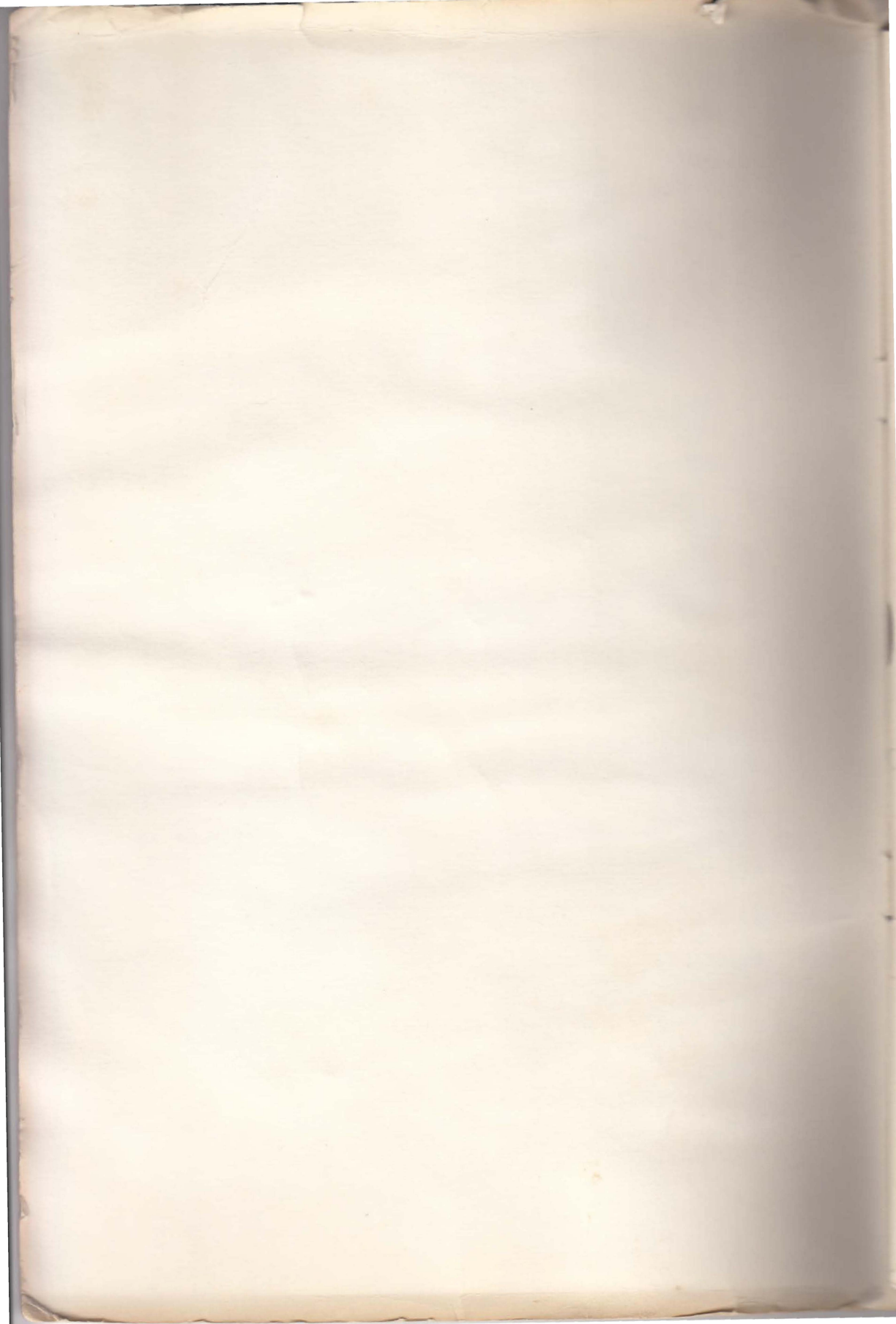


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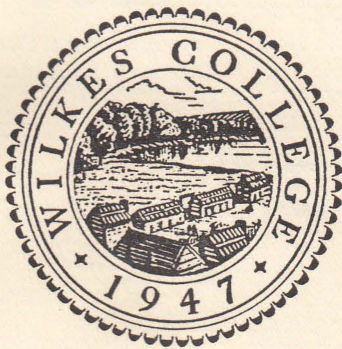
MANUSCRIPT

SPRING 1959

VOL. XII NOS. 1 & 2



*“ dedicated to Wilkes College —
successfully embarked upon a
program of physical expansion to match its
spiritual and academic growth
over the past quarter century ”*



the MANUSCRIPT

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EDITORIAL

This is the twelfth year of publication for the *Manuscript*, the only expression of literary activity on the Wilkes Campus. The Manuscript Association during these twelve years has attempted to present the best fiction, poetry, and essays produced by the students of the college. Since the Association's founding in 1947, it has developed with the college and today represents an integral part of campus life. The *Manuscript* in these years, has attempted to represent one of the main reasons for any college's existence: the discipline and enrichment of men's minds for scholarly and creative thinking.

In recent years the Manuscript's policy has expanded both the scope and the meaning of the Association. This issue is the result of twelve years of ideas which have determined that policy. From this period of demand and expansion has come the realization for our existence. "The immediate objective of the Manuscript Association is to stimulate creative and original writing and accomplishment in all areas of literary, artistic, and academic endeavor." This is not a new policy but was, we believe, the original reason for the creation of the Association. Guided by this policy the Association has extended the scope of the magazine to include not only short stories, poetry, and essays, but also art and music. In addition, we have opened the magazine to faculty contributions. Nevertheless, the *Manuscript* remains primarily and traditionally a student literary magazine. But at the same time its members realize its possibilities as a varied means of student expression.

As we complete our twelfth year of publication we realize that our work this year has not been to create something new. Rather it was our purpose to give reality to the ambitions and ideals of the past decade, and to fully recognize the Association's position and responsibility as a means of student expression.

G. B.

WIND AND SNOW

PATRICIA HEMENWAY

You come —
Singing excellence
Expelling exuberance;
Breathing gusts of wintry winds,
Blowing soft and hard,
Firmly bending
Each bare and bleak
Wanton wintry bark;
Racing up and down
Swirling 'round —
Leaving imprint of your fun
On every smoking home;
Pausing now and then
To renew your icy,
Pulsing vigor —
You do not allow the sunlight
Solo flight
To melt your
Raving run.

THE PLATONIC SEEDSOWER

By RONALD KRYZNEWSKI

Hundreds of us wept as we sat on the grass beneath the gigantic, mood-matching willow. Some cried aloud, boldly kicking their heels in the uncomfortable grass. Some cried softly, idly fingering their silent hula-hoops. Others, wearing countenances of tragedy, cried inwardly. Weeping had previously been foreign to us, for life on the planet Plato had been extremely enjoyable. The mass trial which we awaited was a mere formality; our faltering fates were evident.

A scooter-riding quartet, the vanguard of His train, finally met our anxious glances down the Boulevard of Nature. Children Thomson, Collins, Gray, and Blake babbled sweet verses as they sped past us and disappeared in the shadows of the distant trees. The moment of judgment drew near.

Our cries crescendoed as a medley of spoked wheels slurred into range. Child guards, armed with peashooters, froze at attention as a bicycle and four tricycles were dismounted. Child Plato, ruler of our planet, and his assistants, Child Rousseau, Child Wordsworth, Child Keats, and Child Shelley, skipped toward us. Child Plato was wearing tan shorts, a white teeshirt, and a baseball cap. After listening intently to the reading of the charges, he employed his full ten years of wisdom in addressing us.

"Growing up! In the name of Socrates! You kids will never learn! You've been repeatedly instructed to halt your mental growth at the age of ten, and now you've disobeyed by seeking confusing knowledge — knowledge which obliterates the purity of your minds. If knowledge were a reasonable quest, would I have stopped at the age of ten?"

"Well, if it's confusion you want, it's confusion you'll get! I hereby sentence each of you to a life on the planet Earth. There you will be the fellow fools of those knowledge-seeking mortals — those confused blunderers who call my planet 'Pluto' instead of 'Plato.' Weep, condemned friends, for there your associates will be those

deaf eggheads who have often refused the prophetic truth which I have offered. Even I visited their accursed planet to inform them that the mind at birth is pure, implying that children are nearest to the ultimate truth. I must admit, however, that their ambition is quite contagious, for I found myself expounding worthless theories of ideas, useless concepts of government, and confusing balderdash concerning the virtuousness of knowledge. Inoculating my disciples with the caution gained by my experience, I assigned their reluctant souls to that lower world. I sent Child Rousseau, though rather late I admit, to destroy their corrupt institutions, but he was unsuccessful. Child Wordsworth presented them with gifts of truth, but he was ignored. The beautiful utterances of Child Keats were spent in vain. Child Shelley — O, even he, my most worthy disciple! — was laughed at by those intellectual barbarians.”

The gifted messengers blushed with humility as Child Plato's praise engulfed their praise-hungry ears, especially Child Shelley, who was sucking his thumb and rubbing his big toe in the grass.

“But let's proceed with the trial,” continued Child Plato, “for my disciples and I have a busy day ahead of us: a hopscotch tournament this morning, a game of house at Mary Lou's this afternoon, and a game of whiffleball this evening. Incidentally, our opponents this evening are visitors from another planet — Aristotle, Locke, Hume, and a few rookies who fancy themselves logicians. Our dominance over them in past performances amuses me. Their theories of reason and sense-observation fail them in their attempts to catch the elusive, swirling, unpredictable whiffleball. They will continue to lose until they realize that it can be caught only by one with a nonchalant attitude: by one who delights in the game itself rather than the scientific methods of playing.”

His words of truth, his words of beauty, struck deep within our guilty souls.

“But now for the details of your sentences,” resumed Child Plato. “Transmission to Earth will be accomplished by the usual method of seeding. All of you will be reduced to sperms, carried in bags by an invisible sower, and sprinkled upon unknowing, love-

making Earthlings who will unwittingly pride themselves on their fertility. The seedsower will carry two bags; those of you who have committed grave offenses shall be illegitimate seed, and those who have committed lesser offenses, legitimate seed.

"Incidentally, the position of seedsower is open to interested persons. Immediately after the trial, ushers will distribute entry blanks among you. In twenty-five words or less, complete the statement, 'I want to be a sower of seed because. . . .' Entries will be judged on the basis of interest, neatness, originality, and aptness of thought, and they must be postmarked before noon. Five finalists will be announced after the seventh inning of tonight's whiffleball game. Because an efficient seedsower must be deft and accurate, the five finalists will compete in a game of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. The lucky winner need not assume a life on Earth, but he will merely sow the sperms and return. He must, of course, swear by Socrates that he will not carry out his job hastily in an effort to expedite his return. If there is anything I cannot stand, it's sloppy sowing!"

My heart leapt up in hope.

"You will depart in twenty-four hours," continued Child Plato. "During your last day on Plato, you are entitled to your usual afternoon nap and to all the ice cream that you can eat. All hands will assemble at the sperm-reducing center at 0600 tomorrow. Remember, each of you must spend a full life on Earth, growing up and being confused with as much knowledge and reason as you wish to seek. After death you will return to Plato — barring suicides, who must start all over — and you will then be placed on probation. Always remember, last one back is a rotten egg! Ha-Ha!"

Thus spoke wise Child Plato. I joined the crying chorus as he and his disciples gleefully pedaled their way down the Boulevard of Nature. They were to continue a life of joy and freedom; I was soon to embark on a journey of confusion and bondage.

Fortunately, I won the seedsower contest, and at the present time, I roam invisibly on the planet Earth. I am sometimes tempted

to cast these ill-fated sperms to the west wind, or to seal them in an old Grecian urn; but, upon expostulation and reply, I always remember my Socratic oath to Plato. I am often amused by the it-couldn't-happen-to-me expressions on the faces of the recipients of my illegitimate seed. My only deeper joy lies in dreaming of the day when my spermbags will be empty — the day when I shall return to Plato, the planet of playful paradise.

“ . . . you must not wonder that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; for their souls are ever hastening into the upper world where they desire to dwell.”

The Republic — Plato



ANONYMITY

HARVEY STAMBLER

Bereft am I of any fame;
Neither have I wealth, nor name.
Content am I to repose 'til doom's age,
On the third column,
Second from the left,

On the twenty-second page.
No place do I want in the limelight;
No place of prominence in which to age;
For I've had my day,
And so I shall stay
In the shadow of the Twenty-second page.

VALENTINE VOYAGE

PATRICIA HEMENWAY

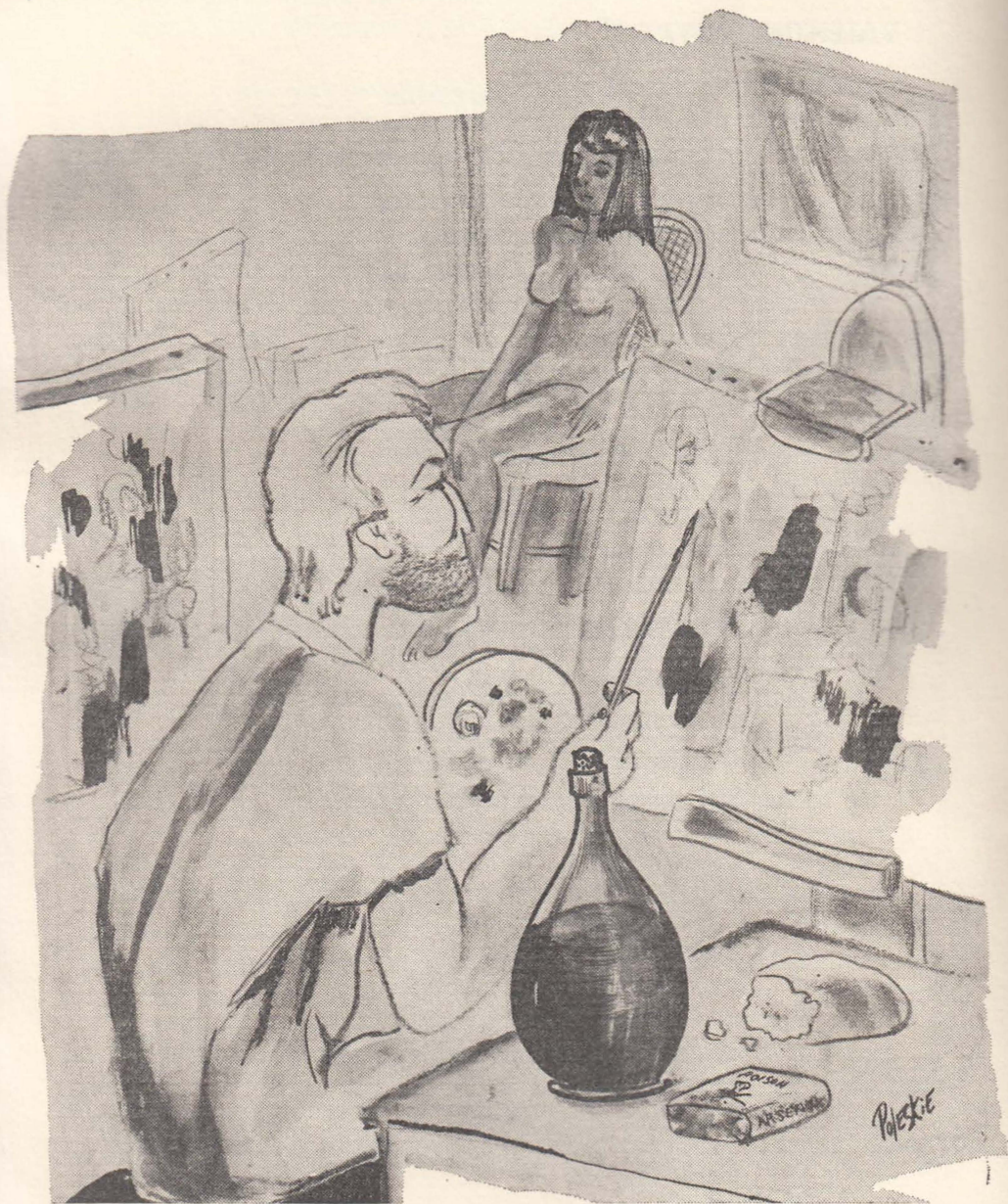
You come and then you go;
You ebb and flow as forcefully
As a tide moves fast and slow —
So beats the rhythm of my heart.

You're present, but then gone;
As shyly as the dawn
You linger on;
So does the beating of my heart.

You ripple past, sailing on
Your unique way;
Interpreting what time shall say
To this fluctuating heart.

Then if I doubt or wonder,
Your presence breaks asunder
The barrier of time's space
And graceful waves caress my face.

PAUL GAUGUIN WEPT



By CLIFFORD R. BROTHERS

Paul Gauguin lay on his bed looking about his room. From time to time pain flitted across his eyes, momentarily obscuring the poverty in which he had been living. The sun had just appeared below the lower right-hand corner of his window, and its golden rays contrasted strangely with the gray paintless walls and the barren floors. On the far side of the room was a small table, spotted with spilled wine and littered with crumbs of bread. The floors had no coverings, and the door hung loosely on its hinges, banging softly in the gentle breeze that came with the morning sun.

Paul Gauguin, fully awake, was becoming less aware of the heavy pain in his chest that had been draining the life from his body, and his eyes rested upon the only thing of beauty in the room. "It is finished," he thought, as he stared at the huge painting leaning against the wall, the sun's rays now revealing the deep brown tones and the tender sensitivity of an artist speaking through his medium of those things he loves. He had wondered if the purpose of his life had not been solely for the creation of this masterpiece, and finally knowing the answer, he had postponed his death. Then a feeling of lightness overcame him, and the pain began to leave his body. He was almost happy because he knew that today his life and its hells would be finished. A wistful smile tugged at his lips, and a sense of relief so overwhelming enveloped him that it caused tears to sting his eyes.

He dressed slowly, as if to cause the delights of anticipation to swell within him, his eyes lingering upon the small packet of arsenic laying on the floor beside the painting. His hand trembled as he reached for it, but he trembled not from fear or uncertainty; it was more from anticipation akin to that which one experiences when he is about to embark upon a new and great adventure. For the first time in years the disease that had been torturing him no longer mattered, and his pathetic poverty ceased to haunt him. He even hummed a small tune when he poured the contents of the packet into a goat-skinned jug half full of wine. He took one last lingering look about the room, his eyes resting once again upon the painting for only a moment, and then he began to walk slowly through his beloved Tahitian jungle to the hills beyond.

The morning sun is an especially refreshing time of day in the jungle. Somewhere a bird's gay little melody wafted through the shades of green on the cool morning air, and the sun cast tiny patterns of light at random on the jungle floor creating an erratic patchwork of beauty as it mingled with the darker spots that the sun could not reach. Small glistening drops of dew still clung to the leaves and plants, not yet evaporated by the warmer air that arrives at mid-morning. Paul Gauguin's footsteps caused a slow rhythmic tramp-tramp on the fallen leaves that covered the ground everywhere, but he was oblivious to the beauty around him that he had loved for so long. His thoughts had gone back to the voices and faces he had forgotten for a long time, remembered now, not within the frame of nostalgia, but more as an acknowledgement of the beginning of a series of events that swept him along with them like the tide washing driftwood upon the shore. He had liked to think that his life had taken its strange twists and turns largely through his own will, but he knew now that the frustrations, the poverty, and the pain had been as much an instrumental part of shaping his life as his need to paint. The end to it in this way was inevitable. There had been no other choice, no other way, and it had all begun that day in Paris.

That day in Paris. He had known success in the conventional connotation of the term. At thirty-five he had been a successful broker, married and accepted as a respected member of his society. His wife, a pretty Danish girl, was a good wife in that she cooked, she sewed, and she smiled prettily as she poured tea for their infrequent guests. His home, a modest apartment, was furnished with the taste of convention that reflected the tone of his life — except for his Sundays. On Sundays he painted. On Sundays he painted with an abandon that caused him to forget his associations with the brutal business world infested with the stone-hearted money vultures fighting frantically to add a few more *sous* to their already immense fortunes. He hated each trip to the office; he hated the office itself with its pasty-faced, smiling, yes-siring, young clerks, and the hip-swinging, bust-pointing, colorless secretaries. He hated going home to his prosaic wife and her gossiping neighbors. He hated! But on Sundays the restless gnawing at his soul was relieved by his canvases, and his own quiet pleasure found in filling them

with varying shades of color with gentle brush strokes, and seeing creation take place before his eyes as the manifestation of his own sensitive expression. A simple pride in his own humble abilities had sustained him until that day. That day, that awful, beautiful, fearful day he submitted one of his paintings to the Salon for exhibition and, although he had not known it at the time, the course of his life was dramatically and irrevocably altered.

Paul Gauguin walked on until he approached the foot of the hill that looked so far away from his cabin. He shifted the wine jug to his other shoulder and looked slowly about him before he began the climb to the top. He smiled, amused with himself, as he remembered the first pangs of fear when he allowed the public to see his work, and he chuckled aloud at the subsequent irony of a lifetime of rejection and periods of despair that now seemed pathetically insignificant. The haunting fear of failure had once threatened his need to create and had confined him to a world of indecision for such a long time that the final decision to show his painting was of necessity an impulsive act, or it would not have been committed at all. As he had expected, the public did not like his work, and at first he had felt hurt, then insulted; then he felt the first hinting throbs of despair, despair that began to grow and mingle with a hopelessness that hurt until he had noticed a stranger staring at his painting with steady attention. The stranger he knew was Camille Pissarro, master and friend of the newly formed impressionistic painters who had begun to work and live in Paris. Pissarro had said to him, "You, sir, should paint and paint and paint, for you have something to say and soon you will have the ability to say it as well as the best of us." And from that day on a profound friendship grew and never died. Pissarro did more than just talk with his friend. He made suggestions, showed him a variety of techniques, demonstrated the use of new and different pigments, and, in effect, became a tutor as well as comrade. From Pissarro's encouragements a new confidence was born within Gauguin, and the spark of genius began to burn. He began to paint more and more, spending every spare moment that he could find before his canvases. In time he came to resent his present way of life to such a point that it became unbearable. Then one day he left his family and quit the office. He had divorced himself from one master and dedicated himself to another, but to one

whom he loved with all the passion bestowed upon a newly-found mistress. Indeed, painting was to become master and mistress, food and water, and even life and death to him, for so completely did he identify himself with his work that it eventually became almost his only purpose of living.

He had lived on his savings until they were gone. He could get no one to buy his paintings, nor could he get any one to exhibit them, yet no amount of poverty could get him to abandon his art. Penniless, he was eventually forced to borrow to buy paint, and occasionally his friends, Pissarro and Van Gogh, would give him bread and wine, but they too were among the gifted poor and lived only from the sale of one painting to another, which was altogether too infrequent. Finally, driven by the need to sustain himself, he applied for a job with a construction crew that worked in Martinique and later moved to Tahiti. It was Tahiti that captured his heart, his mind, and his imagination. There he found, clothed in bright greens and varying shades of warm brown, a new and exciting challenge. Here was a new kind of people, a mysterious people with eyes that dream, who moved with dignity in a land of brilliant colors on a background of soft haunting undercurrents of an unfathomable enigma; here were people who spoke with simple eloquence, profound in their quiet unpretentious beauty. The islands and its people were friendly and the sun, bright and hot, wafted warm over the land. The constant breeze from the blue white-capped sea gave the air a clean fresh smell, and the sea itself seemed as deep and mysterious as the island and its people. Here in this hidden Heaven, naked brown bodies, chaste yet sensuous, loved, laughed, and lived in an untroubled paradise, not knowing the meaning of deceit and hate.

It was in Tahiti that Gauguin built himself a small cabin with the money he had saved from his job with the construction crew in Martinique and Tahiti. He was happier here than he had ever been in his life. He had once written his friend Pissarro: "Here in my cabin, in complete silence, amid the intoxicating perfumes of nature, I dream of violent harmonies. A delight enhanced by I know not what sacred honor I divine in the infinite. . . . I have tried to in-

terpret my vision in an appropriate decor and with all the simplicity the medium permits." And it was Pissarro who once told him, perhaps as a warning, that it was men like Gauguin who were born to suffer, for the tastes of civilization are changed rather than pleased by such as he, and people's tastes change with a horrible slowness. And no one bought Gauguin's paintings. In a very short time his money was used, and he was forced to live on berries and the wild fruit that he could gather from the jungle. Letter after letter from Europe brought him nothing but disappointment. Indeed, his friend Pissarro had, with almost prophetic insight, spelled out the life awaiting Gauguin, for in the days to come illness and poverty again rested their ugly and persistent hands upon his brow. Stricken by consumption, the lack of food, and the humid climate of the islands, his body began to weaken, and despair again began to envelop him, for he knew that he would soon be forced to go to the near-by colonial hospital if he was to live. Yet, in the hospital the gnawing knowledge of pernicious debt off-set the little good that the hospital may have done him, and the growing realization that he was dying began to haunt him. He was not afraid to die. In fact, death with its unknown solaces and mysterious darkness seemed a welcome thought. Then, lying in the hospital with so little to do and so much time to think, he asked himself, "Who am I? Where am I going? Why?" With unbearable pain eating at his body, he knew that his only comfort came from painting, and he knew what he had to do. He knew why. Restlessness began prodding him so that he finally left the hospital with an uncured, diseased body, but with a gentle peace in his soul, the peace that promised reconciliation and fulfillment. He would not, he could not answer questions, but he could and would ask the unanswerable, the question seen so often in the eyes of the natives, asked by the whispering sea at night, asked by the silent stone Maori idols that stood so solemn and straight with out-stretched arms. This painting would carry with it the message of Tahiti, the message that was not a message, but by its timelessness it would record the question of the great, the small, the old and the new, and, most important of all, the question must remain unanswered and the answer unknown.

Gauguin knew that this painting would be the climax of his life. Anything that happened after its completion would of neces-

sity be pale and meaningless, for he was convinced that his training, his poverty, his illness, and the events in his life that brought him into this wild paradise, led up to and consummated themselves in the act which he was about to commit. He began to paint cautiously with gentle and careful strokes. On a background of dark browns, blacks, with flecks of green and red, he painted a stiff, cold, stone Maori idol that stood straight and solid with open beckoning arms. The main figure, a semi-nude native girl with a graceful golden body reaches high in the foreground for fruit hanging from a nearby tree, while across the entire painting sit several Maori women who seem to be listening to unknown sounds, strange sounds, whispering unknown words. At the far left is a lone woman, dark and old, covering her ears as if to shut out the unheard voices that threaten to give answers to questions best not asked. In the background, on a plane with the idol are several half-visible figures, walking and talking quietly as if not to disturb the general atmosphere of soft mystery. In simple contrast, sitting alone in the foreground, is a small child eating fruit, unaware of the profound qualities of life around her and not caring; and, as if to carry the same thought to further extremes, on the far right Gauguin painted a small babe, asleep and oblivious to all.

The painting progressed, Paul Gauguin became more bold in his color and more sure of himself with his rapid strokes, and he painted swiftly with a sense of urgency prodding him on. At times he worked around the clock, the pain and the hunger his constant companions, yet his whole life had led up to the completion of his canvas; nothing else mattered.

As the painting neared completion, he began to spit huge quantities of blood, and he began to panic for fear of not being able to finish. But when the bleeding became as commonplace as the rest of his habitual hells, he was able to once again devote his entire being to the canvas. Yet, a dull thought kept nudging his unconscious, and when he finally became aware of it he realized that the idea had been hidden there for a long time, and now with the painting it would be fitting indeed for the painting and his life to be finished at the same time. The logic of it was so clear that he

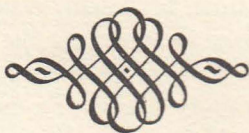
wondered that it had not been acknowledged by his conscious mind long ago. With great reluctance he took time off to purchase a packet of arsenic with his last few *sous* and arranged for an acquaintance to send the painting to his friend Pissarro in Paris. Then he returned to his cabin and began painting with a sense of abandon driving him in renewed vigor. Finally, at the left of the painting near the old women he put almost as an after-thought, a bright white duck that stood alone as if to interject the irony of the efforts of communication in any form.

"Is it really finished," he asked himself, and at once he wondered if he had meant the painting, his life, or both. As Gauguin stepped back and looked at the canvas, he knew that he had not painted merely a huge allegory, nor had he intended an allegory to be inferred. It was instead a great musical poem that needed no libretto. Its essence and its beauty consisted not in what was said, but what was asked; the question flowed out by implication from the lines without words or color, nor emanating from material structure. The haunting mystery asked simply: "Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?" And each of these questions are purposely left unanswered, for they can be answered only by death.

Paul Gauguin approached the top of the hill, and a slight pain tugged at his chest. He smiled as he became aware of it and its growing insignificance. He was almost happy now. Soon he reached a small clearing at the top, and he sat down, putting the wine jug beside him upon the ground. He was breathing heavily, his breath coming in great gasps, his body was weak, much of its energy spent by the long walk through the jungle and the climb to the top of the hill. After a short time, his breath came back to him, and he began to relax. Below him he could see the patchworks of browns and greens of the native gardens growing food for their tables and hemp for the colonial export market. To the left was the ocean. It seemed far, far away, and its waters looked deep blue, and very peaceful. Birds were twittering their soft sounds in the nature around him, and the exotic scents from the tropical flowers pleased him and made him happy. Here he would sleep. Here in the warmth with its colors and its subtle perfumes he would become an eternal

part of all he had loved. Tears of relief and pleasure came to his eyes as he shook the wine jug to make sure that the poison was thoroughly mixed with the wine. He hesitated for only a moment as he thought of his beloved Tahiti and its constant mysterious questions always leaving the answers swift and elusive like its brilliant birds flitting from tree to tree. "Where are we going," he thought, and he smiled, for he knew that he would soon know.

His eyes caressed each tree, each hill, and each small hut in the native village below with a slow sweeping glance, and with a quiet farewell, he slowly lifted the wine jug to his lips, drained it of its contents, and lay back upon the soft grass. Soon a vague uneasiness swelled within him to a violent nausea. Puzzlement and a curious emotion warped his brow, as an unbearable pain pushed and pulled his stomach, causing cramps that brought his knees up to his chest and then down again with excruciating force. His stomach began to contract and surge uncontrollably with such violence that he began to scream like a man gone mad. Again and again the powerful nausea overcame him, and vomit spewed from his mouth, causing more nausea and again more vomit. He felt as if some gigantic hand had grasped him and was shaking him with the singular purpose of dislodging his bones, one from another. Soon, too weak to move, he lay quietly upon the hill top, the noon-day sun burning down upon him. Even death had rejected him. Paul Gauguin wept.



THE BLIND DATE

By HELEN M. KLATT

"Hello, Mother." She ran up the stairs and closed the door behind her. She leaned against it — her breaths short and loud. Her eyes were closed, her head thrust back — she laughed.

The box was quite large; it was flowered and tied with a purple ribbon that looped each corner and emerged in the shape of a butterfly bow. She tore at the butterfly until it fell apart and draped over the sides of the box. This, too, she then tore open with fervor.

A slit of yellow chiffon peeked over the rim of the box like a bright, golden sun peeking through the clouds of a balmy day. The yellow emerged and was lovingly caressed and then tenderly, very gently placed on the bed.

She walked over to a door and hastily rummaged through the articles of apparel which were neatly camouflaged by the oak panels and glass knob. Another box — a shorter, smaller one — was taken back into the room and opened. The late afternoon sun stole between slightly-parted, gray curtains and rested brilliantly on beautifully ornamented, transparent slippers. These, also, she caressed and then placed on the bed beside the yellow dress.

A tattered, polka-dot, stuffed dog lay on a bulky, wooden rocking-chair. One ear was frayed, the other torn. A large, black button signified an eye, and small bits of thread signified the loss of the other. The dog lay on a chair in the room where there were no other polka-dots, or stripes, or plaids, where there were gray curtains, and a dark green bedspread, and a large bulky rocking-chair.

She picked up the tattered animal and stroked its frayed ear. "Poor Pepe. You've really been through a lot in all these years, haven't you?" She held it to her face, and it kissed her flushed cheeks. "I must remember to sew another button on you and fix your ear — this poor ear. But, not today, Pepe. Today I am really too busy and too excited. Do you like my new dress? Yes, it's yellow — bright yellow, too bright for me, I'm afraid. But, Pepe, I don't care if it *is* bright. I'm tired of wearing black, and dark blue, and violet. Tonight I'll wear *yellow*."

She held the dog above her head with outstretched arms and danced about the room on long, thin legs. Round and round until she fell on the bed — panting, laughing.

“Whewwwwww! I must be getting old, Pepe. Ten years ago when we danced like this I didn’t have to stop to catch my breath. Do you remember? No, no, of course you don’t.”

“Winnie.” She jumped up and smoothed the rumpled bedspread just as the door opened. “Winnie, dear, I’ve just been thinking.”

“Oh, really, Mother? What about?”

“Well, dear, forgive me for prying, but about your date tonight...”

“My date? What *about* my date tonight, Mother?”

“Really, Winnie, you don’t know much about this man, do you?”

“Oh, Mother, if you’re trying to tell me that blind dates are risky, please don’t. Rachel said that he’s a fine, handsome man.”

“But, dear. How well does Rachel know this man?”

“He happens to be a very good friend of hers. She told me all about him.”

“Told you what? What does he do? Where does he live? What are his ideas about women? Did she tell you all of these? They’re important, you know, very impor...”

“*Important?* Mother, take a good look at me — a good, long look. Can I afford to be so particular? Can I possibly eliminate some man because of his religion or his choice of politics? Tell me, can your daughter be so choosy as to say a man should be one way or another if he is to take her out? Me? Me be particular?”

“Don’t, Winnie, please don’t talk like that. You sound almost . . . bitter.”

“And why shouldn’t I be bitter? Why shouldn’t I envy Rachel and her beautiful home and fine family? Why shouldn’t I feel sad when I look in the mirror and see this face? It’s not a very attractive face, is it, Mother?”

"But, Winnie, my dear. Maybe you're not a glamorous woman, but you're decent and good. That sometimes means more to a man than physical beauty."

"*What* man? show me one man whose head doesn't turn when a beautiful girl walks into a room. Show me one man who would even look at *me* once — let alone turn his head. No, Mother, your plain, ugly daughter can't afford to be the least bit particular."

"You're not ugly. You have lovely teeth and your hair..."

"Stop! Don't say another word. Just — just leave me alone. My date will be here in an hour, and I want to be ready."

"Oh, Winnie. Are you sure you know what you're doing? Please take care of yourself. After all, the man is a stranger."

"He is *not* a stranger, not really. Rachel told me that he's very tall and quite handsome — distinguished looking."

"You don't suppose he's married, do you?"

"Of course not, Mother. Don't be absurd."

"Well, why isn't he married if he's so handsome and everything?"

"Maybe he just hasn't found what he's looking for in a woman. He's quite wealthy, too. Rachel said he is a vice-president of some large corporation in New York."

"Oh, I do hope you know what you're doing." She shook her head slowly and left the room.

Winnie turned to the polka-dot animal. "Mother just doesn't understand me, Pepe. She doesn't know what it feels like to be unpopular — unwanted. Oh, I do hope that he is tall and handsome. Maybe he really is a vice-president, too. Enough of this — I'd better get dressed, my dear little friend."

She donned the beautiful, yellow dress and the exquisite slippers. The mirror was true to form, unpleasant, uncomplimentary. Her face registered no surprise.

Very quietly she opened the door and walked to the head of the stairs. Her mother was sitting in the living room, watching

television. Winnie tiptoed to the upstairs phone, picked up the receiver, and dialed a number.

"Hello, Gertrude? . . . Winnie. I called to tell you that I won't be able to play bridge tonight. . . . Well, my boyfriend just called. His company has given him a promotion, and we're going out to celebrate . . . Vice-presidency . . . Yes, it *is* wonderful . . . Oh, probably the Club 104. . . . Yes, well, give my regards to the other girls. . . . Thank you, Gertrude. . . . Bye."

The doorbell rang. Winnie stood at the top of the darkened staircase and watched her mother open the front door.

He stood there, holding a tan hat that almost matched his flannel suit perfectly. He was rather short and heavily built. His gray temples were covered in part by ear pieces which, along with a thin, long nose, supported thick glasses. The hall light was shining on his head, and it kissed the tiny, bright spot.

"Good evening, Ma'm. I am here to see Winnie. My name is. . . ."

She closed the bedroom door behind her. Reaching for the dog, she held it to her. She leaned against the door — her breaths short and loud. Her eyes were closed, her face buried in the polka-dots.

"Oh, Pepe, Pepe."

He kissed her tears.

The Departure



By ALBERT J. VALENIA

Two soldiers sat on the back steps of the barracks.

"Man, you're lucky!"

"What's this luck bit? I'm due, man. I'm overdue."

"Yeah, you have put in a shift. Two years is a whole bunch of time."

"Twenty-five months to be exact."

"OK, twenty-five months — what's the difference?"

"You've only been here a couple of months, Mike. Wait 'til it stretches into a couple of years. Man, you'll give an eyeball to get out of here a month before time."

"Jeez, Al, you talk like Okinawa's a hell-hole!"

"It's the world's bung-hole!"

"What do you want? Man, the weather is the greatest; the chicks are the most; and there's more booze than you can shake a cigarette at!"

"Man, you're brain-washed! You sound like a recruiting sergeant."

"It's all here, isn't it?"

"Yeah, the weather's nice now. Wait a couple more months. It rains every day in the winter, and a whole crowd of typhoons come through in the spring. Nice, real nice!"

"Well, like one of those prophets said, 'You gotta take the bad with the good.' "

"Man, show me something good! Chicks? Booze? Hah! Nothing but alley-walkers and watered beer! You call this living? Shape up, man. This island is out to lunch."

Mike shifted his position uneasily. Al lit a cigarette and turned to throw the match in the butt-can tacked to the banister. He paused, stared at the match for a few moments, and threw it to the sidewalk.

Mike looked at him. "Man, you're bitter."

"No, not bitter, just tired, fed-up — dragged. I haven't slept worth a damn lately. For months now I've been dreaming of seeing the folks, eating a good meal, sleeping in a real bed, dating a real woman and playing for it instead of paying for it — you know, sugar and spice and all that sort of jazz. Now that liberation day is here, I'm too wasted to feel happy. I feel cheated."

"Man, in two hours you'll be climbing aboard at White Beach. You'll be plenty happy."

"Yeah, I probably will. I really dig those four-deck pieces of canvas the Navy calls bunks. Man, I don't care; they could tie a rope around me and tow me behind the fan tail. Me for the good ol' U.S. of A."

"Now you're beginning to sound anxious, Al."

"I've been anxious, man, I've *been* anxious."

"Looks like a truck coming this way. Maybe its for you."

"I hope it is. I've been smoking myself to death for the past hour."

A six-by-six pulled up to the barracks, and the driver yelled to the two men, "Hey, any of you guys know Al Wayes?"

"Yeah, that's me," Al answered.

"Well climb aboard, sport, your boat is in at White Beach."

"Yes, sir, man; you don't have to beg me!"

Al hoisted his duffel bag and threw it into the back of the truck. He climbed in and sat with his back against his bag. Mike looked at him and smiled. The truck began to pull away.

Al shouted, "So long, Mike; take it easy. Say *sayonara* to the rest of the guys for me."

"So long, Al, don't fall out of your hammock."

The truck rumbled away. Al wriggled a bit to make himself comfortable. He watched the familiar scenery pass by. In two minutes he was asleep.

SOLDIER

By JIM CORNELIUS

I

The bronzed, athletically built man turned toward the door of his quarters at the sound of running footsteps in the corridor outside. The steps paused before his door. The screening drapes were thrown unceremoniously aside and across the threshold stepped a trim blue-eyed girl in a belted white tunic. Her glance probed the room. Upon seeing the man standing near the small, stone window, she rushed forward, gasped, "Val," and threw herself into his arms.

He held her to him tightly, taking pleasure from the soft warmth of her body, feeling the rapid pulsating of her heart and the quickened rise and fall of her bosom against his chest. She nuzzled her head into the hollow of his neck, and he rested his cheek against the soft, dark hair which tickled through his open collar before falling to the girl's shoulders in soft folds. A moment more he held her, knowing that he shouldn't; and then he began disengaging her arms from around his neck and tried stepping back from her. She would have none of this, however, and held firmly onto his shoulders while leaning back far enough to look into his face. Her wide, clear eyes were the bright, brilliant blue of a cloudless summer sky. A tremulous smile softly curved her lips as she said, "Oh, Val! It's so good to see you again! You don't know how hard it's been, this time, waiting for you. We heard first that the Star Legion had been wiped out to the last man. The next morning word came that the Stars had won but had suffered tremendous casualties; and it wasn't until the second evening that we learned that your 'elite principals' had carried the day and were among the survivors. But, worst of all, Val, was your note that the courier brought." The blue eyes clouded now. "Why did you write such a thing, Val? How could I ever forget you, and why shouldn't we meet again? We won't have to postpone the ceremony, will we? You've promised that we'd be married at the end of this campaign."

When he did not reply, the blue eyes began blinking rapidly but couldn't hold back the tears which slowly overflowed, making a shining streak down first one, and then the other smooth cheek.

The soft, slightly parted lips trembled, and after a fruitless search of his countenance she breathed pleadingly, "Val, say that it isn't so! Say that you still love me!"

The man had paled perceptibly beneath his tan and wet his suddenly dry lips; but before he could reply the girl spoke again. "You're going to be court-martialed for the losses, aren't you? And then you'll be executed the way Darius was! That's the reason, isn't it?"

She moved forward and began to weep on his shoulder. With one large brown hand he smoothed her rumpled hair. Abruptly she raised her head from his chest and said, "We'll cross to the southern side of the mountains. If we take a boat at sundown, we can cross the Bosphorus and get horses to ride south through the night. By the next week we can reach the mountains and they'll never find us."

At last the man spoke, slowly, "No one in the Empire would dare hide us, Barbara. The Emperor would turn the country upside down to find a deserting centurion; and worse, his first move as soon as they found me gone would be retaliation on my brother and sisters. And, when they finally do catch up to us, as they will no matter where we hide, there will be two of us stretched on the rack, not just one."

"Then we'll cross the perimeter and leave the Empire," she replied.

He removed her arms from his neck and continued, "You know what happens when the Turks see a Roman, Barbara, any Roman. No, there's no escape. Besides, I'm not going to be executed. It's only that you must never see me or speak to me again". He tried to turn her toward the door, but with a quick wrench she freed herself and turned to face him with wide eyes and slack jaw. Seeing the determination in his face, she flinched as though struck by a blow. As though it was the most difficult task of his life, he took a short breath and continued in as gruff a voice as possible, "You will have to leave now. You shouldn't have come here in the first place."

Raising her arms as if to ward off a blow, she took an involuntary step backwards. "You really mean it," she gasped, putting her hands before her face. She took another step away from him and

tripped, falling backwards onto a low divan. He moved to catch her but restrained himself with an effort. She started to sit up, while continuing to stare fixedly into his eyes, when, with a sudden rumpling, her composure failed. She turned on the divan and buried her head in her arms. The sobs were quiet but convulsive and continuous. This was not the temporary unhappiness of a disappointed child, but rather the heartbroken crying of a mother who had lost her baby in the rushing torrent of flood waters, the forlorn wails of a puppy separated from his parents and lost and alone amidst the swirling snows of a winter storm.

More than anything Val wanted to take her in his arms and tell her that she still meant the world to him and that everything would be all right, but he knew that this could not be. From the hard school of experience he had learned that the quick, clean amputation was in the long-run the best and least painful. He decided to let the crying run its course.

Rather than see her in distress, he turned away. Glancing through the small window to the dark, seething waters of the Bosphorus, he saw a swift Byzantine Trireme gliding past with its banks of oars moving in rapid precision. "I would rather be one of those slaves chained to an oar for the rest of my life," he thought, "than face my future." Bitterly, he reflected that it would have been better if he had been a sailor rather than a soldier. By sea there was at least a slight chance of escape, because if one could commandeer a small boat he could be out of the Bosphorus in the night, and with luck might dodge the pirates and the marauding Turkish dhows. Then, if he knew his navigation and wasn't swamped by one of the Eastern Mediterranean's violent storms it might be possible to reach the shores of Greece and freedom. However, he was neither sailor nor navigator, and in any case, he wouldn't sacrifice his family to a tyrant's vengeance. Despairingly he remembered the old saying, "No escape from beneath the hand of the Byzantine Emperor."

The trireme passed from sight and he turned again to the crying girl. At any other time he would have been pleased with this full view of the shapely limb which had always before remained so modestly covered. Knowing that he must act immediately or his resolve would crumble, he spoke sharply, "Enough of this now. Get

out of here! If you don't leave I'll call the guard and have you dragged away by the hair!" His voice, accustomed to commanding long, dusty lines of marching soldiers, rang loudly in the low-ceilinged room. "I don't know how you got into my quarters in the first place. This is a military compound, not a nursery for infants and wailing women."

At these words the form of the girl stiffened and the sobs stopped. Slowly, she rose and turned to face him squarely, not bothering to straighten her tunic or to wipe her tear-streaked face. A quick toss of her head threw the hair from before her eyes; her voice was taut and flat, "No guard can stand between me and the man I love, Valerius. You should know that. Haven't I stolen out often against my father's wishes to walk the city's walls in the moonlight with you? Didn't I turn down a Minister of State and a Tribune among others for you? I have ridden with you in a bumpy chariot when I could have been riding comfortably in a Consul's fine carriage and now you order me out like a stable maid. Tell me! Is it because the ambitious young soldier is a Centurion now, that he has no time for me? Is that it, Valerius?"

This last accusation stung sharply and he started to deny it, but checked himself. "She'll soon be thinking worse than that of me," he thought to himself, "so I'll start getting used to it now."

Pointing towards the door with an imperious gesture, he barked, "Be gone!"

A flush rose in her pale cheeks at his final insult and with set jaw and blazing eyes she took a step forward. "You've just been leading me by the nose and have never intended to marry me. You've never loved me or you couldn't be like this!" The blow came without warning. Her open palm had all the force of her lithe body behind it as it caught him squarely on the ear and sounded like a thunder clap in his head. When his eyes came back into focus she was at the door and had turned to look back. "Pig!" she spat out, and then less forcefully, for now the lovely blue eyes were brimming with tears, "Scum of the cess-pit!" Then she was gone, and immediately he heard loud sobs which quickly diminished down the stone corridor. The drapes, which had fallen back to their customary folds, swung gently for a few moments longer and then were still.

For long moments, Valerius stared at the bare stone walls and then at the worn stone floor. Near the divan something caught his eye. He bent to pick it up and then held it to the window's failing light for examination. It was a girl's soft green sandal. Neither new nor heavily worn, it appeared to be just well broken-in to the contour of the foot. It looked comfortable. The late autumn dusk fell, quickly darkening the room, but, preferring darkness, he lighted no lamp. Chariots clattered above the rumbling of the horses' hoofs as the evening guard was changed in the courtyard below, but he heard nothing. From somewhere nearby, the sound of knives and plates told of a meal in progress, and the faint smell of roasted meat entered the room, but Valerius did not look up. Still holding the slipper, he considered the recent, improbable, and fantastic series of misfortunes which had beset him.

II.

His beloved Legion of the Morning Star had been mortally crippled and would never again be an effective, fighting division. The surviving remnants of his men were now recuperating from their disastrous though victorious battle in which eighty percent casualties had been sustained. The commanding Legatus, Arrius, had erred in ordering the route by which the cavalry would flank the enemy. The unexpectedly huge body of Turkish troops had nearly wiped out the Roman spearmen and were pressing on all sides of Valerius' seasoned "principals." Valerius had managed to regroup the scattered Romans and had ordered the horn sounded to call in the veteran reserves. In spite of being heavily outnumbered and having their battle-lines cut to shreds, the men had rallied and were winning out when the tardy cavalry arrived cutting off the Turkish retreat. With typical ferocity the Turks had fought to the end, and, though finally annihilated, had inflicted tremendously heavy losses on the victors.

Two days after the battle Valerius had been alone in the officers' tent in the rest encampment when the special courier from the Palace dismounted and entered to hand the sealed message addressed to "Centurion Valerius."

Unable to believe his eyes the first time, Valerius read it a second time, and then felt as if one of the high stone guard towers from the capitol's walls was collapsing on top of him. It just couldn't be so! The Emperor was informing Centurion Valerius of his upcoming trial due to the charges of the Star Legion's Commander. Legatus Arrius had reported that an error on the part of Centurion Valerius had caused the costly losses to Byzantium's far-famed Legion of the Morning Star. A tribunal would be held immediately. Valerius did not need to wonder what the tribunal's decision would be, for in war-time, such trials were mere matters of form before the execution. It was the last paragraph of the decree, however, for which nothing in Valerius' training nor in his entire experience had prepared him an answer. This paragraph gave him a choice which was not a choice. One alternative was his execution and the purge of his immediate family as political enemies of the regime. Remembering with disdain the many tricks and intrigues of the palace and of its bureaucrats, Valerius had checked and re-checked the message. Having often seen the Emperor's writing on the Legion's military documents he knew this was authentic. The messenger stood at attention at the tent's entrance awaiting the reply; outside; the courier's horse stamped impatiently.

Valerius' mind balked at this decision in which either alternative would separate him irrevocably from all of his present friends, pursuits, and goals. He thought wistfully for a moment of the legends the old soldiers used to tell around the campfires concerning the traditions in the mighty legions led by the Caesars. How simple and how quick it would be to merely fall on one's sword and immediately escape from these overwhelming accusations and decisions. Someday the wandering minstrels might well relate his exploits and sing of the bravery and the innocence of Valerius, Centurion in the famous Legion of the Morning Star, who was falsely accused by his commander. Then he thought of the training of the church. Self-destruction was not the way of the Christian, and he had been raised as a Christian. Even so, . . .

It was many minutes later before he could force himself to write his acquiescence to the ultimatum. Finally it was finished and he signed his name firmly and after it carefully outlined the star

which was the honored trademark permitted only to the men of the Morning Star Legion. Folding and sealing the fateful missile, he handed it to the waiting courier without looking at him. In a moment the rapid staccato of hoof-beats was fading into the distance across the sunbaked plain.

Returning his thoughts to the present, Valerius looked around the darkened rooms of his soldier's quarters which he would occupy tonight for the last time. Involuntarily, his legs carried him out the rear door onto the small balcony which overhung the dark and now menacingly quiet waters of the Bosphorus. As he thought of the morrow his hands tightened into fists and he became aware again of the small soft sandal which he still held in his hand. Holding it before him in the darkness, he touched it with his free hand and caressed its soft, smooth surface. His fingers explored its interior, and he considered first the fit, and then the foot of its wearer, then. . . .

In a moment he stopped himself, and while reaching out to hold the slipper over the balcony railing, he deliberately opened his fingers. He could not see its fall, but after several moments he heard a soft splash from far below. Quickly he turned and re-entered his quarters to retire.

III

It was a warm autumn afternoon more than a month after the Star Legion's disastrous encounter. From the balcony of his quarters above the great enclosure, the stout head-minister of Byzantium's military affairs turned from watching the scene below and spoke to his equally-stout wife, "Impressive, isn't it?"

"It will be the greatest spectacle Byzantium has ever seen," she replied.

The vast arena below them closely resembled a disturbed ant colony. At one end Valerius stood stolidly, between two long columns of spearmen. Platoons of infantry and groups of cavalry were spotted in various places and chariots bustled noisily to and fro. On each side, long, straight columns of infantrymen stood

ART AND MUSIC EXPRESSION



SOMETHING HAS SPOKEN TO ME IN THE NIGHT

AUDREY BARTLETT

THOMAS WOLFE

Andante *P*
Some-thing has spo-ken to me

p
in the night burn-ing the tu-pers of the warn-ing you-er Some-thing has spo-ken

cresc. *ff* *decresc.*
in the night and told me I shall die I know-not where

rit. *P* *a tempo* *3*
Say-ing To lose the earth you know, for great-er know-ing, To lose the life you here, for

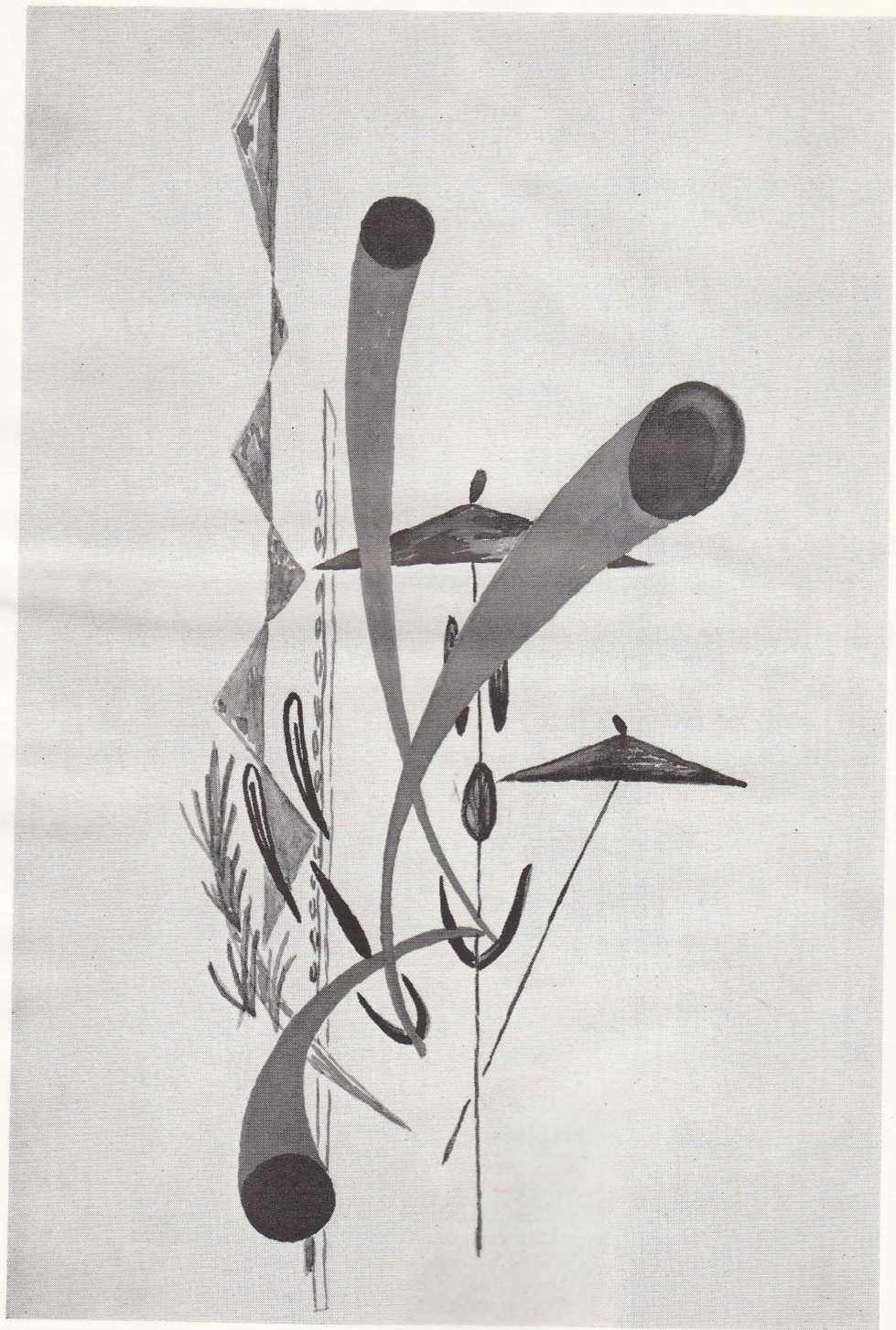
pp *rit.* *a tempo*

Continuation of

SOMETHING HAS SPOKEN TO ME IN THE NIGHT

Handwritten musical score for the song "Something Has Spoken to Me in the Night". The score is written on five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "great - er life, To lose the trials - of - - - for great - er lov - - in - - To find a land more hope than earth, Where - on the pil - lars of the earth are found - ed, toward which the eyes - - - of the world - - - is lead - - ing mind - is - - - ing, and the ri - - - vers flow". The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, accents, dynamics (pp, ff, mf, p), and performance instructions like "accel.", "cresc.", "dim.", and "rit.". The piano part features complex textures with many triplets and arpeggiated figures.

great - er life, To lose the trials - of - - - for great - er lov - - in - - To find a
land more hope than earth, Where - on the pil - lars of the earth are
found - ed, toward which the eyes - - - of the world - - - is lead - - ing
mind - is - - - ing, and the ri - - - vers flow



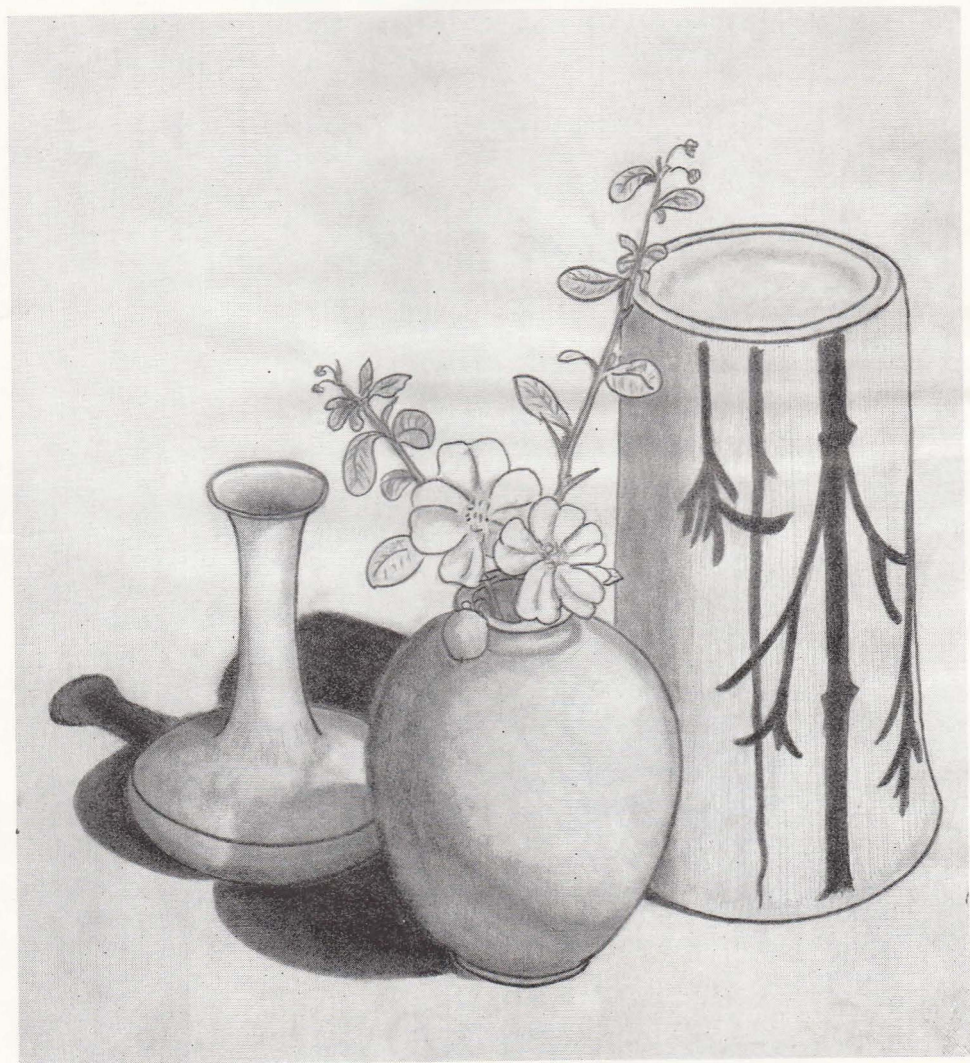
SCHENZO
By JIM CONNELL



VIOLIN AND GLASS
By MIKE CRUSH



THE CAT
By JIM CONNELL



ARRANGEMENT
By JIM CORNELIUS



BOMANS CREEK
By MIKE CRUSH

patiently at attention, while troops of cavalry raced from one place to another in accordance with the waving arms and the shouting commands from the fat figure of the Emperor on the central dais. Brightly polished shields shown in the bright autumn sunlight and spear points glinted everywhere. At the end opposite Valerius stood a heavily gilt carriage drawn by six pure white horses. In this sat the Emperor's daughter, Sophora.

"Valerius certainly doesn't seem interested in all the stir he's arousing; he just stands there looking neither to the right nor to the left, as if he were a statue," said the minister's wife.

"Yes," replied the minister, "you would think from the way he acts that he was condemned to die instead of being the intended groom of the only daughter of a Roman Emperor. He behaves as if this was his execution instead of just a rehearsal for his marriage ceremony."

"That was a master stroke of yours, darling," said his wife. "Actually handpicking the man to marry the Emperor's daughter and the realm's next Emperor as well."

"The Emperor counts me as his only trustworthy aide, my dear, and we have both been keeping an eye on young Valerius for some time. The Emperor may be mean and quick-tempered, but he's no fool. He is well aware that the men who remain around the palace are nothing but wealth-seeking fops, while young Valerius is strong and vigorous with a talent for leading men and a flair for succeeding with daring ideas. What is more, he excels at directing an organization."

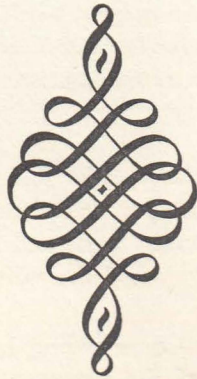
"If Valerius is so clever, why didn't he see through that trumped-up charge of the Emperor's and prevent himself from being forced away from his intended bride and into a marriage with the Emperor's ugly offspring?" asked the wife.

"Well, for one thing, Commanding Legatus Arrius of the Star Legion is an old friend of the Emperor and he helped with the arrangements. Also," he added dryly, "Valerius was raised in the

army and knew very well that many soldiers have been executed at the Commanding Legatus' direction for far lesser crimes than the one of which Valerius was accused. In fact, if it had been anyone but a friend of the Emperor's that made such a mistake with the Empire's most famous legion, we might well have seen a Legatus burned at the stake during the next session of the tribunal."

"Well, all I can say is that it would certainly be a juicy tidbit of gossip for the court to know that Byzantium's Emperor had to threaten the prospective groom with death unless he married the princess."

At this, the minister's head snapped around from watching the scene below. With a quick step, he grasped his wife's arm so tightly that she gasped. "See that your tongue never slips to anyone concerning this matter! Never! Do you hear? The only ones who know of this are Valerius, Legatus Arrius, and the Emperor himself. From the very beginning of the plan, the Emperor has been wary of the blot such a story would make, both on his beloved daughter and on his even more beloved empire. He has promised a slow, lingering death by the most agonizing torture for the person, friend or not, who reveals the truth, and death by the edge of the sword to anyone who has heard it."



THE OLD TESTAMENT AND CRITICISM

By GORDON E. ROBERTS

BIBLICAL CRITICISM

"Criticism" as a technical name applied to the Bible should be carefully distinguished in different respects from the word "criticism" in its other meanings and uses. Naturally, in all uses of the word, "criticism" means forming or expressing a judgment. Since a judgment is formed, we, as human beings, immediately think it to be adverse; consequently, many people believe that "criticism" and finding fault with the Bible are synonymous. The forming or expressing of a judgment as to merits or demerits is another meaning for "criticism." The word used in "Art Criticism," "Literary Criticism," or "Dramatic Criticism," is an example of its common usage. Thus, we find that Biblical Criticism does not mean "sitting in judgment on the Bible," as regards merit or demerit.¹

The widest extent of "Biblical Criticism" is the forming and expressing of judgments on such matters as the books to be included in the Bible, the contents of these books, their date, authorship, and manner of composition. Also, in the extent of "Biblical Criticism" is included the character of the contents of each book, whether prose or verse, whether history, parable, symbol, narrative, or apocalypse.²

The two branches of Biblical Criticism are Lower or Textual Criticism and Higher Criticism. Lower or Textual Criticism concerns itself with the exact contents and wording of each book. Because the books of the Bible come to us in a number of manuscripts of the original Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek works, the various authorities do not agree entirely in detail; hence, we must analyze the evidence supporting each case and decide as to the most exact text. This is the Lower or Textual Critical approach.

When we begin asking questions about the structure, literary analysis, and historical accuracy, and begin to investigate the date and authorship of any book of the Bible, we enter the field of Higher Criticism.³ Of course, "Higher" in this sense does not mean "superior." This branch is sometimes called "literary criticism," and

in this respect is different from criticism of the merit of a novel or poem. "Higher Criticism" usually denotes the views held by most modern scholars as different from the traditional views held by some persons on dogmatic grounds.

THE OLD TESTAMENT

To many people, traditional views of the Bible are supposed to be orthodox; consequently, Higher Criticism is used in a loose way to include any departure from those traditional views. These views, until recently, were usually taken for granted in textbooks, teaching, and popular preaching. In fact, even today in many circles they are still taken for granted. It becomes evident that changing popular religion is a slow process. Perhaps the most popular of the traditional views is that which generally assumes that if the personal name of a man is connected with a book, then the whole book in the form that we now have it was written by that man. Some of these traditional views are as follows: it was supposed that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch; Solomon was the author of the whole of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles; David the Psalms; Isaiah the whole of Isaiah. These traditional views were supposed to rest on an authority which could not be questioned, the communication of an explicit revelation, or simply because it was an expression of convincing evidence by Jewish scholars in the centuries before the Christian era. It is difficult to find a foundation for either opinion.

Spinoza, the great philosopher, discussed freely the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch; he also examined objectively the difficulty in the chronology of Genesis, the historical contradictions, and the literary incoherencies; thus Spinoza wrote:

Those who look upon the Bible as a message sent down by God from Heaven to men will doubtless cry out that I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost because I have asserted that the Word of God is faulty, mutilated, tampered with, and inconsistent; that we possess it only in fragments, and that the original of the covenant which God made with the Jews has been lost. However, I have no doubt that a little reflection will cause them to desist from their uproar: for not

only reason but the expressed opinions of prophets and apostles openly proclaim that God's eternal Word and covenant, no less than true religion, is Divinely inscribed in human hearts, that is, in the human mind, and that this is the true original of God's covenant, stamped with His own seal, namely, the idea of Himself, as it were, with the image of this Godhood.⁴

No matter what one may think either philosophically or theologically about the preceding statement of Spinoza, he must agree that it is without prejudice or hostility to the Bible.

Among liberal scholars, the Bible, therefore, came to be regarded as a body of religious literature subject to study and appraisal by the same principles of scholarly research as were applied to any other ancient book. These principles, as has been said before, are known as Higher Criticism. To be sure, the goal of higher criticism is to reconstruct the historical development of the biblical literature, but the ultimate objective, however, is to gain an understanding of the spiritual history recorded in the documents. Thus, the avoidance of any preconceived notions regarding the nature of "sacred history" must require this type of objectivity, for the documents must be allowed to tell their own story.⁵

The general public first became aware of the modern views concerning the Pentateuch through the efforts and the controversies of Bishop Colenso of Natal. An Anglican, Bishop Colenso denied the Mosaic authorship and the historicity of certain portions of the Pentateuch. These denials, in the light of traditional views, exposed him to attacks and caused his position within the Anglican Church to become somewhat uncomfortable.

However, the history of modern Criticism goes far back before Colenso; it is part of a process which is almost as old as the earliest Old Testament documents. Through repeated forms of Criticism have the ancient Scriptures reached the form known to Jesus and His Apostles, then later on as they reached the churches of Christendom. The criticism used by ancient scribes and editors may not have been sound; nevertheless, it can be regarded as higher criticism.

Jewish and Christian scholars in the light of deeper understanding and fuller knowledge have handled ancient texts with great freedom. "Thus Christ Himself and the New Testament writers criticize the teaching of the Old Testament in the most drastic fashion. 'It was said by them of old time, but I say unto you.'"⁶

Jerome and Augustine, fathers of the early Church, were much concerned with Higher Criticism. The interest in Biblical criticism was quickened during the Renaissance and the Reformation. Luther deals with the Higher Criticism of the Apocrypha and he had doubts concerning Esther.⁷ So we find that modern criticism is a natural development of the works of scholars of past centuries, and it is attempting only to define ancient works in the light of modern research in the quest for greater truth.

AN OLD TESTAMENT TEXT

At this point it is necessary, I believe, to point out in full detail at least one discrepancy in the Bible. This has to do with Chapters one and two of Genesis which deals with the two accounts of the creation of man. From the first chapter we infer that man was created last among all living things on earth. If we take note of the chronology, we find statements to the effect that God created the lower animals first and human beings afterward, and that these human beings seemingly are produced simultaneously, and each of them reflects the glory of God.

When we read the second chapter, we find a completely different and definitely contradictory account of this same momentous occasion. In this chapter we learn that God created man first, the lower animals next, and woman last of all, fashioning her out of a rib taken from Adam in his sleep. So we see that in these two accounts of the creation of man the order or process is reversed. How is such a contradiction explained? Perhaps to the traditional point of view such an attempt to explain should never be made, because one must first doubt Holy Writ; nevertheless, there is an explanation, a completely logical one, that gives us great insight into these documents concerning the creation of man.

The account of creation in the first chapter is derived from what is called the Priestly Document which was composed by priestly writers during or after the Babylonian Captivity. The account of the creation of man and animal in the second chapter is derived from what is called the Jehovistic Document which was written several hundred years before the other.⁸ The differences between the Priestly and Jehovistic Document from a religious standpoint are quite obvious.

The priestly writer conceives God in an abstract form as withdrawn from human sight, a God who creates all things by a simple command. The Jehovistic writer conceives God in a very concrete form as acting and speaking like a man, modeling a human being out of clay, planting a garden, and walking in it at the cool of the day.⁹

Thus we see that the two accounts of creation are explained very simply because they are derived from two different documents which later were combined into a book by an editor who fused both accounts without taking the effort to account for or harmonize their discrepancies. Since I have mentioned the name Adam but once, it is of interest at this point to take into account the Hebrew word for *ground* (*adamah*) and the feminine of the word for *man* (*adam*). The development of the word for *man* (*adam*) from the word for dust or *ground* (*adamah*) in the concept of Hebrew writing is quite interesting.¹⁰

Of further interest is the fact that in Babylonian literature man was conceived to have been molded out of clay. In Egyptian mythology, Khnoumon, the Father of the Gods, is said to have molded men out of the clay of his potter's wheel. And still further, in Greek legend the sage Prometheus is said to have molded the first men out of the clay at Panopeus in Phocis.¹¹

Since we have been comparing the two accounts of creation, their word structure and text, it is interesting to note that in this relationship we have been operating in the field of lower or textural criticism.

The modern view of the history of Israel is partly due to the application of the principle that "inspiration" is concerned with spiritual edification and does not affect historical or scientific ac-

curacy. Hence, we do not regard a narrative as an exact scientific record simply because it is in the Bible; we find, rather, that the extent of its accuracy is decided by the ordinary methods of historical study.¹²

Some books of the Old Testament belong to the same class as parables or allegories, whose value, like the parables of Jesus, lies in their religious teaching and not in their historical accuracy.¹³

Where does history actually begin? There is much controversy concerning this question. According to some, Abraham and other patriarchs are historical people; according to others the narratives of the patriarchs deal with tribes and not persons. We regard such facts as the Israelite conquest of Canaan and the series of struggles described in Judges as being historical. From the time of Saul onwards, the main lines of the narratives in Samuel, Kings, Ezra, and Nehemiah are generally regarded as historical.¹⁴

The effects of criticism upon Israel's religious history is somewhat summed up in the works that were once attributed to a few people (Moses, David, Solomon, and Isaiah), but they are not attributed to many writers over a period of many centuries.¹⁵

In conclusion, it might be well to make a few sweeping statements which undoubtedly can be disputed, but which in their entirety cannot be refuted.

1. The comparison of parallel phenomena has revealed the fact that the practices of one religion had sometimes been influenced by those of another.¹⁶
2. The cultural factors that are formed within a religious native environment have given form and provided stimuli to that religion's further growth.¹⁷
3. In terms of religious history and criticism, we must not only think of a religion in terms of its own background but in relation to the external influences affecting its development.¹⁸

Therefore, we conclude with the observation that a "critical" study of the Old Testament will serve not to encourage doubts for the individual, but will rather strengthen and confirm his faith so that he can defend it in an informed and educated manner.

FOOTNOTES

1. W. H. Bennett, "Introduction," *The Bible and Criticism*, London, T. C. and E. C. Jack Ltd., p. 7.

2. *Ibid.*

3. C. Arnold Healing, *The Old Testament, Its Writers and Their Messages*, 3rd ed., Norwich, Fletcher and Son Ltd., p. 5.

4. R. H. M. Elwes, *The Chief Works of Benedict de Spinoza*, London, George Bell and Sons, 1883, pp. 7-8.

5. Herbert F. Hahn, *Old Testament in Modern Research*, Philadelphia, Mulenberg Press, 1954, pp. 1-7.

6. Bennett, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

7. *Ibid.*

8. Sir James G. Frazer, *Folk-Lore in the Old Testament*, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1927, pp. 1-19.

9. *Ibid.*

10. *Ibid.*

11. *Ibid.*

12. Bennett, *op. cit.*, p. 46.

13. *Ibid.*

14. *Ibid.*, p. 47.

15. *Ibid.*

16. Hahn, *op. cit.*, p. 83.

17. *Ibid.*, pp. 84-85.

18. *Ibid.*

A Success Story



By JAMES EIDAM

Some twenty years ago, a door which separated a young man from a world he had grown to love shut like an ominous thunder-clap. He was then over the threshold into his chosen profession.

There he was, smiling, abounding with naivete, in front of twenty squinting, scowling, snickering, sophomores. His nervous little cough brought the class to attention.

"Good morning, class," he said sharply, yet pleasantly. (He remembered a rule in an education text which said: "Speak in a pleasant but commanding tone.")

The class, full of first-day starch, pleats, polish, and filled teeth echoed his opening words like a cherub choir. "Well," he thought to himself, "here's where I begin to make use of all the principles I've learned."

"I'm Mister Thompson," he announced, "and guess what I will be teaching you?" (He recalled how the education text said: "Always introduce a subject in such a way as to attract the students' interest.")

"Bull---," someone in the back of the room yelled. An eraser was thrown by someone else. The snickers burst into guffaws. Young Mister Thompson, no longer smiling but still abounding with naivete, was not sure just what to do. The education text had never mentioned an occasion when someone used obscenities in class. Mister Thompson was not able to see how the school principal could say "We have no discipline problems here."

He calmed down his twenty proteges and got down to business by passing twenty sparkling new literature texts to them. "You will be responsible for these, class, and I want you to take good care of them. We'll use these covers for added protection."

Someone sneezed. "Phew, these books stink!" A few girls twittered, but the young men of the class were absorbed in the contents of their recent acquisition. "Hey look!" The class was in an uproar. "Look at the dirty pictures on page nine!"

The door opened, and young Mister Thompson was saved by the bell; that is, Horace Q. Bell, principal of Governor Clinton High School. The class became hushed with an air of reverence. Mr. Bell had two words to say to the class: "Shut up."

He then proceeded to encourage his faculty member. Mr. Bell realized how important the first day in the life of a new teacher might be. He had once written a book on the very subject. On an occasion like this, he would quote from the book, which, incidentally, was entitled *How to Succeed in Teaching*.

Young Mister Thompson returned to his class. A few were bravely sneaking glances at page nine every few minutes, but most of the students gave him their attention. He picked up a sheet of paper from the desk. It shook visibly.

"Sign your names on this sheet," he said. "I won't bother to assign seats, if you promise to behave like young ladies and gentlemen." He thought to himself, "Am I really talking to them in the right way? Why are they restless and snickering?"

Young Mister Thompson spent most of his first class period fidgeting with his purple bow tie and buttoning and unbuttoning his Ivy League coat. He began to feel that the class was accepting him; he tried to boost his confidence by reminding himself that this was just the first day.

The bell rang, and the class stormed out of the room. Picking up the attendance sheet, Mister Thompson found that George Washington, Ginger Rogers, and John Hancock were among those present. Mister Thompson smiled, took out a faintly-scented handkerchief, and carefully mopped some perspiration from around his horn-rimmed glasses. He stepped out into the corridor, where the mere ringing of a bell had unleashed a stampede.

"Hey, Vernon!" Adalbert Fake, one of Mister Thompson's fellow faculty members approached him. "This class will be a real test for you. I just got rid of them. Vocational guys — you know. IQ's of seventy and eighty. Watch your step!" He was gone in the midst of an onrush of future mill hands, cattle rustlers, and lumbermen.

Young Mister Thompson felt like saying "thanks for the warning," but he didn't have time. His second period class was filing into the room. "Well, here we go again," he thought, as he stepped over the threshold for a repeat performance.

"Young men!" He called the class to attention, but it did not respond.

"Hey, look at the fruit we got now! Jeez, this school's really going to hell. Hey, man, what are you doing here? Going to teach us Shakespeare and all that kind of stuff?" An overgrown member of the pre-beat generation, fully equipped with torn T-shirt and blue jeans, fired this series of questions at the floundering instructor. "Pete," he called, "let's inaugurate him."

Mister Thompson dismissed his second period class in fifteen minutes. He raced into Principal Bell's office, hair disheveled, breathless. "I can't take it," he stammered.

"Come now, son," Mister Bell bubbled over with positive thinking. "Have you ever read my book? My first principle is never to fear your students. Above all, let them know who is boss. Yet, you must do so in a pleasing manner. You must never antagonize your students. Yet, you must lay down the law. Another thing you must do is keep the interest of your class. Never let their attention waver for one minute. This is very important in successful teaching. I think it was one of the strongest points made in my book. You've read it, haven't you? My book — over there on the shelf. Required reading, mind you, in fifteen colleges throughout United States. But to get back to your case. . . ."

Young Mister Thompson sat through an hour of exaltation of *How to Succeed in Teaching*. He nodded his head, blew his nose on his faintly-scented handkerchief, and returned to his classroom inspired to greater heights by the profound remarks of a devoted educator, more recently an author, publisher, and adviser to forlorn teachers.

The years passed for young Mister Thompson. His purple bow tie was replaced by less presumptuous four-in-hands with the featured gray of the week decorating them in abstract patterns. He had obtained, by the grace of God and taxpayers, three suits and

two more "tweedy" sport coats. Like many other members of his profession, he frequently displayed his blackboard artistry to the outside world via his suit coats. He had become a teacher, but he knew that he was failing. He never could stand in front of a class without trembling. He relied less every day on the education text, until one day, in sheer despair, he gave it to an Asian book drive. He forgot the principles he had once known word-for-word. He had tried to provide "interest"; he had tried to speak in a "pleasant but commanding tone." He had tried, tried, tried. But there was more to teaching than interest and pleasantries. There were things (and students) that overpowered him. He *bated* his profession!

Some twenty months ago another door shut. Middle-aged Mister Thompson, after seeing an advertisement in a teachers' journal, was appearing for an interview with R. P. Fable, D.Ed., director of the Federal Educators' Association. He told Mister Thompson the purpose of the ad. His association wanted teachers who were willing to take a possible permanent leave of absence from their profession to do research work on a big new project. His association needed some people with experience. HIS association needed dedicated, willing teachers. HIS association represented the backbone of the teachers of the country. HIS association had a fine reputation.

"Mister Thompson, you're hired!" Doctor Fable rose dramatically, puffing away on a professional and evil-smelling cigar. "Your experience and your willingness to serve are simply fine. My association needs more people like you. Now, as to when you'll begin work: we plan on extending our research over a period of six months. You will visit all kinds of schools and meet all kinds of people dedicated to the cause of education. My association is on the threshold of new fame, for when all the research is finished, we'll edit and compile the finest education text in America. I can see it now!" He thumped his chest (professionally) with pride. "Yes, sir, we'll call it *How to Succeed at Teaching*, and you, Thompson, will have a big part in it. A *real* challenge, isn't it?"

Middle-aged Mister Thompson, no longer abounding with naivete, smiled in agreement, for courtesy's sake.

THE CARD GAME

By BARBARA PORIS

Dave brought in a pitcher of beer and set it on the kitchen table.

"There we go," Vic said, "we're all ready to play cards — the beer's here."

"Yes, Dave, you can leave," Edith said, watching Vic fill up her glass.

"Of course, dear," Dave said as he sat down.

"Well, you know, David, Edith carries the game very well by *herself*," Jim said with a wide grin.

"And, David, if you overbid in this game, I'm going to quit!" Edith said.

"So who needs you?" asked Vic.

"Listen," said Edith, "if it weren't for Evelyn and me, neither you nor Dave would *ever* get any points!"

"Ha! Ha!" said Vic.

"Quite right, Edith, quite right," Jim said, still grinning.

"Who's dealing?" Evelyn asked. "Watch, Vic, your foam's running over!"

"Oh, damn! Where's a towel? Who cut high card?"

"I did. A King." Hal said.

"Well, deal!"

Hal dealt out three cards to each player and then three more to each.

"Four," said Evelyn.

"Four!" cried Dave. "I want new cards. Misdeal!"

"It's not your turn," said Jim.

"I know, but Vic is so slow I thought I'd make him look at his cards instead of guzzling beer."

"Very funny," said Vic, "and I pass."

"Two," Dave said thoughtfully.

"Pass," Jim said.

"Pass," said Evelyn.

"Me, too," said Edith.

Hal rapped the table and Dave threw out an ace of diamonds. Jim threw a deuce of diamonds on it, and Evelyn followed that with a three of trump.

"Jim's low is against you, Dave. Are you sure you can make two?" asked Evelyn.

"Probably not," muttered Edith, throwing in her entire hand of worthless low cards.

"Oh, great partner I have!" said Dave.

"When Edith plays, she *wins*," Jim said, "and when she can't win, she doesn't overbid."

"Thank you," said Edith.

Hal threw in a five of diamonds, and Vic a six of spades.

"Now there's what I like about six-handed Cinch," he said.

Dave threw out a ten of diamonds and looked from furrowed brows up at Edith.

"Oh, I just knew it!" she cried.

"Well, if I had a partner to help me, maybe I could get somewhere," he said.

Jim pondered over his cards a moment, then threw out a nine of diamonds. "Damn!" he said quietly.

Evelyn turned out a Queen of diamonds. Dave scowled at her; she smiled sweetly, sarcastically at him, and blinked. He blinked back at her.

"Damn!" shouted Hal, throwing out a Jack of diamonds.

"Why is everybody 'damning'?" asked Evelyn. "Especially you, Hal? You've already got a point with Jim's low, and here, boy, it's *my* trick, my trick, *please!*" she said, turning to Vic, who smiled proudly with a ten of clubs. "That's better, and thanks."

Vic took in the cards. "What's a matter, don't you think I know how to play Cinch?"

"Well, sometimes I *do* wonder," she said. She looked at her cards.

"Say, Dave," said Jim, "How's your job in Philly? GE still planning to strike?"

"Can't say, Jim. Sometimes it looks that way, then, later, it looks better. I wish I could get out of there. I guess I will, after I get my degree."

"I'd like to go to Washington State. Dave and I've talked about it," said Edith.

"So what's in Washington State?" asked Evelyn, turning her attention to Edith.

"Hey," said Vic, "Play cards. This always happens. Before you know it we'll be on politics, and from there there's no getting back."

Evelyn turned out a King of clubs, saying, "Yes, my love."

"Victor," Jim said, "and what have you got against conversation?"

"Nothing," Vic replied, "it's fine. But not *now*. We're playing cards, so let's play cards."

"Well, listen, just because you try in vain all night to defend Eisenhower doesn't mean that the rest of us can't talk intelligently once in a while. I mean, I *know* we degrade ourselves by tolerating your silly arguments, and even answering back, but Good God. . . ."

"It's your turn, Hal," Evelyn said.

Hal laughed out loud and tossed out a three of clubs. "You really have power there," he said to Evelyn.

"Now, listen, Jim," said Vic, "what's wrong with Eisen. . . ."

"It's your turn, lover boy, if you can *tear* yourself away," said Evelyn, cutting in.

"Okay, okay," Vic said, throwing in a Queen of clubs.

"Evelyn, did you read about that English teacher who was picked up in a vice raid in New York?" asked Edith. "What are you taking in college? English? To teach?"

Hal laughed again. "Yes. To teach?"

"Why?" asked Vic to Hal. "What interest do you have in it?"

"I must admit, Edith," said Evelyn, "that there are easier ways to buy a car than *teaching* English, only God knows what that woman did with it. I guess it just shows the necessity of having a degree in something nowadays. Anyway, *that's* illegal, meaning you-know-what."

"Well, it shouldn't be," said Jim.

"Dave, throw out a card," said Vic.

Dave threw out a six of clubs.

"I never did hear a man say anything against legalized prostitution," said Edith. "They're all for it."

"I don't see what women have against it, either. It has lots of advantages for a civilized country," Hal said.

"How you have always talked!" said Evelyn.

"Why?" asked Hal courageously, in Edith's company. "You must realize, of course, what these advantages are in regard to the general population."

"Quite well," said Evelyn.

"Then why did you say what you just said? You know very well my opinions about these things."

"Really?" drawled Vic.

Hal ignored him.

"Well, you know mine, too, and I'm against it," said Evelyn.

"Jim, throw out your card," Vic said.

"Evelyn, I know you as an intelligent girl, and I have the utmost respect for your opinions, but I really fail to see how anyone with intelligence can be against it," Hal said.

"Why, Evelyn, do you know that after both World Wars, France and Italy were just teeming with disease?" asked Jim.

"Jim, would you *please* throw out your card?" said Vic.

"Just a second, Vic," Jim said, "this is important. Statistics will show, Evelyn, that..."

"No comment, Married Man?" asked Evelyn.

"No comment," said Dave.

"Jim, I read the papers, too, and I know the implications of the statistics. But I'm still against it," said Evelyn.

"Now, just a second," said Hal, "I *know* absolutely that you're no religious prude, althought you've never argued on immoral grounds. So tell me, just what *do* you have against it?"

"Let's play cards," said Evelyn. "It's your turn, Jim."

Vic and Evelyn glanced at each other.

"Oh, no, no," said Jim throwing out a three of spades, "you are definitely wrong, Evelyn."

"I'm surprised at you, myself, Evelyn," said Hal.

Evelyn jutted out her lower lip. "Well," she said with a heavy sigh, "tell me, then, Hal, are *you* such a regular patron?"

Hal smiled at her in acknowledged embarrassment, but under her frank stare he lowered his head and blushed.

"That's what I thought — no, what I knew all along," she said. "And you, Jim?"

"Well..." Jim hemmed and hawed in false guilt, quite apparent.

"And now that you men of the world, you great sophisticated specimens, have established your qualifications, here's my card, a four of hearts," Evelyn said.

Hal threw out a six of hearts.

"One doesn't have to patronize things to know that they are good," said Hal.

"You're not being fair," said Edith. "One should know something about something to conclude whether it is good or not."

"Grand logic," said Evelyn, watching Vic's Queen of hearts fall on the table. "Take in that last trick, will you, Vic? There're too many cards on the table."

Dave threw in a four of diamonds.

"Whaddaya want that for?" chided Vic.

"It's all I have," said Dave.

"That *was* grand logic," said Jim. "Now tell me, Evelyn, and what do *you* know — what *could* you know about whether prostitution is good or not? Does it affect you more than it does us? Huh? Maybe?"

"This is killing me," said Vic.

"I'll bet," said Hal.

Vic looked sharply at Hal.

"Have a refill, Dave," said Vic, pouring beer into Dave's glass. "You, too," he said to Evelyn, and filled up her glass, which was half-full. "We're going to need some more beer."

"Well, does it?" Jim asked again.

"Jim, *play cards!*" Vic said.

"I'd like to hear Evelyn answer that question," Jim said.

"Okay, okay," said Evelyn, slamming her cards on the table. She took a deep breath. "Here it is, and mind you, it's just my opinion and what I believe. I mean, I'm not vetoing a bill passed by Congress, you know. And as far as I'm concerned, I don't care what

you and Hal and anybody else think about it, except Vic, I guess, and there I can only wonder — sometimes. But what I think, I think if anybody's going to legalize prostitution, I think it should be made a national institution, like school, and all young girls, once they reach thirteen, should be sent to a brothel where they can learn how civilized it is. I guess, too, with something like that going on in every place, everybody would be satisfied — I guess."

Evelyn turned to Hal. He was staring hard at her. She glanced at Vic, who was eyeing the empty pitcher. She looked at Dave, who folded his arms across his chest and stared down at the table. Jim was looking at her intently. Edith was looking at Hal.

"To go on," she said, "I know that at one time — and I know you have heard this, Hal — I might have said about the whole thing that I, for one, didn't care about it one way or another; that morally it was wrong, but that practically there was nothing one could effectively do about it, and that it made no difference to me, not at all. I know I said that as far as I was concerned, I didn't think there was a man alive who — well, no use going into it. But I *was* pretty broad-minded about it.

"Still, I've changed a little in my opinion. When either of you get serious with a girl, just tell her all about your army experiences, the ones both of you are going to have, maybe. Go ahead and do that. I recommend it. But really, you won't have to. And let her tell you she doesn't care, if you're really unlucky to get one who doesn't, especially if she herself doesn't have a sterling past. But if she does, all the better! But whatever she may be like, I dare you to come right out and tell her — I mean, if you're not ashamed of it or anything, which, according to the way you two talk, there's nothing to be ashamed of, anyhow. Then, Great Gentlemen, compare the way you feel with the way she feels, if she's truthful. And just to make it more interesting, I hope the two of you fall crazy in love!

"Now I know all the logical arguments you two are going to give me, but I'd rather not hear them. I'm tired of this discussion, *really* tired of it. Jim, it's your turn." She picked up her cards.

Jim threw out a three of hearts. Vic took in the cards and started the next trick with an ace of spades. Dave followed with a six of trump, Jim threw out a deuce of spades, Evelyn a seven of spades, and Hal a five of spades.

"Dave's trick," said Vic.

Dave took in the cards and led with a ten of spades.

"I'll take this one, I've got the King of trump," said Evelyn.

Vic counted the points. "Aw, three tens here. It's ours."

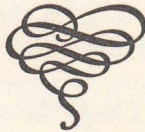
Evelyn turned to Edith. "Two points for Vic and me, one for Jim and Hal, and you and Dave are two in the hole."

Everyone laughed.

"I'll go get the beer," said Vic.

Vic took the empty pitcher and went out the back door. Once outside, he paused by the door and leaned against the porch wall. He let out a deep sigh and covered his eyes with a large hand.

"My God, my God!" he said. "Oh, my God!"



THE VISION OF ONE WORLD

By GEORGE BLACK

The vision of "One World" is not a modern academic conception. Rather it represents a dream that began with Western Civilization, a dream which has determined the course of that civilization for over two thousand years. Both a theme and an ideal, it has captured the imagination of men's minds and has exerted an overwhelming and devastating force on centuries of human affairs. The vision today is as alive and important as it has ever been, and perhaps a closer examination will enable us to grasp its full meaning and depth.

Alexander the Great, it appears, was the first visionary. Gifted with a genius that was both subtle and dynamic, he was quick to sense the political and social movements of his time. At first, taking advantage of the disintegrating Greek city-states, he gradually expanded his empire to include most of the then known world. Confronted with the challenge of ruling and keeping intact a world empire, Alexander devised a plan so fundamental and daring that he transformed his world both physically and mentally and charted a course which western man has followed. For Alexander did not create a new religion, nor found a new school of philosophy, he did more. He created a new conception of the world by visualizing a world of common interest, "One world." By uniting great dreams with great acts, Alexander brought about one of the monumental, intellectual revolutions in the history of mankind.

Having the courage to accept the challenge of creating "One World" from a confusing variety of separate entities and combining deep insight with practical idealism, Alexander discovered fundamental movements which were to serve as a basis of his one world state. Moving with cunning logic, he reduced the problem to three basic components, each sharing a fundamental relationship with the other.

First, he recognized that the real substance of any state consists of men who necessitate its existence. This Greek philosophy had already been declared, but Alexander moved one step further when he reasoned that all men, regardless of state or race, shared a com-

mon interest, their essential and undeniable likeness. Until this time Greek philosophy had recognized two types of men. There was the Greek and the barbarian, the latter being of an inferior and lower nature. Smashing this concept, Alexander was one of the first to recognize human equality and dignity. No longer were there to exist Greek and barbarian but simply man and his fellow man, each having and sharing the other's attributes and destiny, the common interests of all men.

The second component was man's culture. Alexander recognized that his empire contained many separate cultures, but he also recognized the spread of Greek Culture as a primary result of his conquests. This "One World" would be bond and cemented by the natural cohesive force of a common culture which in turn would bind the various aspects of world society into one social, political, and economic whole. Man would show a culture of common interests.

The third component, and perhaps the least fundamental, is that the earth would be subject to one law of reason and one form of government. All men would then be able to consider their fatherland as the whole of the earth.

This was the vision, both logical and undeniable, yet seemingly unattainable. History attests to its existence, for its components have resounded throughout the centuries like a moving and compelling theme. One has only to survey history to see the continuous recurrence of this meaningful theme. Alexander's death was followed by the Hellenistic Age in which the theme of a common society and culture was a chief characteristic. The Hellenistic Age paved the way for the Roman Empire, and Rome, quick to realize the value of such a common culture, had little trouble in amassing and keeping intact an empire based on one law and one supreme form of government.

A major part of the theme was restated and expanded with the birth of Christ. The theme of brotherhood based on human likeness, love, and understanding became a basic tenant of Christianity. As the Church grew, one sees the recurrence of parts of the theme in the Church's universality, reason, law, and dignity of the individual. Latin, its official language, provided the cohesive cultural force that

gave medieval Christian society a semblance of common culture. Again and again we see the theme repeating itself in Charles the Great and the Holy Roman Empire, in the Renaissance, in the ambitions of Richelieu, in the corruption of Napoleon, and in the expansion of the great European empires.

As we enter our century, the theme in its entirety is even more pronounced and undeniable. It moves as an indestructible natural force gradually reshaping our conception of the world. Its components are an integral part of world civilization. The essential likeness of all men is recognized by society as an undeniable fact. Human equality and dignity have gained small but ever increasing holds on our thinking. Man has become aware of common interests and of a common destiny.

But our culture, the most dynamic part of the whole theme, moves us closer and closer to the inevitable. Perhaps the main importance in the expansion of European civilization in the last century is its growing universality. There are few places in our world that have not felt its impact, and that impact has left and will continue to leave indelible mark of common values and interests. We are moving slowly but surely toward a world culture. Non-European countries adopt our culture to survive in a world becoming more and more European, and in doing so they forge another link that creates a stronger chain of common interests.

The last component, and perhaps the least fundamental but most evident, is the law of reason and universal world government. With the creation of several international organizations, we have made noticeable strides in this area. But if we fail to recognize the inevitable and unique relationship of all three components, our efforts directed toward international peace will amount to nothing and gradually fail.

This is the vision both ideal and real, both tangible and intangible, nevertheless existing and gradually determining our destiny. Today there are no natural barriers which separate the peoples of the world. No longer is one world an impossible task, for we see the world slowly coming together of itself. Yet foolish men erect hopeless barriers that are intended to keep peoples apart. Like mental patients completely out of touch with the world, they can only be shocked back into reality. But can they and we survive the shock?



THE REWARD

By ALBERT J. VALENIA

It is late afternoon and nearly time for the bank to close. All but the first teller and the president have gone home for the weekend. The diminutive, grayish teller is beginning his quiet ritual of closing doors and checking locks. Just as he is about to secure the front door, he hears a voice echo through the hall.

"John, step into my office a minute."

"Yes, sir, just a moment, Mr. Bradford."

The teller quickly locks the front door, pulls it twice to be sure, and hastens with a turkey-like gait to the president's office.

"Yes, Mr. Bradford?"

"Come in, John, come in."

John walks in, twisting his hands nervously behind himself.

"What is it, sir?"

"Relax, John; this is a strictly informal, off-the-record get-together."

"Well, if it's about last month's discrepancy . . ."

"Let's not discuss business now, John; I've got something more important to talk about."

This jolts and bewilders John! Mr. Bradford never discusses anything but the bank's business with him.

"I don't quite know what you mean, sir."

"Look, John, you've worked for me long enough to be able to dispense with this 'Mr. Bradford' and 'sir' business. When we're alone you might just as well call me 'J.B.' as Mrs. Bradford does."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Bra. . . ., J. B."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, John. Of course, ah, we'll be a little more discreet if anyone is around."

"Of course, sir, uh, J.B."

The teller is completely beside himself with this liberty, but he somehow manages to retain his composure.

"Well, to get down to the reason that I called you in here, John. I feel that you merit some tangible token of my appreciation for your many faithful years of service to me and to the bank."

"Really, sir!!"

The president reaches down and draws out a small, neatly-wrapped package from his desk drawer and triumphantly thrusts it before the teller.

"But I don't really deserve it, sir."

"Nonsense, my boy, thirty years of devotion to a job deserves some token of appreciation. I insist that you take it."

"Well, Mr. Bra. . . . J.B., I have worked here for thirty years, and. . . ."

"Precisely! And don't think that I haven't noticed all the improvements that you've made here at the bank. We might have collapsed ten years ago if it hadn't been for your diligence and foresight. Why, just last week I remarked to Mrs. Bradford that you're the most valuable man I have here."

John fumbles with the package, and eagerly, but slowly, begins to open it. He mumbles as he labors, "I only do what I think is right and. . . ."

"John, that's an understatement if I ever heard one. Why, if you hadn't brought that little error to my attention last month, I don't know what I'd have done. I don't know how in the world I could have made an error concerning forty thousand dollars! I'm glad you saw it my way and sort of, ah, patched up the books temporarily until I straighten out the matter."

"I only did what I thought was right."

"Of course, it was the only sensible way to handle it. Naturally I assume you didn't mention it to a soul."

"Oh, no, sir! You know how some. . . ."

"Yes, some people with nasty minds would immediately scream 'embezz. . . .,' ah, 'misappropriation!' Gad, what a horrible thought!"

"I don't think. . . ."

"Oh, you know how people are, John. That's why I'm glad to have you by my side. I almost feel indebted to you."

"Really, sir!"

"Yes, I mean it, John. Without your diligence, foresight, and understanding — I just don't know what I'd do."

"You overwhelm me, Mr. . . . J.B."

The president smiles for a brief moment, then quickly continues, "No, John, I sincerely mean it. And now, since Mrs. Bradford and I are going on an extended trip abroad, I feel that you're the man to leave in charge here at the bank."

"Sir, I just don't know what to say!"

The president moves toward the clothes tree and picks up his top coat. The teller rushes to his side and helps him slip into it. As Mr. Bradford adjusts his coat, he continues, "Don't say a thing, John, just accept my gift with the same strong feeling with which I give it. Oh, and here are the keys to the bank. I'll probably be gone for several weeks or so."

John looks at the gift in his trembling hand, the keys in the other, then at Bradford. Both men appear moved.

"Thanks, Mr. Bradford; thanks ever so much for your faith in me. And I'll cherish this fountain pen for the rest of my life."

MY STARVING MOTHERLAND'S DEAD AND DYING

CLIFFORD BROTHERS

Leaves are fluttering a final farewell
And the green is fading into Autumn's
Mute recapitulation. The season's
Cadence finds dying at the ditch of dawn,
Truth, withered and brown. The requiem waits
Heavy and haunted for the naked limbs,
Warm forever fled, bleeding life away.
Cold bells struck by bishops and bird droppings
In towers covered by irreligious snow,
Slushy and rutted by hopeless hearses,
Both black and bleached, the same snow sucking at
Our soles, the sound grotesquely crying an
Infant nation's frustrated fight for food.

Fingers, long and arched, cover blind eyes,
And then point upward in a prayerful perch.
Bekissed goodbye of hope, bereft of help,
She lingers like an icicle, or a
Runny nose unwiped and unaware of
Her son's dying mother. Poor people pay
Her homage, hoping to touch her rags to
Ring some last miracle from the unsoaked
Sponge withered brown, then hawk and spit their coal
Dusted crud and follow by slow degrees.
Our father's frown fire-eyed from the grave.
Their restless rest blesses her, crying helpless,
Then weep forever fiery-eyed despair.

Weep now our fathers, for Heaven's nostrils
Have turned already from the stench of the
Dead past and children, living gorged ghouls
Fed from corpses of ended yesterdays;
Weep now for the dying people-like urns,
Filled with November's frozen filth, waiting
For the summer' sun's smell of rotted rights
And decayed dedications. And over
Them all in the summer's thaw will lift the
Shimmering smell of a dying nation.

Truth, somewhere soiled and simpering like a
Belabored puppy, begs to stretch in the
Great and green and loaf around the pot-bellied stoves,
And talk of baseball and babes, of justice,
And joy-juice, of home-made bread, and of prayer
Meetings held on a hillside, to talk of
Motherhood, Fatherhood, Brotherhood and
All the other hoods, hidden in the frozen
Fifteenth footed urns. But paralysis of
Thought descends like a great grey fog into
Our news, pews, and views, then freezes stiff, like
A sock too worn, then molds itself around
The shoe and assumes its form forever.

And where is the dove and her leaf of grass?
Is she like the brave evaporated
Ideals of an adolescent monk, new
Born, bare and bald, hunched over copious
Copies of unread Bibles? Do we
Find her blasting our temples, or fire-faced
Branding our triple K on Jefferson's
School, shouting our slogan from the
Mountaintops — "WANNAMARRYANIGGER?"
Louder and louder the summer's stench comes
Until it fills the Western world with
Loyalty oaths, and juke boxes, and jeaned juveniles.

Stiff-necked and clear at the back of the bus,
He stares sternly at the black trespasser,
And in the dying November he votes!
His feeble power fused with the dung heap
Freezes truth, justice, love and his dying
Soul compels the catholic cadence of
the death bells.

Greatness grows in the muddy hearse-ruts,
And Whitman weeps to see his songs too sung,
But breathing feeble and frosty, she begs
To die a nobler death, unspotted by
Sputnik sputum and tempted teamsters or

Turnpike thieves or panicked politicians
And their sour-graped honesty, wallowing
Muddy, their pernicious bleeding souls in
Unheard pathos. Give her withered limbs a
Chance to live again and let her leaves turn
Green and great. Let her martyred miners live,
Forgive and mine no more, and hear her scream

Her life blood

Loud —

Throw my truth spread-eagled and naked under
The sun to spew forth her children, clean and eager
In the glare.
Let the spring find our forgotten forests.



"UNTITLED", an untitled poem

By ROBERT V. STEVENS

Indifference makes desire's slave the Fool.
The cold madonna shakes her golden head,
Bestows her empty smile, as on a little boy,
Then turns away and sighs and waits, quite still,
Composed, controlled, by choice alone.
His joy dissolves.
With lead-lidded piteous longing weighted down,
Brooding silent on unwanted spiteful thoughts,
His senses dulled — 'Tis death, this numbing life.
A deeper fear pulls deeper down, and Love,
Cold with tears, sobs quietly,
Musing on what might have been.

Thou Earth, my Love, lay wide and fat and dark,
Roiling in thy own produced heat.
I rose from thee to the cool blue high.
My arms were winds and took Thou, Earth, in.
Eagle Zeus was I. Far down from high I fell,
My song the Eagle's cry — I am sky wind rain.
Earth loomed, throbbled, and rushed to meet the sky,
Then, I was lost in her soft loamy Love.
A moment when the Earth and Sky were one,
Coalescing to a heated writhing mass
That burst into a universe of light.
I slept the sleep of Love in my Love's arms.

Remembrance is a moving storm upon the mind,
Piling up the heavy sands, oppressive thoughts.
I cannot move. My body is not mine.
Some sucking, whirling, unnamed, hissing thing
Would drag my brain from me, to death, to sleep.
My panic grows. I try to move.
No force of will can budge my smallest bone.
Am I awake?
I see a form come to my side
as if to say "Awake."
My mouth is tight. No words will come,
And though I groan, it cannot hear.
I cannot speak. It thinks I sleep and leaves.
I start awake and cry, "Oh, when will you be gone?"



