Intrusion and Reaction
By Frank Slupesky

George bent his broad back and leaned against the rail. He surveyed the ocean passing a few yards beneath. Funny how the ship passing through the blue water, churned it into a white foam. Then, how the foam reverted to its original shade—but not abruptly; first it was emerald, then green, then turquoise, then blue again. It occurred to George that he was witnessing a cycle which, though brief, was perhaps beautiful.

George's thoughts were interrupted by the approach of two of his shipmates—Slim, the bo'sun, and Whitie, the cook. They were muttering the usual inanities with the usual blatancy. As they passed behind him, their tone abruptly decreased to a confidential whisper. George kept his eyes on the water, but he tried to discern the whispers. He could not make out what Whitie said, but Slim agreed and added audibly: "That Damn nigger's always loafin'. I don't care what the union says, I ain't gonna sign on another ship with one of 'em."

George glanced down at his dark brown arms and saw his muscles tighten. His arteries expanded, until he could feel the throbbing flow of blood. He wanted to run after Slim and Whitie, grab them, and beat their heads together. God knows he was big and strong enough, but checking himself he remembered how, in the past, his strength had never helped on these occasions. Indeed, it had often made matters worse. Prudently, he turned and headed for his cabin.

Lying in his bunk, George thought of his childhood and tried to relax. His father had been the first colored doctor in his town. He had bought a home in a white district and one Sunday attended the nearby church. The flock were so scandalized by this intrusion upon the unanimity of their cuticles that many got up and left, while the others remained, condescendingly, and at their proper distance. Thus, there was an approximate circle. The colored family was the center, and the condescending ones were the periphery. The remainder of the circle served as a buffer, or no man's land.

George was only five then, but the look of wrathful resentment on those white faces as they marched out of church was indelibly impressed on his memory. Later that day George's mother had tried to explain to him how the pigmentation in a person's skin determines much of what he must be.

There were many other instances—so many that he could not
remember, and the ones he remembered he wanted to forget. His
two years at college were probably the happiest of his life. Oh, yes,
one time he was refused admission to a dance, but on the whole, the
students and faculty had granted him more tolerance than other
people had.

Then he joined the Merchant Marine. Before finishing school
he wanted to do something different, something adventurous. How
better could he balance his experiences than by supplementing the
academic with a bit of the practical?

That evening George and another seaman were talking out on
deck when a voice was directed toward them from behind a port
hole: “Why don’t you two salts come in and try to win back that
dough you dropped last night.”

“Sounds like a good idea, Mac: deal ‘em out and we’ll be right
in,” replied George, wanting to solidify the friendship he was making
with some of the crew.

When George and his friend entered the cabin two other seamen
had appeared to participate in the nightly poker game. Mac counted
the cards, and, when he was satisfied none was missing, spread them
face down on the table. Each man drew a card. George’s queen
was highest so he picked up the deck, shuffled it, and began dealing.

“What! No seven card low hole?” demanded Mac in a tone of
affable sarcasm.

They sat there for more than an hour. George played a sociable
game. He bet diffidently. Mac played a garrulous game. He
tried to anticipate others’ bets, and once they were made, would raise
them again. He always made the last raise. In spite of his seem-
ingly undisciplined and jovial playing, he seldom lost. The other
three players always picked up their cards and looked at them
gravely, almost surreptitiously, as if an invisible conspirator were
standing to the rear who would see the cards and relay the infor-
mation to the other players. George thought of them as little
paranoiacs.

Mac was in a raising duel with one of the paranoiacs when Slim
and Whitie walked in. George saw them enter, but acted as if he
did not. The others were unaware of them until they found two
chairs and wedged themselves into the circle of gamblers. George,
looking to his side, saw Slim’s faded denim trousers. A shiny marlin
spike was stuck behind the three inch belt. His long, slender arms
were emphasized by the snug T-shirt. A narrow scar which
descended obliquely down Slim’s cheek was quite pale against the
windburned skin. Slim peremptorily announced that he and Whitie
should be included in the next hand.
Mac gathered the cards, and, after shuffling them with ostenta-
tious dexterity, dealt to the seven men.
"Seven card stud with seven players," he added loquaciously;
"there's just enough cards."
"Queen bets," Slim said to George.
Until hearing that deliberate voice, George was unaware that it
was up to him to open the betting. Nervously, he took a quarter
from in front of him and flipped it to the center of the table.
"Two bits," he said, like an actor who had forgotten his lines and
then suddenly remembered them.
After seven quarters had been placed in the center of the table,
Mac dealt each man another card. Slim got an ace. Without
speaking, he placed a half dollar among the seven quarters on the
table. The other players did the same. Mac dealt another round
of cards. Slim's ace was still the highest card, and again he invested
a half dollar. Other halves were tossed toward the center and Mac
began distributing the next round of cards.
"Hold it, Mac, the pot's short a half," Slim droned.
Mac stopped dealing, but nobody submitted the missing half.
Slim scratched the end of his nose, then shifted his eyes from
the table to George.
"Why don't you put in your half?" he asked.
"I did put it in," George answered.
"Don't lie, I was watching you . . . . You guys think you can get
away with anything, but, dammit, when I'm playing you ain't gonna
drag light on the pots."
"You know well enough that I put in my half . . . . If you're
trying to cause trouble why in hell don't you leave."
Slim narrowed the opening between his eye lids and stared more
delicately at George. "You black bastard."
George raised his arm and flung it around so fast that Slim could
not duck. The forearm hit his face, and he pivoted backwards on
his chair. In a rage, George jumped on top of him and started to
hit at random, as if he depended on the force of the blows instead of
their accuracy. Almost overcome by the savage arms beating him
from above, Slim managed to free the marlin spike from his belt, and
with the power left in him, blindly sunk it into the dark hulk on
top.

Suddenly the door opened and the First Mate walked in.
"What the hell's going on here?" he demanded.

Hearing his authoritative voice, the five noncombatants bent
down and pulled the two men apart. Blood began to pour out of
the wound in George's leg, and some trickled out of Slim's nose and mouth.

"Take those two men down to the Sick Bay," the officer said.
"Yes, sir," replied Mac, and, lifting George's arm around his shoulders, helped him away.

George knocked on the door of the Captain's cabin.
"Come in."

He slowly pushed back the door. The first thing he saw was Slim sitting in the corner, his face badly discolored. George went in, closed the door, and walked a few steps toward the Captain who was looking at some papers which lay on his desk.

"You want to see me, sir?"

Still looking at the papers, the Captain replied: "Eh, the First Mate told me you started a fight last night. Is that right?"

"I was the first to hit, sir."

"I haven't had any trouble on my ship for a long time, and I don't want any more this trip. Just to make sure you don't start any more fights, I'm going to fine you a hundred dollars. You realize, of course, that I have the authority to give you a much greater punishment, but I'll save that in case you try anything again."

George stood looking at the Captain. Finally, the Captain moved his eyes from the papers and glanced up at George.

"Have you got anything to say?"

George still looked at him, silently.

"That will be all then," he said, returning his eyes to the papers. George turned slowly and walked out.