have seemed strange
If you had unfurled
Your truths bound in the same hem
I used. You were out of Wales,
And your truths you hurled
In round Welsh symbols.
Thank God, for a seeing Welshman!

Barbara Troy
The mind of George Bernard Shaw is a vibrant, calculating instrument which he uses to penetrate into the Mind of Man. Yet even this instrument of almost infinite perception, having pierced the hard shell of man’s behavior, cannot find an easy solution to the miseries of society. But the force of his declamations—and the logic behind them—are enough to make men sit up and take stock of the situation, to make a new appraisal of man’s role in the mechanics of running this world.

Shaw’s plays provide a running commentary on the fallibilities of civilized societies; he points out the errors of our ways in such devastating fashion that we cannot help but cower with fright. But because his plays are commercial products, and because a point of criticism is sometimes softened by humor, his plays are filled with spice and wit. Though Shaw constantly censures man’s plans for living, his stand isn’t made with an air of superiority from a seat of omniscience nor is it done with sarcasm. He simply takes us in hand as a wise adult would an erring child and gives us a verbal spanking where it hurts most—in our seat of learning. For it is in education, claims Shaw, that we not only fail to learn that which we seek but where we become trained to unconsciously set up obstacles blocking the attainment of our goals. As if this were not frustrating enough, he then shows that even our goals are unworthy. By education is meant not only that which is assimilated in institutions of learning but what man should rightly be expected to learn in the course of a life and from the experiences of others. It covers everything from economics to religion to politics to fraternization.

The underlying force responsible for the cloud of chaos which has enveloped civilization is the status man has erroneously given government. We begin on the right foot by admitting that an enlightened government is necessary to guide our energies in the proper direction and to provide for the security of the nation. We say, in theory, that our governors should be wise men, educated in the business of governing. What happens then? After formulating the idea of an educated and responsible government, we decide that, after all, the individual should know best what he wants, what is necessary for him and the rest of society, and how best to go about getting it. So we decree that every man shall have an equal voice in determining what kind of government there will be. We create The Ballot. This device enables every man—farmer, carpenter, school teacher, laborer, ignoramus and all other levels of illiterates—to choose the men who will guide the destinies of huge nations. In other words, man has such a low opinion
... of himself that he chooses someone else to govern in his stead. Selfishly, however, we still claim that we govern ourselves. But what really happens is that the majority of the people, with little or no knowledge of political science or economics, chooses men who reflect the majority philosophy and intellect. We distrust or discredit anyone who swerves from the established pattern. Perhaps it is more clearly stated by Shaw in *Everybody's Political What's What*, where he says that “… Our pseudo-democratic tradition of government by committees and their majorities brings up sharply against the fact that majority rule is unnatural because capable rulers are always a minority.”

What confounds and irritates Shaw is man’s incessant maunderings about the freedom he enjoys in religion, politics, speech and the pursuit of happiness. Without lowering himself to vulgar and useless argumentation, G. B. S. would nod his head in assent and with a curl of the lip agree with is thus: “No, we are not slaves. We are free to do whatever government and public opinion wants us to do.” And what about this pursuit of happiness? In *Man and Superman* Shaw says that “the ordinary man’s main business is to get the means to keep up the habits and position of a gentleman and the ordinary woman’s business is to get married … You can count on their doing nothing, whether noble or base, that conflicts with these ends.” To Shaw’s obvious disgust, man is too shortsighted to see a problem through to the end. We have desires. We seek a goal. But in our attempts to set up machinery which will allow us to attain the goal, we fail miserably. We lack the intelligence to understand the situation, first of all; and because we do not understand it, the machinery really has no use. We end up in a futile state of confusion with the machinery still running and man unable to turn it off.

Shaw’s efforts appear directed toward rectifying this situation. Above all, he tries to make men think, to rationalize. His philosophy comes from the mouth of Don Juan in *Man and Superman*:

In the heaven, I seek no other joy. But there is the work of helping Life in its struggle upward. Think of how it wastes and scatters itself, how it raises up obstacles to itself and destroys itself in its ignorance and blindness. It needs a brain, this irresistible force, lest in its ignorance it should resist itself. But what a piece of work is man! says the poet. Yes; but what a blunderer! Here is the highest miracle of organization yet attained by life, the most intensely alive thing that exists, the most conscious of all organisms: and yet, how wretched are his brains! Stupidity made sordid and cruel by the realities learnt from toil and poverty: Imagination resolved to starve sooner than face these realities, piling up illusions to hide them, and calling itself cleverness, genius! And each accusing the other of its own defect: Stupidity accusing Imagination of folly, and Imagination accusing Stupidity of ignorance: whereas, alas!
Stupidity has all the knowledge, and Imagination all the intelligence.

Man never does what he claims he wants to do; he is never what he thinks he is. We say that government must be efficient. To be efficient it must have trained and intelligent personnel who are not encumbered by the greedy whims of millions of individuals. But then we make an about face and decide that, in order to squeeze a little more from government than we originally intended, we should somehow make our wishes felt. With the power to remove from office any official who does not bow to our wishes, we blast all semblance of efficiency to pieces. We claim that our capitalist economy makes it possible for any individual to raise his station in life through dint of sheer hard work, the use of practical intelligence, and the grasping of opportunity. Yet, in reality, it is the owners of the means of production and the land owners who regulate the economy, who provide the products for consumption and who influence the paths our lives are to follow. No amount of education, preparation or labor can fulfill our aspirations if it is not done in accord with these groups. The only possible way for all men to become equal is for the state to acquire all property, to redistribute it according to need, and to employ all workers.

We say that religion gives us an answer to Life, that it provides a moral code, a code of conduct, by which we can model our behavior. But, in reality, we make no practical use whatever of religion. Its dogmatic assertions, its miracles and its contradictory statements make it impossible for the average man to believe. And they make its tenets impossible to apply in everyday life. But Shaw does feel that religion is necessary, that society cannot be held together without it. As in politics, science, education, and all other phases of our culture, public opinion has a lot to do with how we practice our religious traditions. Not many people, Shaw thinks, actually believe that splashing water on a baby's head will remove any sins it might have accumulated in the course of its short life. Yet we go through the performance because it is the accepted procedure. Just so with most religious traditions. Because we bow to anything that smacks of religious order, dictators, politicians, economists, educators—anyone who wants something—can use it as a threat to hang over our heads to make us submit to their wishes.

Behind all this confusion in politics, religion and the mechanics of everyday life is the greed to be found in all men. As Shaw says, there is nothing in man's industrial machinery but greed. Greed may seem to be a strong word, unacceptable to many, yet in the final analysis that is what it amounts to. It governs our social behavior: we behave in the accepted manner not particularly because we want to, but because it enhances our reputation and helps to accomplish desired ends. We elect governmental representatives not because we believe they will further the cause of all society but because the representative, dependent upon our support for his political survival, accedes to our singular demands. We claim that capitalism is the only
feasible economic system not because it furthers the equality of all men, but only because it increases our chances of rising in the social strata. Man's abilities are misdirected, says Shaw. Instead of striving for instruments of peace, we concentrate all our efforts and money into the production of potent weapons of death.

Again quoting from *Man and Superman*: “The sympathies of the world are all with misery, with poverty, with starvation of the body and heart. I call on it to sympathize with joy, with love, with happiness, with beauty.” These are the words of the devil who, after all, speaks from a point of authority. And why should our sympathies lie in the first direction? Why should we not look to joy, happiness, love and beauty? Are not these the things which make life worth living?

**THE ETERNAL QUADRILATERAL**

U. Harold Males

I hadn't wanted to come. I had made up my mind that this was one weekend that I wasn't going to spend in an alcoholic stupor. These drunken weekend parties were getting to be a habit.

I was settled down with a good book when the phone rang. Immediately I regretted not having taken the receiver off the hook.

“Hello darling. What are you doing?” Marge Outerbridge. It was impossible not to recognize that squeeky voice.

“Reading.”

“What?”

“A book.”

“Oh, you're so clever, darling. What's the title?”

“War and Peace.”

“My God. Are you going highbrow on me?”

“What did you call up for, Marge?” As if I didn’t know.

“We're having a little party.” My guess was right.

“How little is little?”

“Just a few friends, darling. Get dressed and come on over. What the hell you wanna waste your time reading for?”

“Forget it Marge. I feel like staying sober this weekend. It'll be a novelty.”

“Don't try to high-hat me you crum,” she screeched. “You lush it up as much as any of us. Now, get the hell out here or I'll see to it that you never get another contract.”

“Since you put it that way, I'll be right out.”

“That's better. Be seeing you darling.”

That's the trouble with earning an honest living; people who don't have to earn one can foul you up with hardly any effort at all. I designed and built expensive sailing craft in a small boat yard.
People like Marge Outerbridge furnished most of my business. I went where the business was and since I knew which side my bread was buttered on, I did as I was told.

I dressed and drove out to the Outerbridge estate. The place was only slightly smaller than Yellowstone National Park. Margie's dear hubby probably had callouses from clipping coupons to support this layout. My Chevy looked out of place among all the foreign cars. A few friends... she had half the damned summer colony at the party.

I went inside and found Marge. She only vaguely remembered calling me, "But as long as you're here, you might as well get drunk like the rest of us. And if you're a good boy, I might introduce you to some people who are thinking of buying a boat." She smiled sweetly and turned away.

I was boiling. I moved over to the bar and had a couple of quick ones. These were followed by a couple more, and then a couple more. After that, the party wasn't so hard to take. I realized, between drinks, that I was getting drunk. My head ached and the perfume-filled room shimmered before my eyes. I put down my drink and went out onto the terrace, closing the door behind me.

I breathed heavily, grateful for the cool air that held back my dizziness. Lord, I hadn't intended to drink that much. I'd better pace myself if I expected to finish this party on my feet.

The french doors behind me opened. A laughing couple came out, followed by a wave of noise. They embraced then noticing me watching them, went back inside. Privacy seemed like a fine idea to me. I lifted myself over the terrace rail and dropped to the lawn. I waited until my head had cleared again, then groped my way to the rear of the house. I stumbled down a slight slope until I was out of sight of the house and sat down with my back against a tree.

My hand shook as I extracted a cigarette from my case. There was no doubt about it. I was drunk as a coot. Before I could light it, a woman spoke behind me.

"Ah, there you are Mr. Bernhardt."

I looked around as fast as my head would permit. There stood a woman in a white evening gown. I strained my eyes to identify her, but between my drunken state and the moonless night, her face remained a blur.

"Do you mind if I keep you company?"

"Not at all." Dammit her voice was familiar.

"Thank you." She sat down about ten feet from me. She was quiet for a few seconds. Then, in a quiet voice she spoke.

"I'm going to tell you a story, Mr. Bernhardt. It's a short one. I'm a married woman. Until tonight, I was also a happily married woman. Tonight, I overheard a drunken girl tell her friend that my husband has been having an affair with your wife for over a year. I thought it was ridiculous, but I looked for him to ask him about it. I found him, Mr. Bernhardt. I found him with your wife. They seemed to be enjoying themselves." Her voice became strained. "I
am going to pay him back.”

She stood up and fiddled with the fastenings of her gown. It slid to the ground. The rest soon followed.

When we had finished and were dressed again, I realized that I still didn’t know who she was. Then she began to cry softly.

“This is the first time I have committed adultery, Mr. Bernhardt. May I please have a cigarette?”

“Of course.” At last I’d find out who she was. I lit her cigarette. Well I’ll be damned, Mary Conant.

She inhaled deeply and between sobs asked, “Now what have you to say for yourself, Mr. Bernhardt?”

I lit my own cigarette. As the lighter illuminated my face, her features registered shock.

“All I’ve got to say for myself is that my name is Swenson, not Bernhardt and what’s more I’m a bachelor. But please don’t think that I don’t appreciate what you’ve done for me.”

I left her there crying bitterly and went back into the party. I had to find Lillie Bernhardt. I’d been having an affair with her myself for almost a year and just now I find out about Bill Conant. What timing on Lillie’s part! He must have been going just as I was coming. I don’t mind being one side of a triangle, but being the fourth side of a square makes things a little too complicated for my taste.

CONTRAST

The whitecap crests spit bubbling foam.
Squalls thrust the sloop. The air is full
Of wind-whipped, prickly, salty spray.
The ocean swells to meet the hull,
And gulls swoop, screeching, as the flaws
Impel them sideways, off their course.
And lashing rope, and thrashing sail
Reveal the violence of its force.

Wind turns to breeze; then breeze is stilled.
The orange sunset falls below
A smooth horizon. Mirrored, are
Dusk-softened clouds and liquid glow.

And silent sails lie slack, and there
Is not a fall and not a rise
Of quiet sea. The boat submits
Its static sculpture to the skies.

Joan S. Popke
SUNDAY WILL COME

Mary Ann Williams

Julia pulled the pink shower curtain across the rod and turned the chrome, spoke-like faucets until the water became comfortably hot. The light penetrated through the plastic protection and deposited pastel brightness on each drop of water. She felt the hot liquid roll over her body and she felt her skin tingle. Her short dark hair began to moisten as the steam curled around the enclosure. Bob didn’t like her hair that short. He thought it took something away from her femininity. But Julia didn’t like the bother that accompanied long hair and she disliked people telling her that she looked like Cleopatra. She wasn’t Cleopatra and she didn’t want long hair. And, she usually did as she pleased.

The water was so hot that she was almost laughing. Or maybe she was just happy because she was going to see Bob again. She had seen him every night this week and was going to see him every night until Sunday. Sunday! Oh, the thought of it made her sick inside. She dreaded it and wished that she could turn around and run a million miles away from Sunday.

But the coldness that crept in from the rest of the bathroom, as she turned the shower off, startled her back to Wednesday. She pulled the curtains back and reached for a towel. “Ah, this certainly is next to Godliness,” she thought, “or whatever cleanliness is supposed to be next to.” She pulled on her robe and went to her bedroom.

Her mother called to her, “Julia, are you going to use the car tonight?”

Julia felt kind of chilled as she answered back. “Yes, Mother, there are a few friends I would like to see. Did you want the car?”

“No, no, I just wondered. You have had the car every night this week. We don’t mind, but please try to get in a little earlier. You know how we worry about you when you are alone in that car so late at night.”

“Yes Mother, but you know how it is when all the kids get together. You kind of lose track of time.”

“Yes I know, well have a good time. I’m going across the street to see May. Good-Bye.”

Julia managed to get a good-bye out as she pulled the sweat shirt over her head. She brushed her hair back in place with the palms of her hands and wet her lips before running over them with a bit of lipstick. She took a kleenex and wiped everything but a light flush off her lips. “Well, I had better get going,” she thought, “Bob was expecting me a half-hour ago.”

She skipped down the stairs, took the keys out of the desk drawer and walked out the front door. Julia’s father was nestled in a wicker chair reading the newspaper. He looked up from his paper, over the rims of his glasses, and at Julia. “Where are you going tonight?” he asked.
Julia felt that same chilled feeling as she swallowed and said, “Oh, just to see some friends.”

“Have a good time, Sunday is almost here you know,” her father replied laughingly.

Sunday, Sunday, why don’t they stop talking about Sunday, thought Julia as she waved and got into the car. She headed the car West as she lit up a cigarette. The smoke rolled out of her nostrils when she sighed in relief. She always felt good when she was on her way to see Bob. Not only because she was happy to see him but she felt that none of her family, or friends that she did not care to see anymore, could reach her. She was completely independent of these people and they couldn’t get at her once she left.

She began thinking of Sunday again. She had gone to college for two years here in the city and now her parents wanted her to go away to school. They wanted her to live in a dorm and meet nice people. And they also believed that one could become involved in red channels, or shades thereof, at the school she had been attending. Now Sunday she was going to leave for school. Sunday she was going to leave Bob. But, Sunday she was also going to leave her family. They couldn’t reach her there. With this thought settled in the back of her mind she forgot about Sunday. She began thinking about the immediate. And that was Bob.

Her life had changed considerably since she had started seeing him four months ago. She had been pretty much the typical college co-ed before. Everything was just simple, ordinary, day by day living. Nothing unusual. Everything moving in the direction of a pleasant existence. But now, she had been picked out of this situation and had been placed in a situation which could sever her completely from her family and from society. She was in this situation but she had to continue to display an air befitting a young, carefree, college girl. The turmoil that went on inside her stayed there. But she considered herself the type that could be adapted to almost any situation. And whatever it called for, she could act accordingly.

She thought about the wonderful summer she had had this year. She remembered the discussions she and Bob had, the times they spent sketching and painting and the walks they took late at night. Oh, she remembered those walks. They couldn’t go very many places together. But when it became sufficiently dark they would come out of the basement apartment, a few blocks away from the University, and walk in the night air. And the people. Those cruel people with eyes bulging out of their narrow-minded skulls yelling, “Nigger, Black Bitch!” Or staring at Julia saying, “White trash! You ain’t nothing but White trash!” And they walked. They walked silently, his hand tightening over hers.

Julia didn’t notice the crowds herding in and out of the department stores and super markets, or the old gang that was gathering to spend another night in the local tavern, or the children who were pleading for a few more minutes of outside activity. She detoured around the blockade where the new highway was coming through.
without thinking. She headed straight West until she came to the University. There she turned left and passed Old Main, the Unitarian Church and the College bookstore. Julia pulled up in front of the funeral home, locked the car and ran between the traffic to the other side of the street. She opened the orange door, walked down a few steps and nervously knocked on the door at the left. She always felt a funny sensation in the bottom of her stomach when she waited for him to open the door. People said that after you see someone for any length of time the romance wears off. Although Julia and Bob’s relationship had gone beyond the romantic stage and on to the depths of a very profound affinity, all the feeling she had for him seemed to creep over her entire being and settle in her stomach.

A silhouette moved across the frosted glass window, opened the door, and said “Hi.” Julia smiled and whispered, “Hi.” Bob took her hand and led her into the apartment. He kissed her on the cheek and said, “I’ve missed you.” Julia laughed lightly. She never knew what to say when he told her that. With his hand still clasped around hers, he took her into the kitchen.

“As usual I’ve come at the right time,” Julia murmured, as she eyed the dishes stacked in the sink. He narrowed his eyes as he said, “You know very well you enjoy doing my dishes.” He took her hands in his again and continued, “and I like having you do them. It makes it seem as if you are the lady of the house. And that’s what you should be. You belong here with me.” She smiled as her eyes surveyed the floor. She left him standing there and started the water running. He went into the studio. He always painted while she did the dishes. He liked her to be around while he painted. He said she inspired him. Of course he said he painted quite well when he was waiting for her to come and also when they had arguments and he didn’t expect her to come back again. He could paint anywhere and at anytime. He once remarked that he could “paint in hell” if he had to. And he was quite certain that was where he would go if there happened to be a “hereafter.” But that, he doubted very seriously.

Julia’s hands burned as she put the dishes in the hot, soapy, water. There were a few plates, a cup and saucer, some silverware and two wine glasses that had been left from the night before. While she rinsed them and put them on the board to drain she became aware of the familiar lyrics of Leadbelly’s folk songs, coming from the phonograph in the studio.

Just as Julia was drying the dishes, Bob danced down the hall and into the kitchen. He pulled up a chair and sat there smiling at her. She finished and sat down across the table from him. He jumped up and went to the refrigerator. From there he bowed down and said, “We must celebrate, because you are here tonight.” Just as he had every other night she had been there, he brought out a bottle of Christian Brothers Cream Sherry. He set two glasses that had originally contained peanut-butter on the table. The wine rippled into the glasses and left liquid beads on the sides as it settled on the bottom. Julia put it up to her lips and swallowed some of the sweetness. She
smiled as the glow warmed the pathway that led to her stomach. Her hands and her lips felt sticky and she laughed and he laughed.

Bob circled the palms of his hands around the sticky glass as he asked, "Did your parents say anything about you getting home late last night?"

"No, nothing more than what they usually have to say," she replied. "But they just don't know where I manage to get all the friends that I tell them I go to see. I wish I could tell them where I go every night. I wish they could know you and like you and I wish everything could be okay."

"I wish everything could be okay too. I wish I could meet them and come and take you out, and I wish they could like me."

Julia hurriedly said, "Bob, I know they would like you if they could just take time to understand. But they won't. Not in all their lives could they take the time to understand."

"Yes, I know," he said looking into the brown liquid. "But if they could live long enough to look at me for what I am? If they could only see that first of all I am a human being, then an artist and lastly a Negro, they might accept me. But no, all they see is my dark skin. After a time they may see that I'm an artist and then finally recognize me as a human being."

Julia looked into his eyes and almost screamed, "But they won't live long enough!" Then she calmly added, "My brothers and sister wouldn't let them live long enough, even if they wanted to. They would take them and devour them up with all their prejudices and I would be dead to them and they to me."

Bob met Julia's hand half way across the table as he said, "They wouldn't take time to digest the situation. They are too busy mowing their lawns every Saturday, and painting their white houses each year, and drinking their fifteen cent beer. All they want is their weekly pay check so they can have all these things and so they can yell 'Give me fun, fun. Give it to me as fast as you can. Hurry, so I don't have to take time out to think.' Yes, so they don't have to take time out to think about people like me. That would displease them. You know why they don't like me, you want to know why? Because I'm not like them. People don't like things that are not like they are. And I have dark skin and they don't like dark skin and they don't like me. And the darker the skin, the more displeasing we become. Yes, I'm a Negro and I'm damned proud of it."

Julia beamed as she said, "And so am I."

Bob relaxed his grip on the glass, smiled and said "Hi."

Julia laughed as she blinked and said, "Hi."

Wine glasses in hand they walked into the studio. The single light overhead pointed to a painting in the corner. "This is my new baby," he said as her eyes followed the light. Julia did not notice the line and the color at first glance. All she could see was its magnitude. It must have been eight feet by five feet. And then the colors spread over the canvas as she concentrated on the quality. It was purple and then it was green and then there were dark forms and lines and points and
strokes. "That's my baby," he boasted, "but she is developing into a mature form."

"You mean you aren't finished with it?"

Bob shook his head.

"But how much further can you go? You will put so much of yourself into it that there will be nothing left of you."

"He stared at the painting and said, "It doesn't work that way. Yes, you do put everything you have into it until it is finished. But it gives back to you. Not the same thing, but something completely new and different. And you are a bigger person and you have more to work with. You have more than you ever had before and you can put it all into your next painting and then you get it back again and again and again."

Julia sat on the low couch while Bob replaced Leadbelly with an album of Toch. She looked up and asked, "Are there any discriminations among artists?"

"No," he replied. "That is one medium where we can all communicate on the same level." He picked up his brush and began painting.

"Then art is sort of a melting pot?" Julia questioned.

"No, it isn't. In a melting pot everyone gets together to try to iron out differences. In art there are no differences to begin with and no one is trying to do anything, except paint."

"I wish everyone was an artist," thought Julia out loud and then added, "I'm taking an art course this semester." He smiled, and then thoughts of this semester brought thoughts of Sunday. And they both looked at each other with their smiles enclosed in the past. "I'm going to miss you!" he said as he put his brush down. He came over to her and knelt down beside her. "Why do you have to go? Why can't you stay and go to the University with me? Then we could be together all the time."

"Bob, please don't make it any harder than it is."

He put his head on her lap and sighed "Julia, oh Julia. What is going to become of us? I'm afraid you are going to go away and forget me. I'm afraid I'm going to lose you."

"Don't talk like that," she answered back. "Do you think I could go away and forget you, after all this? Do you think I could let our plans slip through my fingers?" Then she closed her eyes and murmured, "Plans, oh, what plans. Our plans are just dreams. Nothing more."

He jumped up and shook her by the shoulders. "Just dreams, what do you mean just dreams? Do you think I tell you all those things just to be making conversation. Do you think I would have continued to see you and have you down here all the time if I didn't think there was any future in it?" He released his grip and said, "I'm sorry. I have no right to expect such things. This is just my selfishness coming out." He sat down beside her and continued. "I know you couldn't give up your family for me. Not for the kind of life we would have. Where would we live? I know there are some sections of the
country where we would be accepted more than in others. But there is no Utopia for people like us. And I wouldn't keep running all my life."

Julia interrupted, "Bob, I know we could manage, you and I. But what about our children, what would they be and what would they have to go through all their lives because of us? And it is hard enough for people to get married and learn to live with each other, let alone people of different races."

"And an artist on top of that," Bob added.

Julia sighed. "Oh, sometimes I think that life is so long and that I should be so careful and take care before living. And other times I think it is so short that I should live. I should have you no matter what."

Bob answered "No, it is long and you should take care. You must be awfully sure before you do anything. You are right. We have no business talking like this." He looked away.

Julia got to her feet and walked toward the window. She stopped suddenly, turned to face him and asked, "What am I supposed to do about the way I feel about you? Do you think it is something I can just turn on and off?" And then pleadingly, "Oh why do we have to worry about everyone else? Why can't we be happy?" Julia saw his eyes, filled with every bit of love he had inside him, call to her. She rose and walked over to him. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close to him. Then they felt each other's lips and they were happy. They forgot for a moment what they were thinking about before and couldn't seem to figure out what they were thinking about then.

But that moment passed and he released her and pushed her away from him. And he cried, "Get out of here, get out of here quick! Go as fast as you can, hurry!" She took a step toward him with wide eyes, and she faced his back. She saw him put his hands on his face and she saw him trembling. She turned and pulled the door open. She heard it slam as she raced up the steps. The night met her with a sudden shock. The traffic moved in front of her and she was afraid to cross the street. Tears peeked out from her eyelids but they wouldn't run any further. They just stayed there. As she squinted to try and help them go one way or the other, all the bright lights spit their contents in every direction. And her throat hurt and she wanted to spit violently back at the lights.

Julia parked the car in front of the house and slowly walked up to the porch. The lights in the house were on. Her mother was waiting up for her. Julia opened the door with a cheery "Hi." Her mother answered her with, "Well I'm glad you came in early tonight. Did you have a nice time?"

"Yes," she replied. "Will you be using the car tomorrow night?" asked her mother.

"No, I won't be using it for the rest of the week. I'm going to stay home and start my packing."

"Good," her mother said. "You know Sunday will be here before you know it."
but it was not what he meant at all for a mathematician

a time when time did not exist
symbols poured from chalk
a time when time does not exist
magnificence will walk

there was a purity in the chalk
in the mystery it revealed
as it sprang to life in symbols
as its bearer onward reeled

there was a darkness in the board
in the knowledge it concealed
and its flower was a symbol
of the evil it could wield

but the marriage of the two
was a mixture of the same
that awe struck time away
in magnificence and shame

ascending division
filled wall after wall
of a room so silenced
with time consumed awe

a tall silvered head paused
said yes
and stopped

turning
he spoke words unto only me
saying this could go on
to infinity

frozen in my obsessive chill
i would follow him
i would follow him

there was a time when time did not exist
a time when symbols poured from chalk
there was a time when time did not exist
there was a time when magnificence did walk

Max Steele
I wanted to write to thank you, Polly Ames. You will probably read this and wonder about the state of my head. “Thank me for what?” you’ll say. For nothing, really, and yet for everything. I only hope that this may help you, too, in some way. I thought about showing it to Sue before I mail it, but have decided not to. Why put the burden of forgiveness on her when there is really so little guilt, and when the cause of the episodes has produced such effect?

Do you remember the first time we met, Polly? I was the cynical-looking soul in the suede jacket who locked eyes with you, as the song goes, “across a crowded room.” It had started out to be anything but an “enchanted evening” for me, mainly because I dislike cocktail parties, especially Sunday afternoon cocktail parties. But this was an affair honoring some newcomers to the area, and Sue had reminded me, just pointedly enough, that the Mellis’s were “socially prominent” newcomers. To Sue, social prominence means even more than having money. We had little of either, and it was easier to go to the cocktail party than to listen to her verbal torrents reminding me of this.

I remember greeting our host and hostess and being introduced to pale Harvey and beaver-faced Ginger Mellis. The amenities over, I walked to the bar to fortify myself, leaving Sue and Ginger Mellis trying two snow-jobs on for size. I turned around, and there you were, looking as out-of-place in that half-hung-over crowd as a baby on a bar stool. Your hair was short, and curled the way hair was meant to curl—not stiffened with lacquer and knotted and coiled, and not tinted to match the newest shade of mink. Your dress was just dress—not meant to exaggerate what was underneath it or to fill in something that was lacking. That wasn’t meant to be a back-handed compliment. You were the most delectably desirable woman I’d ever seen, and you looked like you didn’t know it. I finally got you to look at me, too, didn’t I? It was sheer telepathy on my part. I kept chanting to myself all the while I was looking at you “make her look up, make her look up, make her look up, make her look up,” and I guess it worked. We stared at one another for a full ten seconds before you looked away again, but I kept looking at you and managed to propel myself over to where you were standing. It’s a wonder I didn’t knock anyone over on the way. I knew a couple of the jokers who were trying to impress you, so it was easy enough to sidle into the group. I had just found out that your name was Polly Ames, and you that mine was Jim Paulson when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. I turned around, and could see that Max Cooper had been waiting for me, as usual, probably to seek some free legal advice. Max’s middle initial is L., and I have always thought it should have stood for Leech. He pulled me off to a corner, and when I finally got a chance to come up for air, you were gone. So much for Episode I.
I did a little checking, though. Subtly, of course, because in the Westport area a hangnail can cause gossip. You had quite a record of achievement to your credit, not the least of which was marrying a few million shekels who also happened to be a nice guy in his early fifties. You were “oh, she can’t be much more than thirty, if that. Marge’s cousin went to school with her, and she’s younger than I am.”

Let’s face it. I had a crush on you. Although my rose-colored glasses had not been in evidence for several years, I still believed that there were good things around if you looked for them. Also, good people, though I’d seen my share of the rubbed ruins the criminal law court generates. I was near the bottom rung of the ladder in the law firm I’d joined the year before, after an unsuccessful five years of trying my hand at private practice in New Canaan. As an underling, I was accorded the dubious pleasure of defending people whose errors definitely consisted of more than putting too much vermouth in the martinis. I guess my hardened outlook was a defense mechanism. I had felt a keen disappointment when confronted with human reality. I was also an incurable sentimentalist which a lawyer can hardly let show.

After sowing my wild oats in copious quantities during college, four years in the Army, and law school, I had been more than ready to settle down. I had met and married Sue when we were both twenty-eight. She had been a Navy widow with a five-year old daughter, and I had fallen very completely in love with them both. That had been seven years ago. I had never tried to pin any medals on myself for being the ideal husband and provider, nor lover of late, but Sue and I had lost one another along the way somewhere. I blamed us both.

It was about a month before I saw you again. It was in Grinaldi’s, on Eighth Avenue, and I was having lunch there with a client who wanted to discuss his problems privately, without the chance of our running to too many gladhanders. New York can be a city of eight million blank faces to the friendless; it can also seem like old home week to those who want to be alone. Grinaldi’s wasn’t tea-roomy enough to appeal to the dieting matron in town for a day of shopping; yet it wasn’t plush enough for the expense-account padders. You could sit, and eat, and not get your check pushed into your face after the second sip of the first cup of coffee.

We were at the third-cup-of-coffee point when you walked in. You looked as I remembered you, only more vivid. You looked chic and well-groomed and vital, and you spelled “class” from your feathered hat, down past your Mainbocher suite to the tips of your pointed shoes. The man you were with must have been your husband—he guided you to the table like you were “his.” Luckily, you sat about three tables behind—John’s right ear. I could watch you and still put up a pretense of listening to what John was saying. You didn’t see me. You were too busy with your gloves and the menu and your husband He looked like a very vigorous fifty, and he seemed to be
quite smitten with you. I could understand why. All too soon, John ran out of words and signalled for the check. I outfumbled him and as we got up to leave, I tried to catch your eye, but you were busy listening to something your husband was saying. I saw twinkling lights in your lovely blue eyes. That was Episode II.

That evening on the way to the railroad station, I bought a blue chiffon scarf to take home to Sue. It was the color of your eyes, a forget-me-not blue, and I suppose I was really buying it for you. It was the first time I'd brought home a spur-of-the-moment gift for Sue in a long while. I walked into the house that evening and handed it to her, and surprisingly enough was anxious about whether or not she'd like it. I guess she was surprised, too, for her eyes opened very wide and she seemed to drop the cool reserve for a moment.

"It's lovely, Jim. Really lovely, I mean." She was too polite to ask what had gotten into me, the unaccustomed bearer of gifts.

"Oh, I just thought it would make you look Godiva-ish when you put the top down on the car. You're always worrying about your hair getting messed up, and those jobs you tie around your head look like they should be hanging out of a brakeman's pocket."

She didn't say any more, but I later caught her opening the box again and looking at the scarf. I felt a twinge of guilt. If she had known the reason I'd bought the scarf, she would have wrapped it around my neck. That night, I added another jigger's worth to my before-bed tranquilizer.

Episode III took me rather by surprise. I'd taken the early train and a bulging briefcase home one Friday afternoon and when I'd walked into our living room, there you were. Usually, entering a room filled with endomorphic, bridge-happy women doesn't bother me at all. I annoyed Sue to the point of lividity once by picking up a roll basket and waiting for a lull in the cackling to ask quietly if anyone had any eggs to contribute. Perhaps a head-shrinker would say I hate women to try to pass off such a gem, but I remember it got more cackles.

That day, I completely lost my glib tongue. I mumbled "hellos" feeling like a knock-kneed, empty-headed schoolboy with egg on my face. I doubt that my confusion escaped Sue. I was seldom at a loss for words, especially in such a receptive crowd. Did Sue see me glance your way and say "hello" and then look away again instead of giving off with my usual lascivious leer at the sight of one of her well-stacked friends? I think maybe he did. My reaction to you was the same as before. I weakly hobbled to the den, shut the door, and cursed myself for acting like such an idiotic ass. I'd had much fewer immoral thoughts about you than I'd had glancing through the pages of Playboy. I wondered what sort of look I'd get from Sue that evening.

Luckily, Sally saved the day for me. She came bounding into the den where I was working, trailing shirttails and shoelaces and tawny ponytail. "Add six years to the twelve she has now," I thought, "and she'll be trailing a whole string of boys' broken hearts behind her."
“Guess what, Dad,” she said. “I’m Vice President of the Class, next year.”

“Tremendous, Kitten,” I said. “But, then, who else could they have picked? You’re just about the best, all-round American-type girl in the whole school. The Marilyn Monroe of Westport Junior High.”

“You’re a character, Dad,” she said. She was always a great ego-booster.

Dinner was rather a catch-as-catch-can affair that night, and Sue bustled about for the rest of the evening tidying up the smoke-smelling house. She was strangely silent, and while she emptied ash trays, she wore a pensive look, as if her mind weren’t on what she was doing.

I took a brief upstairs with me and sat reading it in bed. Sue came up shortly afterwards, and as she passed my bed on the way to her own, I thought I smelled a whiff of her special-occasions perfume.

“My God,” I thought. “What’s with her?” I laid down the brief and snapped off my bedside lamp just as Sue reached for hers. Our eyes met questioningly in that split-second. In the darkness, Sue spoke, “Polly Ames is quite attractive, isn’t she?”

“Yeah, I guess so,” I said. Sue seemed in the pregnant silence to be waiting for me to say more, but I let my inadequate answer hold. Just before drifting off, I realized that I hadn’t had a drink all day.

The next few weeks brought some interesting changes in our household. In the first place, Sue had her hair cut. It surprised me almost as much as if she’d had one of her arms amputated—she’d been letting her hair grow for years, and boasted the biggest chignon in the area, which evidently was no small accomplishment. “And it’s all mine, too,”—no rats,” she used to say.

I walked into the house one night, and there she was waiting for me. It’s surprising how hair framing a woman’s face gives it a background on which the features mellow, the eyes especially softening. She looked like a different person—it took me a double-take or two to realize that she now wore her hair almost exactly the way you wear yours, Polly.

If jealousy had prompted Sue to do this—the thought was so ridiculous that I beat it quickly out of my brain. Sue was more the type to start swinging boletos, not the kind to cling, and pitifully try to imitate a supposed rival. But I couldn’t get over how unlike Sue this was. It was like coming home and finding everyone in the family speaking Japanese. For lack of a better word, I can say only that I was rather touched—the “I didn’t know you cared” feeling. But the incongruity of it wouldn’t leave me. Sue was usually pretty predictable. A definite stimulus would always produce the same reaction. But now, evidently something was zigging where it should have been zagging. I began to get a little bit annoyed. I wondered whether Sue suspected all kinds of assignations between you and me. But, good Lord, all I
did was get beet-faced one day when I looked at you. Yet, in me, that was as unusual as Sue's behavior was right now.

"I like your hair," I said. Then, feeling that I should expound a bit, "If you only knew how much I hated that bird's nest behind your neck. You always looked like you should have had a pencil behind each ear and ink under your fingernails.

"You could have told me, you know," Sue said, her eyes widening, yet crinkling a little at the corners.

"Sure. That would have sounded fine. If I'd ever told you to have your hair cut, you would have had it sewn into a shirt for me!"

I was back to my usual, charming self again. I waited for my sarcasm to boomerang back to me, but all she said was, "Come on, idiot. There's a cold martini waiting to be poured, and a steak all ready to be broiled." I meekly followed her into the kitchen. Sally was sitting at the table doing her homework, and I sat down and looked over her shoulder. Sue put the steak under the broiler, and came over to join us. I put my arm around Sally, "Kitten, you'd better take that second "f" out of terrific if you don't want your paper to look like it had the measles when the teacher gets through with it."

"Thanks, Daddy. Here, let me read you what I'm working on." Sally started reading an essay on Freedom. I tried to concentrate on the words, but my eyes kept sliding over to Sue who was making much to-do over lighting a cigarette. It's odd, but now when I look back to that evening, a warmth flows through me. At the time, I registered only perplexity and confusion.

Episode IV, the final one, happened just last Sunday. It was the briefest of them all—in fact it hardly even happened. Sue, Sally and I were on our way to the beach. Sunday was a beautiful, early-spring day, and Sue had suggested a picnic on the point by the bay. Sally was wildly enthusiastic, and I was more than mildly so, although I tried not to show it. The car's top was down, and the wind was flapping Sue's blue scarf about her face. We had to shout our words, as they were whipped away from our mouth as soon as they were spoken. Almost before I realized it, a white Jaguar raced by us, going in the opposite direction. I caught a swift glimpse of your wind-blown hair capping your face like waving subum ribbons. You must have been doing ninety.

The only reaction I registered was astonishment. Oh, I guess I'm hedging a bit—there was a twinge of sorts which I felt around the midsection, but there wasn't any debilitating agitation at all. Even the astonishment was a reflex following as unusual situation. This hell-bent-for-election bit didn't fit in with the aura of calm serenity surrounding you in my mind.

"That must be some fire she's going to," I said.

I could see out of the corner of my eye that Sue was watching me closely. "She has problems, you know. She's divorcing her husband, or he's divorcing her. No one seems to know which—or why."

49
My reaction came swiftly, and I was totally unprepared for its lack of feeling. I had thought that I understood myself, but I was wrong. It was as if I were on a train, thinking it bound for a destination, only to find myself going in the opposite direction and finding that I had really wanted to go there all the while. I began to be warmed with the insight and the first penetration of an almost metaphysical truth of feeling. Everything suddenly came flashing brilliantly into focus for me—the day, my wife, our daughter, and for the first time in a long while, myself. The car whistled down the winding ribbon of road, and we were all laughing.

TO THE SUN, FLYING

For roles I’ve played, my life has spanned a too-short time, And now before I’ve studied it or barely read the script, I find myself playing Icarus, son of Daedalus, And feel beneath my feet the Minos soil.

How long it seems, since in the Labyrinth of Crete, Which Daedalus built to hold the Minotaur, Icarus watched his father mold Pasiphae’s wooden cow Marvelling at his art with no prescience or fear, Not knowing that the charmed and royal life would end. Out of the darkness, he had come to know the Sun, The God Who walked above the mountain tops With sandaled foot so light it failed to shake the clouds, And wrapped in draperies of such golden gleaming brightness The men of Crete must turn or shade their eyes.

He played in groves whose trees in crowded closeness Threw shadows of so symmetrical unreal a straightness, They seemed as unreal as those that threatened him, And forced his father to turn to making wings.

It was a golden summer day when he, brought to the seas, And bade to stretch his hands arm-high into the air, Was lashed onto snowwhite wings with furious speed. How hard to stand on feet that longed to fly! There was scarcely time to hear the stern-voiced warning, ‘Don’t fly too near the sea! Beware the burning sun’!

Icarus, who’d known the wind and rain and flowers, Had petted small wild furry things and wild, caked birds, Now felt himself a brother to all things fleet and wild, As he lifted like a home-hunting, mate-seeking spider, Or thistledown, or small gray twilight bird.

The feathered wax curled thin and strong and light, Reflecting rainbows like high summer butterflies. Boy, still, although a god. He side-dived past a cloud, And dashed pell-mell against a foam-topped wave-crest, Then, godlike, pointed skyward, and flew straight towards the sun.
Screams fell on Crete, and echoes rank in Labyrinth;
Daedalus flailed the air, and charged into Icarus’ sky-wake;
But Icarus flew on, and laughed at melting wings.
They fell away, a rainbow west of Samos,
Forever lost in the surging Icarian Sea.

The script is old and I can read no farther
So I must block in words and bits of business,
For plays should end with a triumphant curtain.
I must think upon the Sun, the Icarus-loved Sky-God.
I know that in Him gods find their completion:
And soaring on forever, look down on Crete with pity.
Under folded cellophane wings I hesitate off-stage.
When the house-lights dim, I shall be Icarus of Crete.

Barbara Troy

kuru

yes father jackson
i believe in the trinity
in the father
(picasso shubert and shakespeare)
in the son
(pierrot the unfinished and king lear)
and in the holy ghost
(eadimo)

and i believe in satan
(magnificent in sin)
and i believe in you father jackson
(in kuru the creeping horror)
(in kuru the laughing death)

Max Steele
EDITOR'S COMMENTS

This is the first issue of *Calliope* to be published since Western became a university.

Another feature of this issue that has caused some comment, and indeed a certain amount of controversy, is that of publishing poems by John Ciardi and John Woods. According to some, this act is totally unprecedented and is not in keeping with a "student literary magazine." What, then, is the reason for publishing material written, not by students, but by "outsiders?" Questions such as this do rate an answer, and I will attempt to enumerate the reasons that prompted our action.

*Calliope* is, first of all, the campus literary magazine, and is not subtitled, as many think, the campus student literary magazine. One might assume, then, that contributions need not be limited to students alone. Furthermore, our purposes are to publish as good a magazine as is possible and to encourage students on our campus to write. One can hardly doubt that publishing poems written by nationally known poets will do anything but raise the quality and standards of the magazine. It also gives aspiring college writers the opportunity to use the poems written by competent poets as models, and we hope it will encourage students to write and submit their work for publication.

It should also be pointed out that on a national basis this policy of publishing the works of noted writers is not without precedence. In the May 1958 issue of *Mademoiselle* there is an article which states that the Yale *Lit* and various other college literary magazines are publishing the works of well-known writers for the same reasons that we are publishing them. Hence, when the editors of *Calliope* decided to publish works by Ciardi and Woods, it was not without reason, and we felt completely justified in our actions.

We must not forget the students who submitted their work to *Calliope* for consideration. Unfortunately some of the efforts are not included in this issue. The most difficult task the editor has is deciding what material will be printed and what material must be rejected. We have been compelled, by necessity, to omit some of the material that was submitted to us. It is our hope that the omission of material from this issue will not discourage the writers whose work did not quite measure up to the quality of the material that we printed, and that they will continue their writing efforts even though they were not published in this issue.

Phil Adams