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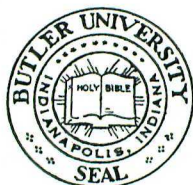
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The Day Daddy Got Married

Phyllis Gorfain

THE SUN woke me with its white light coming through the blinds. I lay in bed, alone, my blue blanket quiet all around me. I ran my fingertips over the little bumps on the white bedspread. I was being quiet and still, because it was Sunday morning. But Peter's bed was made, the white spread was pulled loosely over the pillow. He must be reading the funnies. Suddenly I drew in my breath; he was probably already dressed! I kicked the blue cover down to the end of the bed, and ran across the cold floor. Was it this Sunday? Was it? Last Sunday, when I thought it was, Daddy had said, "No, next week." Maybe it wasn't today, after all.

Nobody was in the living room. It was still shadowy in there and the curtains were closed, making the tables and sofa seem like soft brown shapes against the cold walls. I could hear the high, soft whine of water running in the bathroom. That was the only light on, and I could see Daddy through the open door. He was leaning close to the mirror, his blue robe open across his stomach and scarred chest. His face was full of shaving cream except for the shiny clean path where he had just pulled the razor. Then I knew for sure he was getting married.

Daddy never shaved on Sundays. On Sundays he wore colored shirts with big, open collars and the cleft in his chin would look black where he hadn't shaved. Then, when he went to the movies on Sunday nights, he would look just like a gangster. Peter thought that was fun. I thought the most fun was when he kissed me good-night, because then his unshaven whiskers made a chill tickle-scratch on my cheek.

His razor didn't even look like it was cutting anything. It just scraped off the cream, making the wet skin show. It was like shoveling snow right after it has fallen. You scoop up the white mounds and it is a surprise to find the raw, wet sidewalk underneath. Everytime he finished a stroke, Daddy would rinse his razor in the steamy hot water running from the faucet, its chrome clouded over with steam. The only sound was the soft whine of the water running and the steady gurgle as it went down the drain.

I watched and held the doorknob. I wanted to swing on the door, but Daddy would probably say, "Okay! That's enough!" Julie had said no swinging on doors when we moved into the new apartment. But it would feel so exciting to swing on the door and jump off fast, just before it slammed shut. I knew just the way to do it. I put one leg on each side of the door, squeezing it tightly with my knees. That was hard, because the door was so thin, and my knees hurt. But the best part was to hold onto the outside knob with one hand and push off from the wall with the other. Then, hanging onto both knobs, I could swing around in a wide arc, and jump

off just when the door slammed. That was the best part, and I was the only one who could do it.

Peter was sitting on the edge of the tub, dangling his legs. He wasn't saying anything at all. I was afraid to sit like that; it was too high for my feet to touch the floor. If you didn't balance just right on the curve, you would fall into the tub. Then you would crack your head. I knew what that would feel like. I could hear the crack. It was like the hollow dead sound when someone does a somersault wrong and their head comes down first, hitting the ground hard. But Peter could balance fine, and he wasn't scared about cracking his head at all. He just balanced there in his gray pajamas; his eyes were squinting, and his chin was puckered. I wondered if he had been crying.

Daddy still hadn't said, "Good morning, baby," like he always did.

So I said, "Hi, Daddy." I smiled at his face in the mirror.

"Hello," he said back. His voice was raspy. I wondered if he was worried, getting married. Julie was so different from us. She wasn't even Jewish. But the three of us were: Daddy, Peter, and me. So we won.

Last night Daddy said it was the last time he would ever sleep with us. Why was that? He and Julie would have a bedroom, but why couldn't he, just once in a while, still come and sleep with Peter and me? We had only two beds, now—that was why he had to sleep with one of us. But maybe, sometimes, he would still come and keep me warm, after we moved into the new apartment. But I heard the razor making its light scraping sound, and Peter and I both knew Daddy meant what he had said.

"What am I going to wear?" asked Peter.

Daddy didn't answer. He was cutting between his mustaches. He used just the end of the razor for that, making little short strokes on the part of his nose that goes between the nostrils. He twisted his mouth to do that. He had to pull his upper lip down over his front teeth, and that made his eyes go out of shape. He tipped back his head and looked down into the mirror to see the little spot, right in the middle, where there was no mustache. All we heard was the scratch, scratch, scratch of the razor on the edges of his mustache.

Ha! Julie had never seen him shave! That was a good thing, because that meant that Peter and I were his real favorites. We knew him much better than she did. After all, I had known him for eight years, and Peter had known him for nine. But Julie had known him for only two years. No matter how long they were married, even ten years, Peter and I would always know him better, because we had a head start. And we would always be his real favorites because we were really related and she wasn't.

He was done shaving now, and was splashing water in his face. He blew the water out of his nose and mouth, making a loud sputtering noise. It was like the noise a hippopotamus makes when

it gets out of its tank, blowing a spray of water against the glass of the cage. Mamma made that same sputtering noise when she washed her face, too. She made an O with her mouth and blew out the water when it came running down her face. Maybe Daddy learned how to do that from her. I wondered how Julie washed her face. I decided that after this I was going to start blowing water and making a sputter out loud with my mouth when I washed my face. Then I could be like Mamma. But I still wondered how Julie washed her face and what she was doing while Daddy was with us, shaving.

Goodbye, Mark

K. Rountree

NO AIR was stirring on that hot July night . . . the heat oozed into the studio apartment. Mark wiped his perspiring face and got up to turn the fan a notch higher. He was starting toward the kitchenette when the French doors began rattling . . . he opened them to a delightful freshening breeze.

Whistling softly, he went to the kitchenette and started to mix a Tom Collins. He could stand at the counter and reach everything he needed without moving . . . bachelor efficiency, he smirked. A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts . . . or was it the doors rattling in the wind? He finished making his drink . . . adding an extra half-jigger of gin plus a lime stuck on the lip of the glass. Looking pleased, he headed for his leather chair and sat down. The knock again . . . no mistaking it this time . . . someone was at the door.

"Why, hell, it's past twelve," he muttered as he got up. "Well, I'll be damned," was all he could say when he saw Jean standing in the doorway.

"That's quite a welcome," she said coming in.

"I thought you were all safe and sound back in Des Moines . . . what're you doing here?"

"Oh, nothing much," she said vaguely, taking out a cigarette. She waved his lighter away, and laid the unlighted cigarette down quickly.

"How about a drink . . . here's a nice fresh almost untasted one. You can nurse it while I run up another."

"No, Mark, thanks. I wish you'd sit down." Jean said this as she got up and walked over to the French doors.

"You looking for someone, Honey?"

"Yes, I really can't stay long. I just wanted to see you before I leave."

"Who's the lucky guy this time?" Mark said looking at her shapely legs.

"Lucky guy? Oh, you mean the one calling for me. No one

really. Just someone picking me up."

"Interesting . . . I'll be glad to meet the latest sucker."

"Now, please, don't be nasty, Mark . . . and besides I'm to meet them down at the car . . . they can't come up."

"Too bad. By the way, how's good old Dutch? I assume you left him at home."

"As a matter of fact, we're separated. I walked out a couple of days ago."

"The story of your life, my sweet. He lasted . . . let's see . . . two years . . . two years this coming August. I'll never forget that brawl . . . sorry, that lovely wedding."

"Look, Mark, I want to talk, not be sneered at." She got up again and went over to the French doors.

"Hey! You sit down. He—oops, they—can honk, can't they? I want to catch up on the family. How're Uncle Rick and Aunt Nora? So you and little Jean are back with them again. Sometimes I think you'd be a helluva lot better off if you couldn't run back."

"Oh, Dutch was impossible. He was drinking like a fish."

"Funny, isn't it. After you get 'em, they all become first-rate alcoholics. You're quite a gal. It would have saved a lot of good manpower if you'd been homely. What do you do to these guys? You wear out a husband quicker than I do a suit."

"You're terrible, Mark. Really you are. You make me look like a fiend."

"No, I don't think you're that. I just don't think you've got a soul . . ."

"Don't say that! Don't ever say that!" Jean's voice was oddly tinged with panic.

"Okay, I just wanted you to know that I'm still a great admirer of yours."

"Funny, Mark, that you aren't married. A tall, handsome . . . sarcastic . . ." She stopped abruptly and went over to the doors again.

"This will surprise you. I thought marriage was a farce. Lord, no one in our whole damn family takes it seriously. But I've really found a nice, intelligent girl . . . she's even good-looking."

Jean came back slowly and sat down for a moment with her head in her hands. Looking up she said, "I'm glad, Mark." Then she started to cry.

He went over to her, "Why, little Princess," he said patting the top of her golden head, "you should be glad that finally someone would have me. I thought you'd be delighted that old Danny boy would be getting into the harness."

She pushed him away, and took out her compact, retouching the tear damage to her face.

"It's just so unexpected. If you had known that Dutch and I . . . No, you wouldn't have wanted me . . . would you? Why haven't you ever liked me? I've wanted you to. Oh, Mark, if you only

knew how I've wanted you to."

"We're cousins . . . kissin' cousins."

"But we aren't. You know that. Remember how upset we both were when we found out I was adopted? You were as mad as I was that the folks hadn't told me sooner. You were so nice, Mark . . . my big wonderful cousin . . . you were all of fifteen. When I think of you it's the way you were then . . . sweet, understanding, and crying because I was so sad."

For a fleeting second, Mark was afraid he would cry now. He got up and mixed himself another drink. Jean seemed different tonight. She was so nervous and tense . . . and something else . . . she was frightened . . . very frightened, but what of?

"Hurry, Mark, I'm going to have to leave."

"So soon . . . is he here?"

She came up to him, and put her hands on his shoulders. How cold they felt through his thin shirt. He looked at her closely. There was a distant far-away look in her eyes that he couldn't understand. She stood on tiptoe and brushed her lips against his cheek.

"I loved you," she said, "I never loved anyone else." Then she was gone.

He felt stricken. He wanted to talk some more. He rushed out into the hall after her, but she had disappeared. Curious, he looked out into the street, but it was empty. He hadn't heard a car. He must have sat there for an hour.

The next morning, he awakened to a hot muggy day, and again there was someone knocking at his door. This time the knock was loud and persistent. Mark grabbed his robe and tried to straighten his hair with his hand. He found a Western Union boy waiting impatiently. He opened the telegram and stared incredulously at the words.

He lighted a cigarette . . . and shook his head trying to clear it. He read the six words over and over.

"Jean is dead . . . come at once."

He looked at the date and where it was from . . . Des Moines. He was so stunned he sat staring at the ceiling. Jean had left at what time last night . . . twelve twenty or twelve thirty? Was she heading for Des Moines and had an accident? Or did something happen to her here in Chicago?

He rushed over to the 'phone and dialed long distance. No use calling Jean's house; he'd call Aunt Nora. A strange voice answered the 'phone.

"May I speak to Mr. or Mrs. Worthington," Mark said nervously.

"Sorry," said the voice, "they are not available."

"Look, I'm their nephew. I have to talk to someone."

Then it occurred to him . . . it was Jean's daughter who had died . . . little Jean . . . that was it.

"Is Mrs. Jean Witwir there?"

Silence on the other end, then, "Why . . . I'm sorry, Sir, but Mrs. Witwir . . . she . . . that is . . . she passed away, Sir."

"When . . . do you know when she died?"

"Yes, I believe they found her shortly after midnight."

"Where was she? Where did the accident happen?"

"Accident? They found her in her room."

Mark held the receiver in his hand for a long time before placing it back in its cradle.

He recovered enough to get into some clothes and go out to his car. As he drove along, he thought about Jean's visit. She had been very nervous, and had looked tired. She had worn some sort of a pink linen dress with a matching jacket. He remembered the jacket because it had surprised him when she put it around her shoulders . . . the apartment was still very warm and uncomfortable in spite of the breeze.

He must have dreamed it all. Of course that was what it was . . . a dream! He had mixed a good stiff drink and had thought he heard a knock . . . and then he'd dozed off. It was a coincidence that he would dream of Jean at approximately the time of her death, but that happened to many people . . . perhaps there was more to this "extra-sensory perception" than he thought. He would mention this sometime to Baker . . . he was a psychiatrist and would undoubtedly be amazed that old Mark was that sensitive.

His head throbbed . . . he would try not to think about it. The whole terrible thing was that Jean was dead . . . what a waste her life had been . . . and what possibilities. She was a smart little gal . . . quick, alert, and with a terrific sense of humor . . . at least they laughed at the same things. Why hadn't he thought of these things before? That was a peculiarity of the human race . . . something catastrophic had to happen before you appreciated a person. Had she really loved him? He had dreamed she had . . . or was that just wishful thinking? Did he love her? Yes, he supposed he always had. She had a wistful, little girl charm that he found irresistible. But there were no winners in the game as she played it, so he had stepped back and watched. As the divorces kept piling up, he congratulated himself on his good sense. Now he wondered if he hadn't cheated them both. It might have worked out. But it was too late . . . he mustn't torture himself.

He drove into the circular driveway of his aunt's house. He half expected to see Jean run out. He found the downstairs deserted, so he went upstairs trying to find Mrs. Mabee . . . she had been with the family for years.

He found her in Jean's room. She cried when he came in.

"Oh, Mark, I can't believe it. It just don't seem right that Miss Jean won't be coming in any minute. I can almost hear her running up those stairs."

"How did it happen?" he said, slumping wearily into a chair.

"Well, yesterday was little Jean's birthday . . . and Miss Jean gave her a lovely party . . . had six little girls . . . balloons and everything. You know how she liked to fuss for her little girl. She loved little Jean."

"Yes, but how did she die?"

"Last night around twelve . . . little Jean called, and I went in . . . the child had a stomach-ache . . . too much party. She wanted her mother so I went in to call Miss Jean . . . and there she was . . . sitting in the chair you're in right now . . . with her head back. I thought she was asleep. Oh, it was awful . . . just awful. The doctor found an empty bottle of sleeping pills."

Mark got up from the chair and walked over to the dressing table. He was looking at Jean's picture. Mrs. Mabee came over and flipped the frame. On the other side was a picture of him. He picked it up.

"Why this is my graduation picture! I don't remember giving it to Jean."

"You didn't. Jean got it from your mother. She looked at it all the time. Just a couple of nights ago, I came in here and found Miss Jean sitting there just staring at it . . . she didn't hear me come in. She'd been drinking, and she asked me to sit down and talk to her. She was blue . . . don't think I'd ever seen her so depressed like. You see she had left Dutch the day before, and you know what she said?"

"Mae," she said, "I think the folks are always glad to have me back. Now they'll have another flock of suitors running in and out . . . and Mother will have a chance to give another big wedding. The next will be my fourth . . . I'm like having a bunch of daughters, Mae. I'm a regular three ring circus."

"Then she cried her poor little heart out. You remember that column you wrote about her when she married Dutch?"

"No, I guess I've forgotten."

"Where you said . . . just a minute I'll get it and read it to you. It's here in amongst her handkerchiefs. . . . 'My Golden Girl got married again last night . . . what a blast! Poor guy thinks he's got a wife, but he'll find he has nothing more substantial than a beautiful sunbeam.'"

"Yes, I remember it now . . . so she kept it all this time."

"Kept it . . . she read it over and over. One day she said, 'Mae, I'm a puppet with Mother and Father pulling the strings. They made me think that beauty and popularity were all that mattered . . . well, they aren't worth a tinker's damn. Only two people in this whole world know I'm a human being . . . little Jean and Mark.'"

"She gave me too much credit."

"I couldn't count the times she's told me this." Mrs. Mabee wiped her eyes on the edge of her apron. "It was right after her first divorce, and you pleaded with her to go to college. You wanted

her to come to Chicago . . . you said you'd help her with the studying."

"Why didn't she do it? I gave up when she kept marrying all those bums."

"She didn't come to Chicago because she wouldn't leave little Jean. One night when she'd been drinking too much, she told me she was scared . . . scared she'd fail and then you'd be sure she was a dumb little blond."

Mark got up slowly and crossed the room, then turning around he said, "What was she wearing last night?"

Mrs. Mabee looked up at him, "Why she had on a little sleeveless dress. She was wearing it when I found her."

"What color was it?"

"Why it was pink . . . with a little pink jacket."

Mark drove to the mortuary in a daze. He sat in the car trying to collect himself before going in. He didn't know whether he could take seeing her now . . . but he had to. Somehow he felt a compulsion to see her . . . to look at her. Maybe to prove to himself that she was really dead.

He walked into the building and was relieved when the receptionist told him that the body was not to be shown until the coroner had checked everything thoroughly. Mark felt like he had had a reprieve. Pulling out his handkerchief, he wiped his perspiring forehead. As he put the handkerchief back, he felt a round metal object. He felt it again and took it out of his pocket. It was the compact he had picked up from the endtable at the apartment!

He got into the car and drove back to the house. Uncle Nick and Aunt Nora were still not around. Mrs. Mabee had said they were resting. He again searched the house for her. This time she was in the family room dusting. As he approached, she came over to him.

"What's the matter, Mark . . . did you see her?"

"No, but do you recognize this?"

"Why, yes." She took it gently from him and put it in the palm of her hand. "This is Jean's compact . . . little Jean gave it to her last Mother's Day."

He sat down, taking a long drag on his cigarette.

Retrospect and Thought

Tamalyn Haines

The news has come.

Attack?

Is it true? Oh, no God, no! Not now.

I sit back in the chair, my hand fingers the straw in my glass. Why?

Why am I doing this? I should cry, or something.

I want to laugh; why do I want to laugh? That isn't what I should do. . . . Oh, I feel so strange. Not empty, not scared, not any way I should feel.

3×2 is

Isn't that funny? When I was a little girl, and I bumped my head or something, I always said the multiplication tables as fast as I could, just to make sure my mind was all right, that everything was as before. . . .

People, people always running, screaming. Why? What can we do? What can they do!

Where should I go now. To a basement. A basement. . . . When we were very young and a bad storm came up, Mother always made us go downstairs, even in the middle of the night. One time we ate our breakfast huddled beneath Daddy's carpenter bench. It was damp and dark, but we were safe. . . . Safe? . . . Safety where? . . .

"Come on. Quickly, hurry! You must!"

"No, let me alone, please! I'll be alright." . . .

. . . . No, I won't, and neither will you. But what does it matter? What does it matter. . . .

The room is empty, now. Such a big room. Lots of tables, even more chairs. The windows are open . . . a breeze, sheer, floating curtains. Spring.

Leaves, grass, a lilly.

I want to go outside.

There is noise; there must be noise. Why can't I hear it? Where are the people? I can't see them. Have they left? Why are they gone? . . . I Know, oh yes. I Remember. . . .

Grass-green-bright.

Blue-sky-bright.

The world is bright, shinny silk. My heart . . . so dark now it seems. Soft grass, a little bush, it has a flower. Not a rose, not a rose. What kind? I don't know. . . .

4×4

Once I had a flower, a bunch of flowers.

My corsage.

They were small and delicate, and I felt so small and delicate like my flowers. Prom. A prom, magic night . . . beauty. Stars and wind. A dress so light, white and smooth . . . it was silk, a cloud. . . .

A cloud. I wonder if they see that cloud. Do they, of course not. People, just like me.

A girl over there who looks up and sees that cloud. She has a home, a family. . . . Just like me. . . .

Is there a difference? She is one of them, but never one of us.
She and I . . . Different.

Family. . . . Mother. . . . Daddy. Oh! Where are you?

Home—How? I must call. Phone. Phonebooth.

Dime—Liberty. For Liberty it is. For Liberty all shall be.

"Mother? . . . Mother, it's me."

"Where are you?"

"Here. I can't get home, don't try to come for me. You wouldn't make it. Where's Daddy?"

"He called; he's at work; he won't be home. We're alone."

"Yes, we're alone. . . . Mother, . . . Mother, I love you. I love Daddy, and I'm sorry for anything I've ever done that wasn't right. Mother, . . . I'm afraid."

"I know, so am I. Try not to be. It's hard, but it won't be long now. Time is short. Be Brave. God will watch over you, and Honey, I love you too."

"Good-by, Mother."

7 x 3

Good-by.

I'm alone. Oh, God, I'm alone now. "God will watch over you."

No, no, He won't.

He doesn't care. If He did we wouldn't die. Not this way.

Fists, anger, tears.

a sign

"Is there someone you've forgotten to call?"

So cheerful, so bright—Why? Why can't it feel the same way I do. Beat it! Hit it hard. Make it hurt the way I hurt.

1+0

Time. . . . "Time is short." How much? Very little. What shall I do now? Funny, but somehow I never thought of death.

Not me. Oh no, never me!

Oh yes, I realize of course that we all die, but me?

Immortality.

As long as I'm around surely not this.

Tears, why tears? Wipe them away.

They splash down, and fall to the dust of the ground.

Dust—Tears.

No use for either. Men dust. I am dust.

The Bible says.

If dust . . . no purpose . . . then what use am I?

Why? Why?

Here I am, I live, I breathe, but not for long

I am going to die. . . .

Oh, God! It isn't fair. Not now.

1+1

Love—I have never felt for anyone.

Marriage never. A baby? No. . . . Never for me. Not now. . . .
Not ever. . . .

We Die. . . .

Were we of any good ever? Did we really deserve to live?
Deserve to live, for What?

Immortality?

Once I remember struggling through a course at school,
the teacher says again, "Division by zero is undefined."

Zero— nothingness — infinity. . . .

$\frac{X}{0}$ = Life and Death, the unknown quantities.

$\frac{0}{0}$

The Dream

Helena Marie Boukes

AS SHE sat on the side of her bed, the obsession melted away, drifting into nothingness, leaving in its wake a mysterious awareness of complete peace. For fifteen minutes she sat there, thinking, wondering, dreaming. It had started fourteen years ago.

She and her husband had been driving on the highway, like two separate individuals, immersed in their own thoughts. "Why did he have to drive so fast, passing everyone?" There was no hurry on Sunday afternoon. Now he was going to pass someone else, taking a chance. She never looked at the car they passed, for she felt embarrassed, foolish, rushing along. In desperation she gave up, accepted the situation, and began to rationalize. If her friends knew, they would shake their heads at her philosophy, pretending this was right, to drive as fast as possible. The attempt to be casual about it was her only defense, "Oh well, we have to die sometime." Frivolous, but she refused to nag, no use anyway.

A thought, uncommonly clear, went through her mind: "He has just five more years to live." She sat there, still, looking straight ahead as they sped past another car. The man honked his horn. Her husband cut in quickly. She sighed, and looked calmly at the beautiful scenery beside the open road. The vivid thought was still with her, and she became aware that the words were burning themselves into her mind; sinking into the depths of her subconscious well.

Days passed, sometimes drearily, monotonously, dishes to wash, meals to cook, beds to make. There were children, two little bright-eyed girls, and she smiled as she worked and trained them. Only at night when they were in bed and she was alone while their father worked, her smile faded, she became serious, sometimes cried. The breach widened, the days dragged, her feet felt heavy.

Then help came, encouragement, smiles, laughter and hope. "We

will try again," they agreed. There were picnics, friends, good times. Five years passed quickly.

It was a bright Spring day, just right for a trip. The scenery along the road was beautiful, the trees were lacy with unfolding buds, and pink streaks appeared in the blue twilight sky. A sudden red blur, fringed with orange, consumed her mind, nothing more. She lay stretched across the road; a man kneeling beside her held her hand. Her husband's broken glasses were in front of the stranger's car. The ambulance came quickly; more men carefully lifted them up, and then a month in the hospital for her, a few days for him.

To be able to walk again, to clean the cobwebs out of the registers, sweep and dust; it was good just to be home. But the house was lonely for her, a young widow. At first friends were sympathetic; there were compensations, unexpected surprises, visits, and gifts. Days passed, nights lingered. Then back to the hospital for birth. Her husband never knew he was to have had a son. Now more work, more things to be washed, and problems to be decided; still the emptiness, a void, more sighs, and waiting.

It was a bright day at some old friend's house when renewed hope unfolded. A stranger became a friend, more than a friend, then romance. Now the days were long, and the evenings warm. Friends smiled and nodded their heads, the three children beamed, and once more the family was complete.

Two years passed quickly, pleasantly, happily, old tensions began to fade. Then suddenly, coldly, the old thought revived. "He has five more years to live." Horror! No! Just a recollection—a twisted, ugly stream seeping up from the subconscious well. She laughed, cynically. Impossible! No reason, just a nightmarish memory! Still it persisted, not violently, just slowly, softly, once in a while, and she pushed it aside.

Four years vanished. The children were growing up, there was school and extra lessons. They saved for the future, for college, and a late honeymoon. But the thought continued, secretly, there was no confiding this! It was too ridiculous! She fought it and it grew stronger. In February they would be married seven years, but even before Christmas the thought had crystalized into a consuming obsession. It never left her alone, pursuing her, taunting her, tormenting her. Now she was frantic; she must get rid of this ghost, this childish, foolish, heinous creature, grabbing at her, tugging at her skirts every wakeful moment. She would get rid of it now! She would pray! She had done so successfully in the past, but now there was no relief, no conscious sign of help.

She contemplated another method of attack. "I know," she cried, "A dream! A dream so vivid, so frightening, so real that it will shake this demon off me!"

Breathing deep with her inspiration, she slipped into bed, beside a calm, sleeping husband. She lay stretched out straight, smiling,

rather excited. Inwardly she cried out, almost screamed, "Oh, God send me that dream tonight!"

Sleeping well, she awoke early, and her first thought was to recall the dream she yearned for so. Hopefully she searched her mind; fearfully she refused to give up, she searched again. No luck! Did prayer work? Her spirit sank. Now she doubted, slightly for a moment. "No," she thrust the foreign thought from her. "I do believe, but I can't command! It will happen, something, I'm sure!"

All morning she was dreary, dragging her feet, sighing, pushing at the persistent thought of failure, trying to separate herself from the foreboding evil with some kind of inspiration. None came. Still weary from her burden, she sat on the side of her bed after a short afternoon nap.

"Mother," called the oldest little girl from her bedroom.

"Yes, Dear."

"Oh, Mother, I've been meaning to tell you all morning. I had the funniest dream last night," she laughed brightly.

"What was it, Dear," asked the mother.

Children's dreams were always so boring, dragging on, aimlessly, while there were so many things waiting to be done.

"I dreamed that there was a skeleton loose in the neighborhood. It was chasing everyone," the little girl laughed again. "Then it came in our house and began to chase us."

The mother sat up straight.

"It chased us around and around the house, and we were so afraid because if it caught us, we would die!" she paused.

The mother held her hand on her chest, afraid the child had forgotten the ending.

"Then, the skeleton sort of melted, Mother, on the front room floor, and it had a tag tied to its backbone. I went up to it and read the note."

By now the mother was holding her breath.

"The note said, 'I will go away, but I will return in seven years'."

The little girl giggled, "Wasn't that a funny dream, Mother?"

The mother started breathing again. "Yes it was, Dear."

Seven more years! By then she would be able to shake off the vicious curse. Now the obsession was gone, dissolving into nothingness, leaving in its wake a mysterious awareness of complete peace.

INHERITANCE

I leave to you a certainty
 that boundary lines mark ill from good
 and flags reveal a right from wrong;
 I send to you assuring sense
 of life secure from poverty
 and aching pleas of sorrow's song;
 Bequeath to you becalming boon
 of saving freedom to renounce
 sun-searching thoughts that all defame;
 And more the sanction to insure
 protection on what paths you choose
 for winning all which is your claim:
 And also yours the right to live
 in chosen order undefiled
 by cries of men clothed in despair;
 As final gift I leave you ease—
 a world where mournful winds are stilled
 storm-freeing you in deadened air.
 These all I leave to you, my son—
 Forgive me

—KARL GWIASDA

What is Beauty?

Paul K. Davis

BEAUTY is the goal of man's creativity. There are many kinds of beauty; each artist creates in his own style. There is the beauty of an elegant explanation of observations, the beauty of an efficient government improving the life of its subjects; there is beauty in a religion which removes the uncertainty and fear from life and in a philosophy which breaks the bonds of narrow prejudices; there is also the beauty of music, painting, and architecture.

Most people would admit that there is beauty in painting, poetry, music, architecture, drama and dance and that their pursuit is specifically for the sake of beauty, but few recognize that in most of man's activities there is an element, large or small, of the desire to create beauty.

Religion is devised to lead men to a more beautiful life. This has been true throughout history and is true throughout the world. A witch-doctor chants his spells to drive away sickness or to bring rain for crops to grow. Elijah, seeing Israel in ugly subservience to Baal, demonstrated the folly of worshipping that idol by calling down fire from him of whom it was written, "How beautiful are thy dwelling places, O Lord of hosts!" Jesus advised his followers to love one another as part of his leading them to a more beautiful life;

"I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." The goal of the Communist movement is a world state in which everyone would live a better and more ideal life under the guidance of the Communist party and theories.

The scientist regards as beautiful the most perfect descriptions and explanations of the phenomena of the physical world. A scientific theory is as much a work of art as Bach's *Magnificat* or the church of Santa Sophia. James Clerk Maxwell set down four symmetrically related equations; from these he could derive all known laws of electric and magnetic fields and optics as well as predict a wealth of new waves including radio waves and x-rays of such importance to our modern world. Sir Isaac Newton discovered one law of gravity which explained why apples fall, how the moon can circle the earth, why the earth is round and how people on the other side avoid falling off. Albert Einstein, disturbed by an experiment contradicting the theory of the ether and also by a discrepancy between Maxwell's equations and Galileo's concepts of motion, created his special theory of relativity which explained not only these difficulties but also a peculiarity of the orbit of the planet Mercury and made predictions not all of which have yet been tested, including the famous mass-energy relation which has led to atomic power. These are but a few of the specimens of beauty from just one of the sciences.

Beauty offers a common explanation for the many varied pursuits of man, but this is only one of the two sides of a coin. On the other side is the inscription, "What is the criterion of beauty?" What style should the musician think most beautiful? Which religion is best of all the the faiths theologians and mystics have followed? Is the scientist's theory to be accepted or should he produce more complicated equations? Is it better for the statesman to negotiate or invade? We inquire whether there is not an absolute criterion for answering these questions.

The scientist can submit his theories to the test of experiment as can the statesman. If a theory does not hold true in practice, it is not true. This test, however, begins to break down for the theologian who can indeed see whether those who hold his dogmas lead a better life, but who cannot see whether upon death their souls are given access to any paradise. A statesman, too, even though he watches carefully the effects of his laws and decrees still has no proof of whether the results are in fact desirable. The musician or poet can gain nothing from any objective experiment to indicate the beauty of his composition. In fact even the scientist, for whom experiment is most valuable, often devises valid theories without experimental proof of all predictions and after he has found a law he may still ask, "Would not nature's rules be more beautiful if this law were replaced by another?" In our ability to compare our creations with the real world we therefore have an absolute criterion which can go half, but only half, of the way to beauty. But what of

that other half?

Mendeleyev knew from the experiments of others of an assortment of chemical elements of various atomic masses, some with similar and some with varying chemical properties; where did the idea come from that they could be arranged in a table in order of increasing mass with elements of similar chemistry falling into columns? Mozart had a certain set of instruments capable of playing a certain set of notes; how was it that these became organized into the Jupiter symphony? Oedipus, king of Thebes, unwittingly killed his father, married his mother and blinded himself when he discovered these deeds; how were these facts transformed into Sophocles' powerful drama of a man in the grip of fate?

The world around the artist leads him half of the way to beauty, but for the other half of the distance he must guide himself. Religion is dead if it does not express the devotion of the believer. Music is empty if it does not convey the feelings of the composer. Scientific concept is probably useless if it does not come from the scientist's best understanding of observation. It is of the essence of beauty not only that it agrees with the facts of the world we live in but that it also comes from the soul of the artist himself; thus half of the criterion for beauty has no objective answer.

The creation of beauty is the task of man's activity; beauty conforms to the facts of the real world, and yet beauty is personal.

Heaven in Moderation

Clarice Noland

"HELL IS full of good meanings and wishings," states George Herbert. William James expresses the thought in other words—"With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved." In his short story "A Country Doctor" Franz Kafka's main theme deals with the ineffectualness of a doctor's good intentions because they are selfish and because the doctor unconsciously delights in his self-appointed role of the righteous martyr. The theme of the story concerns the alienation and frustrations of man in seeking to help others, and Kafka presents the idea that one often does alienate the very person one is trying to help. But do people want help? No, according to Anton Chekhov. Most people want illusions; they fear the truth. If one does not or cannot face truth, one is forced to create a framework which will not only shield one from the truth, but also allow one to fabricate new ideas and new ideals which will replace the dreaded truth. To achieve this Utopian state one must crawl back inside himself so that he is no longer bound to the outside world; he must sever all connections with it. As time passes and one is more and more embittered, one finds more and more pleasure in his fanciful heaven where he is God, the Almighty. Perhaps this individual did not mean to replace God; perhaps in the beginning or even now he would be horrified at the

idea of usurping the Lord, but he has or he will. Now it is "my will be done," and the person is omnipotent in his Shangri-la; he is everything and has everything which he felt he lacked in the outside world. In his little Elysian paradise he is handsome and brilliant; women throw themselves at his feet, and he treats them with the same scorn with which he thinks they regard him in the real world. Or perhaps he is the best magician or musician, novelist, journalist, artist or lover. In any case, he is supreme in his world, and here he has control—he decides cases, hands down life or death, exacts an awful revenge. This is his world and he runs it to satisfy his emotional needs. Gradually he becomes like an actor living the part he plays, and finally he is trapped, never to return from the tragic result of his innocent Walter Mitty complex. Call this state Olympus, Elysium, Valhalla, Nirvana, Heaven, or whatever you will, but it is the same state of illusion which overtakes all those who try to hide from the truth. E. M. Forster and Nathaniel Hawthorne both expounded the idea that man's greatest intelligence is intuitive or imaginative and that the greatest knowledge which man possesses is gained by an insight through the imagination. But surely this can be too greatly exaggerated. How much do people pretend? How much hypocrisy is there?

All of us live, to some extent, in an imaginary world. Little by little we may become preoccupied with thoughts of another person, of a much longed-for position or of a goal, and we may slip off more frequently into our dream world so that that for which we yearn may be realized, if only in our minds. After a long period of time the real and the imagined may become confused, intertwining and mingling so that we are not certain what is actual and what we have dreamed. One common example of this which almost everyone experiences at least once during his youth is the situation in which we become so engrossed in thoughts of a person whom we idolize, adore, and think we love that our image of the person becomes confused with the real person. We are shocked and deeply hurt when we at last discover the great differences between the real and the imagined. The impact of the realization of these differences may cause us to return to our dream world and to re-enter reality at increasingly greater intervals. Reality, at least some aspects of it, seems to hold some unspeakable terror for us that we must avoid at all costs. We run deeper and deeper into the inner recesses of our minds until we are lost. Is this the great intelligence that Forster and Hawthorne hold will be gained from the imagination? Is this the fate of all who dream of their lovers, of their cherished ideals, or of those who dare enter a world of imagination?

As is proved by the myriad of inventions, reverie can be a transitional step to the highest plane of creative thought, and imagination can unveil great ideas. The great poets and authors are also the great dreamers. But even as a thin line separates genius

from imbecile and love from hate, imagination can lead one upwards to the stars or cast one down into a mire of self-created sorrows. The imagination must be used in moderation, for as a drug or any medicine, too little produces no effect, and too much may be fatal, while the correct amount will bring desirable results. As in the old saw, "one must not let imagination run away with one." Used carefully and constructively and without the selfish motives of escape, rationalization or self-magnification, imagination may give man an insight of the universal truths. But the use of this faculty, held by some to be more precious than learning, must be careful. When people learn how to correctly use their imaginations to find greater truths instead of escaping truths, to find a greater knowledge and sympathetic understanding of their fellow man instead of searching for a Utopia in which to hide from reality, they will not fear the truth. People will no longer have any use for illusions, and man will not hesitate to help his brother, nor will his brother refuse his hand.

The Rains of April

Janet Newton

IT IS ALMOST April again. Already the rains have begun, the heavy dark rains that send the waves crashing against the rocks. The narrow beach lies crowded between the rocks and waves; and sometimes dark green shells, reeking of the mysteries of the ocean, are washed ashore. Each time I see a shell or hear the roar of the pounding surf, I begin to remember things I have tried to forget; they come back to me still in April. . . .

It was in April that Angie and I met for the first time—she, already at nine, tall and graceful with a promise of beauty, and I a small, awkward child with little to say. We often played on the rocks while the sea remained calm and the clouds were tired of weeping. When the waves came to life again and the skies forgot their weariness, I hastily departed for home, leaving behind a turbulent, angry sea. Angie, however, loved the stormy days and often stood on the cliffs overlooking the ocean, staring in wonder and excitement as the huge waves thundered against the shore, until there was no beach at all, only sea—everywhere the hungry, grasping sea. To Angie the sight was wild and wonderful, and she laughed at my childish fancies of watery graves.

The April we were seventeen found us once more on the rocks. The sun shone over the white beach, giving it a strange luster as if each tiny grain of sand were a pearl, stolen from caves of the deep. The sunny rocks gave off a warm, lazy heat, and the sea was calm. Yet in spite of my relief at the stillness, I felt a tiny trickle of fear inside. It was odd that there had been no storms that April. I wondered why, and a premonition of impending evil brought back my old fears. Then Angie began to speak, and, intent upon her words, I discarded my gloomy thoughts.

"Oh, Sarah!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with the note of breathlessness it always held when she was speaking of something pleasant. "This is going to be a wonderful April. I can just tell."

"How can you tell?" I asked idly.

"Why, it hasn't rained yet, dopey," she teased.

At the mention of the rains, I frowned. Seeing my worried expression, Angie grinned.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" she said. "Still afraid of watery graves?"

I flushed. "Of course not. It's just that I have a funny feeling something is going to happen."

"You bet something is going to happen! Oh, Sarah, I was going to wait, but I can't." "Sarah," she whispered, "I'm getting married."

I stared at her in astonishment. I had known she was serious about the boy, Chuck, whom she was dating. He was a college man, and she claimed she was in love with him; but Angie was only seventeen.

"It's true," she insisted, and, slipping off the rocks, she waltzed around the beach, her feet kicking up clouds of sand wherever she danced. I longed to join in her frolic, but I was clumsy on my feet; and I dreaded the sound of Angie's laughter at my feeble attempts to imitate her gracefulness. So I only sat on the rocks and watched her as she whirled to the music of her own clear singing.

How beautiful she is, I thought with a prick of envy. Again, for perhaps the thousandth time, I wished that I were like her.

To Angie the whole world was good. She shut her eyes and mind to the ugly things of life. For her they did not exist. Anything she wanted was hers simply because she wanted it.

"What would you do," I once had asked her, "if someone whom you believed in betrayed you?"

"It couldn't happen," she declared.

"But if it did?" I persisted.

Angie had answered with the patient indulgence that a mother accords her young child's silly queries.

"I'd throw myself off the cliff into that watery grave you're always talking about."

She spoke lightly, but there was a strange look of seriousness in her eyes.

"Hey, plain one, come on out of your trance and let's go eat."

Startled, I looked up to find Angie watching me curiously. Immediately a cold wave of resentment washed over me.

"Don't call me that!" I flared.

Angie's eyebrows rose in surprise, but she only skipped merrily down the beach. After a moment I followed her, trailing my feet in the sand until the pebbles caught between my toes. Once again Angie turned. "Hurry up, slow poke!" she called impatiently. Seeing that I did not lift my head, she shrugged her slim shoulders and went on.

Maybe it was that afternoon that I, feeling keenly my own lack of grace and charm, and seeing hers, began to hate my best friend. Perhaps, the jealousy had always been there, buried beneath the amenities of friendship, but waiting for the time when, like a snake, it could rear its ugly green head between Angie and me. All the times that people had stopped to look at Angie and exclaim, "Isn't she beautiful!" came back to me. I had stood forlornly by her side, hating the gushing compliments that were always for Angie, never for me.

As the days slowly passed, my self-pity grew. I twisted even Angie's most innocent remarks into words filled with derision and scorn—until I actually believed that underneath her friendship she had always been laughing at me. Often I did not go down to the beach to meet her at all, but sat alone in my darkened room and brooded, wanting fiercely to repay her for the imagined wrongs she had done me.

One Saturday morning, however, unable to resist the inviting sunshine and the warm water, I flung a towel over my shoulder and headed for the beach. I was stretched out on the flat rocks when suddenly a voice above me exclaimed, "Sarah! I hoped you'd be here today. I want you to meet someone."

Anger surged through me. Couldn't she ever let me be!

Opening my eyes, I saw that Angie was not alone. A tall, dark-haired boy stood by her side.

"Hi," he grinned. "I'm Chuck."

I knew as I looked at him that he was all wrong for Angie. He was too handsome, too perfect, the kind of person who loves only himself. Someday he would hurt Angie without knowing and, even worse, without caring. I felt a strange satisfaction at my thoughts. When Angie invited me to her party, I agreed to come. . . .

The ceiling was covered with brightly colored balloons, and the whole house had an air of gaiety about it. Angie had asked me to come early. I pushed open the kitchen door, to find her sitting on the window ledge with her hands clasped around her knees.

"Sarah," she softly said, "Chuck and I are to be married soon. Oh, Sarah, do you know what it is to love someone so much you could die if they ever hurt you?"

Jealousy filled my mind. "How could I?" I wanted to scream at her. "No one ever notices me. It's always you."

That was true. It wasn't that I was so plain, only that Angie was so beautiful. The doorbell interrupted my thoughts.

"Answer that, will you?" Angie asked.

The door opened to reveal Chuck standing there, looking tall and handsome.

"Well," he said, quirked his eyebrows, "don't you look pretty!"

I blushed and couldn't meet his eyes. I was certain he was only teasing me, but his words filled my heart with a warm, happy glow. Later on, dancing in his arms, I wondered why he was paying so

much attention to me. I pretended not to notice Angie's anxious eyes following us. Chuck would return to Angie sooner or later, but for now he was mine. I smiled at her unhappy gaze. Chuck was watching me with a look that made my heart pound.

"Let's go out on the terrace," he suggested. "It's hot in here." I nodded, unable to speak. The moon cast its silvery shadows over the beach, investing every object with a strange, Alice-in-Wonderland quality. Chuck's face seemed very close as he leaned over me.

"I like you, Sarah," he murmured. "You're something sweet and lovely."

His words echoed in my heart as he kissed me.

There was a low, strangled sob behind us. We turned to find Angie standing in the moonlight, her eyes dark and stricken. She stared at us wordlessly for a moment; then she turned sharply and ran down the stone steps to the beach below. A sharp twinge of pain assailed me. Without even explaining to Chuck, I ran after, calling wildly, "Angie, Angie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it," but I could not find her, and soon darkness crept sinisterly over the beach. Exhausted, I sank to my knees in the sand. Ugly, black clouds were gathering. A bolt of lightning struck a near-by rock, outlining its jaggedness against the sky. The waves were coming in now; they reached greedily for the sandy beach. All my old fears of the sea came back to me. The waves rose higher and higher, and, wild with grief and fear, I began to run. I did not stop until I reached my own door. I dared not think of Angie.

"She'll be all right," I told myself. "She'll be all right. She loves the sea."

The phone rang early the next morning; and I knew, I knew even before I answered it. I don't remember everything the woman said. The cliffs, Angie dead, and she wanted to speak to my mother.

Chuck and I never told anyone what had happened that night on the terrace. We saw each other at the funeral and did not speak, for we could not meet each other's eyes. He went back to college the next day, and I have not seen him since. I do not want to.

Everyone has been very kind to me, and even now, after a whole year they tell me: "You mustn't feel guilty that you couldn't help her. After all, you didn't know she was out there." That's the part I still can't get past. That's where it all stops and begins all over again, because I did know she was there. Deep down in my heart I knew that Angie would be on the cliffs in a storm if she were troubled. Every time I hear the waves pound the rocks, I hear Angie's voice again, speaking the words of long ago, "I'd throw myself off that cliff into that watery grave you're always talking about." I remember the seriousness of her eyes, and I know. Angie could never have slipped off the cliff. She knew those rocks too well. Angie had jumped, and my betrayal had caused her to jump; but it is not this that makes my days and nights a time of torture. No, there is something else which keeps the fear and guilt locked inside me. Often I

ask myself, "If I had gone to her, if I had braved the cliffs that night could I have stopped her?" Then, like a cold dash of water, the thought flashes across my mind, "Would I have stopped her?"

Derby Day

Patricia Burger

FROM WHERE I stood, several yards from the far turn, shielding my eyes against the brilliant afternoon sunshine, I could see the twin spires of the grandstand towering high into the vivid blue Louisville sky. Sitting up there in the shade of the grandstand were the wealthy, the horse owners, the society people and all others who could afford over five dollars for a seat. They were indistinguishable now, part of the faceless thousands who were dashes of bright color on the gaudy picture spread before me. The brick wall across the track that shut out Churchill Downs from the city didn't stop non-paying spectators from viewing the picture from their roof tops.

The milling crowd around me filled the worn infield to overflowing. Here the sight was more distinguishable than the faceless dabs of color in the grandstand. People, white and brown, in skirts and blouses, sundresses, suits, shorts, sport coats, checked, plaid and striped shirts, straw sunbonnets, caps, hats and sunglasses were walking, sitting, standing, running or sprawling on the ground. Most were talking and laughing, others were shouting about a win, a few were sitting in silent disappointment, and some, like me, were merely waiting for the next race, the seventh race of the day.

Near me, sitting on a large blanket, was a group of young people vivaciously talking among themselves as they gulped beer kept in a large red cooler. Behind them sat an elderly couple, checking their programs while eating hot dogs oozing with mustard. A man sporting a white cap pushed his way forward calling, "Mint juleps . . . get your juleps here," as he held up a green frosted glass. He nearly ran into an old man slowly wandering past with his eyes on the ground in hopes of finding ticket stubs people had dropped. From my left came the dissonant notes of several bleary-eyed race fans enjoying the effects of too much tipling. Around them raced two children with cotton candy plastered on their open mouths. A drunk fell off his bench, landed on his back with feet in the air, and grinned as he triumphantly held his bottle aloft and safe. The man snoring beside him snorted and settled his racing form securely across his sun-blistered face in disgust.

I took a sip of the warm coke I held in a small paper cup, but it did little to relieve my thirst caused by the hot May sun and the pressure of the crowd. My thirst was a scratchy, parched annoyance starting in the back of my throat, making my tongue a lifeless lump of dried sponge. The departing view of that frosted glass with the green mint leaf caused the sponge to shrivel more as I idly wondered

how anyone could eat hot dogs on a day like this.

But suddenly the juleps, hot dogs, and thirst were forgotten as the sharp, clear notes of a bugle sounded above the dull murmur of the crowds swarming in the infield. The notes spilled out into the hot air with precise, staccato rhythm. "Ta-Ta-ta, ta, ta-Ta." Even as they played, the crowd's murmuring grew greater, and multitudes of brightly hued race fans moved toward the track. Stripes, plaids, checks, polka-dots melted into a solid sea of excited humanity swarming toward the rail. Folding chairs, blankets, and food were abandoned for the more immediate interest at hand. The man asleep shoved his racing form aside, arose and roused the drunk before moving on. The latter staggered up to join the thousands preparing to watch the race.

To assure myself a view of the track, I wedged between a woman standing on a bright red cooler and a gentleman loaded with movie equipment. It was impossible to stand upright, squarely facing the fence that separated us from the rail, so I pushed myself in sideways and crouched as if preparing to sit. The man beside me unintentionally swung around, his camera banging my head and sending me face first into the cool, wire fence. Though my head stung from the blow and my back ached from the cramped position, it was all worth it to see that track—brown, smooth, and fast.

As I crouched there, hemmed in on three sides, I could see the mobile starting-gate rumble across the track to park in my view. The padded doors were open and ready for the horses to enter at post time. The people on the roof tops across the wall were cheering excitedly. The television cameras on top of the grandstand were turned on the main attractions, the race horses. Then the first thoroughbred, dark, slender and spirited, pranced into view. The silk-clad jockey perched high on his back. The sweet haunting melody of "My Old Kentucky Home" floated through the sunlit air and above the hushed voices of the thousands gathered along the track. It was then that I became part of that sea of faceless thousands who melted into the bright and gaudy scenery of Churchill Downs. The Kentucky Derby would soon begin.

My Unpretentious, Beautiful Bug

Tom Bose

I AM A SUBVERSIVE threat to the American economy. In an economy based on periodical obsolescence, frequent major breakthroughs in progress, and rapid turnover a few citizens refuse to cooperate. These individuals of questionable allegiance find it unbearably difficult to part with the old and embrace the new. In an unsympathetic society a few people become attached to a possession, while the forward looking majority eagerly scraps the outmoded or outdated and purchases the very latest and most advanced. As a member of the persecuted minority, I have developed a deep attachment to a little

black automobile that a calloused member of the majority decided to cast away four years ago.

It is absurd that anyone should become emotionally attached to his means of transportation, yet I often find myself willing to defend my little black bug against the most severe criticism. From the moment I first saw it, I felt a paternal tenderness for the bug as I gazed at it parked in a crowded two-car garage next to an evil-looking Detroit monster. The unwanted little three-year-old British Austin sedan squatted on its worn treads as if it had been evicted by an unsympathetic landlord. My compassion was so great that I disregarded any serious thought and soon adopted the bug.

Perhaps in the mind of a coldhearted accountant I made a mistake. To date some three hundred fifty dollars have been spent on maintenance, and an itemized list of maintenance and repairs covers two full pages in my records. The market value fell from over six hundred to under two hundred dollars within one year. As a seven-year-old British car it often must do without the proper replacement part, or else I must pay premium prices for the special, seldom stocked items it frequently needs, such as sixty-dollar-per-pair shock absorbers. Yet knowledgeable people confidently tell me these little British automobiles easily last over one hundred thousand miles and save money in the long run. If so, I can confidently expect seven more years of feuding with the dealership and constructing home-made replacement parts. My bug often may not run "jet smooth," may not be powered by a "super torque" engine, and may not give me this year's "get up and go" feeling, but I am heartened whenever I see a certain seldom-serviced, dilapidated old 1942 granddaddy to my bug still plodding down the street on a majority of its four cylinders.

My little black bug sports an immaculate red interior with leather seats that can be equalled only in a high-priced luxury car. Both inside and out she is not pretentious but genuinely beautiful and finished in detail. At a stop light more powerful cars, and it is hard to find a car that does not have more horsepower, accelerate past my bug and take advantage, which has helped develop a deep inferiority complex. Despite the many jokes she hears about the squirrels who run on peanuts under her hood, my bug churns along at eighty-five miles per hour if given enough room. Like a person of small stature, she makes up for her size by her nimbleness, finding holes and making maneuvers in traffic that leave the brutish Detroit monsters envious. People often laugh at her storage tray beneath her dash, but after they see how handy it is for feet or books they wonder why their car is not equipped with a similar feature. Although very modest, my bug wears a flawless coat of paint that seems to become more beautiful as she matures. Like the woman who does not overly expose her beauty but keeps it to herself, my little bug holds her head high whenever a stranger makes jest of her, for she knows she radiates a charm and beauty for those who can see through

her superficially plain appearance and remain to become acquainted with her.

She has her faults, just as no human being is perfect. As many people are prepared and ready for a task except at the moment they are needed, my little bug provides warmth and comfort from her heater in the summer, but in the winter the heater struggles vainly to warm the cold air. As any person might favor a leg or an ankle or an injured arm, my bug favors her second gear, for the proper touch is needed to shift into second without a protest, a rebuke perhaps, from her gearbox. She has defects in her personality, but now that I know her well I respect her for her modesty. I admire her unpretentious design combined with her deepseated beauty. And if some winter day when I drove her to class her heater vigorously poured forth warm air, and she made not a protest as I gingerly shifted her into second gear, she would not be the same car.

A Memory of Silence

John Greene

As I stood before that high wall of age-worn stone, a nervous chill passed through my body. The gate, two wooden doors darkened by weather and age, cracked open at exactly twelve o'clock. There, in the warm sunlight of a summer afternoon, stood a monument of peace, Catholic Christianity, and silence. The gate shut behind me, and at once I felt as though I were far removed from the world I had just left. The tall buildings which faced me seemed as silent as death itself, for from none of the open windows did I hear the angry shouts of impatience, or the clanging and banging of slamming doors, or even the rustling of papers by the fingers of a tired and bleary-eyed student. The quiet was frightening at first, but as the purpose of my coming here arose in my mind, the peace of these surroundings seemed at least proper, and even magnificent. I thought to myself, "So this is that other world, the world of the Trappist monk—how beautifully simple it is. For three days it's going to be my world too."

Immediately, I was taken to my room, which was quite small but nevertheless very cool and comfortable. Beneath the large French window overlooking a multi-colored flower garden, was my bed, which was surprisingly soft and inviting. At the foot of the bed stood a high desk made of some light wood and stained with a light-oak varnish. Opposite the window was a sink, and above that a towel rack, mostly covered by two white, fluffy towels. The walls were a pastel blue which, when the sun shone brightly, cast a light tint over everything in the room. Hanging on the wall at the head of my bed was a large cross with a plaster of Paris corpse of the crucified Jesus on it. That crucifix, unadorned yet modern in artistic design, suggested to me the austere but never stagnant life of the Trappists: as they live in simplicity and silence, they also grow

in spirituality.

In every action, the monks perform in a relaxed manner; communication is limited to sign language. They seemed to despise the fact that some of their bodily desires and needs, such as the need for sleep and food, could not be overlooked for the much more important task of feeding and restoring the soul; but with confident resignation they live the life as it is prescribed for them in the Rule for their community.

For three days I lived that life as completely as my spiritual maturity would allow. Then, hesitatingly, I walked back through that weather-beaten gate, this time not to be filled with awe at the silence of one world, but to be stricken with fear at the confusion of another. As I struggle to find words to convey my impressions, I relive the entire experience and am overwhelmed with love and respect for the men who live that "hidden" life—day after day, after day, after day.

Of Things Past

Gretchen Rhett

I SQUIRMED uncomfortably on the hard wooden bench. Try as I might, I was unable to make my feet touch the floor of the hospital waiting room. I was eight and one-half, and I was tired. It was Christmas Eve, and I wanted desperately to go home. I pitied the small forlorn Christmas tree in the corner of the room. Its bright lights seemed to be trying in vain to warm the stark, white walls about it. Unable to look upon the tree any longer, I walked over to the window.

My parents had brought me with them to the hospital to see my grandfather. I closed my eyes and mentally retraced the few short years I had known him. My first unsteady steps in life had carried me happily behind him as we walked through those lazy, fun-filled days which he had shared. Life with him had been dolls and bicycles. It had been fuzzy white puppies brought home in pink hatboxes. Random incidents came one by one into hazy focus. I recalled the greenhouse in which we had spent so many hours, bound together by our mutual interest in flowers. Only this afternoon I had stood in the doorway and gazed at the seven hundred and fifty Easter lilies, which we had so recently planted.

I jumped when a hand on my shoulder brought me back to reality. Silently, I followed my mother down the hall and into a room. I saw my grandfather in the bed at the far side. I reached for my mother's hand but it was not there. In mute terror I walked to the side of the bed. I did not want to look at him; and yet I knew in my heart that I must. All the while he spoke to me I kept my frightened tears within me by the strength of my clenched hands and by the desire to be the kind of person he wanted and needed me to be.

He explained that his greatest wish was that I should graduate from college. He said that it had all been taken care of, and that whatever college I wished to attend was within my means. I knew that he had never been able to finish the sixth grade, and that he had created a world for us with his own hands. He had unlocked doors for me so that my life would be easier. I nodded that I would do as he wished.

As I turned to leave, I found that I could not. I turned and smiled at him for the last time. He smiled weakly and said, "Hang a sock up for me tonight. I don't think I'll be able to make it home." As I passed the door of the room, I started to run—down the hall and past the beaten Christmas tree. All I could think of were the seven hundred and fifty lilies which had turned into ivory bugles of death.

Berlin Is Worth A Trip

Angelica Homola

MAY I INVITE you on a trip through Berlin?
"Why through Berlin?" Well, Berlin is a city with a unique atmosphere. Berlin is—but why don't you see it yourself?

Let's start out on a mild, sunny May morning downtown at the Gedächtniskirche on Kurfürstendamm, Berlin's shopping street. Take a deep breath of this fresh morning breeze, and you'll feel immediately that there is something special about the air of Berlin. You'll remember the names of some of the songs and musicals which were written about this city, and you'll notice that in every single one of them the air of Berlin is mentioned. The Berlin air is never heavy—hot or oppressive. It is always cool and refreshing, even in mid-summer. And in winter when heavy, dark-grey clouds cover the sky above the roofs you can smell soon-to-come snow in the wind. There is really something about the air in Berlin. I am sure, you agree with me after having taken a deep breath on this May morning on Kurfürstendamm.

I know that at first sight the Kurfürstendamm looks much the same to you as the Champs Elysees in Paris, Fifth Avenue in New York, or the Via Veneto in Rome. You see exceptionally well-dressed passers-by, expensive luxury goods in the windows and showcases, and heavy traffic on the Damm. And yet there is something that makes even this street with its international look different. Perhaps it is the Gedächtniskirche that gives the street a different flavor. This church is a leftover from the black days of the last World War. Dark brown and menacing stands this high ruin at one end of the Kurfürstendamm and looks down at the busy life beneath it. The Gedächtniskirche is a reminder of the disastrous consequences of a war.

Our May morning, however, is too young and fresh a day for

us to get caught in a sad and melancholic mood. Let's take the next U-Bahn—the Berlin subway—to Krumme Lanke, a station close to Wannsee—a picturesque lake surrounded by dense woods. The Berlin subway tracks go around the city in circles, but since August 13, 1961, the subway cars don't go around anymore. They have to stop at the Wall—a wall even underground. The U-Bahn goes very fast, and the cars sway a little from one side to the other.

A man who is sitting on the same bench as we are starts a conversation with us. Don't you like to listen to his Berlin accent? Nowhere else in Germany will you hear German spoken as the people in Berlin do it. Not only is the air special, but also the language; and as you have just learned, even the people are different. They are friendly and like to help you whenever they can, even when you are a stranger. And they are never at a loss for words. Our man is talking about the weather, about the fragrance of the lilac bushes in the gardens. Then he tells us about his children. I am sure you notice his excellent sense of humor. But he doesn't say anything about politics. He tells us only that he has many lilac bushes and roses around his week-end house. But he can't go there anymore since it is in East Berlin. There is no other comment about the Communist regime except that no one will be there to mow the grass around the little summer house, and no one will repair the roof that leaks on one side. A Berliner seldom talks about his political situation unless he is asked. He knows he can't change it right now. And so he tries to make the best of it with his healthy sense of humor. But a Berliner will never forget that beyond the Wall there are Berliners like him.

We get off the subway at Krumme Lanke. After we have climbed the stairs to the daylight, I see your surprised eyes. Yes, this is Berlin too. It looks quite different from what you have seen before. We are standing on a mall bordered by old, tall trees, wealthy gardens, and mansions built in the style of the early century. This mall isn't made for cars. It still has the old pavement—little triangular blocks of granite.

"I just miss the horses and buggies," you say. Well, you don't have to wait long. There comes a buggy around the corner. We'll take it to ride to the lake.

At the *Wannseeterrassen*, a fine restaurant at the lake, I want you to try *Fiakerkaffee* and *Baumkuchen*, a Berlin speciality. The *Fiakerkaffee* is a cup of coffee with cherry brandy. How do you like it? We take a seat in the open air, and we can smell the spring-green trees at the shore of the lake. Since it is a weekday, there aren't too many people. Over the week-end, however, the shore of Wannsee is crowded with thousands of people. You have to know that this picturesque landscape is the only place the people of West Berlin can go to spend a week-end outside of town. You look over the glittering lake. About in the middle of the water you notice a fence.

"Is that East Berlin?" you ask. Yet, that is East Berlin. On the shore across the lake are some watch towers hidden in the trees. But they are there.

Later in the day, we go back to the city. Again, we are surrounded by modern life. But I'll show you that even in the downtown area there are places you can only find in Berlin. Only a couple of blocks from the heart of the city you'll find *Eckkneipen*, taverns at the corners of a street. When you enter one of these taverns, you enter a new world. You are now set back sixty years. You remember our ride in the buggy some hours ago which reminded you of the good old days? Yes, this tavern at the corner belongs to that same time, too. We go to the counter—the same old counter as in grandfather's days—and we order a *Weisse mit Schuss*. You don't know what that is? Well, you'll soon find out. The tavern keeper takes a glass from the board behind him. This glass is formed like a round champagne glass, just bigger. He pours gold-brown beer into it. And then, he adds the *Schuss* to it—a large portion of raspberry juice. Believe me, it tastes delicious. We sit. In one of the attached rooms some men play *Kegelin*, a kind of bowling that is typical of Berlin. The whole place is filled with the smoke of heavy cigars. Here you find the common people of Berlin—the little clerk, the taxi driver, the bus driver. They are noisy, but you simply have to like them because they are congenial.

There are so many things left I would like to show you. We could go to a good theater or opera. Berlin's stages are famous. Or we could go to the *Stachelschweine*, a "political cabaret"—something that is typical of Berlin too. I don't think you know what a political cabaret is, do you? This is the performance of a small group of actors who criticize the current world affairs in form of little musicals or plays. These political cabarets are excellent in their originality of ideas.

Yes, I know, I haven't shown you the Wall yet. I have done that purposely. But first, I want you to see the free part of Berlin. After you'll have learned to love West Berlin, I'll go with you to the *Mauer*—the Wall. Then, I am convinced, you'll wish as hard as any Berliner, any German does, that the day will come soon when East and West will be together again. Then you'll really understand what this concrete curtain, drawn to divide streets and even houses, means to this city. Then I'll go with you to a cemetery which is behind the Wall, where no one from West Berlin can visit the graves. The flowers intended for the dead are attached to the Wall. On the top of the Wall are pointed glass cuttings and barbed-wire so no one can possibly escape from the other side. We won't stay long in front of this Wall. We'll get sick at our stomachs because we know we can't change it.