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MSS is published by the English Department of Butler University once each semester. The material included is written mainly by students of the Freshman English, the Advanced Composition, the Creative Writing, and the Writer’s Workshop classes.
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The bedroom where Granny Anna spent her hours, either in the bed or in her dainty French chair, was large and cluttered. Fifty years of household accumulation, of Chippendale, Spanish Provincial, and Bamboo, were clustered on the faded lavender and blue rug together with the "finds" of dusty foreign shops.

There were painted iron bedsteads in the fashion of the 1920's, sun-streaked pink damask drapes fringed with glass balls, and a Venetian black-enamed coffee table with an inset of a Flamingo. In the corner posed a nude white Florentine marble maiden with a modest Gibson-girl face. A thermometer in a hobnail glass was beside her. The room was silent with a kind of hopeless sickroom heavityness, and it smelled of musty lilies-of-the-valley, alcohol, and cigars.

Dominating the wall above the beds was an enormous engraving of the Gothic Lodge Cathedral downtown. Underneath was a bronze plaque: "To H. R. Holtz with admiration." (At a banquet in 1910 Grandfather had suggested plans for the Cathedral in a speech which ended, "Gentlemen, I will now start the donations with this $20,000 check." He was greeted with a standing ovation.)

Now, as Frankie entered the room he found Granny Anna in her chair, her shoulders hunched and drooping, a pink shawl clutched in her bird-like hand. He looked at his mother's face, which still retained a shadow of beauty in its delicate, round lines in spite of blue eyes that had faded and clouded and the too-sharp nose and chin. Her head, pink through shreds of Christmas angel hair which barely covered it, was turned. He placed himself squarely before her.

"Hello, Mother dear," he said, kissing her cool cheek.

"Frankie, is that you?" she asked in a hoarsely hollow voice, feeling the sleeve of his rough, tweed coat.

"How's my girl today," Frankie said heartily.

"All right, dear. Sit down," she directed, weakly raising her hand.

"Did you sleep well, Mother?"

His mother turned her half-seeing eyes to the window before answering. A female cardinal bent a branch of the Beech tree; it moved in a reddish-tan blur. "No, dear. You know I have to be moved so often in the night. I don't seem comfortable anywhere . . . but don't let's talk of that."

Frankie looked vaguely alarmed. His pink baby's face darkened, then brightened as he asked. "Has anyone else been in today?"

His mother sighed. "Hap was in right after breakfast. He told me about his trip to the Bosporus. They will be going on a-what?" Her mind strayed and then her voice trailed off.

"A tramp steamer," her son prompted. There was a silence.
His mother forced herself to straighten up, and cleared her throat scratchily.

"I see you got the yellow Chrysanthemum plant we sent," he mused, looking at a bedside table.

"What? Oh yes," his mother said, smiling a pasty, painful smile.

Frankie scooted his chair nearer to his mother's and picked up her small, blue-veined hand. "Mother dear, I'm bringing you in a special surprise. Until you can read more easily, I'm having the Sound Shop send out a Phonograph with a record of four famous poems read by John Charles Thomas. There's the "Chambered Nautilus," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." He was hopeful and handsome.

"Wonderful, dear." His mother's voice was a halting whisper. She sank wearily back into the pillow. "And now I'm terribly tired. Thank you for stopping by."

At the door he hesitated. "One of these days you'll meet me coming downstairs," he said.

"Yes, dear," she replied tiredly, and called for the nurse to put her back in bed. Her mouth fell gaping as she dozed off. She blinked her eyes open when a slight, freckled girl in shorts slipped in and tiptoed to the bedside. She might have been in her late twenties; she wore tennis shoes and had a low musical voice.

"Granny Anna," she said, and her fragrant silky hair brushed the old woman's cheek as she bent to kiss her.

The grandmother opened her eyes wide. "Marnie?" she asked, and reached for her hand. "Prop me up." Neither of them said a word. Marnie held her grandmother's hand smiling, then looked out the leaded window panes comfortably at the rain which was beginning to fall. Finally she said in a low tone, "What can I get for you, Granny Anna?"

Her grandmother tried to speak, then suffered a temporary lapse. "Ah, ah," she stammered. Then the words came, "Nothing on this earth."

Mamie stroked her hand, in the soothing way she would have stroked a kitten.

"How is it going?" she asked.

Granny Anna laid her head against the pillows and smiled vacantly. She looked like a mouse staring out of a white hole. "Dr. Cotten is doing his best in what they call maintainative geriatrics. He keeps me alive by force, filling me with drugs and tubes, keeping my poor tired body so busy with flooding and purging that it never has a chance to think of" (the word was barely audible) "expiring."

"What do you want, darling?" said the girl softly.

Granny Anna looked at her lithe, lovely granddaughter, so young, so intuitively understanding. She could see her clearly now; she looked into her eyes.

"I just want to die," she said firmly.

Marnie was silent for a long while, looking out the window.
Then she put her cheek beside her grandmother's.

"I'll pray for it," she said; then kissing her grandmother, she again left the room.

**The Broken Blade**

*Clarice Noland*

I.

The boys scampered across the lawn, tearing their faded jeans as they scrambled down the embankment to the sidewalk. Once on the pavement, they picked themselves up and gathered around Stevie, their leader. He was staring toward a boy who was his opposite. As he raised his head proudly, Stevie's eyes flashed blue sparks. He tossed his blond head and clenched his fists for the attack he felt was inevitable. A few yards from him stood the boy at whom he gazed. Jimmy was dark with brown hair and eyes. He was a head shorter than Stevie, but his stocky frame supported as much weight as did the blond boy's lithe body.

While Stevie eyed him with puzzlement and contempt, Jimmy's dark eyes glittered with hatred and resentment. He leaned backwards for a moment as though gathering his forces, then crouched slightly forward. Springing swiftly, he caught the boys off balance. Jimmy grabbed Stevie around the waist with both arms, and his momentum sent them both crashing into the fleet of bicycles parked in front of Stevie's house. The two boys, disentangling themselves from each other and the broken spokes, did not drop their eyes from each other's faces.

"You bum," muttered Stevie, wiping blood from a gash on his temple. Jimmy said nothing. He stood for a moment staring at his enemy, then, swinging quickly to face the other boys, he froze them with a threatening glance, turned on his heel, and stalked away. In a second Stevie was on his feet. Seeing their leader in charge again, the other boys surged forward; but in that instant, Jimmy whirled around, crouching panther-like, and transfixed them all, as a contemptuous smile twisted his lips. While Jimmy stood there, Stevie shrugged his shoulders and started up the embankment to his porch, motioning the others to follow with a wave.

Alone on the field, the little dark rebel stood looking up at the boys, who were reassembling at the brick parapet, looking himself much like a knight challenging the castle to send its champions out to do battle. As he walked on down the street, Jimmy could feel their eyes on him.

"You . . . you . . . fink!" Stevie screamed, his rage finding voice at last. His older brother and his friends always used that word when they talked about someone they didn't like.

Jimmy lost stride, walking stiff-legged a few steps. Two demons were fighting for control in his body—one wanting to rush up onto the porch and pound Stevie; the other wanting very much to run home into his mother's arms. The second demon won, and his
short legs once again resumed their belligerent, militarily-measured pace.

II.

The demon's victory was not complete. Jimmy did not race to his mother. He walked around to the kitchen door and crawled under the spiria bush to be alone. He pushed aside two rocks which neatly covered a shallow hole. Jimmy lifted out an old, beaten-up cigar box, and from it took an oily rag. Unrolling it, the dusky lad held his treasure. He pressed the paring knife close to his breast, muttering to himself in wide-eyed frenzy. Squatting like a priest of old performing an ancient rite, he swayed gently back and forth, crooning softly to himself. Having completed this weird incantation, Jimmy folded up the rag, put it in the "Roi-tan" box, and returned the box to its hiding place. Slowly he turned the knife over in his hands, catching the rays of the sun as they sifted down through the leaves on the silvery blade. Jimmy laughed softly and ran his finger up and down the edge. He had sharpened it himself every day on a whetstone he'd taken from his father's workbench. The knife had been very dull when he first took it from his mother's silver drawer, but he had worked on it every day, until the blade could slice a hair with no trouble. That test—with the hair—his brother had taught him before he went away.

Jimmy's parents no longer talked about Kenny. Once when he asked when his brother was to return, Jimmy had been surprised and shocked to see his mother burst into tears. Several weeks later they'd called Jimmy in and tried to tell him about his brother. His father started first, but left the room abruptly, leaving his mother to sob out that Kenny was dead. But Jimmy did not believe that. He knew Kenny was going to come back. Kenny had promised to on the night before he left. He was going to bring Jimmy a sword; he had to come back. Kenny would, though. He always kept his promises. And he had promised Jimmy that he could come home soon. Jimmy remembered. Kenny looked so clean and neat in his uniform. He was scared, though, and he did not let their mother see his face. He leaned over and told Jimmy to turn away if he felt as though he were going to cry. It would upset Mother, he had said. So Jimmy turned his face from her, too. Kenny knew all about those things. He knew everything. He told Jimmy all about the war, the soldiers, and the killing. Jimmy liked to hear about the battles. He used to laugh and clap his hands with excited glee until Kenny told him he should not. A long time ago when they used to play soldiers, Kenny was always quieting Jimmy down. Jimmy got so excited, and this disturbed his mother. She would stare at Jimmy and wring her hands. She let Kenny take care of Jimmy. She didn't play bridge like the other boys' mothers, but shut herself up in her room and cried. Kenny was liked by the other boys, and was always being asked to play, but he stayed and played with Jimmy. There were boys Jimmy's age, but Jimmy didn't like them and they
didn’t like him. They had always avoided him. But Kenny was not ashamed of Jimmy. They used to do everything together. Because they were so close, Jimmy told Kenny everything. He had tried to tell his mother how he felt one time, but she became frightened and told him to hush. Kenny understood Jimmy. Kenny would bring him a sword soon. Until then the knife would have to do, but Kenny would be coming home soon.

III.

Jimmy took the shiny silver blade and put it inside his shirt. He crawled out of the bush and walked resolutely over to his bike. He walked the bike to the sidewalk, then rode down the street to Stevie’s. The boys were still there, now playing blindman’s bluff on the lawn. They were laughing and screaming while Joey, who was “it,” kept walking right past little Danny. They did not see Jimmy, who was hidden by the line of shrubbery which divided Stevie’s yard from Miss Thompson’s. Jimmy waited. When Stevie had been caught and blindfolded and was starting to count to one hundred, Jimmy dropped his bike with a scream and ran up the hill. He jumped on Stevie from behind, locking his heels around Stevie’s thighs. His hands, shaking with excitement, fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. He ripped his shirt in getting the shiny knife out. Jimmy plunged the shiny blade into Stevie’s stomach. As Stevie stumbled, screaming, Jimmy raised himself higher on the bleeding boy’s body so that he could watch the silvery blade go in and out. It was no longer silvery. Stevie tried to run, but fell. Jimmy was thrown over Stevie’s head. He landed on the walk, but he was not hurt, just shaken and winded. Stevie screamed. Jimmy got up and went to Stevie, who was still writhing spasmodically, his arms and legs jerking grotesquely. Jimmy rolled him over and drew out the knife. It was broken in half. Half the blade was somewhere in the red pulp that had been Stevie.

“He broke my knife,” Jimmy said to the horrified boys. He turned and walked away. Kenny would understand. He’d tell Kenny about it and he’d understand. Jimmy tucked the bloody blade into the top of his trousers and walked over to his bike. He rode home silently, but thinking not of Stevie. He crawled under the spiria and carefully wrapped the broken blade up in the rag and hid it again. Jimmy wished Kenny would hurry home with that sword. He needed it now that his knife was broken. He was all alone without his shiny steel knife. He was all alone.

Did You Say Hooch?

Rita Bradley

PROBABLY teen-agers have always devised their own languages. Forty years ago there was a popular expression, “twenty-three skiddoo,” which later was changed to “skedaddle,” “scram,”
and finally "amscray." Around 1955 we all said "wazoo." Now teen-agers exclaim with "neat" and "cool." Parents are always wondering what their children are saying, and children are always calling their uninformed parents "squares" or "old fogies." It is not surprising, therefore, that my high-school friends, my college friends, and I have used language foreign to our parents and teachers. It may be surprising to some, however, to discover that we have used expressions which even other students could not understand. I should like to list a few of these expressions and indicate the sources from which we took them.

My high school group consisted of four girls and three boys. Since we were all members of the yearbook staff, we spent a great amount of time together. As we worked, we gradually created a language built around four imaginary characters called Hooch LaRue, Sophie Glutts, and Wenie and Ethyl Hotchkiss. I did not invent any of these names, but I believe that they originated with other members of the group and were not borrowed from another source. To each of these characters we gave a stereotyped personality. Hooch LaRue was a dull, sloppy person whose greatest task was lifting his sandwich to his mouth. Sophie Glutts was in general his female counterpart, but we had a somewhat more specific image of her. We once saw a pudgy, middle-aged, chattering woman wearing a long red coat and a big black hat with a feather in it, and we decided that she must be the original Sophie Glutts. Wenie Hotchkiss was a typical cuckold, and Ethyl was his wife. How could a language develop from these characters? Obviously it was possible for us to use our stereotypes by referring to persons as "Sophies," "Wenies," or "Hooches," and gradually we acquired the habit of addressing each other with "Hi ya' Hooch" or "Hi ya' Wenie." This, however, was not all that we could do with the names. The word "hooch" (whose dictionary meaning we never learned) was applied to anyone whom we did not like. "He's a hooch," we would say. Then came the adjective "hoochful" referring to things that we did not like and the expression "hooched up" describing any confused situation. Finally, there was that common disease which every hooch gets in the winter, "post-nasal hooch."

Although the language of my high school group revolved almost completely around the references to our four characters, it did include one other term which was used in as many ways as "hooch." This word was "fit." A "fit" began as any argument, disagreement, or embarrassing situation. If the annual-staff advisor reprimanded a staff member, we said that an "annual fit" had occurred. The reprimanding was called a "fit on the student's head." If one wanted to condemn another, he used "fit" as a verb and said, "Fit on your head," or being more emphatic, "Fit on your bulbous head!" I believe that this word too came from no other source than our imaginations.

In contrast to my high-school group, my college group consists
of only three girls, and most of the phrases that we use are borrowed from students, parents, professors, and various fields of study. From our parents and other students we have taken trite and ungrammatical expressions which we find amusing. If one of us gets an “A” on a test, another says, “You done good.” When we do not believe what someone else says, we reply, “Oh, fiddle deee deee.” In the evening after dinner, we turn to that boring task of “rett up the dishes.” We have combined three transitional phrases used by our professors and devised the all-purpose “Be that as it may, however, I see by the clock on the wall at any rate.” From one professor we have also learned the all-purpose complaint, “Down with up.” Last summer when we invented a card game resembling contract bridge, we could not think of a name for it and finally borrowed architectural terms, calling it “Proto-Baroque with Rustications.” When we do not know the answer to a question, we usually resort to the literary phrase, “Ay, but nay.” Our confused friends are called “paranoiac, schizophrenic, projecting escapists.” Finally, we have learned from our books of education that everything “exists on a continuum.” We are like Shakespeare’s Nathaniel and Holofernes who had “been at a feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.”

Why do teen-agers create their own languages? I can not answer this question. A few psychologists and educators have suggested reasons. Some think that expressions are invented to confuse parents and to give the students a feeling of belonging to a select group. Others believe that students use certain words repeatedly because their vocabularies are so limited. Perhaps one or both of these ideas are correct, but we will never be able to prove them. If anyone tried to convince the world that his theory was true and that all others were false, he would undoubtedly be a “hooch” at the positive end of a continuum of conceit and would cause an extreme “fit on his head” by those trying to “rett up” such positive statements of opinion.

The Dump

Nancy N. Baxter

Over the hill in back of the yard was an old trash dump; and it was here, when Mother and Sissie had gone down for their naps in the afternoon, that she liked to play.

None of the other children ever wanted to go there. Mother didn’t understand her interest in it—it might be dirty; there would be mice. But she didn’t think of it that way. Nobody had dumped there in recent seasons; and it was quiet and sunny and peaceful.

On the fringes of the dumping ground there were clumps of Queen Anne’s Lace and Evening Primrose, where bees and cicadas hummed like bass fiddles. She would taste the sharp sweetness of the large strawberry-pink clover bowls before she made a chain of them. Here pressed against the warm earth, smelling its dark
pleasantness, she could drowse for long moments.

The forgotten things in the dump were arranged in piles. It was fascinating to her that each of these things now strewn so carelessly about had been part of someone’s life. Here was an old ink bottle, or a smashed-in coffee pot with vestiges of grounds still in the nose. There was an old chicken incubator, with a red light bulb, painted with the stains of its long gone chicks. Next to it she had found a broken china doll, part of a musical lamp which played a few tinkly notes as she picked it up to hug the doll.

She always sought out a wicker baby buggy, made for twins, which had come in one of the last loads. She loved its round straw edging, furled like an Ostrich feather. It didn’t daunt her that the handle was half gone. “Poor thing,” she would say. “Were your twins boys or girls?”

In the center of the rubble heaps was a deep grown-over pond bed which her friends told her had been a lake at one time; ducks had come each summer and children could ice skate in the winter. Cautiously she would descend, with wild cherry branches snapping smartly against her legs, blackberry vines clawing at her dress. Standing in the pond bed she would dig with her stick searching for one last puddle of water that might not have dried up, yearning silently for the ducks and the cold, blue-white frozen surface over which she could skim in winter. But the shadows quickly passed from her face, and she climbed panting out of the pit into the hot and comforting sunshine.

She sensed that time had passed, and soon Mother would be calling. Before she returned, though, she must make her rounds. With excitement pressing against her chest she made a complete circle of the grounds. She poked everything, searching in all corners, hoping that from the rusty cans and broken bottles she could find something growing, sending forth fresh, green tendrils of life.

Nearly always she found it: waxy orange pumpkin blossoms springing from seeds of some smashed Jack-O-Lantern, small hard squash beginning to form on luxuriant green vines, a solitary zinnia standing tall among soggy, unread newspapers. But one day, best of all, she had discovered growing out of the gaping mouth of a furnace pipe a pink wild rose which filled her with wonder and sent her singing along the path home.

The Yellow Bird
Sharon Sperry

Owen Smith had been a garbage man for twenty years, but he had never had such puzzling collections as those he had been picking up the past week from the brick house on the corner of Maple and Jefferson. The house, he knew, had recently been sold by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who had gone to Florida, to a middle-
aged couple who were strangers in Cawville. There would have been nothing particular in Owen's mind about a new customer, even a newcomer to town, except that he found such curious items in the garbage. Just last week he had come across two dead canaries stuffed into a milk carton. And again today, as he pulled the can up from its place in the alley, he noticed a limp wing sticking out of a cellophane box. He frowned and looking up, saw Mrs. Paetz taking laundry off her backyard line. She was a tiny woman who must have looked like a child until she was nearly thirty, Owen thought. As she bent to place a folded towel in the basket, her shoulder blades pointed through her dress. Her face, still pretty, was peaked and worn as though she'd been losing sleep. Large dark eyes, slightly ringed, stood out sharply under thick, black hair that alternately fell across her face and back behind her ears as she raised and lowered her head from the clothes line to the basket.

"Howdy!" he called.

She made no response, but continued folding a sheet she had just taken from the line.

"Hello, there, Mrs. Paetz!" he shouted.

She turned and looked at him curiously, nodded, and turned back to her work.

"Like our neighborhood?" he persisted.

She gathered the basket into her arms.

"Fine, thank you," she answered and disappeared into the house. Owen shrugged and dumped the can.

Rose Paetz closed the screen door behind her and took a deep breath as she set the basket under the ironing board. The garbage man wasn't the first this week. Yesterday a door-to-door salesman, usually easy for her to discourage, had managed to get into the living room. Julia had wandered out from the play room, attracted by his chanting pitch. Rose remembered the jump in his voice and his nervous cough when he saw Julia leaning against the door, the cotton dress she always wore falling softly around her narrow hips, her black hair brushing her cheeks, her bright eyes glistening. There had been an unintentional suggestiveness in Julia's slow smile that had sent a chill through her mother. An awkward pause had followed as the salesman looked from mother to daughter for an explanation. Somehow Rose had gotten Julia back into the play room and the salesman out without an incident, without an explanation. (How could she explain Julia to a stranger?) Perhaps they'd made a mistake coming to a small town where people were bound to be friendly. Rose sighed, if only...

Julia, who had been sitting on the stool by the stove watching her mother, giggled suddenly and broke Rose's thought. It was nearly five o'clock. Walter would be home soon, and there was supper yet to fix and Julia to feed. Rose set some leftovers on the
stove and helped Julia into her chair.

She had only given her two bites when Julia closed her mouth and refused to eat anymore. Rose tried everything, but the girl stuck out her chin and crossed her arms, defiance on her face. Rose stopped pleading and looked at her. Julia’s eyes were fastened on something across the room. Rose looked over her shoulder and saw the empty bird cage swaying in the window.

“Julia, listen to me,” she started carefully. “Daddy will get a bird tomorrow morning. Now you have to eat. Don’t worry about the bird. Let’s eat supper.”

Julia’s eyes filled.

“Let’s go play,” Rose said suddenly, wistfully determined not to spoil this evening. And Julia, although she looked back at the cage, went with her to the play room. Rose left her there with the dolls and blocks and went back to prepare Walter’s supper.

It was nearly six o’clock when Walter got home. Rose heard him trudging through the living room and looked up to smile as he sank down at the table.

“How was it?” she asked, trying to sound bright.

“Better, I suppose. The car broke down again.”

“Oh, no.”

“We’ll have to get a new one soon.”

She set the pot roast in the center of the table and slipped in the chair beside him.

“Didn’t anything good happen to you?”

He smiled slightly.

“We’re invited to a company party. Dick Mills and his wife are having all the agents’ families for a picnic Sunday.”

Rose laid a slice of meat on his plate.

“You told them, no, of course.”

“Not yet, I thought maybe we could . . .”

“What? Get a baby sitter?”

He dropped a spoonful of potatoes beside the meat.

“Yes. I suppose you’re right. I’ll tell them, no, tomorrow.”

He took a sip of coffee and asked, “Where is she, anyway?”

“In the play room. I fed her about five.”

He glanced at her over the rim of his coffee cup.

“She wasn’t there when I came in.”

Rose’s head jerked up. She stared blindly at Walter for an instant and he quickly set his coffee cup down. Without a word they went into the front play room. It was empty. A drooping clown, oozing straw, gaped at them from the toychest. Walter spun around and ran to the back of the house. Rose hurried to the dining room, the front porch, back to the kitchen. She could hear Walter opening the garage door. She searched the back yard and ran into Walter in front of the house.

“I’ll go this way,” he said, pointing up the block. “You go that way and we’ll circle back through the alley.”
The block was deserted. Children who crowded the sidewalk throughout the day were sitting at supper. Everywhere were the remnants of them: a rusty bucket and shovel beside the walk, a stray skate, a boy's bicycle sprawled against a porch. No one was on the street; particularly, there was no Julia, but Rose could hear the quiet murmur of tabled families drifting along with the rich aroma of home cooking: ham from the green shingle, hot rolls and chocolate cake from the white clapboard. An occasional burst of laughter rippled the leaves in the trees. Sounds of friendly voices turned to mockery in the chilly evening air. Rose turned bitterly away and clattered down the cobbled alley. Here the stones rattled under her feet, and the grass lifted indignantly to shush at her. It had begun to get dark when Rose reached the house. Walter was already there, sitting on the front porch steps, his head down.

“No luck?” he asked tonelessly.

She shook her head.

“I found some records when I was in the back bedroom,” he added. “They had been chewed up.”

Rose shuddered as the night air crept up her arms.

“She was upset today, Walter. She missed the bird, I think.”

“Which one?” he asked drily. “Well, I’ll get the car out and see if I can find her. It’s usually a pet shop or a zoo. There aren’t many in this town. I won’t be long. If I don’t find her right away, I’ll call the police.”

He pulled himself up by the porch rail.

“How long must this go on?” he asked, looking at the moon hanging from a twig of the maple tree. She glanced up to see what had caught his attention, but all she could see was the roof of the house across the street. He reached down and pulled her up beside him.

“Go in, now. You’ll catch cold out here.”

Julia sat down on the curb. The bird she had been following, the one with the yellow bill, was gone, flown far away over the house top across the street. There were no birds here. The clown was crying in her room, crying because he missed the yellow bird, and so did she. She’d promised him she’d bring him a bird and now the birds were all gone.

A scream of fire trucks careened around a corner and raced past her. She jumped up, forgetting the bird and ran after them. They stopped two blocks away where a clump of people pushed and yelled in front of a crackling red house. Julia ran as close as she could, watching the men in polished hats squirting water at the house. The trees bowed and nodded and she laughed with them. The water began to wash the red fire away and left the house dripping black. Julia looked at the smoking house that had been so pretty to her be-
fore and began to cry. A tall boy standing near heard her sobbing and leaned over.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked.
Julia looked up wide-eyed at his shiny black face.
"I want my daddy," she sobbed.
The boy's mouth dropped open.
"You been drinking, kid?"
Julia threw her arms around his chest and cried into his shoulder.
"I want my daddy."
Several people had turned around. The boy looked quickly at the dark look beginning to form in the eyes of a few men on the outskirts of the crowd and pushed Julia away.

"Look, kid, I don't know you from nobody," he said loudly and hurried away. Julia ran after him, but she lost him at the end of the block. The tears on her face were dry and itchy. She couldn't remember why she had cried or where she was, but she could feel the darkness setting in. Bushes and trees that had wrapped their shadows up in settled shapes in the day now spread them out. The black sky had blotted out the houses and streets. Things that would have looked cozy to her in the daylight, were hissing strange sounds in the unfamiliar night. The happy cry of birds, a sound she longed to chase, was gone. She stood alone beneath a street light and cried. A passing truck stopped at the corner and the driver, looking down at the girl with the glistening eyes, smiled and drove on.

Julia thought it was her father and she ran screaming after the truck until it roared away and left her standing on brightly lit Main Street. To her right lay the center of town with the attractive glint of neon signs. Bright reds and blues flickered from the store fronts and drew her toward them. She wandered aimlessly, gazing at the displays in the windows, smiling at a strangely familiar face that smiled back at her from the windows, until she came to one where a barking puppy leaped in his cage. Beyond him, crowded among other cages, was a wire coop full of yellow birds. Julia ran to the door of the shop and pushed it open. She didn't notice an older woman at the back of the room or the shopkeeper who was showing his customer some cats.

The birds were dancing a song on the perches. One climbed under the top of the cage and sang to her upside down. She laughed softly and they sang louder. Their wings spread open and fluttered soft air against her face. They nodded their heads and the fine feathers around their necks rippled with color like silk in the light.

Julia pushed open the cage door and grabbed a tiny yellow bird. The others flew away. She held him against her cheek and was tickled by the warm beat of him. She held him to her ear and listened to the gurgling twitter of his voice. She held him in her hand and felt the lumpy softness of his body between her fingers, his satin bones slipping upon each other.

The shopkeeper wrapped a chubby hand around her arm.
"What'd you think... Here, what have you done?"
He pried her hand open and the red-stained bird fell to the floor.
"What did you do that for?" he yelled at her.
Julia didn't hear him. Her eyes were on the birds who were bouncing along the ceiling.
"You'll pay for this!"
He let go of her arm and hurried to the phone on the wall. Before he could lift the receiver the shop door tinkled open and a gaunt man stepped in. The man looked immediately at the girl and his strained mouth relaxed. The shopkeeper eyed them both.
"You know her?"
The man nodded.
"You know what she done here?"
"I can imagine," Walter Paetz answered. "How much do I owe you for the damage?"
The shopkeeper hesitated and looked again at the dreamy-eyed girl and at Walter Paetz's narrow, tired face.
"If you'll leave your name, I'll send a bill."
Paetz looked quickly at the little man, but all he could see were gently upturned eyes.
"You don't know me," Paetz said simply.
"That's all right," the shopkeeper answered. "You live here, don't you?"
Paetz nodded.
"Well, then, that settles it. I'll send a bill."
"Oh," Paetz added quickly. "Would you sell me one of those?"
The shopkeeper turned back, frowned slightly, and looked at the girl again.
"If you help me catch 'em."

* * *

All the way home Julia leaned across the front seat to watch the bird in the cage sitting on the floor of the back seat. When he had parked the car in the garage, Walter hoisted the cage high on his shoulder and pushed Julia into the house in front of him. Rose looked up, bleary-eyed, as they came in.
"I thought you'd never come," she said.
"She was in a pet shop when I found her."
"All this time?"
"I didn't ask," Walter answered and carried the cage to the play room. Julia and Rose both followed.
"Her clothes are so mussed. What could have happened to muss her clothes so much?" Rose begged at his heels.
Walter set the cage in the window and guided Rose out of the play room, closing the door behind them. Julia leaned over the toy chest and picked up the one-legged clown. She stood him against the chest where he could see her and the bird and sat down on the braid rug. The clown winked an eye at her, looked down at yester-
day's cereal lump 'on the end of his nose, and sighed happily. Julia where she could see the reflection of the yellow bird, could hear the stuck a fist under her chin and stared into the clown's button eyes rush of its voice from the window.

**THE PASSING YEAR**

The table of men from River Charles no longer will meet: the King is dead. We still have the lovely Guinevere, the prince and the princess romp and play. The crown is no longer worn by them—one year has passed: Camelot is gone.

A charge had been made to Bedivere so people won't let it be forgot that magic was what he gave to them, and through the year Bedivere was true.

We know the new order must begin and we now accept its leadership.
Yet still we can long for that new day when ours will be Camelot once more.

—**STAN PATTON**

**ACOUSTICS**

Noisemakers drown out the sounds of now, prolonging the asking of how and why yellow, not red, black, not white, denim of blue and not purple.

Questions mark discovery: brothers are hueless.
The din of sin blatantly sounds.

—**NANCY NELL WILSON**
I was not aware of being born; and each morning I am not aware of the exact moment I awake. For I am reborn from the womb of sleep where God alone witnesses the gestation of warm desires and the soul, like a morning rose, opening to its ultimate flower. Like a secret finding itself out, I pass through the mist of dreams into the gray silence of my bedroom. My eyes open. Beyond the small windowpanes I see the mist still dreaming against the rough side of her lover, the earth. I throw back the covers and go to the window to gaze on their intimacy—an innocence which dissolves in blushing remembrances cast by a scowling sun. But before she slips from him, before the highest hill reaches futilely to hold her fast, I shall emerge into their single dream.

I dress quickly and go downstairs. I have a cup of warmed-over coffee and perhaps two doughnuts. It is usually chilly and I put on my suede jacket. The door is closed slowly but firmly behind me. I leave my dog sleeping upstairs.

I know how to enter their rapport: on the dirt road which crosses the creek and rises on a small grade into our woods. I have often used this way to enter my higher self—walking in the heat of noon, at twilight, even at night. I have pondered many issues there, issues personal and specific as well as philosophical. I shall always associate it with the resolution of my problems and with contemplation itself. On this road where I have traveled much of the journey inward I shall enter the peace of their love.

My shoes are soaked as I walk through the long grass of our back drive, which joins the road. I stop on the gray wooden bridge and stare into the black, sulfurous water. A beaver dam farther along the creek has slowed the flow of water. Green water plants stand erect but gently waving, like huge poplars on an afternoon of mild breezes. A silver fish flashes at the surface, then darts into the watery forest. I see a shallow groove in the sand, and at the end of it a clam. Both men and clams can move with purpose! The trail of any man is a record of his will. And so it is with this mollusk, whose little trench testifies to its primeval need for subsistence. A few minnows dart from the side to the center, from center to side. Sometimes I see a school of them gliding like nerve impulses through the living water. Here and there the halves of a clam shell lie open like fans.

I raise my eyes to where the creek enters the swamp. Two deer are drinking, their narrow heads delicately lowered and alert. Some mornings I see a gray crane following the creek in search of food. Only once have I seen it swoop to snatch a fish or insect. Whenever I see it, I think of those leather-winged pterodactyls which circled high above winding, prehistoric canyons.
I lean on the bridge as I make these observations. It is cool and wet. A drop detaches from a beam and hits the water—plink. Everything drips. The bridge, the meadow grass and the trees are all moist. It seems that Creation is one delicate wet cell of which I am the mobile nucleus.

I proceed up the road and enter the woods, pushing aside damp branches until I am surrounded by them. I pause. My brain sponges the green joy of the trees. Like men, they stand close together but each separate and remote in the mist. The mist in which men stand is also a dream of lovers. It is the possibility of their love for the person next to them.

I place my palm against the bark of an aspen and stare up the trunk into the foliage. Man today is super-conscious of his growth, but not the growth of his conscience. Perhaps he should, as I do now, consider this tree. It has risen not from knowledge of itself, but because it never recedes. What if all growing trees stopped to wonder if they had a purpose?

I spot a huge, uprooted trunk which has lain across the dry, shale brook-bed for many years. Some kind of vine, like man's rationalizations against God, has sprung from the rotting root structure and twined about the thick arms.

I wander through the woods until I stand overlooking a field. Although I have walked in a dream of lovers, the landscape is not distorted, but softened; not fantastic, but real and expectant. A murmur drifts across these plains of light, these surrounding wheat fields, into my glade of introspection. It is of insects, birds, autos, and the unassignable noises of a community waking up. I must leave now, I must go home to breakfast and begin another day of portraying myself.

The blushing mist is ascending.

Interpreting Socrates
Warren E. Teague

"The unexamined life is not worth living." These words spoken by Socrates are a fitting epitaph for this renowned philosopher and inquirer into human value and purpose. Socrates' life was the living example of these words and was dedicated to proving their worth. He felt that human life involved more than the satisfaction of physical needs. Of all the creatures on earth, he reasoned, the human being alone was composed of two completely separate entities: the body and the intellect or soul. Recognizing the shallowness of mere physical pleasure and well-being, Socrates endeavored to introduce man to his intellect. Early in his life he realized that for man to be alive he must seek within himself the purpose and true needs of his life. He examined his own life and beseeched others to examine themselves, for he knew they would be dissatisfied with what they found. He asked them to think, to search,
and to seek out that which would satisfy the needs of their souls. To Socrates the soul was the enduring half of man; the physical half was sure to die. Socrates wanted men to search for the truth and by this process he felt they would realize the futility of material satisfaction, because death would end material life and all the satisfactions which sustained it. To search for truth and to inquire into the needs of the human soul was, to Socrates, man’s lofty purpose, for only in searching could man find the true value of life.

Time has not obscured the meaning of this utterance by Socrates: “The unexamined life is not worth living.” Years, wars, and material prosperity have not destroyed the value of self-examination. On the contrary, as mankind’s material wealth increases and leisure time becomes more abundant, the words of Socrates prod us to continue his search for the truth, the purpose, and the true needs of human life.

From My Window on the World

Lisa Nagy

I am fortunate enough to be in possession of the only window seat on the second northwest corridor of Schwitzer Residence Hall. My room is situated at the front of the building, directly over the verandah, and the French windows are set deeply into the wall, providing a marble ledge approximately two feet wide. My roommate and I have, for comfort’s sake, outfitted our coveted nook with colorful throw pillows and, with regard for colder weather, a red plaid lap robe. We frequently refer to this vantage point as our window on the world.

I awake at seven-thirty and draw back the curtains to reveal the world below my window. My gaze travels slowly along West Hamp ton Drive and pauses for a moment at each house: Alpha Chi, DG, Tri-Delt, Kappa, Theta, Pi Phi. Girls are beginning to trickle from their houses, bound for an eight o’clock class, a simple morning walk, a breakfast date at the “C” Club. The smell of bacon is strong on the crisp morning air. The trees, the grass, the rooftops, the earth itself, seem bathed in dew. The campus, indeed the world, is awakening once more. As I survey the panorama below me, my gaze again sweeps sorority row. I wonder which house, if any, will be mine.

At four o’clock I return from a class, enter my room, and pause at my window on the world. The weather is balmy, and a slight breeze rustles the leaves of the aged maple on the lawn. The first shadows of evening are beginning to descend. Below me, facing the wall surrounding the verandah, some girls are seated. They have spread their high school yearbooks on the ledge before them, and are animatedly comparing past activities. I watch them for a moment, then turn away. My own yearbook is before me on the shelf. I wonder about my high school years: where have they gone? What did they accomplish?
Dinner is over and I return, once again, to my room. I seat myself and begin to study, but in vain, for outside my window on the world a gala celebration is in progress. A fraternity man has pinned his favorite date and the brothers are executing a parade in his honor. The cars careen down West Hampton Drive, horns blowing, the object of the evening’s attentions ensconced in the trunk of one of the vehicles. I watch until the cars fade from view, then turn once again to my books. I wonder about the newly-pinned couple. Today they are happy. Will their happiness endure?

It is past midnight now, a Friday night, and I am dateless. I switch off the light before I approach, for the final time today, my window on the world. The night is navy blue, chilly, and sprinkled with stars. As I gaze upon the world below me, a couple approaches and slowly mounts the stairs. In the shadows of the verandah, a second couple pauses to say goodnight. Once again I glance down sorority row: Alpha Chi, DG, Tri-Delt, Kappa, Theta, Pi Phi. The campus, indeed the world, is preparing to rest once more.

I slowly draw the curtain of my window on the world and sink wearily into bed. It has been a long day; it will be a long life.

The sun will continue to rise outside my window, and with it the campus, indeed the world. Accompanying the sunrise will be the morning walks, the breakfast dates, the eight o’clock classes. Around the world the trees, the grass, the rooftops, will seem bathed in dew. And I shall continue to wonder.

And folks will continue to remember the past, to live it over again in dreams, to attempt to bring it back. They will continue to evaluate their earlier years. And I, too, shall evaluate. And people will continue to fall in love, and to find happiness. They will continue to celebrate their joy, and to mourn their grief. Happiness will continue to endure—or to deteriorate—and I to wonder.

Where have we been? What have we accomplished? Where are we going? For what are we searching? Are our goals attainable and, if so, by what means? And where will we be at the end of our journey?

I shall not attempt to answer these questions, for it has been a long day. Likewise, it will be a long life.

Fountain pens are pushed
Through life without knowing what
Meaning their marks have.

NANCY EHRHART
Jostling girls crowd the suffocating dressing rooms. Along the dull green walls of this nether world, lined up neatly, sit ballet bags of leather, tapestry, and plaid. Nine other girls and I charge in, pulling off our blazers and sweaters as we come.

"You're late," somebody calls out cheerily, helpfully. One of my group answers as we frantically lunge for empty hooks, "Yeah, thanks for telling us."

All around me are girls frenziedly rummaging, stripping, and pulling on pink tights. My leotard is damp. I climb into it with trepidation—I find it clammy as a wet bathing suit. I don't allow myself the luxury of stopping to think about it. I have to get my hair up.

"My hair net's completely shot. Anybody got an extra net?" I plead in anguish. No answer. The dressing room is rapidly thinning.

"Pretty please, somebody!" At length a holey net is dredged up from the murky recesses of someone's ballet case.

"Thanks a million." Now my ballet slippers. That should be all.

Breathless, I run to class in tighted feet. Outside the studio I hear music playing. I open the door gingerly and insinuate myself inside. Here is another world. For the next ninety minutes I am in a separate universe. Time, problems, and mundane matters do not exist. Ballet becomes the universe, and Miss Laura becomes the sun.

I try to take my place at the barre unobtrusively. This is impossible, for the room is very small. Everyone is doing plies. I try not to look at her.

"You're late, Diana," she announces in her familiar British accent.

"I'm sorry." I lift my submissive eyes briefly to look at the small white-haired lady before me. She tries to look stern, but her merry eyes betray her. She cannot be angry with me. I fake my way through the first exercise.

Then she goes to the piano, humming to herself as she marks a combination with her fingers. I study her as she goes over her exercise, preoccupied. Small, yet abounding in energy, she concentrates, oblivious of the class right now. Her wavy, white hair is pulled back with combs. She looks like someone's grandmother, or, better yet, like a Mrs. Santa Claus. For a moment a fleeting thought crosses my mind; it occurs to me that she doesn't fit in this room—"the little, downstairs studio." Austere and shabby it is. The ceiling is low; the lights are bright, the kind that gives one headaches. White with a strange yellow crusty substance, the walls
are peeling and cracking. The floorboards, bad in many spots, are chipped grey with occasional spots of paint which the art classes have failed to wipe up. Miss Laura doesn't belong here, even once a week; she belongs up in the big studio—the huge "big studio" that used to be the nave of the Quaker church which is now our school. Room, space, unlimited, infinite space to move, to fly, to dance—that is what Miss Laura should have. But no, in another sense the austerity of the downstairs studio matches another aspect of her. Her strict, scrupulous attention to detail, a part of her strong emphasis on an impeccable technique, on clean work—this fits the atmosphere of the downstairs studio. In the way that the room is stark, stripped of all ornaments, all superfluities, so Miss Laura is with her pristine integrity, her uncompromising, exacting standards.

"Diana!" Shaken out of my reverie, I obediently straighten myself into position. We continue through the barre, having a sprightly exercise, then a slow, controlled one.

"Turn around and do the other side." Drops of perspiration trickle endlessly down my face and drip off my chin onto the floor. And always there is Miss Laura, treading lightly up and down the barres in her soft, black leather slippers, her eyes missing nothing. Always explaining, she tries to get us to understand exactly what she wants and why she wants it.

"I'll use you as a guinea pig, Barbara. Do it by yourself, facing the glass. Did you see what was wrong?" Then comes a careful explanation of the fault, after which we have a few moments to practice that particular point on our own.

"You know, it's very funny, but the people who always need the most practice never practice." One girl, abashed, fusses with the ribbons on her shoes. A strict disciplinarian, Miss Laura shows us how much can be accomplished when there is order and discipline.

Now it's time to stretch, and then we go into the center. We do a pirouette exercise. She makes us practice the turns without music, clapping when we should land. Up, turn, clap. Up, turn, clap.

"It was fine except for that wobble at the end," she tells one of the class. "Don't stand there on an angle," she informs another, "you look tipsy. Diana, your head still inclines," she says without comment. I avoid her eyes; I have disappointed her.

"Now for an adage. Give me the most beautiful waltz you have," she begs the pianist. "Do a développé a la quatrième devant, grand rond de jambe à écarté ... " She explains the exercise carefully, the second time adding details like, "Look far, far away on this; here is offering position—remember that you're giving something to your audience."

Giving something ... my mind wanders. Miss Laura gives her heart and soul to her class, I reflect. Unbelievably demanding and exacting, she is also munificently generous. Paraphrasing Juliet, I muse, "The more she gives to us, the more she has for both are—"

"Changements, sixteen small and sixteen large." We warm up
our feet. "You can jump at least high enough to stretch your feet," she reproaches us.

"Now we'll do a big jump with turns. Play a Straussy, swingy waltz," she directs the pianist. She marks it gracefully, not dancing full out. There is simplicity in her lines. Her arms are light, soft. Her face is sensitive, alive, the face of a person who knows beauty, love, joy, and yes, pain, for knowledge of pain is necessary to an artist.

"Now you do it." Unspoken is her command to try to capture the essence of the step—contrast, light and shade, strong and delicate, expansive and subtle—show all of this.

The enchainement is beautiful. We travel on the preparation, we soften on the balancés, we soar on the grand jetés. We do it again and again, each time dancing it more, trying to put as much of us into it as she does.

Suddenly it is over—class is finished. We are doing reverence and then applauding. Miss Laura has one more thing to say, "Remember the class for tomorrow." Inwardly we sigh, for that means remember every count of every exercise. Yet we have no reason to complain; we realize the worth of doing this.

Wet and spent, the class disperses, some to stretch, others to change. As I stretch my warm muscles, producing a good aching pain, I think about Miss Laura, or rather not just Miss Laura, but Miss Laura, ballet and the downstairs studio—inseparable components of something much bigger. My mind wanders as I revel in the beautiful pull of muscles. Miss Laura is a beautiful person with a face as lovely as her personality. Her mischievous, elfin smile reveals her youthful attitude. Her youth is the vitality, enthusiasm, and intensity of the young combined with a beautiful, calm acceptance of life, of time. Que sera, sera. Miss Laura is like a warm white flame, sometimes burning softly, gently, sometimes flickering furiously. Glowing, she gives of herself always, yet never is diminished.

There is not a particular mental image I have of her, for she can be the ballet teacher in the downstairs studio, full of dignity and patience, serenely lecturing her class on the fine points of ballet . . . or she can be a winking, pixie-like sprite who loves to share a joke or make a pun, or she can be the former dancer who floats around humming Chopin nocturnes . . and she is many, many more people whom I am not privileged to know. As I walk out of the studio back into the stuffy dressing rooms, the bigger world, I ponder, "Does she know?" I can only hope that she realizes how much I love and appreciate the Miss Laura's that I do know.

A lonely teardrop
Beckons company to share
Her pain and sorrow.

NANCY EHRHART
Although I hardly knew her, I wept at the death of the child. I wept not only because her death was a freakish accident but also because she was linked to our family by a holy sacrament—a baptism.

I remember how excited I was when I received the letter from my father during his visit to his hometown in Sparta, saying that he had Christened an infant girl and he had given her my mother’s name. Now five years later I was taking my first trip to Greece and eagerly looking forward to meeting my godsisiter. However, it is too bad that in the three days I saw her she was alive only once.

That first day she was wearing a blue cotton dress and white shoes from America. She was wearing her baptismal cross, too. She was a little girl—just five years old and typically Greek-looking in every way. Her eyes were extremely dark and deeply set into her face; her hair was black and very curly, and her skin was olive. She was so shy meeting her godfamily for the first time that even an American doll could not break the ice! She did stay for awhile, but there was a wedding in the town and she soon scampered off to see the bride.

In searching for her the next day, the police found only her shoes and the few walnuts she had gathered lying on the edge of the well. When they found her, she was dead—lying face-down in the bottom of the well. Now, in order to see her the second time, I came to her home.

That evening the child, wrapped tightly in a white sheet, was lying in the center of the livingroom floor. The only visible part of her body was her forehead with the wound she received when she fell forward and hit herself on the opposite edge of the well. The mother was there, and her grief was clearly evident in her face. She was completely in black and kneeling close to her daughter, grasping the ends of her mourning kerchief and chanting. As she was doing this, her body was swaying, and in some instances she would speak to her child. This lamentation of the dead is one of the oldest customs of the Greeks whereby the relatives of the deceased bemoan their fate and often speak directly to the dead in a song-like manner.

The following day I saw her as a bride, for according to Greek tradition, an unmarried person on the day of his funeral is always dressed for his wedding. Again according to custom, this task is performed by the godparent. Thus, a godfather will prepare his godson; a godmother will prepare her goddaughter. It is difficult, however, when the deceased is only five years old, to carry out the custom. It was impossible to find a veil and a crown that were suitable. Consequently, my mother had to use my white oblong chiffon scarf and a wreath of flowers as the head attire. Now the girl was
almost ready for her wake except that a valuable possession must be included in her casket: her baptismal cross. This time-honored custom dates back to the time of the ancient city of Mycanae when the kings and queens were buried with their riches.

My godsisiter’s wake lasted until noon as relatives and friends brought flowers and kissed the icon that lay in the child’s arms. Following this ceremony, the child was taken to church for the last time. It entailed a long procession through the village, led by the village priest; followed by four men holding the casket; the family; the relatives; and the friends. Next came the child taken in another procession to the cemetery. Here, while the priest read the death prayer, the cover of the casket, which bore her first name printed in large Greek letters, was fastened into place and my godsisiter was slowly lowered into her grave. When I think back, I realize how strange it was to see her holding in life and in death the one item that symbolized our close bond—the baptismal cross.

**El Barrio de Nueva York**

Judith Barnes

**El Barrio de Nueva York** is Spanish for village, locality, or ward of New York. The vermin-infested dwellings of this neighborhood, in which I experienced living, are what I am about to describe. I had the opportunity of living in Harlem with a Puerto Rican family two summers ago when I was on a church work caravan. I will use no hyperboles for the reason that there cannot be any exaggeration to describe these vile, crackerbox apartments that house several many-numbered families. Mothers are afraid to let their offspring play outside in Spanish Harlem. The dark, filthy streets are filled with swarthy, filthy people—prostitutes, addicts, and delinquents.

On one side of the obscene street exist the ruins of condemned buildings. On the opposite side of the street are the murky tenement houses. The windows of the structures have clothes hanging from them, as well as people sitting on the sills fanning themselves because of the sultry air. As one walks still farther down the street, he may observe a broken fence around hand ball courts on the school playground. Here and in the streets are the only places the children can play. The school has many broken windows and is, in general, a shambles. Unique sounds of the tambourine may be heard coming from the door of the store-front Pentecostal Church. There are sidewalk markets where unusual foods and fly-ridden fruit are sold. The many poverty-stricken people swarm through the market like the flies.

If one stops to go into an apartment house, he may have to walk around the loiterers who sit endlessly day in and out on the stoop. His eyes refocus to see down the dirty, dark corridor. He ascends the stairs and the stench of a dead rat hits him in the face like a brick
wall; a sickening smell of frying grease soon mixes in. A small, obviously unattended, two-year-old clad in a dirty diaper and buried in blackness crawls down the hallway. He has found that the roaches are his only playmates. For company he may pull up and look out the window to see the neighbors walking, standing, and sitting outside, no matter what the hour of the day or night. There are so many people that to look out onto the street they seem to have no identity; they just seem to exist.

Never so many people, never so much filth can be captured anywhere else as in this God-forsaken, inescapable blot. Here the horrid ugliness of reality arises and surrounds and suffocates us on all sides. This is el barrio de Nueva York.

My Window on the World:
A Surrealistic Credo
Adrian Ford

This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. 

**JOHN 15:12**

Man—of all ages and cultures—is confronted with the solution of one and the same question: the question of how to overcome separateness, how to achieve union, how to transcend one’s own individual life and find at-onement.

**ERICH FROMM, The Art of Loving**

I swung open my window on the world. My reason stood gazing through my dreams, the sheer curtain of dreams billowing in the breeze. I saw a plain without a horizon, and flowing through its center a river without banks. The plain was my hope for mankind and the river was time.

On the plain were thousands and thousands of men. It appeared at first that some were moving slowly in groups, but I looked closer and saw that this was an illusion caused by their number and closeness—they were all moving alone. And their closeness was itself an illusion, for the distance between them was the greatest in the universe.

Then, in my heart, I heard the clock without hands strike the Hour of Man. I knew that some of the men had heard it before me, but not most. I knew that all of them would never hear it at once, just as they would never move along the river as one body. This mechanism of awareness, the clock without hands (Love is the soul’s correlate of time, for the soul’s time is movement in love), this clock must strike the Hour separately in each man.

A mist covered part of the plain and I could hear moaning within it. But when I heard the Hour of Man, I saw a bolt of poetry strike the plain and ignite lyrical fire which flickered in every direction. Another bolt cracked the sky and tore the mist apart. Angels,
the Ideals of men, descended and placed golden fingers to their lips: and the moaning was silenced. I knew that the lightning was born in the tension between the men and between the men and sky; that it was man's nervous need for man and for God. The air was charged with vigor by the bolts and the plain was lit with quivering beauty. I knew that some of the men had seen what I saw, but not most.

The lyrical fire flickered out of sight, but I knew it would never reach the limits of the plain, which were the limits of sight only. I now sensed that the men were restless, unhappy with themselves. Some of them went farther from the river, into the wilderness and away from their brothers. I watched one of them. It seemed that he wanted to fly like an angel—his visions were wings upon his shoulders. But he had twisted the strands of life into ropes and was bound with tough cords of memory. When he attempted to fly, he was thrown against the earth and bruised. He wept, and the wings of his dreams were drenched with disappointment. Then his Ideal rose from his body and floated above him, caressing his hair and smiling like a mother upon her child. And I saw in my heart the angels of all men arising; their fingers were the winds caressing blue locks of sky and their smiles threw light upon Creation. When the man's Ideal had thus comforted him he rejoined his brothers by the river.

I watched the men moving on the plain and knew that they all moved in search of love, or wandered toward what they thought was love. And I knew their progress along the river was not in vain, could not be in vain. They did not move toward an eternally vague question, but rather their moving toward and with one another was the eternally certain Answer. I thought to myself: "May these men never be paralyzed and unable to approach one another! Would they not then be the most frightening creatures in the universe—human souls paralyzed in disobedience to God? In disobedience to the new commandment of the Son of God? They would be as statues on the plain, and the plain an endless Hall of Infamy." But this would never come to pass. The Holy Spirit would always move in them, and move them to keep the commandment, and move with them along the river.

A steady breeze was blowing through the curtain of dreams. My reason breathed deeply and was refreshed. I knew the breeze had come across the plain along the river from beyond the limits of sight. I knew in my heart it was blowing from the sea to which the river flowed, the sea without shores which is the love of God. Then I sensed that the curtain of dreams was not hung in the window, but was actually one with my reason. I was a whole person standing at the window. So I went down to the river and moved with my brothers toward the sea without shores.
As a child I first experienced a deep love and respect for nature when our family spent three weeks camping in the wild woods. The rhythms of life as first seen in midnight thundershowers sweeping through the tall oaks, the satisfying warmth of the noonday sun, delicious long evenings of peace, and the unidentified sounds of an obscure dark night made a deep and lasting impression upon my youth. Living in this natural world was a twenty-four hour joy, but the early and late times of the day were the most meaningful.

The glorious morning sun rose directly behind the tent, staging a play of shadows on the green canvas. Accompanying the pantomime, optimistic birds sang their matin prayers. Stumbling out of the tent, the family staunchly met the crisp fresh air, shivering, and plunged ankle-deep into the tall, shiny wet grass to begin the daily tasks. Breakfast announced itself with the crackling of bacon frying in the skillet. Mingled with the pungent smoke and scent of pine, the meaty odor overpowered even the chipmunks, begging around the table.

In the evening great campfires were lit in the cleared spaces, and a rushing, billowing column of luminous smoke and glowing sparks ascended toward the panorama of celestial gray. The fire gleamed across the shimmering surface of the lake. Now and then campers ventured through the woods, their flashlights swinging great arcs in the forest black. The sound of children intermittently permeated the quiet, completing the spell of perfection.

At this most beautiful time of day, I found an indelible first awakening of feeling for life. Wandering alone in the darkness, I strayed toward the lake's edge. In the midst of desertion a towering pine stood silhouetted against the heavens. Familiar constellations, the Dippers and the Bear, loomed steadfastly in their ageless positions. How many times they must have extended comfort and security through a long and lonely night. Somehow this night-filled wilderness had stretched beneath these stars for endless ages before Columbus discovered America. Ghostlike hung the haunting presence of Indians who had lived and died never having seen a white man. In these myriads of stars, sparkling like the silicon cubes of sand, I sensed infinity and, in child's ignorance, the paradox of man on earth. Here, beside a solitary pine, I experienced worship—of the night, of the earth, of God.

The leaves chatter more
Rapidly now that autumn
Is closing her eyes.

Nancy Ehrhart
When progress closed the coal mines, the city of Shenandoah lost a purpose for being. It ceased to move forward with time and remained a product of another age. As part of this city isolated by black hills of coal, my grandmother's house with its many rooms and sloping floors provided a perfect atmosphere for make-believe. It was customary for the presentation of a play to highlight each visit to her home. These plays meant days of pleading with reluctant aunts for the use of their best jewelry, combing the attic for props and creating a script that would satisfy everyone's vanity. Memorable moments of this parlor theatre included Uncle George's interpretation of the papa bear while smothering in a moth-eaten fur coat, Cousin Harry's performance as King Midas singing "Gold, Gold, Gold," an original composition, and of course no presentation was complete without Aunt Margaret playing the "Black Hawk Waltz." When she could be persuaded, Grandma herself would appear in her best nightgown as the forest nymph. Whether or not the script required a forest nymph was irrelevant.

Any time I was not working on the play, I spent with my Aunt Elizabeth. As a child she had been the victim of polio, which paralyzed her left hand and caused her to walk with a limp. Her appearance never changed. Always she dressed in dull colors, wore high laced shoes and parted her hair severely down the middle and pulled back so tightly, it looked painted on. Watching soap operas and cleaning house occupied the majority of her time. She went for walks only in the rain. Although she was like no one I had ever known, I never felt strange or ill at ease with her. Perhaps this was because we shared a common love for make-believe. When alone together in her room with the high-postered bed and blue-flowered wallpaper, only we existed. For hours she would tell stories, play records, or show me the dolls she had collected. I especially awaited the chance to hold the china-faced doll with the brown curls, who always sat alone in the corner. Most of the time Elizabeth talked, but sometimes I asked questions. Once when very young, I asked why she didn't walk straight. She answered, "I can only walk straight when I wear my white shoes." That was all and I was satisfied. Elizabeth never wore white shoes.

When my grandmother died, the funeral was held in her home. For the first time the house with its many rooms and slanted floors became strange and unfamiliar. People whom I didn't know filled every room, introducing themselves saying, "Do you remember me? Why I knew you when you were only so high." Their conversation made no sense. Everyone had assembled for one purpose but talked of everything alien to that purpose. But strangest of all, Elizabeth no longer talked to me. She just sat in the corner and stared.
blankly into space. Looking at her, I thought of the china doll.

The evening before the funeral I wandered downstairs. Finding the dining room doors closed, I turned without thinking into the parlor. Dim light flashed on and off from the neon sign across the street. I was suddenly aware of being alone in the room with my grandmother's coffin. The air was heavy with perfume. The sound of the clock ticking from the mantel filled the room. It seemed so loud. I wondered why I had never noticed it before. Then I realized that this room had always been filled with the make-believe world of the plays, a world where the ticking of a clock was out of place. I began to cry because death was so near, not the death of my grandmother, but of the make-believe world she represented.

I heard angry voices coming from the dining room. People were arguing about what should be done with the house. Elizabeth shouted something and then began to cry. There was silence again except for the steady ticking of the clock. She did not understand. It was too late. She had lived too long in a world of make-believe and could not face the reality of this moment. For me it was not too late.

It began to rain. Elizabeth would go walking tomorrow, for she only went walking in the rain. When it rains, the world changes its appearance. The color of the brown earth darkens, the smooth surface of the leaves shines and the pavement of the city's streets resembles polished marble. Seeking shelter, people become unrecognizable figures darting to and fro with their faces cast downward or hidden by hovering umbrellas. The water collecting in pools reflects and adds new dimensions of space while the falling grey torrents blur any remaining marks of clarity. Like the rain, make-believe and imagination cause reality to change its appearance. Qualities are exaggerated, new dimensions are added, and clarity is lost. But as the world of the sunlight is barren and parched without the rain, without imagination the world of reality becomes tedious and dull. The ability to distinguish between and to keep the worlds of reality and imagination from overwhelming each other is a sign of maturity. As children our lives are dominated by make-believe, a desire to animate the inanimate. We spend much of our time imitating a grown-up world, our conception of which combines idealistic dreams and is often incomplete. As we grow, experiences expose our misconceptions and reveal life as it really is. If we refuse to accept these discoveries by retreating deeper into a world of fantasy, we will not find happiness in a real world. These discoveries need not replace our dreams and desires, but rather combine with them to create the beauty of life, as together the rain and sunlight create the beauty of the rainbow.
What Orientation Is
David Swimmer

At the beginning of many old Tarzan movies, we see Johnny Weismuller sail off a towering cliff, diving gracefully into a beautiful but unfamiliar lagoon. Down to the very bottom he plunges, acquainting himself with every aspect of the area below the water’s surface. Then he swims away powerfully, makeup somehow intact. This rapid but complete familiarity of environment is at least the theoretical goal of every college freshman, from the last tearful good-by of his parents to the point a week later when classes are finally about to start. The only belief that makes the tasks of the ritual even possible is the firm conviction that ‘I can do it because I’m a college man now.’

In seven appallingly short days we have to try to meet everyone and remember them. If we haven’t fully comprehended everything told us by the end of the week, we have to act as if we do, or completely fall apart as people to be talked to. (How many un-oriented people have made the typical freshman-ic error of pronouncing Clowes to sound like clothes?)

Somehow, the fraternities find us even before the orientation officials. Would we like to be shown the campus? Would we like a date? Free meal at the frat house? Pledge card?—How should we know what we want? Coupled with our complete ignorance of the extra-curricular activities of college is the almost irresistible urge to get out the easy way and say yes to almost anything.

Then come three solid days of advice, speeches, placement tests, and more advice. The speeches overlap perpetually: study your head off, but have lots of fun at the same time. That’s where the enticing speakers go their separate ways. Have fun by joining the YMCA. Get on the Collegian staff. Work for the Young Republicans. Go out for the cross-country team. In the worst semester of do-or-die, a night at the books is not mentioned one-tenth as much as a night on the town.

Not only are we overwhelmed with the academic obligations of becoming an educated individual, but college also bodes the prospects of personal responsibility. In high school many of us woke up to the sound of frying eggs; and although the C-Club isn’t exactly on Duncan Hines’ list, we still have to eat whether we want to or not. No one ever bothered to ask who made his bed or emptied his wastebasket, as long as it was done. Now the fact that nobody else does it is made painfully aware to us. So orientation is an adjustment to a completely new way of life, as well as a mere signing up for classes.

But the two days of individual conferences and actual registration are by far the most frustrating and disappointing. Theoretically, the counselors are trained to know what we want, leaving us no room in choosing what we really want. Then, after two hours of going
through the twenty minute registration ordeal, complicated by endless forms and confusion all around, we finally have a schedule. We are secure in the knowledge that this schedule has been professionally planned for us; however, it is impossible to obtain the course we need at the hour we need it. Back we go to the counselor and the forms for a less professionally planned schedule—in fact, a rather hap-hazard one.

College may be one of life's most satisfying challenges—if we finally get through orientation.

**PARADOX**

Love:
the sudden violent collision of two spirits
the slow shy union of uncertain souls
coming as autumn
wrapped in passion and storm
or as springtime
pale and gently growing
a mystic enchantment
a hush and bitter pain
fragile, cruel, strong, tender
creating life—destroying lives
holding up the sun and stars
causing tears to fall
omnipresent as the sky
eusive as a rainbow
how sad—how wonderful
the paradox of love.

_Susan DePoy_
AND THEY LOCKED HIM IN A ROOM

And they locked him in a room
There amidst the dust and gloom,
And they laid him down upon a tiny cot.
And they went away with sorrow
Thinking of his grey tomorrow
And yet they left him there in solitude to rot.
And his eyes began to wander
As his mind began to ponder,
And elaborate upon his desperate plight.
And his eyes began their burning
As his frail body turning,
Spent what was to them a restful night.
And a pigeon he did spy,
And the world was in its eye,
And he uttered what was then naught but a mumble.
And through the ferric bars,
He saw life, the falling stars,
And all destroyed but he, as it did crumble.
And he put them in a room
There amidst the dust and gloom,
And he laid them down, all on one tiny cot.
And as his life began its wane,
There interred in drizzling rain,
He mused and laughed aloud as they did rot.

JAY LARKIN

A Commentary on the Principal Element in the Decline and Fall of "The Human Race"

Andrew Keyes

After many hours of prolonged and prodigious study, I have finally arrived at the determining factor in the decline and descent of racial cultures, both modern and ancient. It is my conclusion that silverware is the factor; that eating utensils are the most important inventions in the history of mankind. Let me now trace the path of this momentous but malignant discovery through the ages.

Consider, if you will, the first man: strong, healthy, and perfectly content. He ate with his fingers and was satisfied. Then one day he made a discovery: it's easier to eat broth or stew using a ladle-like affair, which he called a spoon. This was all well and good; however, it should not be carried too far. He realized this
and warned his fellow man. But the ears of humanity were closed. Let us next observe the Greeks. In their society the spoon became the epitome of strength and usefulness, a beauty to behold. But in time the Greeks paid the price for their luxuries. They were conquered by the crude-spooned Romans of the West.

The Romans then copied the Greek spoon and developed it even more. Bronze and gold spoons with graceful lines and ornate engraving became the symbol of Rome’s decadent masses. The Romans literally spooned their morals down the drain.

However, the Romans’ days were soon to end; they were overcome by the truculent barbarians from the North with their simple wooden and stone spoons. This split Europe into numerous, small feudal holdings, each with its own type of spoon, and she was to stay this way until united by the fork, which brought with it the Renaissance.

Originally designed as a two-pronged device to facilitate the carrying of food to the mouth, the fork soon met the same fate that the spoon did; it became extravagant and richly designed.

Following the fork, the knife became tableware, and it too followed the path of its forefathers, the fork and spoon. Men became soft and corrupt once more.

In the sixteen hundreds silverware came to America. Here it returned to its original form, and its simplicity personified the pioneer spirit of our early settlers. In its hardy ruggedness it reflected their patriotism and strength of will. Those first Americans had no use for elaborate silverware, so why do we? Luxurious silverware has become the symbol of a nation trying desperately to live like kings but instead sinking into the black mire of decadence.

Possibly there is still time to save ourselves. If we will only realize the errors of our ways and reform, we may obtain salvation. In view of this possibility I present the following suggestions:

1. Keep your silverware simple, and do not let it go to your head.
2. Strive to abolish extravagant silverware and the evil it stands for.
3. Do not let your local, state, or federal governments be taken over by honey-mouthed politicians bearing fancy spoons.

In these and only these ways may our culture be preserved for posterity. Act now!