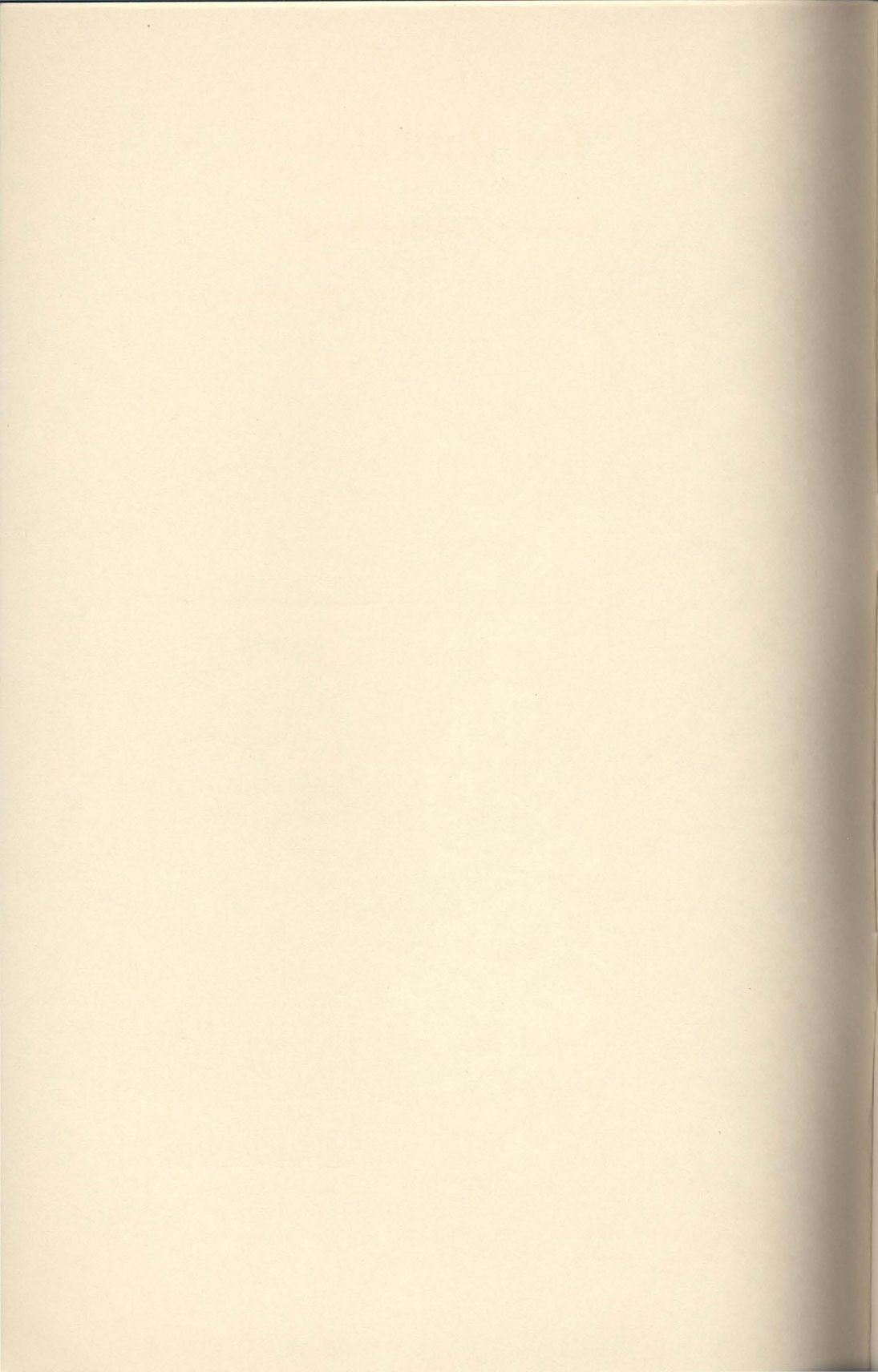


The Reflector

Autumn, 1961



The Reflector

Literary Magazine

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Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

Autumn, 1961

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a wind has blown the rain away and blown
the sky away and all the leaves away,
and the trees stand. I think I too have known
autumn too long

(and what have you to say,
wind wind wind—did you love somebody
and have you the petal of somewhere in your heart
pinched from dumb summer?

O crazy daddy
of death dance cruelly for us and start

the last leaf whirling in the final brain
of air!) Let us as we have seen see
doom's integration a wind has blown the rain

away and the leaves and the sky and the
trees stand:

the trees stand. The trees,
suddenly wait against the moon's face.

e. e. cummings

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Poets to come! Orators, singers, musicians to come
Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known,
Arouse! for you must justify me.

I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future,
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness.

I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping, turns a casual look
upon you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.

POETS TO COME

. . . Walt Whitman

Dedication to an Old English Island

. . . CHARLES R. HACKENBERRY

Drifting in a silent sleep,
dreaming deep on an emerald sea,
wistful mermaid girl awake!
and turn your velvet cheek to me.

Mourningdoves fly round her;
fawns play where she lies.
While morning sunbeams dance in her hair,
maiden of the Nymphs, arise!

No — stay in the land where dreams are real;
awake not to sigh — perhaps to weep.
Escape the world where dreams must die;
remain in your world of satin sleep.

D-Day

. . . CHARLES STITZEL

"Dear Daddy,

Today I went to school. I don't like it. The teacher is very mean. Yesterday was my birthday. Thank you for the card. I'm going to play war with Jimmy and Jerry and Tom today. Just like you. Mommy reads me your letters, and then I know just what to do. When you go on a mountain, I climb up the big dirt pile and shoot at Tommy and Jerry. And when you get in a foxhole, I have a special ditch to hide in. I even get wounded when you do, and Sissy is the nurse. She is a good nurse, she always gives me a lollipop.

"Bye, Daddy. Hurry home.

Your son,

Chuck"

The night was cold and dark as PFC V. R. Stitzel sat hunched in the corner of a shallow foxhole, reading the letter by the light of a shielded match. He thought about his son, and how he used to toss him into the air and watch him laugh as he fell, 'til Chuck was caught up again in his powerful hands. And he thought about the Germans, damn Germans, trying to separate him from his family.

"Why me? Why not some filthy slob of a hoodlum in New York City. Why me? I've got so much to live for. A wife. Two kids." He hugged the foxhole as a shell whistled overhead, landing in a shower of shrapnel, stones, and bodies, somewhere behind him. The flash of the explosion was almost beautiful as it momentarily blazed through the treetops.

"Let's move out." The order was whispered down the line from man to man, and helmeted heads slowly appeared over the rims of the foxholes.

"It's about time," he thought. "Two more days to Germany. The Rhine. Berlin. Then home. Doris, Kay, and Chuck. Back to life." He squeezed off three quick shots from his M1, and a German sniper answered his fire. "Duck . . . crawl . . . shoot . . . run . . . dive . . . Dear Daddy . . . hurry home."

The line was moving slowly up the steep mountain road, shooting, fighting, dying its way to the top. Tonight — gain position. Tomorrow — attack. PFC V. R. Stitzel, 311 Infantry, 78th Division, 2nd Battalion was to take the Ludendorf Bridge.

"Alone. Fighting for myself, by myself. Got to get home to my family. They need me."

"Pillbox."

"Machineguns."

"Where's that flamethrower?"

He crept up closer to the pillbox hugging the ground under the level of fire of the machine gun. "Close enough. Pull the pin. 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . ." "He let the grenade fly, and as it exploded in front of the pillbox the entire company rushed, smothering the small earth mound with bullets and grenades. "Poor Krauts. All dead now. Dear Mrs. Kraut: We regret to inform you that . . ."

They were moving faster now, cutting the snipers from the treetops with carefully aimed bullets. Again the whispered orders came down the human communication line. "Hold here. Bridge over the next hill. Attack at day-break."

He dug in. Deep. "Long night ahead. No sleep. Stay awake and watch. German counter-offensive. Tonsils. Chuck. Doris, Kay. What did they do today? School? No, Sunday. Church, and then Nana cooked dinner. Baked ham, potatoes, K-rations." Gunfire down the line brought him back to the present. "Here they come. Got to hold. Damn Germans." His sharp eyes pierced the thick blackness, searching for the hidden enemy. A whistling shell exploded far behind the lines and was answered by a volley from the U. S. howitzers. The rifle fire ceased, and he watched as the big gun duel raged overhead.

"Two letters today. Read the other one tomorrow. Spread them out. Artillery squad has it easy. Load, duck, fire. Load, duck, fire."

The barrage lifted as suddenly as it had started. "Now it starts. Full scale attack. Tanks and all." He carefully placed his ammunition on the lip of the foxhole, ready for instant use. The rifle fire picked up again. He fired. Hurlled a grenade. Fired again. "Germans everywhere. Can't see them. Fire . . . load . . . hurl. Throw . . . duck . . . kill. Shoot . . . load . . . die."

That attack was one of the biggest German counter-offensives of the war. They threw everything they had into that last ditch effort to save the bridge, and Germany. Tanks, trucks, jeeps, mortars, men. But the following morning, March 15, 1944, saw the Americans still in control, the German forces all but depleted.

But the Americans weren't without casualties either. Among the dead was PFC V. R. Stitzel, killed in action, March 15, 1944. The burial detail found him pinned to his foxhole by a German bayonet, his empty rifle beside him and the empty bullet clips still on the lip of the foxhole. Clutched in his hand was a piece of paper, spotted with blood. It read:

"Dear Daddy,

"I am fine. How are you. I don't like school. The teacher is very mean. She spansks me. I'm going to play war today. I might not, though. Yesterday we killed Jimmy. He was a German. Today it is my turn to die. I don't think I'll play.

"Bye Daddy. Please hurry home.

Your son,

Chuck"

Fog

. . . KAREN SMITH

Fog
 pushed and bumped and rolled into the night,
 escaped into breathless air,
 avoided the bright neons of life,
 wavering fingers at friendly windows
 hiding moments of misty embrace
 tantalizing
 and tenaciously holding,
 moving silently over moon, stars,
 blacking out all,
 but memory.

How I Met Ga-Ga

. . . BARBARA BOUGHNER

My name is Badger Dukes and I'm eight years old. I can read. I've been reading since I was four and a half. I've been spelling since I was that old too, so don't go trying to spell something secret.

My name that CASUAL acquaintances call me is Alice Joan Dukes. In fact everybody called me that until I was five. That's when I found out about Badger.

We had just moved into a new neighborhood and I was looking through one of my father's old FIELD AND STREAMS when I saw it—bad-ger—I mean, that's how I said it, bad-ger, kind of crazy like. Right away, it really got me. A "d" and a "g" right together like that, so I asked my father how to say it. After he told me, I went outside. I went mainly to look around the new neighborhood, but also to practice saying badger a few more times. It really got me.

I had just walked off my front steps and down the front walk, when I happened to see Ga-Ga Simpson coming down the street. I didn't know who he was then, of course, but I estimated him to be about seven, two years my senior.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey, yourself," he said.

"Ya wanna hear a neat word?"

"Yeah, ya know one?"

"Badger," I said.

"Ghee-whiz, say it again, I mean, say it again," he said.

"Badger,"

"Badger, hell!" he said.

Ga-Ga was a good curser.

"What's your name, you're new, arn'cha?" he said.

"Badger Dukes," I said. (That word really got me). "What's yours?"

"Ga-Ga Simpson."

"GA-GA Simpson?"

"Yeah, that's what I said, isn't it. Can't ya HEAR. I mean that's what I SAID isn't it?"

"Yeah I heard ya, I mean I HEARD ya."

"Hey, Badger," he said, "ya wanna go down t' Eastman's wall. It's really good for climbin'."

So we started down to Eastman's wall. The Eastman place was about a hundred blocks away.. Well, it seemed pretty far anyway. But I really didn't mind because we walked right in the street all the way. .When you were with Ga-Ga, you could walk right in the MIDDLE of the street.

Ga-Ga had black hair and green eyes and pretty light skin for the middle of July. And I thought he was pretty nice, for a boy, I mean.

Anyway we were walking along and Ga-Ga picked up a stone and started to carry it. It wasn't the kind of stone that appealed to me; it was really too angular. I like a round one.

I saw a loose piece of tar in the road, so I kicked it and flipped it clear out of that hole and up right over my head. Ga-Ga saw me do it too, but he didn't say anything; he just kept carrying that stone. He could do that. I mean he could see you kick a piece of tar and flip it CLEAR over your HEAD and not say anything.

We finally got there, and what the Eastman place turned out to be was a huge colonial house. The house was on a fantastic crazy estate. It had this wall that was made of stone and really good for climbing because it had these rather irregular ones sticking out of it. It was really a good stone wall, and once you were on top of it, it was good for walking on. I guess it was really good for almost anything.

Not only was there this wall, but directly opposite to the door of the house, a series of steps started. There were about six steps, more grass, six more steps, more grass, and so on. When you stood at the bottom and looked up, it resembled what I imagine the altar of Zeus looked like in Greece at one time. In all, there was a total of thirty-six steps, six in each series of six. The thing that made it look like an idol's abode was that at the very top there was a stone urn sitting on it. It was really quite crazy.

Rumor had it that the first Mrs. Eastman had this thing put up when the house was built, way back in 1880. She had this thing constructed, so Ga-Ga said, just so's some nights at midnight she could come running out of the door, in her silk nightie, and straight up to stand on this altar type thing.

"Looks like she thought she was a Greek goddess," I said.

"Looks like she was lunny," Ga-Ga said.

"Hey Ga-Ga, do you think she used to stand where the urn stands now?"

Ga-Ga didn't answer; he just started to tear up those steps, still carrying this stone. So I started to tear up after him.

When we got up, right in front of this altar type thing, Ga-Ga did something that really killed me. He threw that stone. Not aiming at anything, he just threw it away.

"Ga-Ga!" I said.

"Hell, what?"

Ga-Ga was really a good curser, I mean I'm really a pretty lousy curser. I really am. I complained this fact to my father one day and he said he was glad since it looked like I was going to have to be a lady some day. I guess maybe that's why I can't curse, because I'm going to be a lady some day and all.

"You mean that was all you were carrying that stone for was to THROW it. I mean you must have been carrying it for a half hour. How could you throw a stone you've been carrying so long?"

"Badger, hell, you're just a GIRL. Any way, Badger, it was a kind of a biggish stone. I mean if it were a little stone it'd be different but it was sort of well, big."

"OK, I guess," I said.

He could do that though. Why I bet ol' Ga-Ga could carry a biggish type stone around with him the whole darn day and then just throw it away. You really have to sort of admire him for it, though. Myself, once I pick up a stone, I just can't get rid of it with a clear conscience. Especially if I carry it around, say for a few hours. I mean it seems like I know it and how can you THROW AWAY a stone you KNOW and all. Once you've picked a stone up, maybe it doesn't WANT you to throw it away again or something. Maybe it was unhappy before you picked it up or something.

Actually, I just try to keep away from stones altogether. So if you ever see me avoiding any stones, you'll know why.

Ga-Ga keeps telling me about the Eastmans and all, and how they really must have been a lunny bunch. There're only a couple of them left, if you really want to know, and they only live there a couple of months out of the year. But they keep that step deal always looking nice. I guess in honor to their grandmother mostly. They don't seem to mind us tearing up it, so I guess they're really pretty nice, even if they are lunny. I mean people who don't mind you running around their stone altar, must be pretty nice.

Well, that's how I met Ga-Ga anyway.

The Word Gets Around

. . . GERRY CORDAS

Marcie laughed, "Oh, Rita, come off it. You can't be serious."

"That's what you think. I got the word from a pretty reliable source."

"Who? Oh, please tell me. I've got to know."

"Well, Marcie, you know he and Lou are frat brothers. Naturally, the guys get together, and — well, you know."

"Rita, do you really think he'll —?"

The Den was crowded. It always was at this time of day. Nearly everyone was through with classes and was spending some time sipping cokes or coffee, just socializing. Above the strains of "Hit the Road, Jack" was heard the usual chatter interspersed with feminine giggles and shouted "Hi's." Students milled around; a line formed at the fountain. There was an atmosphere of general gaiety and relaxation.

"Boy, I'm glad the old boy let us out a little early. We never would've got a table, otherwise."

"That's for sure, Rita. It's really packed."

The two girls sipped their coffee, watching the throngs gather around the various tables. Marcie fumbled in her blazer-pocket and pulled out a cigarette. As she lit it, the blue smoke curled, creating a silvery halo-like effect above her blonde hair.

"Hi! Mind if I join you?"

"Of course not, Todd. Where's Lou?"

"He's coming. Doc Matte wanted to see him for a couple of minutes, Rita. Hi, Marcie."

"Hi, Todd. How's it going?"

"Not bad. Hey, here comes your man, Rita. Sit down, Lou. Take a load off your mind."

"Hi, gang!"

They sat there, talking constantly, but not really saying much. Marcie nervously reached for another cigarette, glancing meaningfully at Rita. Lou and Todd became absorbed in discussing who would win the World Series. Turning their attention once again to the two girls, they began the usual trend of campus small-talk. Finishing his coffee, Lou reached for his books.

"Come on, honey. Let's shove. See you later, group."

"Sure, Lou. See you at the house."

"So long, Lou. I'll see you at the dorm then, Rita."

Todd and Marcie were silent for a few minutes. Marcie began doodling on a napkin; Todd pulled a package of cigarettes from his shirt-pocket.

"Cigarette?"

"Yes, thanks."

He flipped open his lighter, and the orange-and-blue flame burst forth. His eyes met hers and held her gaze for a second as he put the lighter to her cigarette. He lit his own cigarette then and exhaled a stream of blue-gray smoke.

"How was your test, Marcie,"

"Test? How did you know I had a test today?"

"Oh, word gets around, especially if you ask a few questions."

"Oh?"

"Well, Lou and I are brothers, and you and Rita are roommates."

She laughed as he toyed with the empty coffee-cups on the table. Once again there was a silence. She picked up her books.

"Well, I've got to run. I have loads of work to do."

"Wait a minute. I'll walk along, if you don't mind the company."

"O.K., if you want to, Todd."

As they walked through the hall, she could almost hear her heart beating. He held the door for her, and her head grazed his shoulder as she glided through the open door. As she stepped outside, the autumn wind caught her hair and tossed it carelessly about. She shivered a little as the chill air penetrated her thin blazer.

"Cold, Marcie?"

"No, not really."

They walked in silence a little longer, past the library and down the grassy hill toward Taylor Hall, her "home away from home."

"Say, Marcie. You going home this weekend?"

"No, I hadn't planned to. Why?"

"Well, you know the brothers have a blast in the wind for Friday night?"

"Yes, Rita said something about it."

"Well, I was wondering if you'd like to make the scene — with me?"

"That would be nice. I'd like to."

"Swell! I'll pick you up about 8:30, then. O.K.?"

"Sure, Todd. That'll be fine."

The late-afternoon sun cast dancing leaf-shadows on the couple, and the breeze played havoc with a pigeon feather in their path. As they reached the dormitory steps, he slipped his hand under her collar.

"O.K. Will you be in the Den tonight?"

"Oh, I guess I'll make the scene."

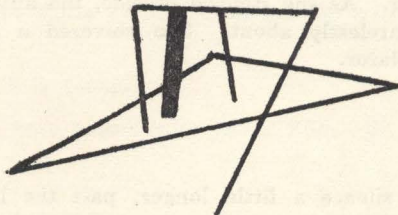
"See you then."

"O.K., Tod. So long."

"So long, Marcie."

She fairly floated up the steps of Taylor Hall, her heart singing. She stood at the glass doors and watched the tall figure fading in the distance. She saw him turn and wave. She waved back and went inside. Running down the stairs to her room she felt a glow of happiness warming her through and through.

"Rita! Hey, Rita!"



Resurrection

... JACOB D. BROWN

I saw her
 again
 saw spring—
Spring, as she went
 on her tree-blowing
 bud-showing way.

I saw her
 on the rain-
 kissed windows—
 the now-blue
 blue mountains
 scented
 her on the
sweet wet sidewalks.

She's here now
 gay-young
 in love
but she'll
 hide
and escape—
 March away
 to
the cricket-cadence of
May—
 to the day-nights of
June

I saw
 Spring
 and she
smiled
 and
 kissed the earth—
then disappeared
 into
 a
 hand-holding
 lip-touching
 summer
 night.

Day-O

. . . BARRY BASOM

The day is gay . . .

It's poppy-pink and grassy-green —

Bluish-blue, heavenly-hue —

Hippo-lazy and oh so —

Watermelon luscious —

The birds are fluttering —

Dandelions buttering —

Lovers stuttering —

Bees are humming —

Crickets strumming —

Turtles sunning —

Children busy at squirrelish-play —

Streams slowly drifting on the way —

Fishes waiting — come what may —

This is the day, this is the day . . .

Home Sweet Home

. . .JOHN GOODYEAR

Charles surveyed the now rather quiet crowd; they had segregated themselves into small groups as is customary at parties. He observed Martha emerge from one such group and carefully trace her way toward him. He hoped no one could read on his face the look of boredom that his mind and body felt. He wished he were home reading Freud, or something — anything but being at this miserable party. I wish that Al Nester would pay attention to his own wife, not mine, thought Charles. Somehow he manages to hold Martha's attention with his stories of adventure in the war. I doubt if he ever was within three feet of a Jap. At any rate, Martha seems only to be congenial — nothing more.

"Charlie," her voice displayed a trace of entreaty, "I was telling Al about your interest in hypnotism." "He wants you to try to hypnotize him."

"Huh," Charles retorted, "I doubt whether he has the power to concentrate and relax into a trance." Nothing would please me more than to put the all-mighty Al Nester into a trance, thought Charles, with a feeling of confidence creeping into his face.

"I'll do it," he said emphatically.

After much persuasion on the part of Charles, Al lapsed into a hypnotic trance. The ridiculous antics through which Charles put him would have made a circus clown appear as an amateur. The crowd enjoyed the act, displaying the merriment of a child at a Halloween party. Charles smiled slightly; a look of satisfied dominance was on his face. To the astonishment of the guests, Al, with great agility and symmetry, stepped onto the terrace rail and walked half its length. A monkey has nothing on him, thought Charles; he even looks like one. Suddenly, the table nearest the railing crumbled under the weight of Al's heavy body. The glasses fell to the floor and broke into jagged pieces. A woman screamed. Al's head hit the concrete with a dull thud. Charles reached his side immediately and tried to rouse him. His efforts were in vain; Al was dead.

* * * * *

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," the prosecuting attorney entreated, "It is quite evident that Mr. Slayer had a motive behind the ridiculous commands that ultimately resulted in the death of our good citizen, Al Nester. It is no secret that Martha Slayer was Mr. Nester's devoted secretary. We have no evidence to prove otherwise. Their relationship had been one of reciprocal business transactions, nothing more. Apparently Mr. Slayer had constructed a false conception, and looked on their relationship as more than congenial.

Jealousy is a vicious emotion to harbor, and its results are sometimes lethal. Consequently, I request you as honest, impartial citizens to bring forth a verdict of guilty."

The summation of the defense attorney was ineffective and presented without much enthusiasm. One could sense the verdict of the jury before they retired to deliberate. What chance did Charles Slayer — a journalist, an introvert, regarded by the town as a misfit — have against public opinion and Nester's clever attorney from Chicago. Moreover, Slayer's recent columns had indirectly satirized the pseudo-Christian attitudes maintained by the public. This small town was taking on vices more characteristic of the larger cities. Charles saw it; others saw it. Now he was precisely where Nester's men wanted him.

"Has the jury reached a verdict?" the judge questioned.

"Your Honor, we feel that Mr. Slayer willfully took advantage of Mr. Nester while he had him at his command. We find sufficient evidence to warrant a decision of first degree murder."

* * * * *

Joliet Prison is basically like any other prison, with its thick, gray walls, large rotating lights that penetrate the night like glowing eyes, and guards that sit in small towers and wait like cats to pounce on anyone who would venture up the high wall. Inside a small building in the center of the institution, the warden is in conference with a psychologist.

"I find Charles Slayer — after reviewing his physical and mental record — is the man I need to provide valuable information in my experiment," explained Dr. Probeman.

"Does Slayer agree to the test that will be administered?" questioned the warden.

"He is satisfied with the procedure, and is quite glad to do anything that will help man understand his mind more thoroughly," replied the doctor.

"You see, I have explained to Mr. Slayer that this relatively painless way of dying I propose to administer to him, will not only be advantageous as compared with hanging, but will supply invaluable data to science. I told him that a small hollow needle, which is connected by a tube to a container, will be injected into his arm and the blood will be completely drawn from his body in exactly five minutes. I have purposely neglected to tell him that, in actuality, blood will not be taken from his system. The needle will be injected; however, his blood will not flow into the container."

"I have no objection," replied the warden. "Slayer will be hanged tomorrow; test and experiment all you wish."

Charles felt the prick of the needle in his arm. Automatically, his eyes fixed on the large, white clock directly in front of the table on which he lay. Four and one half minutes to go, he repeated over in his mind. What does one do when one has lost faith in his fellow man, thought Charles? True, I disliked — even hated perhaps — but God knows I did not intend to kill him. I know it was not pre-meditated. I can't conceive that Martha — my dear Martha — would doubt my complete innocence.

Three and one half minutes! So the town hates me; so I didn't write what would please their ears. It was the truth — the naked truth. Looks like I punctured their little egos . . . I like that . . . little egos . . . punctured egos. How could anyone make an idol of a town? Especially when there is nothing in it to worship but pseudo-virtues.

Two and one half minutes. I don't care — they can have their miserable town. Why did I ever come back? I knew the first week that they were jealous of my education. Couldn't they see I only wanted to help them? I know why I came back — Martha; I came back to Martha.

One minute, Charles realized. Even Martha has now deserted me. Why? God knows I loved her and tried to give her all she could want. I suppose her love is like everything else around here — false, with a veneer six feet thick!

Thirty seconds . . . thirty seconds till eternity, he thought.

"The five minutes have elapsed," reported the warden. "I wonder what Slayer will say when he finds that his blood has not been drained. He probably had himself convinced that he wouldn't have that noose around his neck after all," thought the warden.

"Doctor," his voice showed a trace of bewilderment, "Slayer is dead!"



Human Protoplasm

. . . JOHN K. SPITZBERG

Hand me your cold cynicism
 Your infernal institutions
 Show me the real truth
 The proved facts
 And I'll laugh and howl and scream

Bore me with semantics
 Tell me how wrong I am
 Have pity behind my back
 Question my lack of belief
 I grow strong in my insecurity

Throw side glances of omniscience
 Waste your time with dilly dally
 Sicken your seed with trite
 This too is recorded

I am stronger than you
 Because I am weak
 I am more because I dream
 I laugh because I cry
 "My cup runneth over"

Like a mother who licks her young
 I
 Am
 Life.

The Ice

. . . ARTHUR WAITE

It was a new camera. He had just bought it at the P. X., and he had three shots of Kodachrome left on the roll. He had a picture of just about everything interesting on the site — radar domes, antennas, snow tractors, snowdrifts and even a little, white arctic fox. But now he wanted some real scenery, something to really impress the folks back home. He had been warned to stay away from the cliff, but after all, he was only going to take one shot of the ocean below and of the distant, frozen sweep of coast line. He would be careful not to get too close to the edge and besides, he had an urge — a compelling urge — almost as though someone were calling him . . .

Bill had heard the story several times of the airman second class who, over two years ago, had dropped twelve hundred feet from the radar site onto the frozen ocean below and of the body that they had never found. He was thinking of the story today as he and the sarge plodded in parkas and arctic boots along the edge of the frozen, North Atlantic wastes.

The Greenland-spawned icebergs, of which he had come to shoot close-ups, were entombed close to shore in patches of recently re-frozen, salty ice. Farther out to sea he could see cold, dark, water filled with broken ice and icebergs that were scattered to the horizon. Here an odd, overcast, mackerel sky intercepted his sight and swept back over his head. Far above him and several miles to his left, a toy red and white radio tower perched on the top of the infamous cliff.

He had just about exposed all of his film on the impressive panorama before him, when he noticed the long, low, glacier-scoured, rock island visible just above the surface of the rough ice and about a hundred yards off shore. There didn't seem to be any reason that he and the sarge couldn't just walk out across the ice to the island and get a few shots from there. It would be something none of the other fellows had ever done. Somehow it was colder and he wondered if the ice beneath his feet was as thick as it looked.

He was twenty yards out on the ocean when he really began to notice how large the areas of open water looked in the ice around him.

Fifty yards out, and the brown-gray rock of the island seemed to rise higher above him than at first. In front of him stood a large mass of rough, broken ice and snow that blocked his path. There was water and doubtful ice on each side, and it was impossible to get around. He stood feeling the wind tugging at the fur edge of his parka hood and stared at the deep blue

glow in the crevices of the piled ice about him and at the solid mass of diamond-hard ice that glittered dully before him.

It was then that he heard it. It was a whispering sound that started down the coast line and raced toward him. He shouted and turned to run. He knew from somewhere what that sound meant — the ice was cracking!

With twenty-five yards to go and with the sarge close behind, he started to skirt the edge of the last pool of deep water. With a sudden shock of horror that almost paralyzed him, he felt his foot slip on the edge of the ice and he was stumbling, tottering, falling away to his right toward the eerie blue glow of the ice that disappeared into the dark, cold, arctic depths. In the space of a split second he perceived in the blue glow of the deep ice a strange sight that was beautiful and at the same time terrible. It was the image of a face — a softly smiling face of a young man reposed in death. It was an inviting smile, a reassuring smile, a welcoming smile . . .

His left arm, practically pulled from its socket, was bent under him as he lay on the ice. The sarge had gotten a grip on his outflung arm and, with the adrenalin-strength of a frightened man, had pulled his toppling, hypnotized form from the edge of a freezing, watery grave. Shaking a little, he made his way to the edge of the ice pack, stepped across the ironical six-inch break in the ice and stumbled up the steep, frozen road from the shore with the silent sarge beside him. A thin, cold fog blew damply in against his back from the icy sea.



Need

My heart has need
Of some quiet thing:
A prayer of rain;
The hushed and awesome
Sight of soaring wings.
I have stayed too long away
From peace in mind and heart
I have need of some
Quiet thing, some
Unpretentious art.

. . . BARBARA BURKHOLDER

Moonfable

Before I woke exactly
I could feel
the mark of the moon
stealing through the window
on the dark
pinpointing its pale arrowfinger
straight and sure
across my trembling midnight heart.
I couldn't sleep for the roundeyed
moon beckoning
chanting
there is no haven from the moon
for a midnight-wakened heart
there is no haven
for a heart in hiding
from the still pale
greenness of the moon.

"Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot."

—Mark Twain

A Flake

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

" . . . a flake
That vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl . . ."
Edgar Allen Poe

The moon-tints of the leaves fell down upon them and spread a great blanket of black and gold over all their tomorrows. The water laughed against the land and blended its music with the hushed growing-sounds of mosses and poppy seed. He was slim and golden haired; she was minion, lovely. They walked down from the car and watched each others shadows reflect on the water.

They kissed and she was earth-warm, and his hands were full of red curls. He let himself fall with her; he whispered in her ear, "Not yet, we have all evening," and she laughed a soft, girl laugh and tugged at one of his ears.

Driftwood was found on the shore line, and pine knots were kicked from black soil, and the fire flickered at the moon and danced with the stars. The fire had a soul there at the spruce-downed forest lake (for everything had a soul that night), and the fire laughed with its burning, casting its embers into a red and yellow maze of light and art.

"What shall it be," he said, and thrust his hands into the basket. "Now where did that come from?" and he threw the wool blanket at her. She laughed and wrapped her arms about his neck — and bit him on the ear. He buried her head in the blanket, and they fell laughing onto the earth. Then she was brushing herself off and spreading out the blanket, and he was back into the basket with long arms to find ice and glasses.

It was time to sit and know warmth of fire and gold of light — the warm-coldness of their drink rhyming perfectly with the scent of mint.

"Now let's see," he said, and she seized his book and ran a white finger down its pages.

"Here," she said, "nothing old — make this night new," and she lay back on the green wool blanket to gaze at the skies.

"Yes," he said, "Arnold — 'Dover Beach.'"

Her hand found his, and he sat cross-legged at her head so he could see her face beside the book. The firelight glinted weakly upon the page, — he stirred the embers and put on another pine knot.

"The sea is calm tonight," he read.
 "The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; — on the French coast, the light
 Gleams, and is gone; . . ."

Her hand clutched his — she moved her head against his knee.

" . . . the cliffs of England stand
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in."

She sat up now, to look down at the page while he read. Her face was tight against his arm. The lake water lapped at the shore line.

. . . "The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating to the breath
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plane
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night."

He looked at her — the down-soft hair wisped in the wind.

"He's wrong," she said, looking at the book.

"It's beautiful," he said.

"But he's wrong."

"Look, isn't the sea of faith receding? Aren't armies clashing at night — right now?"

"Yes, but Arnold says that there's no reason to have faith — and he's wrong."

"Nature's cruel."

"Is it?" she asked, "is this cruel?"

And the water on the lake rippled, reflecting the flowering trees with their leaves of gold and branches of moon-silver. The wind was graceful and scented with pine.

He closed the book and put it into the basket. "Maybe he is wrong . . ." He put some more ice in the glasses — and sprinkled ice water in her face. She turned away and pretended to pout. The bourbon dribbled over the ice. You could almost hear the moon beams running over the leaves.

"Why do we do this?" she asked.

"What?"

"Why do we bother with, well, the poetry, the fire, the bourbon?"

He lay down beside her.

"The poetry because other people never do it — like my car."

"The Porsche?"

"Some people think they are ugly — like poetry."

"And the fire?" she asked.

"Because it would be easier not to — and the bourbon because someone once told me not to drink."

"Because someone told you not to," and she smiled.

"I think that's why we do a lot of things," he said, and then in answer to her half frightened glance he smiled "No, not that."

They lay breathing each other's presence. Then, with an air of inspiration he said "Ever hear of masochism? — you know, pleasure out of pain."

"But that's perversion . . ."

"Now, wait until I'm done. You have parked before, with other guys, with no poetry, no fires, no waiting. And now we force ourselves to wait."

"Yes," she said.

"Did you get as much out of it? Out of the evening, I mean?"

"But I didn't love him."

"Didn't you?"

"Well, I thought I did —"

"Did you enjoy the evening as much?"

"N-no."

"Masochist," he whispered, and he draped himself over her and kissed her. "So we force ourselves apart so that we enjoy each other more, and we read poetry while we want each other."

"Maybe so," she said and pulled him close.

"Keep talking," he said.

"All right, you made your point — now I'll make mine."

"What point?"

"Arnold's wrong."

"Oh come on — you can't say the world's not losing faith."

"Aren't ideals a form of faith?" she asked.

"I suppose so —"

"Well the poetry and the fire and the bourbon lend atmosphere here, don't they?"

"Look, we were talking about ideals."

"Yes," she said, "and don't we idealize love — and play that idealism in everything we do? Masochism my eye. Idealism, that's what does it! Why

without our own atmosphere and this pretty bit of lake here, we would have nothing but raw sex " She said it spitting the word sex at him.

"Oh y-ea-h!" he cried in mock passion.

They stopped their teasing and lay close to each other. The night birds sang and the water whispered. The fire was very low, all red and coloring the trees above them with the faintest hint of smoke shadows.

He sprang to his feet and raised a finger to the sky.

"To masochize or to idealize, that is the question!"

"Oh come down. Much more of your masochism and I'll lose my precious ideal." She kissed him and pulled him down. "And I don't want to lose my ideal."

"How ideal do you want it to be?" he said.

"You're the great orator tonight, you say something."

"Shakespeare!"

"Romeo."

"Juliet."

The leaves turned their faces to the moon, and the earth was a blessing of love. A further star, on glancing down, seemed to say love is

. "a flake
That vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl."

So even the heavens were glad that night.

The Porsche wound out in second gear and coughed into third. She looked at her lover, and her eyes were immortal.

"Arnold's wrong," she said. "If ideals are faith, then Arnold's wrong. The whole world was good to us tonight."

"Are you sure it wasn't masochism?" he said laughing.

"Maybe that helped, but if it did, it is part of the ideal."

He laughed and the road spun out beneath them. He drove with the smooth precision of experience and talent blended with the unique personality of the car. The straights were smooth, the hills something called third gear and the corners the tight nose-in product of oversteer. They drove fast, enjoying it — enjoying the whining, backseat roar of the engine taking bumpy corners on the red-line like a spider with legs outstretched. They went over a hill, and there it was. The tractor-trailer on its side, covering all the road on the turn. He went down the steep grade — he took the Porsche from fourth to second in one smooth double-clutch and hit the brakes. The trailer sped closer — in desperation he spun the Porsche out to avoid the crash.

The screeching stopped. The engine ticked to itself.

"Karen, are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. She started to cry.

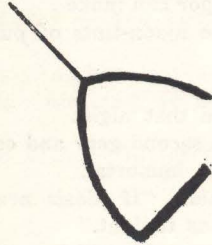
He stepped out of the car.

"The driver," he said, and he started to run toward the truck. The hot-engine smell was in his nostrils. "Stay back," he yelled "This thing might burn."

She stepped out of the car in time to see him pulling at a twisted door.

Lights appeared over the hill — someone was coming. The car was moving slowly — it would get stopped. She watched the car and the men running out of it toward the truck. Her face was still averted when the gas tanks exploded.

Later — much later — she walked along the lake front. The trees swayed green and the water laughed at the land. She kicked carelessly at the cold embers of a sometime fire. "Arnold," she said aloud, and the water lapped at the land.



Dream

. . . MARTHA HARLAN

Cool, blue mists of rainy evenings
Soft, shimmering silver wisps
 suspended about the bright white lights
 twinkling in the dim shadows . . .

At night
I hear the raindrops
trickling
 rippling
drip . . .
 . . . drop in the hollow spout
outside my window
(Sleeping city sighs and slumbers, wonders . . .)

They call us
little lost sheep
stumbling, fumbling through a maze of
nameless faces, places,
going,
 gone to sleep, to seek a
gentle heart that whispers sweet songs of
candlelight and moonbeams
soft sighs and new dreams
all through the long dark night,

Cry!
Swallow of blue
moonmist mornings;
Break
the tingling
still
I stand alone
and wait for pink clouds
in eastern skies
 . . . alone on a misty morning.

The Storm

. . . JACOB D. BROWN

I

Day died and
 night was born
 christened by
 the rain
 rapping
on the street
 tormented by
the wind
 rushing through
 the trees
 sounding
like angels' wings.

II

Clouds descended
then
and the wind bore the
liquid saviour
savagely to the
earth
and God himself
 pounded
on the earth's face
remind-threatening.

III

The rain subsided
 to the patter
 of
small animal-feet . .
 while the wind
 slowed to a
trot
 the trees stood
 still
 and clouds were pushed aside
 as sun
appeared.

Any Day Now

. . . JANE WAITE

Elizabeth Brown sat on the front porch reading short stories . . . not the kind most people read, she thought, but good stuff — the kind that held up to the definition of a short story. They were non-poetic expressions of poetic truths. She liked that; nothing more readable and worth her time than poetic truths.

The porch was screened in on all sides, free from annoying flies and bugs that might distract Elizabeth from her reading. And she could observe, too. Not that the summer people came by much. Her house was on the bay and out of the way of tourists. But she thought about them, their tanned bodies and laughing summer faces, and she wondered what they thought about.

She had been reading all summer, planning to write any day now. But something always came up to delay her. Like today, for example, she had to write a letter to her brother who wanted to stop by with some friends for a few days, and after that it would be time for her afternoon walk.

Every day the village could expect Miss Brown to walk up 95th Street to the center of town and stop at Thompson's for a coke. She carried a book with her always, and read for approximately twenty minutes before paying for the coke, leaving a fifteen cent tip for Cora, the bleached blond waitress with protruding front teeth who had worked in Thompson's since before Elizabeth started taking her walks. Once outside, Miss Elizabeth E. (for Edna or Erma, no one ever was sure which. Two sisters on her mother's side of the family had those names and no one could remember which sister Elizabeth's mother had meant to immortalize Brown) was unpredictable. She thought herself a little adventurous and gay because even she never knew what would happen next. Usually, though, she walked from Thompson's to the small park in the village or to the beach for an hour — making observations and mental notes for the time when she would begin to write.

Some days she would meet a stranger on the beach, or sit next to someone in the park whom she had never seen. Often she tried to say some risqué thing such as, "I've never been to bed with anyone," but instead it was something like, "Are you vacationing here this week?" After perhaps five minutes of exchanged information through which Elizabeth always tried to see some character flaw or personal tragedy, she started home, intending to

think and take notes before an afternoon nap.

And sometimes she did. But more often she read another chapter of one of the fine, leather-bound books she bought after she had worked very hard one summer as a cashier, or she played with her cat, this one named Emily D. All her cats had been named after writers or poets. Then Elizabeth would take a nap.

She used to visit friends in the evenings or write to those who lived farther away. But now she seldom communicated with them. They were still her friends, and Elizabeth Brown was sure they did not forget her because she occasionally got letters and invitations to visit them in their mortgaged homes.

She did not go very often, nor did she attend many local parties or dinners. The men she met were interesting, of course — everyone had an interesting personal tragedy — but they never quite met her expectations. She could not give enough of herself to say that she was not reserved. Her aloofness was noticed in the village, but Elizabeth had not yet become an institution, nor was she a real part of the town's social life, and so she was left alone.

Elizabeth Brown sat on the front porch, thinking about short stories and how she was going to start writing, any day now.



Disillusion

. . . MARY L. BAIR

"Hey, Mom, please let's wake up Jennie and let's you and me and her go to the park like we usta allatime."

"Jeff, I'm tired. Now for the last time go out and play."

"But gee whiz, Mom. There ain't no one outside to play wif and I like to go to the park."

"Jeff, I said I am tired."

"You used to like the park too, Mom. We laughed till our bellies hurt when we rode the merry go-round. Remember, Mom? Now you're always tired."

"Jeffrey, go outside or go to your room. You're a pesky boy and I'm tired of your whining."

"Mom, you are a grouch. Why can't you be like Jimmy's mom?"

The next instant Jeff ran from the room, sobbing. Thelma put her head in her hands. She hadn't meant to slap him so hard but he had gotten on her nerves.

She had just started peeling potatoes when John jumped across the picket fence and came almost skipping in the door. Every night John had to jump over the fence and come in the door that way—every night.

"Hi, Sweetheart. How's my wife?"

"Just fine, John," she said without looking up.

"Well, why so glum?"

"Go ahead, you start now. Your son has already put me through the 'why' test. Every night you greet me with 'Why isn't supper ready?' or 'How come you didn't make the beds, Dear?' and tonight it's 'Why so glum, Sweetheart?'"

"Whoa, Nellie. I just don't like to see my wife unhappy. Lately, honey, you've been a little touchy and hard to get to. Is it. . ."

"Hey, Dad. . ."

"Why, hello there, Son."

"Daddy, would you want to take me and Jennie to the park, Please? Jennie's awake and crying upstairs, Mom."

"That's all right, Thelma. I'll get her. We three will go have a swing while you get supper, okay honey?"

Thelma sat down with a thud on a kitchen chair and watched her husband

carry her son piggy-back out of the room. Yeh, great, she thought. You go have a swing and I'll get supper. Then I'll wash the dishes. Then we'll all watch television or maybe even go next door. Then I'll wash the kids. Then I'll put them to bed. Then I'll. . . night after night. Thelma McCormick, what's wrong with you? This is your home and that's your family walking out the front walk.

Thelma got up—she didn't want to but she got up—and went into the den. She sat down in the big red desk-chair and went through the top desk drawer. She had gone through this same procedure at least once a day for three weeks now. When she found the latest copy of *Alumni News* she yanked it out and the same pang went through her—after three weeks, the same pang. There she was—the pretty blond staring up at Thelma, smiling and holding on to her tall handsome husband.

Wayne Widows, president of the class of '54 and of Beta Epsilon, and wife leave for European Cruise. The happy couple are the new owners of a nightclub, "The Midnight Rock" in Las Vegas.

Wayne Widows. **The** Wayne Widows—biggest man on campus—looks, money, and popularity—and she, Thelma Small had once been his favorite.

She was a Junior in college and John had graduated the year before. They had been dating since she was a Freshman. She liked John a lot and they had a sort of unspoken agreement that they were each other's. Then one night she had gone into town to grab a sandwich. As she started back a long white convertible pulled up at the curb.

"How about a ride back to campus, Thelma?"

She was surprised that Wayne Widows bothered to stop for her and more surprised that he knew her name.

"Why, thank you. It is getting a little chilly for walking."

"You're John McCormick's girl, aren't you?" he said, when she was in the car.

"Well, sort of," she fibbed but didn't know why.

"Do you know you're much too pretty to be John's girl—much too pretty."

Oh, she had known it was a line—and every other pretty thing he said to her that evening, and the next, and the next. But she loved every word of those lines and every moment with Wayne. When John came up to see her on weekends she could hardly stand to be with him. The places Wayne took her, the people they met, the cocktails they drank—Thelma was on a cloud. But Thelma's bubble burst. Wayne **knew** she had to be in John's sister's wedding—she was bridesmaid and it had been planned for months. But he insisted if she went they were through. Damn that wedding; damn John's sister; damn Jo. . . She went to the wedding and when she got back to school she heard Wayne had taken a pretty junior out.

She never saw Wayne again except on campus where they seldom even said "Hi." Wayne never stuck with any one girl after that. He took a girl out about as long as he had dated Thelma and then dropped her. Thelma knew it must have been because he still thought of her.

But there she was, that pretty smiling blond, clinging to his arm and going to Europe. She had everything—that blond. Her hands never peeled potatoes or changed diapers.

Thelma got up wearily and made her way back to the kitchen. "Thelma McCormick, you're a fool," she said aloud. "A fool chained to two kids to care for and six rooms to clean.

It was four A.M. in Las Vegas when Wayne Widows drove up to his stone mansion. It had a swimming pool in the back and tennis courts alongside. He locked the car and mounted the porch. When he saw the light inside he paused, took out a handkerchief, and rubbed it across his face. He entered and Mrs. Wayne Widows rose from a chair beside the reading lamp. Widows stopped and stared at her until she looked down.

"Look at that clock!" he said, lifting his arm, pointing. She stood before him, her face lowered, a magazine in her hands. Her face was pale, strained, and weary-looking.

"I told you I don't want you sitting up and waiting for me. I'm not a little boy!"

"Wayne!" she said. She laid the magazine down. "Wayne, I hate this nightclub life. I never see you. Wayne, why can't we be like others. . ."

"Didn't I tell you?" He went toward her. He caught her shoulder. She stood passive, looking at him.

"Don't Wayne. I couldn't sleep. . . the heat, something. Please, Wayne. When are we going to be settled like other people. Have a family and. . ."

"Didn't I tell you I don't want to hear it—nothing—nothing!" He released her and half struck, half flung her across the chair, and she lay there, quietly sobbing.

He went on through the house, ripping off his shirt, and on the dark, screened porch at the rear he stood and mopped his head and shoulders with the shirt and flung it away. He sat on the bed and removed his shoes, and rose and slipped his trousers off. He was sweating again, and he stooped and hunted furiously for the shirt. At last he found it and wiped his body again. There was no movement, no sound, except for the slow steady sobs of Mrs. Wayne Widows.

Thelma sat across from her husband who was busily chewing the pork chops she had cooked. She was mechanically feeding her little daughter the applesauce.

"Mom, I love you," Jeff said suddenly. "And when you're not tired me and Jennie are gonna take you to the park and make ya laugh."

"Okay, Jeff, maybe tomorrow, how's that?"

"Oh boy Oh boy! Ja hear that Dad?" Mom's going to the park wif Jennie and me tomorrow!"

"That's wonderful, Jeff. She's a better merry-go-rounder than I am."

Thelma smiled and wiped Jennie's mouth. She knew she had to snap out of it. She wouldn't think about him—or her—any more. She'd try to be her old self. But she knew, as hard as she might try, there would always be a shadow in her mind. She scraped the garbage into the sink.

"Mrs. Widows is probably spraying on cologne right now," Thelma thought, and Wayne is zipping her black silk sheath. They are on their way to dinner and then to their nightclub."

"Hey, honey, why don't we all go to the drive-in? Jerry Lewis is on."

Thelma shut her eyes tight. "Please God," she whispered. "It won't be a nightclub or a black silk dress. Jeff will want pop-corn four times and Jennie will have to go to the bathroom at the best part, but please God, make me say 'yes'."

She stooped down and picked up Jennie. "Did ya hear that, Jennie? Your Daddy's taking us to the movies." The giggle from Jennie, the "Yippie" from Jeff, and the blurry-smile from John made Thelma shut her eyes again and whisper, "Thank you, God."

Freight Train Blues

... HOWARD POTEET

Freight Train.

(Through the night the whistle blows)
 Clickety-clack, clickety clack
 I'm goin' a Mobile 'n see my baby
 I'm goin' home 'n see my lover
 Along them lonesome tracks unwinding
 Hopin' she ain't found no other.
 Freight Train.

Silver Chief roar on homeward
 Clickety-clack, clickety clack
 Cold-sweat boxcar for my boudoir
 All the way from big L. A.
 Just can't wait to see my honey
 A hundred things I wanta say.
 Freight Train.

A million things I promised baby
 Clickety-clack, clickety clack
 Told her 'bout some silken stockings'
 Said I'd buy a Dress of Blue
 Now I'm broke an' shatter-hearted
 Never did what I wanted to do
 Freight Train.

I'm comin' back sweet little darlin'
 Clickety-clack, clickety clack
 Wanta hear ya' say ya' missed me
 Tell me ya' still love me, Honey,
 Even though I failed and faltered
 Comin' back without no money.
 Freight Train.

Past the sleep-eyed station-master
 Clickety-clack, clickety clack
 Watch big new sol up yonder
 Breakin' in a fresh new day
 Wonder what my baby's thinkin'
 seein' me come home this way.
 Freight Train.

Yeah
 Freight Train.

In Defense of Haiku

. . . ROSALYN WRIGHT

“Matin time—

it's now that morning glories
reach their prime.”

Kyoraku (1656 - 1715)

How many pictures does this small piece of verse evoke in us? Morning—a sunny morning, a dewy morning, dawn; morning glories in their prime—blue, perhaps, or red, or pink, velvety, climbing on a wall or trellis? As is its intention, this haiku is only the delicate frame for our own picture. Herein lies the greatest artistry of Japanese writing and of translation: the poet suggests for us a time, or place or happening and we fill in the details with our interpretations and from our own experiences.

The haiku that we read is, of course, in translation. We question whether the author's purpose has been lost in the translation or whether through translation it has actually been enhanced. In order to answer this question let us examine haiku in literal and in poetic translation.

It is necessary, first of all, to know something of the principles of the Japanese language and of the haiku form. A thorough study of Japanese is not necessary as here we can present some fundamental facts of its structure. Japanese is a phonetic language which is nearly impossible to translate literally because few words have only one English equivalent and some words have none. There are no articles and practically no pronouns in Japanese and, to make matters worse, scarcely any distinction between singular and plural. Prepositions are really “postpositions” since they follow the words that they modify. No punctuation is used and this also adds to the elusive nature of the poetry. In general, then, we may say that the language is compact.

Haiku are short poems with only fragmentary grammar. In the original Japanese they are unrhymed alternations of five and seven syllables, whereas in English translation they may be rhymed and, naturally, do not depend upon the alternation of syllable groups. The originals are untitled but some translators supply titles since we are accustomed to their use. Therefore, the selection above has been titled **Morning Prayers** by the translator, Henderson, but we might have called it by any other name that it evoked for us.

Secondly, we should have at least a smattering of knowledge of the people of Japan and their customs in order to understand properly their haiku. Let us say

that the poets wrote of the simple things, of the gentle beauty of their land and the quiet refinement of its people. The overall picture of the Japanese that their haiku gives us is of a people similar to us in thought at the times, perhaps, when we gaze in rapture at a sunset on a still eve or awake with the dawn. They feel as we feel, enjoying nature, sorrowing at death or trouble, working hard for a living.

Let us turn now to a familiar scene, titled by Henderson **New Year's Day**.

A new year starting but—
it's still just as it stands here,
this ramshackle hut!

This piece is by the poet Issa who lived and wrote in the eighteenth century. He is perhaps remembered as the best-loved poet of his day. The literal translation of the piece above reads as follows: Starting-day even just-as-it-stands junk-house. Admittedly, this means little in our way of thinking. Yet, when we read Henderson's poetic translation how many times can we picture when we have started New Year's resolutions only to look around us and declare that we can live no differently because our surroundings are still the monotonous ones that we have occupied all year?

Here is one called **The Road Home** also by Issa:

On the Shinano road,
such heat! The very mountains
turn into a load!

(Literally Shinano-road's mountains burden-turn-into heat.)

Does it matter that we have not walked the Shinano road in the heat? Surely we have walked another road on a dead hot summer's day and felt the very hills were pressing in upon us. And have we not felt unhappy thus? Then surely we have here not only our own picture in this frame but also that of the poet, for Henderson tells us that Issa's journeys home along this road were usually unhappy.

Yet here is another which we will leave to the reader's discretion to decide whether poetic translation has lost the beauty of the original or not.

Summer Rain

A sudden shower falls—
and naked I am riding
on a naked horse

(Literally: Sudden-shower: being-naked had-got-on naked-horse.)

And this piece called **Pampas Grass**.

Withered pampas grass:

“Well, once upon a time,
an old witch there was. . .”

(Literally: Withered-pampas-grass once-upon-a-time old-witch there-was thus it-is.)

Let us return now to our question: does translation into English poetic form enhance or detract from the original? We have seen how haiku suggests its action by description rather than by clear statement. Could this not be likened to the western trend of Impressionism? Does the author, even in translation, not open the reader's eyes to a new awareness of the nature of things about him? Do we not also begin to feel a oneness with the people who wrote these haiku? If the answers to these questions are in the affirmative, then, I think, we can say that haiku are surely enhanced by translation with no deduction from the original since the elusive qualities of the poems are retained and awareness is gained.

Pattern of Routine

. . . WILLIAM KING

Life is but a pattern of routine

Spilled out among the spattered walls of space;
It dwells between the span of birth and death
And keeps its movement till its final goal.
—To manifest itself as it lives on

The multicycles of its inward self,

Entangle in the abyss of its heart
An abstract creature, yet with warmth renown,
Which gives true love and pity to a world where
Life is not a pattern of routine.

An Evening at Home

. . . FRANCES ROSENTHAL POTEET

I heard Mrs. Ashby tinkering in the kitchen when I came in at seven that evening. (Oh, no, I thought, not another interrogation. Perhaps if I tiptoed up to my room quietly enough, I might escape her notice.)

"Dorothy? Is that you?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Ashby," I said.

"How was work today?"

"Oh, same as usual," I replied. (Please don't ask me anymore, I thought. Mr. Jenkins had given me a hard enough time at the office, and I was in no mood to act the congenial boarder.)

"Rain, rain, rain," she said. "Just wouldn't stop. My children were so restless today, and I just couldn't take them out for recess. And I don't know what I'm going to do about my class. Thirty-seven boys and girls, and Mr. Pearson won't give me any help.

I nodded, trying to be polite, but I couldn't seem to get away.

"Sit down and have a cup of tea and some toast," she said, and with a flutter of her maize-colored print dress, she took the red Aunt Jemima cover from the toaster and put the copper kettle on the stove.

Her maternal instincts came out as plain as the print on her dress. "Please don't go to any trouble, Mrs. Ashby."

"Oh now, no trouble at all."

I noticed her birdlike movements and her faded red hair plaited in small ringlets about her forehead. She struck me as being rather ludicrous — her frustated manner seemed to make her more like a mother hen contemplating a brooder stove. This damn kitchen, I thought, with all its knick-knacks and decals and painted cups hanging in the china closet. Some people believe that plaster pears and apples on the wall make a kitchen look like a page from **Better Homes and Gardens**.

"Did you hear about Charlie Morris' row with Mr. Varner? Seems he owed Mr. Varner a lot of money," Mrs. Ashby confided.

I was prepared for another eternal monologue. "No, I didn't know," I said and stared absentmindedly at the red rooster clock above the refrigerator.

She unclasped her small reindeer pin from the top of her ruffled dress, and heaved her plump form into the red scalloped seat cover of the kitchen chair.

"I've said more than once — if you can't buy what you need for cash, don't buy it at all." With a sort of overheated sigh, she sipped her tea and spread some Cheese Whip on her toast.

Her words were like the whistle of the tea kettle.

"Well," I said, as I gulped down the last bit of toast, "I do have to change. Thanks so much."

"Anytime, dearie" and her voice followed me up the stairs.

I closed the door to my room softly and threw myself on the bed exhausted. Why don't people leave me alone?

It was much later when the sound of a rough voice awoke me. I fumbled for the light. The clock said ten-thirty. (He's here again, I thought. Why does she put up with him?) I tried to shut my ears from the roar of his drunken voice.

"You don't care about me," he bellowed. "It's Elmer this and Elmer that, but what do I get? You're a fine wife. What do you do with all that money you got stored away?"

"Shhhh — now, now." I heard Mrs. Ashby close the kitchen door to keep out the noise.

"Don't shush me up. I know what I'm talking about. Sick and tired, sick and . . ."

His voice faltered and I could picture him putting his head down between his red roughened hands. Suddenly there was a violent bang of the front door and then silence.

Even though this happened constantly, I still felt icecubes in my stomach. Perhaps it would have been different if their daughter had lived, I thought. But why does she let him come in every night and allow him to shout at her in that miserable kitchen? Oh well, no matter.

"Dorothy?" A soft rap at my door. "Are you awake?"

"Come in," I said, half wishing that I had pretended to be asleep.

Mrs. Ashby stood beside the door. Then she edged into the room, self-consciously, and placed a cup of coffee on the dresser top. I could smell a faint hint of stale cigar smoke wafting up from the kitchen.

"I thought you might like some coffee. It's fresh made."

"That's very nice of you," I said, not really wanting any.

"I hope" — she paused for what seemed like an hour — "I hope Elmer didn't bother you. He gets like that sometimes. He — he really tries to stay . . ." Her voice trembled and her face seemed drained of any color.

"You see, ever since our daughter died . . ." Her voice seemed far away.

"You know, Dorothy," she half-whispered, "he used to run up the porch steps every night . . ." And there was a gleam in her faded eyes. Then it dimmed. "But he couldn't stand the house any more after she died. I guess I shouldn't bother with him anymore." Mrs. Ashby smoothed the folds of her dress and tentatively put her hands to her face.

"So, drinking was the only . . ." she faltered and seemed out of breath from the sheer effort of telling her story.

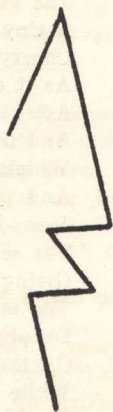
I listened to her while I sipped the coffee.

"But you see, Elmer has no one else," she said.

"Mrs. Ashby, let's go down and have some more coffee. You know, I could even eat some toast."

She smiled at me thankfully.

"And I think I'll try some of that Cheese Whip."



cold-dust sparkles in the valley
 of the dog-sled
 and the whistling wind
 winds up whirlpools of ice
 for words are only
 brittle chunks of ice cube thoughts
 that rattle on the floor crust
 echoing against the chill walls
 of blizzard loveliness

**Voice
 in the
 Wilderness**

. . . HOWARD POTEET

The Last Day

The bubbling sea gasped
 A tiny steamy hiss
 Cherry lava pushing it aside
 As it did the new mown earth
 After the volcano vomited
 And the screaming winds
 Whiplashed the skyscrapers
 And played tiddlywinks with motorcars
 Jesus-jumpers howling in the streets
 The sewers opened up
 Giving birth to a foetus of death
 The morning dew had been
 Droplets of blood
 On the withering lilacs
 While charred flesh hugged tombstones
 For God had spat at the earth
 on the eighth day
 Writing mene mene tenkle . . .
 With a ruby finger
 And the sun flickered
 with a hollow crackle
 and went out

Night Thoughts

. . . MARTHA HARLAN

In the quiet stillness of the early night
when pastel pinks and golds surrender
into royal hues,
and warm mellow lights begin to flicker
from the windows dressed in white ruffled curtains,
I think of you,
the fragrant pink-petaled flower of my dreams.
And the young children playing at your feet—
the strong fellow with dark, questioning eyes
the dimpled little girl singing to the cooing baby
in the love-rocked cradle
And the warm fresh bread,
the hot brown roast, simmering in its juices. . .
Oh Love—
Why not?
It could have been; it could have been. . .
And yet
the cold bitter wind of night blows cruelly;
I shiver in my thin gray jacket
and stumble down the long, dark, deserted street.

you said I was a sensualist,
 and liked twisted things.
 I wallowed in corruption,
 and sold my "love."
 you said, "Let's part —
 for only a Short Time."
 I agreed sadly, for what
 could I do?
 you watched me and wondered
 and you hated and such,
 I became bitter and resentful
 while wishing you the worst.
 you still claim I'm immoral,
 not fit to know
 I say you're a fig leaf,
 looking for an Adam.

Fig Leaf

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

Rejection

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

The love you bring
 Is just a sometimes thing,
 A broken linnet's wing
 Trailing in the dust.

You are
 the security of March ice
 in Pandemonium,
 The passion of
 Grave stones in Newgate,
 The emotions of
 A Cadillac in Tennessee.

So I'll make you
 a heaven
 and cut all the tarnished silver strings:
 you can trail your linnet's wing
 in somebody else's dust.

"Sure, Darling"

. . . MARTHA HARLAN

"Hand me a cigarette, Dear, will you?"

"Sure."

There was a sudden flash as the bright yellow flame leaped from his lighter, a slight fizzing sound as the flame ate hungrily into the end of the cigarette, and a sharp click as he closed the lighter and exhaled in the darkness.

"Did you put the cat out?"

"Yes, and the check for milkman. And I sent a check to Pine Valley to reserve the cabin for us for the first two weeks in July."

"Todd, do you think that Sally and Scottie will be all right at camp for two weeks by themselves? They're both so young."

"Sure they will. The kids will love it."

"But they've never been away from home by themselves before. And what if they get poison ivy or something?"

"Well, we will be only about thirty miles away so we can visit them if you really get worried."

"Could we? That would relieve my mind. . ." In the window a fan captured faint wisps of breezes from the cool night and dispelled them into the still room. She sighed and chuckled softly.

"I was waiting for you to start worrying about the kids."

"You were?"

"Of course, Dear. You always do." He drew on the cigarette, which burned with an eerie red glow in the darkness, and let the dry smoke curl about in his throat before he breathed it out again.

"Todd, . . ."

"Sure . . ." He slipped out of bed and in his bare feet tiptoed to the window and flicked the switch that cut the motor on the fan. The hum stopped, but the blades of the fan continued to chase one another dizzily around in circles until they slowly, soberly ceased to move at all. He stood by the window for a moment longer, staring at the almost full moon as it peeped out from behind a large silver cloud. A slight breeze rippled through the ruffled curtains; then all was still. He turned, drew once more on the cigarette, then crushed it in the porcelain ashtray beside the bed, slipped between the still-warm sheets, and sighed.

"Nancy, . . ." he said softly.

"Sure, . . ." she answered, and rolled over and kissed his damp forehead.

"Sure, Darling, . . ."

Recurrence

. . . BARBARA BOUGHNER

When they were young,
with tossed curls, and jumping hands and feet,
they thrashed through burrs, and hand in hand,
caught minnows by the fleet.

Now he and she,
with lessons learned, and many inches grown,
have gone their ways, much harder now
and both feel on their own.

But often nights,
with mind relaxed, afar from book or pen,
they each recall bare feet and burrs
and long for minnows again.

