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THE SHORT STORY

MARLENE

John B. Oetgen

REPORT ON THE EXPLORATION OF A SOGGY PLANET

Philippe Crane

A RIDDLE

Thomas Hanley Barthel

CHIEF OF SIN AND CORRUPTION

Ronald Wilson



THE ESSAY

HORACE: THE ART OF POETRY

and POPE: AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

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POEM

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Any student worth his salt is tempted at least once during his academic career to unreservedly say the hell with it all, to abandon the regimented and futile process of education, and to march courageously headlong into Life supposedly in order to "find himself." Those who succumb to the temptation are usually content enough to spend about a year making asses of themselves after which they more often than not return to the old grind and continue their scholastic pursuits-now a bit sobered. It took me, however, a little longer than a year to satiate my caprice; and after nearly two and a half years of searching behind every rock and blade of grass, I decided one day to inspect my mailbox in the vain hope that maybe myself had been successfully hiding there all the time. During my sabbatical I think I received only one letter. It was from my brother in St. Louis and in six pages said absolutely nothing. I had been so thoroughly disgusted by it, in fact, that I avoided the mailbox from then on, fearing that if I had to read another witty letter from another clever person who spent his time leading a healthy, normal life, I would lose the little composure I had been successful enough to muster and go consummately mad. I had avoided writing anyone, therefore, under the false illusion that letters beget letters somewhat like fathers beget sons. I hadn't considered, however, that occasionally a bastard is sired along the way; so it was not with just a little shock that I delivered from the mailbox that foggy afternoon an irrefutably illegitimate communiqué from my local draft board. I was supposed to have reported, it said, to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for induction three days

My first impulse was to shoot off a hurried and nasty letter to the President informing him, in effect, that for all I cared he could take his lousy greeting and cram it; but then it struck me that during my twenty-odd months' sequestration there had been a national election; and though I knew who had run for the executive's office, I wasn't at all sure who had won. My only alternative then, I logically concluded, was to report delinquently to Fort Jackson and suffer stoically whatever tortures the army arranges for derelict draftees.

With a minimum of heart I began packing my meagre belongings into a single suitcase and called the bus station to find out the schedule of buses going down to Carolina. I could catch one in an hour, I learned, or wait until the following day. I decided on the second choice. After all, I was already three days late, and it would really make no difference even if the torture I would be subjected to were commensurate with the number of days I was late. I tend to break under the least bit of pain, and after a point it makes no difference how intense it becomes. So, convinced that shortly I would be stretched out on a rack swearing that I was a coward, a traitor, and a vertible S.O.B., I gave way to a final whim and made a second phone call.

Almost immediately the receiver at the other end was picked up, but at least a minute passed before I received any verbal acknowledgement. I was on the verge of hanging up when a woman's voice finally said, "Oui?"

"Could I speak to Marlene?" I asked, not too sure I was being understood. There was no reply, only the sound of the receiver being deposited none too gently on what sounded like a very wooden table. In a moment, however, there were footsteps, and then a pleasing voice said, "Hello?"

"Marlene, this is Dennis, Dennis Adrian."

"Oh, hi-i-i," she said—a little too enthusiastically I thought—"Where are you?" "I'm back in town. Listen, I was thinking if you weren't doing anything tonight, we might go out or something."

by John B.

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I said immediately-and then paused for a moment... "How about irty?"

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nversation was near to becoming unsalvable; so I said that I'd be by eight-thirty and after hearing her say something like "It'll be just marvelng you again," I hung up.

was a thorough-going American girl who wrote short and flighty letters like her telephone conversations, one was often moved to analyze. Her however, were as French as Louis Quatorze, and I always dreaded ers with them. No doubt they considered me as frivolous as their daughtherefore were always sententious whenever it was necessary for us to the ordinary, everyday amenities of social contact. As I walked up the their house, therefore, I fervently prayed that Marlene would be waiting our so that I could sneak away as surreptitiously as I came. I wasn't to be nate, however, because after a minute of soft tapping at the door, I was by a white-haired grande dame who inspected me closely and said, "Oui?" ne," I improvised, "puis-je voir Marlene?"

tinued eyeing me with her piercing gaze and then turned with a comene sweep of the hand. I pursued the swaying apron and obediently demyself in a room which she passed on the way to the back of the house, ag with a well-defined point of her finger that if I knew what was good I'd get the hell inside and sit down. Once ensconced, I heard her call, e" and was at ease to know that she had fathomed my purpose.

ol I had been acquainted with a veritable scheisskopf named Theodore

Hopkins Wordsworth who, in deference to his name I suppose, considered himself quite the poet laureate of Mayfair College of the Liberal Arts ("nestled snugly in the foothills of the beautiful Appalachians"). He continuously submitted material to the school's literary magazine-a magazine which someone once called "Mayfair's only and barren attempt at erudition"-and occasionally succeeded in having a poem published. One I remember in particular. It was so bad in fact that I memorized it for future edification and merriment. Verbatim, the text read thus:

Stumbling and fumbling in the bed of truth, I fiddled and screwed with my soul In a hopeless hope to save the world From itself. Only the stars in the night lit the bed; And, love of my life!, she stretched her mind out And mine met hers with a clashing sound. They exploded like A-bombs, this mind Meeting mind, and then in a second The earth stood right still. Sleep engulfed all and in sensual stillness I finally saw God and in Him saw

TRUTH!!!

Theodore had arrived at the juncture in his education where he could learn no more. He'd had it buddy. All of it. And he was more than willing to share some of it with the less brilliant denizens of the world. Naturally he'd never share it all, however, since one competitor for the greatest mind since Shakespeare's was God's plenty. Theodore was safe, though. The fact remained that no one really gave a damn about sharing the distinction of being the school's foremost jackass, and this was fine with him. He was satisfied if he could impress people now and then by publishing a poem or two in THE MAYFAIR FORUM. Besides this, Theodore's next greatest claim to fame was his room. He reveled in having his fellow students drop in on him so that they might see how thoroughly eccentric (and therefore brilliant) he was,

His room, moreover, was the embodiment of gaudiness. On the walls there were abstract paintings . . . but not just regular abstract paintings. They were remarkably bad abstract paintings. On the window sills there were Chianti bottles soaked, it seemed, in wax, with wicks projecting unobtrusively from their mouths. His bed was a mattress on the floor, and his desk was a simple table on which was piled a mountain of disorganized papers and books that one might suppose he arranged in various states of disarray at least once a week. Finally, against the wall, there was a chest in which he evidently kept his extra pair of underwear. His room, he frequently commented, was the "synthesis of Spartan simplicity."

If it was, however, then the room I had been directed to by la grande dame was the embodiment of Gallic primitivism. It contained four walls, one chair, and an empty table, and immediately after depositing myself in the chair, I began to minutely inspect every inch of it. Illuminated by a wall lamp which grandly and indiscriminately dispersed light to every niche and corner, the room resembled a stage of some sort, and upon entering, I felt a little like an actor who had just made his entrance to be thoroughly disjointed by a powerful and well-aimed spotlight. Rapidly forgetting my lines, I was tempted to abandon the arena with ample dispatch. It would have taken more finesse than I had at my disposal, however; so I re out of my el It was simp four walls. Ill at ease, I palms togeth his fatal entr "Marlene sa room to ans Again I was I expected t ed to the do crushing me "Marlene sa "You've alre But surpris told me ag "Who was not only so "Dick Som Surely the I would ha tion at the my prover "Nothin'. J "Do you th ject to one "Oh, she's have realize But I pers "She's tall more cord "Dennis," "Mine's S "Percy By "Huh?" "Nothing My feebl inane têt with a q "When's I wasn't "When's emphasis

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ever; so I remained, becoming more and more convinced that I was decidedly out of my element. The room actually had no conceivable purpose for existing. It was simply and ingenuously a...a room, a nondescript space bounded by four walls.

Ill at ease, I imagined the old woman back in her kitchen lustfully rubbing her palms together and muttering sinisterly, "The raven himself is hoarse that croaks his fatal entrance..." when I glanced up to see a little girl standing at the door.

"Marlene said she'd be down in a few minutes," she volunteered and then left the room to answer a ringing telephone.

Again I was alone; and as one who seldom suffers from any form of agoraphobia, I expected the walls to start moving toward each other. Once the little girl returned to the door, however, and evidently by her mere presence stilled the imminent crushing movement of the walls.

"Marlene said to tell you she'd be down in a minute."

"You've already told me that," I shot back a little too quickly.

But surprisingly she wasn't taken aback by my briskness. "Yeah, I know, but she told me again."

"Who was that on the phone," I proffered—more gently now—in an attempt to be not only sociable but nosey.

"Dick Somebody," she replied.

Surely the point had been reached where, if I advanced further along this line, I would have to exceed the bounds of "my own business" (which I had no intention at the moment of minding); I proceeded, therefore, without batting one of my proverbial eyelashes: "What'd he want?"

"Nothin'. Jus' to talk to Marlene."

"Do you think Marlene'll be ready anytime soon?" I tendered, changing the subject to one which, at least for the moment, was the most important.

"Oh, she's ready already. She'll be down in a minute." She said this as if I should have realized it all along.

But I persisted. "What's she waiting for?"

"She's talking to Dick," she answered irritably. But in the next second she was more cordial, asking, "What's your name?"

"Dennis," I replied.

"Mine's Shelly."

"Percy Bysshe?"

"Huh?"

"Nothing."

My feeble attempt at humor had failed, and I was determined not to continue the inane tête-à-tête; so I shut up. But Shelly pulled me back into the conversation with a question that seemed damned apropos.

"When's your birthday?"

I wasn't sure that I'd heard her correctly and answered with a dull, "Huh?"

"When's your birthday," she repeated somewhat louder and with just the slightest emphasis which politely suggested that maybe if I stopped slumping in the chair and sat up, flat on my can as I belonged, I'd be able to participate with a modicum of intelligence in what had all the potential of becoming a pretty interesting conversation.

"March tenth" was my answer. But I had to think a moment before making it.

"Mine was yesterday," she bubbled.

"Yeah? How old were you?"

She looked at me reproachfully and said that it wasn't polite for a gentleman to ask a lady her age. "But I'll tell you anyway . . . I'm eleven." Then, as if to assuage the embarrassment of my faux pas, she changed the subject. "Where do you go to school?"

"I don't go to school anymore," I replied trying to look as if I really didn't give

"Yeah? Why not?" She was treading on sensitive ground, and I felt justified in ending the conversation by telling her to go get Marlene. But on second thought—perhaps hoping to receive some precocious advice—I answered her.

"I got sick of it and quit."

She asked for no further explanation—which edified me no end. Her simple reply was that she didn't like school either. "But I'd be afraid to quit."

"Why?" I queried—thoroughly unaware that there should exist any reason why a little girl couldn't say the hell with text books and blackboards as I had done.

"Because my mother would have a cat. She makes me so mad sometimes."

"Is that so? Why?" I continued.

"Because she treats me like such a child. Didn't your mother get mad when you quit?"

"Oh sure, but there wasn't much she could do. I didn't go back home, see?"

"Yeah, . . . Marlene's gonna be a nurse. Didja know that?" She had changed the subject again.

I was surprised to hear this and quickly said that I wasn't aware of her latest aspirations. "I thought she was going to be a social worker."

"No, she wants to be a nurse now. She went down to the hospital yesterday to take a test."

It wasn't the sort of sudden shock that changes a man's faith in human nature or anything, but it did affect me so that I continued to probe further. "When did she decide this?"

"I dunno. A long time ago. Ya know she promised to come to my birthday party but didn't."

"What?" My mind wasn't in shape and I had difficulty keeping up with Shelly's sudden gear shifts. "Why not?" I finally asked, but almost automatically.

"'Cause she had to go to the hospital to take the test." She answered in such a way that a virile and very suitable "dammit" could well have been understood to follow.

"Well you can't blame her for that, can you?" I uttered after realizing that my end of the conversation was slipping a bit.

"But she promised she'd come. Anyway, she didn't have to stay at the hospital that long. She just wanted to see Dick."

"Dick?" I was wholly in possession of my faculties now and fully awake.

"Yeah, he's a nintern at the hospital. Ninterns are kinda like doctors, except they really aren't."

"Really aren't what?"

"Doctors . . . Ninterns really aren't doctors."

"Oh . . . Why couldn't both of them come to the party?"

"'Cause Dick had to work. Besides, I didn't want him at my party."

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She seemed nearly livid, and I was afraid that the memory of yesterday's insult would burst into a full-fledged eruption of hate. Nevertheless, I didn't want to leave the subject hanging because I wasn't just a little interested in the motivation which caused this hostility. I asked therefore, "Why not?"

"Because I don't like doctors," she said decisively.
"But I thought you said he wasn't really a doctor." (I thought I had her.)

"I don't like ninterns either." She expertly maneuvered back into logical thought, and I had nothing to say but, "Oh."

She wasn't finished, however.

"He always treats me like such a child! Everytime he sees me, he says stuff like 'Hi, Kid.' 'Whatcha know, Kid?' 'How's everything down in the fifth grade, Kid?' What am I? A goat? He makes me so damn mad."

She had argued well; and without having met him. I was pretty convinced I'd never let that lousy nintern come to one of my parties either. I felt it wouldn't be prudent to say so, however, and therefore continued in a new and more condescending vein.

"Does your mother let you say that?"

"What?"

"'Damn'."

"No, but she's not home, and I don't think Grandmother knows what it means. Marlene doesn't care. She says it herself." And then in the same breath, "I'd've

I suspected what she was talking about but had to make sure. "Come where?" "To my party. There were lots of kids there. It was really fun."

"You know," I said with genuine sincerity, "I think I would've liked that, I wasn't doing anything all day yesterday."

"Maybe you can come next year," she brightened.

"Maybe . . . but I doubt it." I don't usually go around causing children's smiles to fade, but the conversation had reached a very profound plateau, and I felt that straightforwardness was very much in order. So I continued: "See, I've got to go in the army and probably won't be here next year."

She had an immediate solution however. "Where ya gonna be? I could write ya. I've got three pen pals and one of em's in Alberta, Canada."

"I don't know yet. Probably down in South Carolina."

"Well, if ya gimme your address, I'll write ya if you want. I write very good letters. In French and English."

I thanked her quickly in order to hide my growing emotion and promised that I'd send my address as soon as I learned it. Then I proceeded to get the hell on to another subject-one that by now was probably the least important.

"What do you think's keeping Marlene?"

"Oh, she always talks to Dick for ages. She oughta be finished in a minute . . . Would you like some pound cake? I made it myself."

I was hungry and told her I didn't mind if I did.

"Just a minute, then," she said. And after jumping off the table on which she had been ensconced, she bounded from the room, returning in a minute with a mutilated slice of may or may not have been pound cake, and a glass of milk. "It's not real good," she apologized, "because it's the first one I ever made by myself. Tell me what you think."

I was hesitantly in the process of bringing the slice to my mouth when Marlene made her entrance, "Hi-i-i, how are you, Denny?" she beamed pretentiously. "I'm sorry I was so long, but somebody called who I haven't heard from in ages, and I just couldn't seem to . . . Shelly!" she shricked, "you didn't give Denny any of that cake, did you? It's absolutely horrible." Once again Shelly was nearly livid, but I intervened: "It's not bad at all," I said gulping down the milk. "In fact it's the best cake I've had in a long time." (That wasn't all a lie since my diet for months had consisted of coffee, cigarettes, and an occasional cheeseburger.) "It's very good, Shelly."

"Thanks," she glowed.

"I don't see how you stand it," Marlene remarked with the minimum of tact. "It's really very good," I rebutted. Hardly bubbling with enthusiasm, I then asked,

Her answer was the cue I had hopelessly wanted. "Denny, I was thinking. Since "Are you ready?" it's so late, why don't we just stay here tonight? We could sit around in the living room and listen to records. After all, we've got a lot to talk about. How long has

it been? Two years?" "Two and a half," I corrected and then, undaunted, proceeded. "That'd be nice, Marlene, but I just remembered about this guy I've got to meet. It completely slipped by mind when I called you today, and it's pretty important that I see him. See, I'm going into the army tomorrow, and . . .'

"How horrible," she interrupted. "Did you join or what?"

"No, I got drafted."

"But what about school? I didn't think anybody who was going to school ever got drafted."

"I know," I replied, moving from the heels to the balls of my feet and then back

again, "but I quit school." She was embarrassed, I think, to have elicited this revelation and wasn't quite sure what to say. Finally she muttered, "That's awful! I mean . . . what'd you do

"I got sick of it," I replied without a bit of hesitation. And for the first time in two and a half years, reasons-good ones-began coming to me. "Everybody in the whole damn place kept taking himself too seriously. They all thought they were a bunch of reincarnated Shakespeares or Jesuses. There wasn't one of them, though, that wasn't half-assed-including me-except I was the only one who realized it. So I quit." I looked at my watch dramatically, aware that poor Marlene probably wasn't used to that sort of personal catharsis; so I decided to change my approach-in fact to end the whole affair.

"Listen, I gotta see this guy at ten o'clock. I just remembered. It's pretty important. Actually, I just wanted to stop by and see you so I could say good-bye. I was pretty sure you'd have something else to do tonight."

I seriously doubt that she had ever been in a position like this before or that she would ever be again; and in an effort to be as understanding and graceful as possible, I gave her a few seconds to formulate a tactful reaction by looking down at Shelly and smiling. She smiled right back.

But Marlene seemed at a loss; so I continued. "I've gotta see this guy to say good-bye. His name's Ted Wordsworth, and he's really a great fellow. One of my closest friends as a matter of fact. I'd hate to leave without seeing him; and since I'm going tomorrow morning, I've got to do it tonight." All the while I was working my way to the front door flanked by both Shelly and Marlene.

"But I haver could have I "I know," I been pretty since I quit I really have give me a le The three of "Fine," she : "I will and gonna be a "If I get ac "Well, if yo She didn't "And you v The door g she said. I her repeat and said, " She bright but engulf finger that she could and next vealing I smack, or possession like some her Grand her conce "Well," I "Be sure all the tir I laughe had to n "They're "Okay, t I better "Good-b Walkins Fort Ja with, p old Tex comes t

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"But I haven't seen you in so long," she finally offered-it wasn't as weak as it could have been.

"I know," I answered, "and I've wanted to see you for a long time too. But I've been pretty unorganized lately. You know how it is. I haven't been in town much since I quit school. Then when I got back, this draft notice was in my mailbox. I really haven't had time to do a thing. I'll try to get back here as soon as they give me a leave or whatever it is they give. We can make a night of it then—okay?" The three of us had reached the front door and Marlene smiled weakly.

"Fine," she said, "that'll be marvelous. Be sure to call the minute you get back."
"I will and you take care of yourself," I dutifully replied. "I understand you're gonna be a nurse."

"If I get accepted at the hospital."

"Well, if you don't get accepted at that one, there're lots more around."

She didn't reply; and opening the door for myself, I said almost mechanically, "And you write if you get a chance, hear?"

The door groaned loudly while she was answering, and I didn't hear exactly what she said. I think she asked me what my address was; but I didn't bother to have her repeat herself. I said I'd see her around. Then looking down at Shelly, I winked and said, "That really was good cake, Shel. Thanks a lot."

She brightened from what had been a sombre frown to an ebullient grin that all but engulfed her face and said I was welcome. Then she indicated with her index finger that she wanted me to come down to her level for a second or two so that she could whisper something to me. I readily obliged and had my ear cocked and next to her mouth, prepared to hear something extremely personal and revealing I suppose, when I received a very wet and obtrusive kiss, a veritable smack, on my right cheek. Surprised for a few seconds, I eventually regained possession of the situation and returned her buss with one of my own. She laughed like some fun-loving nymph and ran back into the inner sanctum in order to tell her Grandmother, I sincerely hoped, that I wouldn't be a very good ingredient for her concoction after all.

"Well," I said turning to Marlene, "I guess I'll be seeing you."

"Be sure to write now," she responded. "I love your letters. You used to write me all the time, remember? In fact I've still got most of our old letters upstairs."

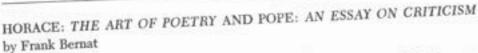
I laughed artificially: "Burn them for me, will you? I'd be embarrassed if I ever had to read them."

"They're beautiful," she replied; "I couldn't do that."

"Okay, then, but please don't ever make me read them. It would kill me . . . Well, I better get going. See ya 'round, huh?"

"Good-bye," she said dramatically. It sounded almost like "Farewell."

Walking down the steps, I thought about what I'd have to do upon arrival at Fort Jackson. First I'd write Shelly, of course, and send her my address along with, probably, a considerably lengthy letter. Then, as I saw it, I'd have to write old Ted Wordsworth and tell him about this girl he has to look up if he ever comes to town... You probably won't find TRUTH or satori in her, Ted. But then I don't guess you ever will. You look too hard. You will get a kick out of her, though. She's another one of those people who, like you, old boy, will go through life with a profound inability to tell the difference between really good and absolutely horrible pound cake.



Horace's "The Art of Poetry" and "An Essay on Criticism" by Alexander Pope are fundamentally different, in that Horace's epistle is directed to "brother bards," while Pope is speaking to those who would attempt criticism of literary works. The two poems, nevertheless, make for an interesting combination since they both deal with the same ultimate goal; the production of finer and sounder literary creations.

"The Art of Poetry" is not nearly as concise and well-organized a whole as "An Essay on Criticism," but several prominent thoughts are evident. Horace stresses the importance of choosing the best possible word in conveying an idea. Moreover, he insists that new words, those which come into common usage, should be employed. This suggestion is valid. The more words a poet has at his disposal, the more precisely will his meaning be conveyed. It is somewhat ironic that Wordsworth's revolution marked a return to this maxim, since it was Dryden and his contemporaries who professed the greatest respect for Horace.

The central theme of "The Art of Poetry" is that the style should always be suited to the subject. It is, of course, to Horace's credit that he recognized this fact; it is so universally accepted, however, that further comment is pointless.

After advising the writer to insure that his work will move the reader, rather than simply diverting him by its grace, Horace espouses the doctrine of Neo-Classicism: decorum. "See it be wrought on one consistent plan,/ And end the same creation it began." Horace lived in an age unacquainted with deep characterization and

psychological probing. Thus frame," he advises against wh of a character's conduct and i conflicts. Decorum is basically perhaps, over-extended by the stood the use of drama in our in the changed way he reacts. Horace tells the reader that i already familiar to the reader ditional subjects and stories is sized. The Neo-Classicists gathe subject was presented, v imagination and the use of n solution.

Horace proceeds to admonis how to go about this. He is "Observe each age's temper Turning particular attention heard, remember, strikes less This is probably the best ar found in drama while other Why does Horace insist on even a hack would be able "Bring in no god save as a l time to see man as more res plaint against the use of the The necessity for good tas Plautus) is later developed From this point onward Ho the need for the writer to p tice.

"The Art of Poetry" is inval that I know of) which purs generations of writers.

Pope's "An Essay on Critic and Two are most imports and problems of criticism. the craft, and in its comparin effect to the conclusion of In Part One, Pope shows a states that nature is a base education can corrupt this into the writings of even critic to impress the readcommon sense.

One of the most similar pic ishment to the student the couplet is in lines 48-49:

Be sure y How far y psychological probing. Thus when he advises "study keeping in the type you frame," he advises against what would be an absurdity for the time—the revision of a character's conduct and ideals even after a series of profound adventures or conflicts. Decorum is basically an excellent doctrine despite the fact that it was, perhaps, over-extended by the Neo-Classicists. I think Horace would have understood the use of drama in our day to show the effect of events on an individual in the changed way he reacts to them.

Horace tells the reader that it is difficult to make a subject interesting when it is already familiar to the reader. This problem was solved by Chaucer by using traditional subjects and stories in such a way that neglected nuances were emphasized. The Neo-Classicists gave most of their attention to the manner in which the subject was presented, while the Romantics and our present age treat the imagination and the use of new subjects with greater zeal in order to provide a solution.

Horace proceeds to admonish his pupils to look to life for their inspiration and how to go about this. He is elaborating on the uses of decorum when he writes "Observe each age's temper..."

Turning particular attention to the drama, Horace points out that "A thing when heard, remember, strikes less keen/ On the spectator's mind than when 'tis seen." This is probably the best answer to the conceivable question, "Why is tragedy found in drama while other literary forms may, at best, be 'tragic'?"

Why does Horace insist on exactly five acts in a play? Perhaps he thought that even a hack would be able to maintain a sturdy form by this practice.

"Bring in no god save as a last resource" may indicate a growing tendency of the time to see man as more responsible for his actions and fate or it may be a complaint against the use of the "deus ex machina."

The necessity for good taste in judging which works to imitate (reference to Plautus) is later developed by Pope.

From this point onward Horace lapses into a discussion of less provocative topics: the need for the writer to pursue wisdom and to develop a habit of diligent practice.

"The Art of Poetry" is invaluable because it is the only work of its time (at least that I know of) which pursues this subject and because of its great effect on later generations of writers.

Pope's "An Essay on Criticism" is, like Gaul, divided into three parts. Parts One and Two are most important since they deal with the most universal functions and problems of criticism. Part Three is concerned with purely moral aspects of the craft, and in its comparatively uninteresting topic of habits, is strikingly similar in effect to the conclusion of "The Art of Poetry."

In Part One, Pope shows a conviction that there is order in the iniverse when he states that nature is a basic guide in the possession of good taste and that poor education can corrupt this inherent tendency. Another hindrance, which creeps into the writings of even the most successful critics, I feel, is the desire by the critic to impress the reader by his wit, thus sacrificing at times the element of common sense.

One of the most similar pieces of advice between Horace and Pope is their admonishment to the student that he should not attempt to exceed his abilities. Pope's couplet is in lines 48-49:

> Be sure yourself and your own reach to know, How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

Pope might be addressing a poet as much as a critic when he orders "First follow Nature..." Here we again see the belief that the purpose of art is to imitate nature. Some practical advice on how to recognize this quality in art would have been useful, however.

I feel that Pope is being unreasonably enthusiastic about the ancients when he states that a prudent writer conceals his powers of invention at times intentionally for the overall effect of the whole. We might be dazzled by the writing of an Iliad whose every word seemed inspired, but is is naive to think that Homer apparently "nods" so as not to blind us (or something). Pope has a warped idea of decorum if he thinks that virtuosity is appropriate only for the more significant activities that are to be described. To me, sustained invention (wit) is just as essential as sustained narrative in order to be effective. It takes no less talent to describe a minor, but indispensable, detail than to convey successfully the major action of a work.

In Part Two, I find an example of the unfortunate fact that Pope is too often remembered by (or forgotten by) the use of his most immediately striking couplets to the detriment of his work as a whole. Practically everyone has heard that "A little learning is a dang'rous thing..." But how many have read the absolutely fabulous lines that follow? A beautiful, profound truth is marvelously expressed: the more we learn, the more we are able to perceive how much we do not know, and the challenge to push on is automatic and gratefully received. I am thankful that I am still quite young enough so that I have not yet reached the point when "Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes..."

The innumerable schools of criticism which have arisen in modern times would be suspect in Pope's eyes, I feel. The "rules each verbal Critic lays" and their "trifles" are condemned. Are not the peculiar bases for criticism which Archetypilists, Existentialists, Objective Fallicists, et al. employ, the very same "notions" rather than "principles" which Pope refers to? It is true that Pope refers particularly to the inappropriate use of wit and the worship of style over content as errors to which the critic is liable. But these mistakes are hardly more grievous than the practice of judging a work on the basis of one small aspect which the author himself may not have even considered.

Pope advises that the critic avoid extremes in the evaluations. These we will probably always have with us, just as certain drama critics in reputable newspapers are accused, with some justification, of being continually antagonistic to just about every new offering. The other extreme finds those dear souls we all know who profess unlimited (and often inarticulate) enjoyment for nearly every artifact they come into contact with.

Pope's satire is nowhere as finely in evidence as in his description of those who do not think for themselves but simply advance the current thought or who indiscriminately praise a work purely because of its author's name.

Dwight MacDonald of Esquire comes immediately to my mind when Pope refers to those who "So much they scorn the corwd, that if the throng/ By chance go right, they purposely go wrong." This film critic is so cagey in this respect that once in a very great while, to shock, he will support the popular view.

Some comparison of the two poems is appropriate. In much of "An Essay on Criticism" Pope is trying to impress as much with his wit as he is with his ideas. Horace, however, seems to come straighter from the heart. I feel that the more intimate tone of "The Art of Poetry" makes it more persuasive for the most part. Both are of the highest quality as art and are equally as significant as historical documents. THE BUCKI

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THE BUCKETS DROP INTO EMPTY WELLS by Carlos De Torres

I really don't know what I am doing here. This place is so strange and lifeless that at times it seems a gigantic cemetery. I know I shouldn't say this. After all, it goes against everything your Alma Mater is supposed to stand for. You know, things like intellectual growth, learning, virtue; nice things on paper. Ask the guys on Saturday night coming in drunk from the big city. They'll tell you. This place gets on your nerves. It seems to me that everyone is living in a huge vacuum. Nothing to do. Nothing.... Even the classes, Lord, terrible! You know, I thought they would be a great opportunity for serious thinking and some lively

discussions. What a farce! Sometimes, my classes remind me of those horrible courses everyone avoided in high school. Or even worse.

Have you ever had a feeling of being cooped up in a classroom? I'm quite sure you have, right? Well, this is just the thing. You know, in some of my classes, you are deathly afraid to speak out. Know why? Well, I'll tell you. Lord, you might not see things the same way as the teacher does; and you'll get a verbal beating until you say: "Yes, sir... I see." A vacuum, a big, vast, unending vacuum. Now, don't get me wrong. Maybe it is because I'm just a freshman and classes are supposed to be like this; but I've talked to some upperclassmen, and Lord, I don't know, I just don't know. I hope it changes soon. This drives you crazy....

I guess you'd like to know about the rest of the people here. You know, I don't have friends. Well, I mean, I don't have too many friends. I don't know. People on campus try to avoid each other. Lord, they're like gnats hovering over a slimy, stagnant pool. They never drown, but they never do anything else either. They just exist, flying dumbly by themselves. Well, as I was saying, I can't really count on tons of friends. I have a few, and they're neat. It's true that lately I haven't been with them very often. This might be because of how I have been feeling about all this I'm telling you about. At times I have wondered, what on earth are we doing here? Where are we going? And funny thing, not I or any of the guys know the answers. What is even worse, none of us have the least inkling about what this whole business of life is all about.

Lately, as I've told you before, I began to stay away from people more and more. After classes, I would go up to my room and just stay there, curtains drawn and door shut. I didn't even have music, on account my roommate's radio won't work any more. Well, there I would stay for long hours, reading, or sketching something from memory, or just lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. Well, when I would grow tired of this, I would go out to the surrounding woods and sit there, among the trees. You know, they are so big and majestic that you become a part of them and cease being insignificant. You merge with the soil, the leaves, the rocks, the sunlight; with everything in the woods. I would become all of the things I saw, and they would become me. I would feel so happy in this union, and just stay in the woods. You know, I think I yearned to become part of the essential and permanent.

Well, as I was saying, I would stay out there until twilight, missing dinner and all. I just didn't care. Heck, I would think over and over about some lines from Cowper I had read sometime. You might have heard them. Even if you have, I'd like to tell them to you. They say: "Defend me from the toil of dropping buckets into empty wells; and growing old in drawing nothing up." I can't tell you why, but I tossed them around in my mind. You know, I have them typed out on a card which I tacked to my desk. I would think about this and see how things had been going lately. I felt so bad.

As you know, I began to feel really ill about three weeks ago. It wasn't physical or anything like that. I just felt so damn bad. That's when I decided to do what I did. You know, my roommate, he kept some pills some doctor had given him for when he couldn't sleep. They had been standing on his bookcase for a long time. I was feeling so bad that I took a handful of them. I never thought they could be so dangerous or anything. I felt so lonely in my room. I just wanted to go to sleep.

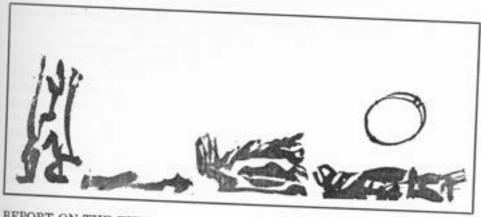
Well, after that, I have been here with all of you. I feel that by telling you all this that has happened, I will get better. Won't I? I'm just not sure. I hope I can start college again in some other place. I've felt so lonely without my trees. . . .



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REPORT ON THE EXPLORATION OF A SOGGY PLANET

by Philippe Crane

To begin a report of this nature with a discussion of the basic significance and importance of scientific observation may seem, perhaps, somewhat unnecessary. Yet I cannot resist at least quoting a paragraph from Dr. Hzfz Wgouz's introduction to "Theory and Substance on Other Worlds," by Xugev and Thurgis: "Just as the history of society on our planet must be reconstructed from observed concrete remains, and theories then postulated on them, so must the societies of other worlds be observed first and theories then formulated to account for the phenomena. Incorrect or incomplete observation will of course result in faulty theories which will lead to further errors and thus, step by step, a hypothesis can be erected which is completely false and can only lead to the downfall of the scholar-scientist involved.

An awareness of this basic principle of scientific research (on his part) would have averted the loss of one member of the Kzozzian expedition to the outer planets of the Trethian galaxy and would have prevented the near disaster that almost befell the leader of the expedition, namely myself. Persons with such a low level of scholarship and bumptious personalities as Mldop should not be allowed on such expeditions in the future. We do not mourn him. But I digress.

The expedition was intended to discover what kind of life existed on the drier parts of the planet Hikku, the third one out from the Trethian sun and fifth in size in that galaxy. This planet is seventy per cent water and surrounded most of the time by white masses of suspended moisture which make even the drier parts of it very damp and soggy and obviously not able to sustain life as we know it. We knew that dust generators would be needed every second of our stay on Hikku. Nevertheless, in furtherance of Kzozzian knowledge of other worlds, and in keeping with the principle of scholarship for scholarship's sake to which I have been a lifelong devotee, I ordered the expedition to proceed.

We let down through the moist atmosphere of suspended water which impeded visibility to a certain extent and landed on a green carpet of vegetable matter bordering a hard surfaced ribbon of a stone-like material. We immediately observed some of the inhabitants of Hikku moving back and forth on this ribbon. Mldop and I donned our dust generators, and I ordered the crew to stand by. We then left the ship and made our way toward this ribbon. Possibly because of our small stature in comparison to the natives we were unobserved. The inhabitants, at least this species of them, were irregular in shape with hard shiny surfaces, and underneath they had four wheels on which they rolled—a very interesting and novel form of locomotion which I had not seen since my early days on
the first Mnxxian expedition. I pointed this out to Mldop, but, instead of being
impressed, he only grunted in a detached manner. I am afraid that even then he
was formulating the ridiculous and ill-advised theory that was to lead to his
demise. In his defense I can only say that he had not been on many explorations
of this sort and had only an Skx degree from Mozzz University. Hence his powers
of observation and deduction were somewhat limited.

A little further along the stone ribbon we came to a feeding station for the rolling creatures. They had to stop rolling in order to feed, and the method of feeding was most interesting. They were fed by means of flexible tubes poked into their sides or ends by a soft surfaced walking species that we soon realized were slaves. Their food consisted of a colorless aromatic liquid that seemed to give them considerable energy because after a few minutes they zipped off on the hard

surface quite rapidly.

It was just after we had observed the feeding station that Mldop and I made the most important discovery of our stay on Hikku. We found one of the rolling creatures sitting on the soggy ground beside the hard ribbon. As we neared it one of the soft slaves was approaching it from the other side. Apparently alarmed at our approach the creature quickly ingested the slave and rolled off. From this we concluded that the rolling creatures had become so decadent that they could not move without first having ingested a slave. If I may be permitted a modest aside, this shows the truth of the old Kzozzian proverb, "Don't lean on me, because when I move, you fall." This is what happens when one species allows itself to become dependent on another. (Cf. Nlzen "The Rise and Fall of Wgavv and Other Ancient Civilizations of Kzozz.")

Mldop and I continued our exploration. I, of course, kept explaining to him the significance of our observations, but all I got in reply were vague mutterings and an occasional grunt or two. Very insolent, I thought. We came to a group of large buildings where the rolling creatures were in great abundance. These buildings were especially designed to house one or more of the rolling ones. Next to them, and sometimes even attached to them, were the slave quarters. Apparently each roller had several slaves. It was interesting to note that the buildings for slaves were piled up quite high, and the slaves had to run up and down in them on jagged ramps whereas the masters never left their own level except on very gentle inclines. "Such is the power of a dominant race," I remarked to Mldop.

I also noted, however, that the hard rolling creatures were very decadent. Great numbers of them lay quiescent along the edges of their travel streams without moving at all. Occasionally one of them would ingest a slave or two and, thus stimulated, would spring into action. However, it seemed obvious to the trained observer that a race which spends this much of its time in repose will not be very hard to conquer, and the slaves would in all probability rise up if a liberating force arrived from Kzozz.

At the end of the group of buildings we made another amazing discovery. There wasn't one dominant race on Hikku. There were two! At the end of the buildings was a large hardened area where the rolling creatures mingled with some extremely noisy flying creatures. These, too, were more or less irregularly shaped with hard shiny curfaces, although the surfaces were mostly silver. Apparently they shared the slaves and food amicably with the rollers, because there were dozens of soft slaves running around feeding the flyers on the same clear liquid out of tubes and cleaning them and putting them in an out of their shelters.

Occasionall tremendous move withou were decad Pity the uni There were a watery ar each with i lived in she We discove strange squ apparently a personal deal of att some sort. We never would see hold over How many creatures : more. It w magnified These being slaves befo very impo their beck jostling ea had emer irrationall I must ap in a seriou slipshod t hypothese bility to unimport As we can quite wit said, "tha things are Needless off my de less. The and start rollers.

Occasionally one of the flyers would ingest a group of slaves and fly away making tremendous whooshing noises or buzzing sounds as it did so. We never saw a flyer move without ingesting at least one slave. From this we concluded that they, too, were decadent. At least I did. Mldop's conclusions, as we shall see, were different. Pity the untutored mind.

There were still more wonders to come. At the edge of the flyers' hard area was a watery area on which were several creatures that ran about on top of the water each with its attendant slave. This genus also fed on the clear colorless liquid and lived in sheds erected over the water near the slave quarters.

We discovered some more unique creatures—small hard black ones that emitted strange squawking sounds. This species was much smaller than the others and apparently more advanced and of superior intelligence because they each had a personal slave which carried it about very solicitously. The slaves paid a great deal of attention to the squawking sounds which were probably commands of some sort. They listened to them very attentively with rapt looks on their faces. We never saw one of the small squawkers without its attendant slave which would seem to indicate that this species was more powerful and had a better hold over its slaves than some of the other types on Hikku.

How many races there are on Hikku, all living in harmony and all having the soft creatures as slaves, is hard to say after such a brief exploration. We found one more. It was living in a sort of tube under the ground, and resembled in much magnified form the segmented caterpillars of Kzozz.

These beings were extremely lethargic and had to ingest tremendous numbers of slaves before they were sufficiently stimulated to move, but they appeared to be very important members of society because they had large numbers of slaves at their beck and call. In fact the holes were filled with slaves all bustling about and jostling each other in an effort to be of service to their masters. It was after we had emerged from one of these caterpillar holes that Mldop started to behave irrationally.

I must apologize for discussing the quirks of an uncouth and ignorant individual in a serious report such as this. However, I feel it necessary to expose utterly the slipshod thinking and careless observation that might otherwise result in false hypotheses and thus "step by step," etc. Also I think it is my personal responsibility to explain the loss of one of the members of my expedition, even one as unimportant as Mldop.

As we came out onto the surface of Hikku, Mldop gave me a funny look, and then, quite without warning, I heard his voice over our communicator. "I think," he said, "that the soft creatures are the masters and the rolling, swimming and flying things are the slaves."

Needless to say, at this absurd statement I broke into guffaws and almost knocked off my dust generator. "I'll prove it," he said. "The rollers are completely powerless. The soft ones are the only things that can act independently." He went over and started making the Kzozzian friendship sign in front of one of the dormant rollers.

"Of course it won't answer you," I told him. "They are lethargic—a normal characteristic of a race that has been dominant too long. They have nothing to fear and no ambition."

He had the temerity to argue with me. "It is a slave," he said, "only responsible to the will of its masters—the soft things. Watch what happens when I speak to one of the soft things." He went up to one of the slaves that was walking by. "Me friend. Howdy," he said, in our universal language, at the same time making the Kzozzian sign for friendship again.

Immediately a lot of things happened. The slave got very pale and started to yell. A lot of other slaves gathered around and started gabbling. The noise was so outlandish, and there seemed to be so much excitement that Mldop stepped back onto the hard ribbon of stone. Several of the slaves followed and stood in a group

Then the inevitable happened, I don't want to appear smug, but seldom have I seen such a prompt refutation of faulty theory. A furious roller creature, no doubt thinking that Mldop was inciting the slaves to riot, dashed into the midst of them, scattering them in all directions. It made a loud angry honking as it did so. Several of the slaves were squashed and remained lying in the travel way, along with the unfortunate Mldop. The roller type that did this was apparently a leader of some sort. It was red with a much bigger and longer body, open at the back, and it had much larger wheels. Those at the rear were doubled, possibly a sign of higher rank. It is to my credit, I think, that I was able to keep my head during this moment of crisis and make such observations. If I may modestly say so, it is only through devoted scholarship of this sort that Kzozzian science has reached the advanced levels that it has.

In a few moments a large white roller variety with angry blinking orange eyes came screaming to the scene. It shricked imperiously at all the slaves who rushed around picking up the damaged ones. It then ingested them all and, extraordinarily stimulated, rushed off.

Unfortunately this was not the only result of Mldop's foolish attempt to prove his false theories. At a signal from one of the masters, a small black one, with one red eye on top and a loud voice, several slaves came toward me where I had been lurking at the entrance to the underground hole. I rushed across the stone ribbon and darted through a building. Then I went through some of the green stuff and arted through a building. Then I went through some of the green stuff where the rolling creatures weren't able to follow, but they sent slaves after me. I came to another patch of green stuff and signalled with my communicator for the ship to come and get me, which it did. We got out of there just in time. Hundreds of the creatures stopped along the travel way and sent out slaves that came after us waving and shouting.

My conclusion is that after a suitable interval has elapsed it might be possible to tame the inhabitants of Kikku and establish colonies there, but, of course, in order to sustain life it will be necessary to erect dust domes for our people. The soft slaves would probably be suitable for this work. They seem to be very docile and responsive to commands from their masters. It is seldom that one race has been subjugated by so many others.

The fact that there is on Hikku this race which can be so easily controlled promises well for Kzozz, but of course, there might be some difficulty in eliminating the rolling, flying, swimming, noise-making and caterpillar type creatures that are at present in charge.

The undersigned would be willing to conduct further research along these lines if it is considered desirable.

Respectfully submitted, Anooz Mnziz Professor of History and Alien Societies Mozzz University A RIDDL by Thoma

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by Thomas Hanley Barthel

The letter began, "Godamm you, Jean, godamm you. . . ." And when she had finished the short letter, full of anger and sorrow, she said to herself, "godamm me, godamn me," and broke her cigarette in half, crushing it out in the whiskeycolored ashtray. But Jean knew there was no reply to the letter and no answer to him. If there were something that could be said, it would have been said. But she had said "no" with and without words months ago and still the memory of Danny lingered. At times she was almost ready to take the steps necessary to have him back. The letter or the phone call or whatever was needed. But she knew she wasn't able to write the letter and the phone call would be just ridiculous. What could she do? Just get on the phone and say hello and how have you been and are you still working and is your car still running? Why did all this have to be so damn hard? But she knew if she called (He wouldn't. She had been too final.), he wouldn't let go this time. It would be full siege. Did she want that? Soon the bell rang and she had to go to class. "Miss Jean Stewart: Typing" the register read which she slid into her briefcase. When she opened the door of the faculty lounge, some of the heavy smoke rushed out into the hall, into the mass of students changing classes. She climbed the stairs to classroom 208, placed her briefcase and books on top of the desk and her pocketbook underneath. Young girls began to enter. Tall, Italian girls with names like Luzo and Antuni, hair piled high on their heads, eyes heavily made up; Spanish girls with large bracelets

and brightly colored shoes and girls with seemingly no nationality at all because these were the third and fourth generations of immigrants who had come to New York. When the day was over these girls would get on the subway or a bus and go home to their boyfriends, some with tight pants, others with large medals hanging outside their shirts, and perhaps go to a movie and neck or go to a party and neck. Come to think of it I could use a little necking myself, Jean thought. It was time to start the class. Jean could hear some of the Spanish girls chattering in the middle of the room and one of the girls was buffing her nails on the fabric of her skirt.

"Alright, girls, uncover your machines," she said.

The talk ceased now and bracelets jingled and clacked in the fading early September sunshine which fought its way through the soot of the city into the class-

She quickly cleared her throat. "Today we're going to try typing to this record." She held up the record. Isn't this going to be fun, class, she thought. "It's very slow and all I want to see is correctness. The record won't force you to go fast." One of the students stuck up her hand.

"No, you won't be graded on this," Jean answered her question in advance. As a matter of fact I probably won't even look at them. Jean thought that they probably knew this was a time-killer for a last-period Friday class.

She put the record on the Grundite phonograph. The cover-speaker spoke:

"A-s-d-f-j-k-l-semi-colon. A-s-d-f-j-k-l-semi-colon."

I hope dear, sweet Mrs. Elias doesn't come in, Jean thought. She wasn't supposed to be playing a record this early in the term. But she didn't want to teach and they didn't want to listen to her.

By the time she got into the elevator Jean couldn't tell which was heavier, the briefcase or her arm. She touched "2," the doors closed and the elevator rose. Jean and her two friends had chosen to live in the suburbs rather than in the city. The apartment house ("close to school, church and shopping facilities") was four stories high in the shape of a "Z," each section painted a different color.

As she approached her apartment she heard Paxy and Sue talking from behind the partially opened door. Sue was taking off her coat as Jean entered.

"Hi, Jeanie. What da you say we eat out tonight?"

"Uhm . . . I'm too tired tonight, Pax. Let's just heat up some french fries." No one said anything to this so Jean put her briefcase in the closet, hung up her coat and went into the kitchen for a drink of water. As she started to reach for the tap she heard the snap of a pocketbook. Coming into the main room of the apartment, Jean saw Paxy, a cigarette clenched in her teeth, searching in Jean's pocketbook which Jean had left just outside the closet.

"What do you want, Paxy," Jean yelled coming quickly toward her roommate. Paxy flinched for an instant. "Just . . . some matches." Then she became annoyed.

"I'm not gonna read your lousy letter." Jean slowed her pace toward Paxy. "I'm sorry, Pax. I'm . . . Here," she said taking some matches out of her skirt.

They knew about the letter. Jean had received it the night before. When she saw who it was from she said she was going "to Ted's to have a beer before supper." This was the signal they all had when they wanted to be alone. Often they really did go to the neighborhood bar. Jean had come back a little drunk and very morose, so nei rush. But now "I'll go turn o Jean came int conversation, talking low in than necessar the blouse or Danny had h had gone hor now, as she h had made lo out of her ha them laughin on the bed v cloth and sa stuffed his sh closet, she w "Are you sur Jean put on "We don't h "I don't thin "Do you war Yeah, she th "Nope, noth "Okay. Wan "Sure. Let's Jean though sad looks sh but she kne too much w use a few o mer. But I ... do I wa

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morose, so neither Paxy nor Sue had said anything that night or in the morning rush. But now they were all tired. "I'll go turn on the oven," Paxy said.

Jean came into the bedroom as Sue was leaving. No doubt she had heard the conversation, Jean thought. Unbuttoning her blouse she heard Sue and Paxy talking low in the kitchen, one of them opening and closing the refrigerator more than necessary. She tossed the blouse on the bed. Almost as if the light touch of the blouse on the bed had set off a flashbulb Jean remembered when she and Danny had held each other in a frenzy of happiness on that bed. Her roommates had gone home for the summer and she would go home soon, too. She thought now, as she had thought many times before, what would have happened if Danny had made love to her on that night. She sat on the bed and pulled the pins out of her hair. She remembered him putting his head on her breasts, both of them laughing when her stomach growled. Then, as he got ready to leave, she lay on the bed very contentedly. He bent over and kissed each breast through the cloth and said, "Quite a pair you got there, baby," and smiled. If he had not stuffed his shirt in then, she would have called him back. As she walked to the closet, she wondered if it would have been different when he came to visit her.

"Are you sure that's all you want, Jeanie?" Paxy called from the kitchen. Jean put on her robe and came out of the bedroom.

"We don't have any vegetables or fish, do we?"

"I don't think so, I'll take a look,"

"Do you want to go to the Shamrock tonight?" Sue asked.

Yeah, she thought, let's see if I can take it.

Nope, nothin in there," Paxy reported.

"Okay. Want to go Paxy?" Jean asked.

"Sure. Let's suck a few down."

Jean thought of suggesting another place or of not going but she knew the damn sad looks she'd get if she did, so she just let it go. The Shamrock might be a test but she knew she wouldn't drink much because she was tired and if she drank too much when she was tired she would get sick. Besides, who knows, she could use a few dates. She was tired of going out with "good friends" during the summer. But I don't want dates, she thought. I want . . . oh hell I don't know. Danny ... do I want Danny ... Oh God. Stop it. "Dinner almost ready?" she asked.

"My stomach is kind of empty. But I love the whiskey sours here," Paxy said to

The Shamrock, except for the jukebox, was an unexciting bar. Neither new nor old, the bar was frequented by all ages but none younger that college graduate age people. It was such a small bar for such a big jukebox, thought Jean. I guess

"Do you have any matches, anyone, please?" Paxy asked.

Thave some, Pax. Here," Jean said. God it's alright, Pax, relax.

Paxy lit her cigarette. "Hey, I heard Ellie Quest is finally getting married."

"You're kidding," Jean and Sue said, almost together.

They had all gone to school with Ellie Quest and she was always on the verge of

"No, really. One of the girls in my third period homemaking is Ellie's . . . uh . . . boy friend's cousin. She said they'll get married some time around Christmas."

"I wonder where those drinks are," Sue said.

Don't they ever wonder about marriage, Jean thought. I want to get married in two years, she had told Danny on their fourth date. Danny had lit a cigarette at that point. Shock or agreement, Jean wondered.

"Dollar ninety-five," the bartender-waiter said.

"I'll get it," Paxy said.

Jean crushed out her cigarette while Sue fingered through her change purse.

"Hey, Jean. Play the jukebox," Sue said, handing Jean a quarter. "Give me the

Not giving me a chance to refuse, huh Sue? And asking for the matches. Why don't matches, Pax." you just ask her, Sue? Jean thought as she walked over to the large jukebox. I don't need their damn sympathy. They didn't even know we had broken up until about a month ago. Alright cool it. Put the quarter in and play the Beatles. Fast and loose, Danny used to say, quoting the *Hustler*. No Barbra, no Sinatra, no Tony Bennett. Okay E and 8. "Love Me Do." Okay Q-2 and T-3. When she had finished pushing the button she stood in front of the jukebox to give her roommates time to finish whatever they were talking about. It was, no doubt,

"We'll have to get some food for the apartment," Jean said sitting down. Don't about her. give them a chance.

"We'll go tomorrow, Jean," Sue said.

There was a long pause. Just leave me alone please, she thought. Stop being a woman, will you Sue. What did Danny say? Treat me like a drunk and I'll act like a drunk. Treat me like a . . .

"Listen, Jean. . . " Sue said. Jean knew this was the beginning.

"It's alright. I'll go," she said quickly. "I have to get up early to work on some papers, anyway..." It was a lie, Jean thought. "Did your father pay the Esso bill? You need gas, don't you?" She was speaking too quickly.

"No, it's okay, Jean. Listen . . . about Danny . . . don't let it bother you. I was kind of fouled up with Frank and it doesn't do . . ." Sue ventured.

"Yeah, Jean, don't let it bother you," Paxy chimed in.

They looked at her. She tried to look calm.

Oh God make them stop...make them stop. Oh Danny make them stop. Oh God Oh Danny. O goddammit. Oh dammit dammit . . .

"Jeanie . . . ?" Sue asked.

I guess I don't look so calm. Lord don't let me make a scene now. Over some

"Give me the matches, Sue. And one of your cigarettes." Don't bend down for your pocketbook, she thought. Don't give yourself a chance to hide, even for a

"Here, Jean," Sue said with a little bit of fear in her voice. So she knew a scene might be coming too. Paxy got up to get some pretzels from the bar.

As she lit her cigarette she thought: God it's been over for months. Won't this ever end? Why all the dramatics. Keep your cool. Then she heard the jukebox. "I can do the goose," she sang for Sue to hear.

"What kind of as Paxy returne "Yes we do wan "What do you "Limas are oka "Now tell me l "Do you like it They took a lo

Paxy was asle ness, reflected keep from vor "I don't think rather," Sue s Jean swallow to talk. She ji "This damn b "Yeah . . . " Je leave it alone may have to "Okay, Jean. What the he Why do I al his arm. Lik thought. Too was worse th to be your to "Stop the ca Sue pulled o and then reand almost f the bushes vomited one "I'm alright She started eyes. The l intake of br car lighter Is that it, sl She drew me godami ened up, it it's only fr spat, wipe felt sick. S Jean reach

frame and Then she

away.

"What kind of vegetables should we get? I know Paxy wants broccoli," Sue said as Paxy returned. Good girl, Sue, Jean said to herself.

"Yes we do want broccoli," said Paxy sitting down.

"What do you want, Sue?" Paxy returned the gesture.

"Limas are okay, I guess."

"Now tell me baby do you like it like that," Jean sang.

"Do you like it like that," Paxy and Sue chorused. Sue looked relieved.

They took a long drink.

Paxy was asleep on the back seat on the Wantaugh. Sue's cigarette, in the darkness, reflected red on the windshield. Jean inhaled deeply through her nose to keep from vomiting.

"I don't think you're going to get up as early as you planned tomorrow . . . or today rather," Sue said with a laugh.

Jean swallowed a pancake of spit. "No, it doesn't look that way." She didn't want to talk. She just wanted to not think and keep breathing through her nose.

"This damn bar's too damn far away. We should stick to Ted's . . .

"Yeah . . . " Jean muttered. Why did he have to send that letter? Couldn't he just leave it alone? Now it's all back . . . the sweater, the Fair, the nicknames . . . "You may have to stop the car, Sue."

"Okay, Jean. No sweat."

What the hell was she so cheerful about? . . . What did the argument matter? . . . Why do I always say never . . . and did I act like an ass. For God's sake patting his arm. Like I was some damn football coach. She laughed to herself at the thought. Too bad kid you didn't make the team. And to do that to Danny. That was worse than slapping him . . . oh Danny I want to be your woman. How I want to be your woman. God how I hurt him. Oh Lord God. O God.

"Stop the car, Sue! Stop the car!"

Sue pulled off the road onto the grassy shoulder. Jean lifted up on the door handle and then remembered you have to push down on it. She leaned against the door and almost fell down trying to get out. She went to the edge of the shoulder where the bushes and trees began and bent over, placing her hands on her knees. She vomited once and heard Sue getting out of the car.

"I'm alright, Sue." She swallowed some mucus. "I'm okay."

She started to sob and vomited again, then rubbed her sweatered arm across her eyes. The hard, high crying sounds blended with the swift, abrasive-sounding intake of breath. Paxy shifted in the back seat of the car. Jean heard Sue push the car lighter in.

Is that it, she wondered.

She drew in another deep breath, her stomach contracting in sobs. "Godamn me godamn me . . . godamn . . . " Jean said to herself and to the night. She straightened up, inhaled deeply again and pushed some hair off her moist forehead. But it's only french fries, she thought. She heard the lighter in the car pop out. She spat, wiped her eyes again and walked crookedly toward the car. But she still felt sick. Sue leaned across the seat and opened the door which she had closed. Jean reached for the door to lean on it for a moment, but her hand missed the frame and went through the empty car window. Her hip banged against the door, Then she steadied herself. She spat once more and got in the car. They drove

JUDAS

'Neath the streetlamp's Umbrella of light, The hissing mist Fell like a veil Of silver needles.

In the bulb's glare His dark mousehole eyes Sparkled like glass;

Warts bumped Along his nose; And his weasel's glance Nibbled a pilfered prize.

The cobra-lidded voice Taloned my heart's walls: "Thirty of currency: Shekels, florins, rubles."

A hell-shot shaft Burned into his back, Forcing hot tears Down his cheeks. MITCH TONEY

He padded along the silent sandy full-moonlit back road near the coast
Then hid amongst the growth against an oak in a splotchy camouflage suit
Clutching a magnum pistol and, with a dying-rabbit call,
Wooing and wailing
Til a silhouette came sailing;
He saw it settle high in another silhouette.

Ceasing his calling, fearing attack from the winged beast, he flicked his flashlight on,
Pointed the pistol, and shot at the place he had seen the bird land.
A thud answered eloquently, so he strode up to the tree
In triumph new-found;
He searched the brush and scanned the ground
Until he found the owl, then turned back toward the camp.

A little food renewed his friend the fire's normal warm companionship,
And so they passed the evening conversing with each other. Odd, thought the man,
These brown soft downy feathers, and that
The paralyzed eyes of this killer
Should shame all the world's crystal balls
In clear depth. But the fire understood, looked at him, and sighed.
PAUL BRUCHON

by Ronald W "Wake up, N My eyelids v unfamiliar vo my head. He able to make "Who are you sound of my sleep I'd had "I've come to the room aga "Agreement? the front doo "Now, now, 1 "You just have "Think what as I stood th "Our agreen custody of y "Oh God, I'v The "voice": physique. H reminiscent dened face t "You do ren lips. "Look, I do agreement. "Your h-! Hospital. De "Hospital? V "Life. Ha h amused at th Mr. Dundee I almost die covered wit while I star around quic In the come chair. Nothi

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CHIEF OF S

CHIEF OF SIN AND CORRUPTION

by Ronald Wilson

"Wake up, Mr. Dundee. Wake up."

My eyelids were like lead plates as I struggled to look in the direction of that unfamiliar voice. Boy! When I saw him—it—the grogginess and sleep fled from my head. He was sitting in the darkest corner of my bedroom, and I was hardly able to make out his short, plump outline. I tried squinting, but it didn't help.

"Who are you? What the hell you doing in my bedroom, buster?" I said, and the sound of my own voice gave me new confidence. Now I was mad. The first sound sleep I'd had in months and some nut wanted me to wake up.

"I've come to take you with me, of course." There was that odd ring throughout the room again. "You do remember our agreement, don't you?"

"Agreement? What's this agreement bit? The only place I'm going with you is to the front door to throw you out," and rolling out of bed, I headed toward him.

"Now, now, Mr. Dundee, don't get upset." Something about that voice halted me. "You just haven't come to your senses yet. Just stop a minute and think."

"Think what? What're you talking about?" Now I was really getting confused as I stood there in the middle of the room.

"Our agreement, sir. Don't you remember? You gave us-my friend, that iscustody of your soul in return for prosperity here on earth."

"Oh God, I've got a nut in here with me," I said aloud.

The "voice" stood up and slowly walked into the light, revealing the short, squatty physique. He looked quite elegant in his somber black suit and tie, somewhat reminiscent of an undertaker. Graying hair and a goatee stood against his reddened face to exhibit an odd, almost frightening picture of distinction.

"You do remember our greement now, don't you?" A smile suddenly parted his lips.

"Look, I don't know who you are, and I don't know anything about any damn agreement. Why don't you just leave my house."

"Your h--! Why, Mr. Dundee, this isn't your house. It's the New York General Hospital. Don't you remember anything?"

"Hospital? What hospital? I'm not sick. Never felt better in my life."

"Life. Ha ha ha . . . You're joking with me, aren't you?" He seemed extremely amused at this, and he shook his head from side to side slowly. "Look at your bed, Mr. Dundee. Look," he commanded, pointing.

I almost died from shock when I obeyed his command. In the bed lay someone covered with a sheet—and awfully still! It seemed as if an hour must've gone by while I stared at that apparition. Slowly I began to regain my senses. Glancing around quickly, I noticed a nightstand and transfusion apparatus near the bed. In the corner where my tormentor had been sitting, there was a small, gray metal chair. Nothing else decorated the tiny blue room. The window shades to the left had been drawn and little light came into the room. Antiseptic, almost intoxicating hospital smells, filled my nostrils. I was really in a hospital!

Edging toward the bed, I reached out a nervous hand to lift the sheet that covered the body outlined underneath. Graying black crew-cut hair crept into view as I slowly withdrew the sheet, and then a wrinkled, heavily-tanned forehead with thick, bushy, gray eyebrows seemed to pop out. My body gave one big shudder and I yanked the sheet down further. The middle-aged, good-looking man lying so peacefully—but oh so still—in bed was me. Or was it?

"Really had me goin' for a minute," I said. "Who is that?" My voice was bluffing as I nervously pulled the sheet back over the corpse. I hoped there'd be no answer. "That's you, Mr. Dundee. That's you," that little goateed stranger said.

"But I'm standing right here. How can I be two places at once?" I swung around

toward him. "No, you're just pulling my leg."

"You died nearly two hours ago. It was a beautiful death. Yes sir, a beautiful death." He stood smiling and leaning against the wall.

"Stop saying that!" Suddenly the blue metal door behind me sprang open and two tall Negro orderlies pushed in a chromed metal table covered with sheets. The big rubber wheels made no noise as the two men moved it to the bedside.

The one in front turned to the other and said, "Man, hope my ole woman don't catch me shackin' wif no broad. Them guns make real big holes."

"Yeah," the other replied in a nervous, high-strung voice. "Let's hurry up. I git all jittery when we hafta do this."

They yanked the sheets off the bed and dropped them on the floor. One of the men began to untie the gown on the body.

"Hey, cut it out," I said, and my voice was desperate.

"They can't hear you." It was the stranger again. "They can't see or hear either of us," he broke in, with his sarcastic smile.

Now I began to panic. All my efforts at yelling, jumping up and down, and even grabbing at the two men were futile. They went about their task without hesi-

On the table they laid the body in which I had spent so many glorious evenings. Quickly pulling the sheets around it, they snuffed out the last bit of hope I had left. One of the boys pushed the cart while the other opened the door. I was gone! Or was I? There was the voice again.

"Are you satisfied now?"

"How did I die? I don't remember dying,"

"Remember Lucy Phillips?"

"Yeah." A sly smirk wormed its way across my face.

"You really shouldn't have been such a hog." The stranger was smirking now, too. "Last night when you called her to find out if her husband had left for his hunting trip, he hadn't quite gone yet. His hunting gear lay piled by the front door, and that brand-new deer rifle was making his fingers itch to kill something. While he sat in the living room going over his supply list, Mrs. Phillips was in the bedroom preparing to go to bed. The phone rang and both he and Mrs. Phillips picked up the extensions at the same time. She said hello, so he just waited to see who it was for. He heard much more. He heard it all. Later that night, while you were making the most of poor Mrs. Phillips, he crept into the house. There you were, lying next to her. So-bang! One shot got you both."

"Bang?" It sounded so silly. I felt like a schoolboy.

"Yes, bang." He laughed and moved into the center of the room.

"What a way to go," I said.

"Yes, now about our agreement . . . "

"What agreement? I keep telling you I didn't make any agreement with you." "Ah, but you did. Remember that meager job that you held in the city Public

Works Office some time back?" "Yeah. That was some time ago. What's that got to do with it?"

"About eight years ago a man came to you and offered you five hundred dollars to sway the contract for a municipal park to his company. It took a while, but you finally decide You decided then tune. We'd plante contract, you sign money.

"Yeah, I remembe There were more to senator. Did yo "We were on you and we gave you "Now I've got to "You don't really sulphur pits, do) "You mean it isn't "Well, in some ca heaven. You're sp like you."

"What's that?" "Oh, we have se work for a living "What kind of v "Something alon "What's that?" "I'm 'Chief of Sin you'll have to sta

"Yeah, I'll bet. A "Then, sir, that'll "I see. Well, I s what is your na "My friends call "Any relation to "None. Just luck as it is.

"How we goin? "Just touch my I squeamishly takably pungen sudden surge of yellow smoke e we were stand imaginable.

"We're here, M I looked around huge cavern. T where. Some v were standing move. One may flogging him. T body ache with "It's hotter 'n l "Please don't you finally decided it was easier to become successful—shall we say, dishonestly. You decided then and there to use every crooked way possible to gain your fortune. We'd planted the idea in the contractor's head, and when you signed his contract, you signed one with us as well. You forfeited your soul for power and money."

"Yeah, I remember that. Right after that everything seemed to start going my way. There were more bribes. I moved from head of public works to mayor and finally

to senator. Did you have anything to do with all this?"

"We were on your side all the way, Mr. Dundee. You gave us what we wanted, and we gave you what you wanted."

"Now I've got to pay, huh? Boiling brimstone and all." I began to feel sick.

"You don't really believe all those silly tales about our eternal fires and boiling sulphur pits, do you?"

"You mean it isn't like that?" A sudden feeling of hope surged through me.

"Well, in some cases, yes, But that's just for the normal rejects and flunkies from heaven. You're special. You chose to come, and we've a special place for people like you."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we have several managerial positions open at the moment, if you care to work for a living."

"What kind of work?"

"Something along my line."

"What's that?"

"I'm 'Chief of Sin and Corruption'," my new acquaintance said proudly. "Of course you'll have to start at the bottom and work your way up."

"Yeah, I'll bet. And if I refuse your hospitality, then what?"

"Then, sir, that'll constitute a breach of contract. It'll be the sulphur pits for you." I see. Well, I suppose I really would rather work for a living, Mr. . . . uh—say, what is your name anyway?"

"My friends call me Nicholas."

"Any relation to . . ."

"None. Just luck, I guess. Well, are you ready, Mr. Dundee? We're long overdue as it is."

"How we goin"?"

"Just touch my hand."

I squeamishly edged toward him, and as I drew closer I detected the unmistakably pungent odor of burning sulphur. Grasping his out-thrust hand, I felt a sudden surge of heat throughout my body, and almost instantaneously a grayishyellow smoke enveloped us. I closed my eyes and when I opened them again, we were standing in the most awesome and massive underground cavern imaginable.

"We're here, Mr. Dundee."

I looked around. Pools of amber-colored, boiling sulphur dotted the floor of the huge cavern. The choking, burning smell was overpowering. Men were everywhere. Some were toting large bags and dumping them into the pools. Others were standing behind them, whips and belts in their hands, supervising every move. One man had evidently dropped his bag, and his supervisor was fiercely flogging him. The victim's screams flowed through my head and made my whole body ache with each blow.

'It's hotter 'n hell down here," I said.

"Please don't make wisecracks, sir. This is the furnace room, and the people

confined here are the loafers and burns. We try to fit the punishment to the

We walked toward one of the many openings in the massive, reddish-brown walls character of our visitors. If you'll follow me, please." of the cavern. When we entered one of the smaller tunnels, no exit seemed to be in sight. After what seemed to be miles of walking, we turned into an auxiliary tunnel, and then strong light suddenly burst into the blueness, nearly blind-

We walked out of the tunnel, and I was amazed to see a tremendous valley ing me. There was an opening ahead. stretched before us. Trees of all description filled this garden-like paradise.

He led me along a small footpath into this beautiful garden. The calmness of the place was marred only by the scurrying of small animals trying to evade us. A small, clear brook trickled by us and cut in front of our path, and we crossed a small, wooden bridge that straddled the effervescent water. We came to a clearing where a mammoth, gnarled apple tree, with branches sagging from the burden of fruit, grew beside the road. We stopped. Nicholas saw me staring at the

"Take some. You'll find them extremely delicious."

"Say, you've never been a snake by any chance, have you?" tree.

"Look, Mr. Dundee . . ."

"I said, plucking a dazzling red apple off one of the limbs."

"I'm sorry. Just joking," I said, plucking a dazzling red apple off one of the limbs. On the other side of the clearing we came upon a large, red-brick house. Its two large picture windows stared out at us, as if watching our every move. Nicholas

"Who lives here? Certainly Satan hasn't become domestic." led me to the front door.

"You do."

"This is your house. We've had it fully equipped to meet all your desires. We want you to enjoy your surroundings, Mr. Dundee, for you'll be with us for some "I-what?"

He opened the wooden paneled door and I meekly went inside, I was amazed with the place's beauty. Thick, light-blue carpets overflowed throughout the living room and hall. Large, well-padded easy chairs and sofas encircled the paleblue room. From one corner a large, well-stocked mahogany bar displayed its

many bottles.

"Oh, excuse me. I didn't know you'd arrived," a tempting, honey-dripping voice

I turned quickly and was dumbfounded by what I saw. One of the most gorgeous, well-built redheads I'd ever seen was standing at the kitchen door. My eyes sounded from behind us. slowly took her apart and rebuilt her.

"My, my, my . . .

"She's yours. We've arranged for you to have a different girl every month." "You like her?"

"Say, I'm beginning to like this life. Anything else I should know?" "I'll come again tomorrow and fill you in on your job. There'll be extensive train-

"Good, good. Uh . . . I don't wantta seem rude or anything, but . . . uh . . . "

"Oh, yes, I suppose you must be tired and hungry. I'll be running along."

"In more ways than one." I ogled the girl.

"Good-bye, Mr. Dundee."

"Yeah, so long, Nick." Needless to say, I was before the evening w Next morning I aros the night before, I'd J. Paul Getty would I finished, the door! reality. Peeping out as if he were in a "Good morning, M he nimbly stepped "Everything's fine, I do. The job you keep up the quota pits instead. "Ugh! What kind "Something like I glorious life of si to fail once. Other I was allowed or beginning of the

> me the fine poir training coveres within a person would be a ma "I've been hear said several me "Thanks. Ever makes me wor "You're about tious, eager, a ever get ahea After six mon My first clien as I ruthlessly his ears, and a kid droolin his theft. Fi was out of d A few mont the discrepa green Ford twenty-gau

His body v

collect my twinge of among the

"Wake up tone I'd h

peddlers, who ta

"Yeah, so long, Nick."

Needless to say, I was starved. I finished supper, the girl, and half-a-fifth of Scotch before the evening was over. Sleep was a welcome relief.

Next morning I arose early and showered and shaved. While exploring the house the night before, I'd discovered that my closets were stocked with a wardrobe J. Paul Getty would've envied. I chose a light tan suit and dressed quickly. As I finished, the doorbell burst into the calm morning and kind of shocked me into reality. Peeping out of the curtains, I saw "Old Nicholas" at the door. He looked as if he were in a good mood.

"Good morning, Mr. Dundee. How do you like your new house?" he asked as he nimbly stepped into the foyer.

"Everything's fine, real fine. I don't know how to thank you," I said.

"I do. The job you've been selected for is on the commission system. You fail to keep up the quota, you lose the job and all of these comforts. It'll be the sulphur pits instead.'

"Something like I do-that is, a 'recruiter of souls.' You'll tempt people into the glorious life of sin. You must convert at least two souls a week. You're allowed to fail once. Otherwise, we'll ship you to the pits."

I was allowed one week to become accustomed to all the comforts of Hell. The beginning of the next week my training started. The teachers varied from dope peddlers, who taught me the methods of enticing people, to procurers, who taught me the fine points of seducing young girls and turning them into prostitutes. My training covered everything. I was taught how to produce hatred and violence within a person and how to induce greed; when I had completed my training, I would be a master of all that was sinful.

"I've been hearing wonderful news about your progress, Mr. Dundee," Nicholas said several months later.

"Thanks. Every time I slow down I remember that screaming slob at the pits. It makes me work that much harder."

"You're about ready to go out into the world. Just remember, you must be ambitious, eager, and quite forward about this business. That's the only way you'll

ever get ahead." After six months training, I was ready to try my fortune in the big, wide world. My first client was a middle-aged banker. I seemed completely devoid of pity as I ruthlessly went to work on him. In a very short time I had him in debt up to his ears, and then I waved the bank books in front of him. He stared at them like a kid drooling over peppermint candy. It was so easy to take fifty dollars and cover his theft. Fifty led to a hundred, and a hundred to two hundred, and soon he was out of debt, and the bank was twenty-five thousand dollars short.

A few months later a bank examiner made a preliminary examination, and found the discrepancies, and called the police. Later the banker was found in his parked green Ford, near the city dump. The poor guy had blown his head off with a twenty-gauge shot gun.

His body was taken to the city morgue, and within a few hours I was there to collect my first big payment. What was left of him looked so peaceful, I felt a twinge of pity at disturbing his sound and restful sleep. Then I heard the screams among the boiling, bubbling yellowish amber liquid.

"Wake up, Mr. Moses. Wake up!" And though it was my voice, it had that odd tone I'd heard before. Ah, yes. Just like Nicholas. I'd made it.

HIROSHIMA

Soul-moisture and drops of childhood, sweat and tears were wrung out of me and dripped from someone's hands; my body and mind absorbed the great vibration without hearing without knowing it was death.

The cracked cup of my gelled soul felt the belch of breath warm and stinking of digested blood which made molten laughter leak.

My harvest of vegetable flesh no longer needs sunlight: Fertilizer wasted on ploughed cement.

DAVID VAN ZILE

Not from these spinning pages does the hair whipped eye strike the root and curse the hare lipped, lisping casket with my sullen leaves. But the pegasus drifting into blood onto a warped clock warns the howling arc that we must rage into a spurting death. Once in the wishing, drakes will strut to any hour of the curdling dark and dream my roots to phoenix light, and I will have nothing to answer.

Not by any burning leer does the peacock crack the color of my pestilent eyes, couched in lucid fear. But the lips of the wind hawk gawk the tonsured shore, shorn by sea tides and blacken the livid wings of mockery. And you will have nothing to answer.

Not by the insolent thigh will the flesh rip this rude song and cut jackets from our long limbed days striding into darkness. But this our flower will lift up Lethe from deep dirt eyes, drooling in the slack-jawed earth timid to the bare-assed spring, socked from the gross plunge, into a loose loamed earth. And we will have nothing to answer. DONALD NEULAND

The long arms of the mountains flex in the spring, and the wind molts idyllic as some lovers also do I presume. DONALD J. NEULAND THE DRINK

The White Ho
Water, freckle
of light and n
would not be
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stale in floatir
This is life: k
drinking

This is life: the nakedness of much myst Yes Paul yes, Rejuvenating laughing oran Mystery of management Reception of Spontaneous Such comes of DAVID VAN ZII.

When Johnny We knew he's His fiancee we''The end is ju A sniper shot The doc said But Johnny se''So chop it of There's some You have to so Johnny Br Received and His fiancee we''We knew it

The people I Is Flipper or The freedom How many of Our right to How often h What man i Which of the ANON

Even if Lake The deepest I would still ENRICO POVO

THE DRINK

The White Horse of Gauguin must have drowned its thirst by now Water, freckled child dark blue lies pigment-stung by orange spots of light and nascent laughter The only laughter that would not be out of place on this subdued canvas carnival of color, would not grow stale in floating life-essence mystery This is life: leaf-filtered light gray-green horse flanks drinking the stream's child laughter This is life: the tarnished gold natives' hieratic and animal nakedness sloping shoulders on horseback So much mystery where there is so much brightness Yes Paul yes, barbary does mean rejuvenation Rejuvenating mystery of exotic forest deeply breathing green and laughing orange light Mystery of natives, of the White Horse Reception of all mystery Spontaneous soul-extension Such comes once in a worldlife DAVID VAN ZILE

When Johnny Braveman went to war
We knew he'd soon return.
His fiancee wrote every day
"The end is just in sight."
A sniper shot our Johnny's legs—
The doc said "One will have to go,"
But Johnny smiled and he replied
"So chop it off—I'll buy a shiny cane."
There's some mistake, the doc's afraid,
You have to lose the other.
So Johnny Braveman—aptly named—
Received another letter.
His fiancee wrote (just one day)
"We knew it wouldn't be long."

The people have a right to know!
Is Flipper on TV a real fish or rubber?
The freedom of the press guarantees
How many of the Beatles are married?
Our right to free expression demands
How often has Jackie Kennedy been divorced?
What man is free who cannot inquire
Which of the N. Y. Yankees is a homosexual?

ANON

Even if Lake Geneva weren't
The deepest fresh-water body in the Alps,
I would still love you.
ENRICO POVONI, BARD

Enrico Povoni (1876-1945?)

One of the foremost names in contemporary European letters, Mr. Povoni is all but unknown in the United States. His short career as a poet (he wrote in seven languages: Aramic, Classical Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Urdu, Swahili, and Tagalog) was ended abruptly, reports have it, when the Allied forces laid seige to Scallopini, Italy, levelling the Fascist headquarters where he was working as a collaborator.

His works have been translated into his native Italian by his brother, Giovanni Baptiste Povoni, and into English by Sir Roger

Small, Bart., of the Hampshire Institute.

AGORA, working in conjunction with Sir Roger, is proud to be among the first American publications to feature his works.

Mitch Toney

A freshman from Jacksonville, Florida, majoring in history. The poem published herein will be published in the Spring issue of The Anthology of College Poetry.

John Oetgen

A sophomore at the Abbey who here makes his first appearance in AGORA. Mr. Oetgen has been previously published in "The Sunday Magazine" of the Savannah Morning News.

Don Neuland

A senior from Arlington, Virginia.

Paul Bruchon

A junior Science Major from Gastonia, N. C., Mr. Bruchon makes his second appearance in this issue of AGORA.

Frank Bernat

A former Abbey student now serving time in the Navy aboard the USS Wasp. Mr. Bernat's unique and delightful style deserves attention.

Ronald Wilson

A resident of Iron Station, N. C.

Philippe Crane

A contributor from Hamden, Conn., Mr. Crane writes very telling satires. He previously appeared in our December '65 issue.

James Donbavant

A freshman from New York City.

Tom Barthel

A 1963 graduate of the Abbey, Mr. Barthel has been recently discharged from the Army; and we hope now will be able to devote more time to his craft.

Anon

A name familiar to all of our readers, Anon is a writer of international and eternal fame whose works include *Beowulf*, *The Pearl* and many others. It is generally thought that William Shakespeare borrowed extensively from him. We feel sure that he will be writing for many years to come.

David Van Zile

A junior English major now residing in Belmont, N. C., Mr. Van Zile is originally from New York. His work has shown considerable maturation since his first appearance in AGORA, and we are especially proud to present his "The Drink."

Carlos De Torres

A freshman from Latin America, Carlos has made his presence felt in all spheres of Abbey activity as a student leader, artist, writer, and intellectual. THE AGORA STAFF: DON NEULAND, EDITOR.

REVIEWERS: ALAN WILLIS, RAY SMITH,

MITCH TONEY, CHRIS O'CONNOR.

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