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WESTERN WRITERS
Western Kentucky State College
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EAST - WEST ISSUE

Realising that only a fortunate few Westerners have had an opportunity to live in the East, and knowing that many Occidentals are almost totally ignorant of Oriental literature, we present in this issue a section featuring Eastern literature and life. We hope the nine book reviews appearing on pages 45-53 will provoke a greater interest in Oriental literature. We anticipate that the Oriental art on display now in Cherry Hall Gallery and the Eastern music being played there will wake enthusiasm in Oriental culture.

It is policy in Western Writers to relieve second semester seniors of official responsibility. The new editors are grateful that retiring seniors are nevertheless still around and on the staff in an advisory capacity.
THE WHITE PEACOCK  
James Atchison

The White Peacock was almost filled with sandwich-chewing and coffee-drinking patrons who were waiting. Some swallowed their sandwiches as if haste would improve the situation that caused them to wait. Some drank their coffee as if it were something expensive. Some stirred their coffee thinking that would improve its taste. But the stirring wouldn't improve the taste, for the coffee at the White Peacock was the worst in town. Some blatant customers said the reason it was so bad-tasting was that they got the coffee left over from the hospital. Most of the snackers here tonight, as any other night, were friends and relatives of people who were faring worse than they. Either their friends or relatives were stuck in the hospital, waiting for an operation, waiting in line for another prescription to be filled that would cost $12.00--waiting.

Lou Mae came in out of the cold and took the last empty stool at the counter.

"How is Aunt Ethel?" Asked Mabelle.

"I just came from there, and they don't give much encouragement. She's just laying there, it looks like. I can't see no difference in her. What did you think about her when you was up there?" Lou Mae said.

"What for you?" Red broke into the conversation with Mabelle.

"Just coffee," answered Lou Mae.

"Well, I didn't see no improvement neither, but I haven't been up there as much as you have. I think she's losing ground fast. I never saw nobody lose ground as fast as Aunt Ethel," said Mabelle.
"That’s what I thought at first, but I don’t think that way now. Mamma ain’t old. You know Widow Jackson had the same thing Mamma’s got, and she came out of it. And she’s eighty-two. Mamma ain’t but fifty-six. Red, could I have some cream?"

"Sure thing,” said Red.

"Baby, your Mamma’s going to be all right. I guess. But I don’t want to get your hopes too high. It’s just like the doctor said, there ain’t no way of telling just what’s going to happen. But you’re old enough to know what’s what."

"That’s right, Mabelle, but I think all Mamma’s people want to give her up too quick. I don’t mean you, but you know who I’m talking about. Lela came in there this morning, and Mamma was sleeping. The doctor told us to let her sleep as much as she wanted to. And then Lela went in there and looked at Mamma and said, 'Ethel, you’re not going to die; Ethel, you’re not going to die. You do look awful bad now, but we’re going to take care of you. Betty’s here. Jennie’s coming just as soon as she can get a bus out of Pittsburgh, and I’m going to stay right here with you.’"

"Did Aunt Ethel wake up?” asked Mabelle.

"Why, of course, Mamma woke up. The dead would wake up with Lela going in there and carrying on like that. You know Lela ought to not be in the same room with a sick person because she’s so upset herself."

"I guess that’s right. I haven’t seen Lela since she and Valves moved to Missouri. Is she still fat?"

"Yes, she’s as big as her own mamma used to be. She keeps promising Valves she’s going to reduce, but she keeps on eating. Why, you know what Lela did when they brought Mamma’s tray to her? She ate it."

Those who were near enough to hear, and that was practically everyone in the White Peacock, looked amazed and wondered what kind of tray it was. Red was wiping the counter, and two old people wandered out the door, presumably to resume vigil at some neighbor’s bedside.

"You don’t seem to mean it. Why, Lou Mae, I’d have slapped that woman, even if I hadn’t seen her in twenty years. What was wrong with her?” asked Mabelle.

"The nurse brought the bowl of soup—it looked like water—and jello, and asked Mamma if she wanted to eat. She didn’t answer, but Lela told the nurse—you know it’s that real little one that’s working after school—that she would feed Mamma. The nurse didn’t—you know the one I’m talking about—know Lela, and she thought it would be all right."

Red was setting the catsup and the mustard in front of a customer who was salting his hamburger. He had been in the hospital all day. He had looked at Life, Newweek, Look, True Confessions, Colliers, Movie Life, and Greenville’s Eagle Dispatch. He smiled because he knew the ‘real little one that’s working after school,’ and he wished while he was reading Movie Life that his wife would have to be taken to the operating room or something and he could have time to get to know that ‘real little one that’s working after school.’

"She was in for a surprise,” said Mabelle.

"Yes, and after Lela came, Mamma’s not been too good today. She rested some long about 3:00; that seems to be her best time of day, and I was glad of that. You know those people that stay in the room next to Mamma’s?”

"You mean the one with all the flowers?” asked Mabelle.
"Yes, that's the room, you know on that end. It
must be some big person. Somebody real important. I
think that's the reason Mamma is so restless. All
the people came in there and they talk and go on.
They think they're really something. They just keep
on bringing flowers. The church sent Mamma the
prettiest bouquet," said Lou Mae.

"I meant to ask you about that. I knew they was
going to do that, but I didn't want to say anything
about it until I knew for sure. Who is staying with
Aunt Ethel now?"

"Daddy's up there now. And Roger. You know I'm
afraid he's going to be there next; you just don't
know how Daddy's going down. And he stays there all
the time. Last night, no, I believe it was the night
before last, Uncle Drake came and took him home so he
could see about old Bessie. You know she had a calf
the same day Mamma was brought to the hospital, and
Daddy's been worrying about that too," said Lou Mae.

"How is Roger taking this?" asked Maebelle.

"Oh, he's so sweet. Just when he gets home from
school, he goes over to Levon's and calls to see how
Mamma is. We don't have a phone yet. And when Roger
gets a ride, he comes in town to see her. He's so
sweet, and he just colors the prettiest pictures. I
talked to Miss Newton last week about Roger, and she
told me that we ought not to give up on him too soon,
but it will just take time with him," said Lou Mae.

"It's so pitiful because he is such a cute kid.
Is he thirteen yet?" asked Maebelle.

"He'll be fifteen his next birthday, and we want
to have a party for him. It might sorts bring him
out if we could get some of the boys and girls around
home to come see him, and maybe have more to do with
him. But that was before Mama got sick, and I don't
know what we'll do now."

Maebelle had finished her coffee, and she wiped
the last conspicuous crumb off her lower lip. She
took out the compact with the "US" on it which Phillip
had sent to her when he was in Japan. On the back
it had 'To Mother' in red with a little green. It
wasn't as shiny as it used to be, but the mirror was
good enough for Maebelle to see she had a little
mustard on her cheek on the side away from Lou Mae.
She was glad Lou Mae hadn't seen it. In a big
gesture she took the dusty powder puff and patted a
little damp powder on her face. She knew there were
lots of men in the White Peacock, so she didn't dilly
around with her makeup.

"Would there be anything else?" asked Red when
he saw the preparations for leaving.

Before either Lou Mae or Maebelle had time to act
coquettish in telling Red that they didn't want any-
thing else, a wide-eyed boy with rosy cheeks and a
little thin mouth rushed in, bewildered, to the White
Peacock. He had seen Lou Mae's turquoise skirt and
yellow blouse through the window, and when he opened
the door, he lost no time rushing to her crying,
"Louie, Louie, Daddy said come on. Come on to the
hospital, quick."

And they went on to the hospital. Red picked up
the 40¢, rang the register, and took his coffeesmelling
rag and began wiping where the two women had
been resting their elbows.

"What for you?" Red asked.
It was a terrible, ear-splitting sound; a scream, a cry which could be heard a quarter-mile away. A rustling sound like thunder followed. And they were on us. And all at once we forgot everything we had drilled, and it was every one for himself. I was turning and blasting, turning and blasting, and I saw Kramer go down with his throat cut so bad that only a layer of skin held his head on. And I was turning and blasting and I saw one leap at me, machete flashing in the moonlight, and I blasted him and he stopped in mid-air and I blasted him two more times before he fell, writhing in the red sand.

I looked around, and I saw that we were getting the best of it, but they were still coming and they were fighting with the most fury and the crudest weapons I ever saw. And I was turning and blasting and they were swinging those big blades and I blasted a hole clear through one and I jumped back just in time to keep his last desperate swing from cutting me in half.

Then I realized they were not still coming any more, and I jumped back before another almost got me, and I saw there were only a dozen or so left. The Captain hollered for them to surrender and we wouldn't kill them but they wouldn't listen and I saw Ecton trying to blast one but his blaster was empty and another one was behind him and he brought the blade straight down on Ecton's head, like he was trying to split him in two. And Ecton's eyes popped 'way out, and his brains were coming out the slit in the top of his head. I blasted and I blasted and there were only five left and their white bodies glistened in the moonlight. My blaster was so hot that it almost blistered my hand and I kept blasting and I heard it go "FIZZEP" and it was empty. I got behind a big chunk of lava, tried to reload, but one was leaping off the top of the lava screaming savagely, and I was helpless, but suddenly he was writhing in mid-air and falling to the sand and I looked up and saw the Captain, his blaster still smoking.

And then it was over. They were all dead and Mars was ours. And I was tired and I was sick of this kind of war and I didn't hate them because I knew how it must have been for them. I felt sorry for them and I guess we all did, because the Captain dispatched a burial detail for them, just as he did for our dead.

And after they were all buried, the Captain came over to me and I thanked him for saving my life, but he just stared at me and said, "I want to forget this as quickly as possible... you understand."

"Yes," I said, "I understand."

"You can't help admiring their stamina," he said, "lost all their weapons and raw materials in their last atomic war... lost all their women—all of them—and all their spaceships and those machetes and clubs... loaded themselves in the spaceships and came here."

"They had to, Captain," I said.

"I know," he said, "their atmosphere was poisoned by the atomic explosions."

I watched the Captain turn and look at the graves and I looked too, and I wished it was all a nightmare. I knew it was all a nightmare. Every Martian would try to forget, but we would always remember these poor invaders and how desperate they were and how they fought. We felt bad about these Earth people.

Richard R. Smith

I've spent lots of time on social graces;
I've learned how to act in all kinds of places
I've learned things to say, what to do with
my hands,
Copied a movie star and the way that he stands.

But of all that I've learned in social know-how,
There's one thing most important. I'll pass it
on now!

I think all who have suffered will be in accord;
It's a great social asset to look pleased when
you're bored.
TWO SONNETS
Juliette Smith

WINE

The morning Sun fires splendor in my heart,
And parts the cloudy curtains of despair;
The past is gone, he argues, as thou art;
No longer seek the rapture once drunk there.
But long your loss has numbed my groping hand
That spilt the joy though I would grasp it tight.
Some passing joys my life may yet command;
A shallow cup may hold some small delight.
But each new vintage fails to yield enough,
And I can find no way to sweet the lack-
ing savour of this tasteless stuff
I spurn. Yet Time allows no pouring back.
Thus Fate does cheat us both, for I alone
Can never drink the joy we might have known.

TIME

When I consider Time and this Old year--
A few brief months of passing days and hours,
Winter's sleep and Spring's awakening flowers,
No sooner does bright verdant Spring appear
Then Summer's dreams are glowing everywhere
And Autumn's colors tarnish though I'd hold
Their Midas touch'd sheen of gladden'd gold--
I wonder then at this my falling tear.
Old, Old year, new on yesternight,
Relentless Cronus sped you on to die;
All Nature bows and yields at His command.
Make me to bow and guide my steps aright,
While Old Year goes like wind with softest sigh,
And Father Time takes little New Year's hand.

UNTO THE HILLS
John Chamberlin

Deep Valley winds between great highlands
Like mighty Mississippi
Like gentle little stream.

Lovely creatures fill deep valley
Rabbits with their young
Hawks with rabbits' young.

Mighty Eagle from tall mountains
Loves little valley
Lives not there.

Westwind winds way thru valley--
Charming little spirit,
Roaring like a lion.

Lonesome, little valley?
Lonesome, tho' surrounded,
Tho' near mountains stand.

Silly little valley,
What---beside the highlands?
What, without the hills?

A CHILD'S PRAYER
John Boyd

Dear God----
Thank you for everything,
specially my puppy.

I love the presents you
give little children:
the pretty sounds,
the good smells,
and specially colors.

Is heaven blue?
My home is green
and has grasshoppers.

....

....

Amen.
THREE POEMS
James Atchison

FAUX PAS
Tiny bits of eagerness
Glew my equilibrium
Which tells me when to say
And when not to
Open a page to the casual
Sipper who swallows
Indigestible snippets
And belches unPostian
What's spare energeticness.

A FANTASTIC MATRON
A fantastic matron in finesse did flounder
At a time when floundering's floundered—
A buxolic bachelor, blond complexion'd—
Unanchored her decorous heart.
Each blue-eyed glance from the shepherd boy
Died by chance laugh at the span
Between the loved and one who loved;
The lady's futile fever flushed,
Spying Pan, unblushing, kiss a maid.

PAPER CONJURATION
Your sharpened scissors cut me out
When I was lying in your hands;
Now glue me back to one whole piece,
But paste me gently when you put
Me into place with sticky hands
So that one liquid drop of you
Will soak into my drying shape.

A SQUIRREL
Elizabeth Jean Reid-Smith

Twinkling squirrel with pointed nose
Like a slightly wilted rose
Chews his nut in cast-iron case,
Wrinkling up his wizened face,
Curls grey tail in wiggling glee,
Leaps the scale, flashing free
From high wall to dipping branch,
Pauses, one more nut to munch.

DENIED
Bobbie Gorin Long

Tonight, you said something with your eyes,
And then, aloud: "If only I weren't. . . ."
But you are, you know, and that is why
I must love you from a distance, yet must never cry.
For I know—and shall always—
That one summer night, when someone I loved,
Someone fine and strong and brave,
Loved me back for one instant,
It was right.
But even so, convention's bitter wine
Found my lips and gave them the command to drink,
And, drunk with principles,
I yet found faculty to think:
"Social obligations rule the world and minds. Yes,
But not the heart!
And whatever is said with the eyes
Cannot be censored."
HOW TO FLY

Robert Smithson

Now, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking, "Well, first, you gotta hire yerself a flyin' teacher and get 'im to teachcha to fly." You are wrong. Without mechanical aid is the only proper way to fly and is the way I propose to teach.

Very important in flying is the developing of the body. First, you will need to lose one hundred pounds, no matter what you weigh, because the less you weigh, the higher you will fly.

Then, you must build up the arms. This can be done by doing push-ups (with a hundred-pound sack on your shoulders), hanging by your thumbs, or by using some other such means. The arms must be built up because they are going to do a lot of flapping, which is very, very important to flying. Now, the way the arms are normally shaped is all wrong. They are too short, too round, and too thin; consequently the air slips around and over them. So the arms must be longer to receive more air, flatter to hold more air, and wider to push more air.

To get the arms in this condition, again you must hang by your thumbs, flag down cars on a busy highway, Tarzan through treetops like a monkey, or tie your hands to a bridge and jump off. This will extend the wing-(arm-) spread at least half a foot.

After your arms are longer, it is necessary to have someone stand on them for about three weeks, three days a week, three times a day, three hours and three minutes at a time. The next step is to wash, starch, and iron. This will make the arms wider and flatter.

The arms should have a bird-wing shape by now. If they don't, the above procedure must be repeated for about a month more.

Now, you must grow feathers. How to do this is yours and a chicken's problem, not mine.

Also, you must develop the legs in much the same way that you did the arms. This is important because you must move your legs in a frog-like movement when flying.

The equipment you will need for these conditioning exercises is a healthy body; an off-balanced mind; a parachute; rope, for hanging by your thumbs, for hanging by your hands, or for hanging by your neck—if you must; rubbing alcohol; liniment; food; water; tar and feathers and a shotgun, for driving off stupid neighbors who think that you are crazy; band-aids; bandages; tape; private doctor and nurse; and the five secrets of happiness: money, money, money, money, and money.

After you have developed the body, the next step is to find a place high enough and windy enough to aid you in the proper take-off.

If there is a cliff near your home that is around ten-thousand feet high, it will do. If there is not, then you will need to purchase one. Such is the style nowadays, and no home is complete without one. You should try to get one that has winds up to or beyond two-hundred miles per hour.

All this being done, you are to stand about a hundred yards from the edge of the cliff. Finally, you are to run off the cliff with the wind in your face. You flap your arms one-hundred and twenty times per second, and move your legs like a drowning frog. Then—WATCH OUTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!
Ce n'est pas vous, non, madame, que j'aime,
Ni vous non plus, Juliette, ni vous,
Ophélia, ni Beatrix, ni même
Laure la blonde, avec ses grands yeux doux.

Celle que j'aime, à présent, est en Chine;
Elle demeure avec ses vieux parents,
Dans une tour de porcelaine fine,
Au fleuve Jaune, où sont les cormorans;
Elle a des yeux retroussés vers les tempes,
Un pied petit à tendre dans la main,
Le Teint plus clair que le cuivre des lampes,
Les ongles long et rougis de carmin;
Par son treillis elle passe sa tête,
Que l'hirondelle, en volant, vient toucher,
Et, chaque soir, aussi bien qu'un poète,
Chante le saule et la fleur de poêcher.

CHINOISERIE
Pierre-Jules-Theophile Gautier

CHINESE FANTASY
A Translation by Jeanne Jones

It is not you, madame, that I love,
Nor you either, Juliet, nor you,
Ophelia, nor Beatrice, nor even
Blond Laure with her large sweet eyes.
The one that I love is, at present, in China;
She lives with her parents, old, old
In a porcelain tower, very fine,
On the Yellow river, where the cormorants are.
She has eyes slanting upwards to the temples,
A foot small enough to hold in the hand,
A complexion brighter than the brass of lamps,
Fingernails long and red with carmine.
Through her window she leans forward her head
Which the swallow brushes in his flight,
And each evening, as well as a poet,
Sings the willow and the flowering peach.
INSOMNIA
Juliette Smith

There are love-lorn lads
Who have restless nights;
There are guilty guys
Who cannot sleep;
There are wealthy wives
Who toss for hours;
There are sad souls
Who lie and weep.
Some blame coke,
Some coffee and tea;
But when I lie awake
It’s "burghers inside me."

Juliette Smith

There was a young fellow named Tom
Who dropped a big dynamite bomb,
And now up in Mars
They’re saying, "My Stars!
Where did he emigrate from?"

BIS FIRST
(A Parce in One Act)
James Aitchison

CHARACTERS
Jemmerston, youthful clerk for Lindon Seaways
Hager, manager in the office
Mrs. Iris Morris, a sophisticated secretary
Mae, a typist

SCENE III
(Afternoon at the office. Hager, Iris, and Mae are seriously working.)

HAG: (Seeing a serious error in the letter he is reading. Without looking up.) Jemmerston!
IRI: He’s not back from the hospital.
HAG: Not back yet? What did he go for?
IRI: His wife’s having a baby.
HAG: I thought Jemmerston told us the doctor said he couldn’t help.
IRI: But Dr. Bradley called him to come immediately.
HAG: It’s a good thing he’s out. I’d wring his confounded neck if I had him here now. The very idea. (Gesturing to paper he has in hand.)
Mae: (Girlishly.) What’d he do?
HAG: (Seriously.) He wrote two letters Monday. That’s all he had time for. Just two letters, and what did he do?
Mae: (Effectively.) What?
HAG: (More seriously.) He mailed them without my signature. Now I get them back this afternoon.
IRI: (Not looking up from her typing.) He’s disturbed about something.
HAG: He’s going to have something to be disturbed about. He’s going to be fired. (Phone rings.)
(Phone exits left.)
IRI: (In phone.) Lindon Seaways . . . Yes, it was yesterday . . . It was the window and balcony. Two floors up . . . Yes, we are seeing to it . . . Yes. (Hangs up.)
IRI: (To Mae.) That insurance company’s safety department called again to see if the railing on our balcony was repaired yet. We must get hold of the carpenter. I wonder why he hasn’t come yet.
HAG: (Comes in from left.) Has Brainless . . . Oh, I see he hasn’t. (To Iris.) Where did you say he went?
IRI: (Informatively.) To the hospital.
HAG: (Not thinking returns to his desk.) How long does it take him? (Sits down.)

MAE: (Girlishly.) Why, sir, his wife's having the baby.

HAG: He's so mixed up, there's no telling what happens in his family. Last week I told him to make reservations for me to London, did he do that? I can't find a record, no one at the airport has heard anything about it, and Lindon wants me to leave tonight.

MAE: Seems like I heard him call the airport for something. Oh, I do remember now just what happened.

HAG: He did call then?

MAE: (Playfully.) Well, not exactly.

HAG: (Confused.) Not exactly?

MAE: He called and made reservations for Lisbon.

HAG: (Alarmingly.) Lisbon?

MAE: (Coyly.) Yes, you see, after he hung up, I told him I thought you wanted London reservations.

HAG: (Quickly.) That's right. London reservations. For tonight.

MAE: Well, I told him (She talks rapidly and breathlessly.) I thought he was making a mistake calling for Lisbon.

HAG: (Groaning.) Oh, Oh.

MAE: (Very shrewdly.) And when I told him, he went off the handle, he told me I had not been working here long, and that I was not smart and that I was to tend to my own business, and that I was not supposed to tell him how to make reservations. He just jumped all over me.

HAG: He jumped, did he? Well, he can jump out the window.

IRI: Excuse me for interrupting, sir. (Stops typing.) but this letter should be signed right away.

HAG: (Taking the letter.) What? Hasn't this gone out? (Groaning.) Oh, Oh.

IRI: It was to be typed this morning. It was in the regular correspondence file.

HAG: Regular Correspondence file? I told that moron I told that what's-his-name to put "immediate action" on that letter. Weren't there any instructions in the box for it?

IRI: (Desperately.) Nothing.

HAG: (Goes to desk.) This will ruin me. Why didn't I see about that myself? I'd better take this to Lindon right away. (Exit left.)

MAE: Poor Jen.

IRI: I can see Mr. Hager's point. Jen is an independent person. But he can't help it, I suppose.

MAE: You know, I bet Jen would be fired in no time, if he wasn't Mr. Lindon's nephew.

IRI: You're right. And that puts Mr. Hager in a tight spot. If something does go wrong he can't put the blame on Jen because Lindon thinks Jenman hung the moon.

MAE: If he makes Mr. Hager madder, he's going to get hung.

JEN: (Comes in right in a pretentious flourish. He's probably had a drink or two and carries a box of cigars and a bundle wrapped in brown paper.) Hey, somebody congratulate me. I'm a papa. I'm a real father. I'M A FATHER OF QUINTUPLETS! IMAGINE QUINTUPLETS!

MAE: (Excited.) You mean you had six kinds, SIX in one day?

IRI: (Excited too, but controlled.) No. It's five. (Thinking.) Be serious, Jen. Not five?

JEN: (Proudly.) Yes siree, five girls.

MAE: My--

JEN: (Effervescently.) But you know me. I just took it calmly. You'd think I just had one. No. Five. I even thought to get the flag. (To Iris.) Here, have a cigar. (He puts package on her desk and opens the cigars.) Have a cigar.

IRI: (Drawing away, shocked, declines.) No. No.

JEN: (Gaily.) Come on, have one. (tries to put a cigar in her mouth.) Have one, old gal.

IRI: (Superciliously.) Old gal?

JEN: (Abashed.) No offense. (Takes the cigar.)

IRI: (Recovering lost composure.) Let's see the
MAE: (Flirclingy declines.) No. No. Why don't you buy something girls can celebrate with?
JEM: You can smoke a cigar. Here, take it. If you want to be modest, take it to the ladies' room and smoke it.
MAE: (Trying to be ladylike.) No, thank you.
JEM: (Pointing to Hager's desk.) Where's old loudmouth?
IRI: He's in Mr. Lindon's office. (Finishes opening the package and holds up a new diaper.) Jem, what have you done? (Look again at the package.) This isn't for us.
JEM: (At Hager's desk.) Sure it is. (Turns.) What?
MAE: Funny flag. We're ready to surrender. (Iris puts diaper back in package.)
JEM: What happened?
IRI: (Hands him the diapers in the package.) Here, take this.
JEM: (Puzzled.) I can't figure this out. How did these things get in here? I picked up the flag.
IRI: You did?
JEM: (Scratching his head.) Maybe I didn't. That's it. I left the flag at the hospital, and picked up these things instead. What will my wife do with one flag? She'll have a fit.
IRI: Hager just had a fit when he found out you didn't put "immediate action" on the letter to Albany Sightseeing and Touring Company. He got irritated.
JEM: (Looking at the letter.) Oh that?
IRI: Yes, that.
JEM: Oh, he said he wanted that to go out in a hurry.
IRI: Why didn't you do what he said?
JEM: My dear lady, just give it time, it will go.
MAE: (Butting in.) Yes, and so will you.
JEM: What do you mean by that?

MAE: Well, I won't say anything since you bawled me out about the reservations.
JEM: What reservations?
MAE: The London reservations. You know you made some for Lisbon, and when I reminded you about the mix-up.....
JEM: Mix-up?
MAE: Yes. You told me to stay out of your business, and you never made any London reservations when you canceled the Lisbon reservations.
MAE: Well, Mr. Hager is irritated.
JEM: (Getting command of the situation) Irritated? Who's irritated? Don't use that work around me. There's no need for any disturbance. I'll just call and make the reservations now.
IRI: He wants to leave tonight.
JEM: Tonight?
MAE: Yes, tonight.
JEM: (Ignoring Mae, to Iris.) Do you know what time he plans to be ready?
IRI: No, but I don't imagine there's more than one flight tonight.
JEM: It's there's only one flight, there's no problem.
MAE: There's only one problem, that the flight may be filled. Had you thought of that?
JEM: (Sarcastically.) No, I left the details for you to think of. (Dials.) ... Line busy. (Starts going through papers.)
IRI: Maybe you'll be able to get them fixed up.
JEM: Yes, I like to get things done for that complaining goofus, there's so much explaining... MAE: (Comes in and interrupts.) Here's complaining goofus, and you can explain.
JEM: (Startled.) Oh, Mr. Hager......
MAE: (Like a lion.) Are my reservations ready?
JEM: (Scheming.) Reservations?
MAE: Yes, reservations....
JEM: Well......
HAG: (Going to desk.) Don't sit there like a fool, tell me you made them.

JEM: Made them?

HAG: Yes, give me the dope about the reservations.

JEM: The dope?

HAG: Yes, dope, the dope.

JEM: (Playfully.) I don't have any dope.

HAG: (His fist hits desk.) Oh.

JEM: You mean about the reservations.

HAG: Yes, the reservations.

JEM: Mr. Hager, you know how it is?

HAG: No, tell me.

JEM: Well, you see, sir, or ... ah ...

HAG: Don't sit there choking the rest of the afternoon, I've got work to do.

JEM: Well, it's like this ...

HAG: What about the RESERVATIONS?

JEM: Well, frankly, sir ... 

HAG: For heaven's sake, what flight is it?

JEM: Flight, sir?

HAG: (Gestures.) Airplanes have flights, you know, they fly.

JEM: (Dawning.) Yes, of course.

HAG: What's my flight number?

JEM: There's no number.

HAG: What in heaven's name is coming off? No number. No reservations. What is ...

JEM: (Interrupting.) I don't know.

HAG: You don't know, you don't know. You don't KNOW. Can't you? (Loses control.) Oh ... Did you call the airlines?

JEM: Yes.

IRI: (Trying to help.) He was trying to get them, but the line was busy.

HAG: Has the line been busy for a week?

JEM: I called today.

HAG: I told you to call last week. I told you last week. This is the limit. Why didn't you call?

JEM: I did, but I had to cancel ...

HAG: (Interupts.) Cancel?

JEM: Yes, there was a little confusion, just a slight mix-up.
THOUGHTS ON A QUIET NIGHT

Li Po

Before my couch, shining brightly, was the moonlight,
I wondered if it were not frost on the ground.
I raised my head and looked upon the mountain moon.
I lowered my head and thought of my ancestral home.

HEARING A FLUTE ON A SPRING NIGHT

Li Po

From whose flute, playing in some hidden place,
Come those flying notes,
Which the Spring wind wafts over the towns?
The melody is that of the Willow Song.
Who can hear it and not think of his former loves?

夜思
床前明月光，
疑是地上霜。
举头望明月，
低头思故乡。

春夜闻笛声
春風由隱隱約約之處，
散播誰家動人之笛聲於城廂內？
此調為楊柳曲。
誰能聞而不思念他舊戀人？


Alice Ling has translated these two poems of Li Po (—762 AD) back into Chinese characters.
About thousand years ago, the god of the sea-dragons asked his people to find a handsome scholar for his daughter, but they could not find one. Therefore in one night, the sea dragons came up from the bottom of the sea to look for a qualified man for their princess. This is the main reason why in some towns the people have their boat racing in night time. All these boats are lighted with lanterns and decorated like the dragons.

Next it comes to the Moon Festival which is in the eighth month while the full moon is brighter than any other months. This festival is more or less like the Thanksgiving Day, because we also have the custom that the whole family should be gathered together to have their feast. People would feel depressed and ashamed, if they could not celebrate this festival with their family. There was a great poet, Li Po, in Tang Dynasty. He wrote a poem about his homesick in the Moon Festival.

The moonlight in front of my bed
I doubt it is the frost on the ground,
after I have looked up the silvery moon,
I drop my head to think of my sweet home.

People would like to use the legendary creature, the hare, to decorate the feature of the festival, because they believe that there is a hare who mixes the pill of immortality in the moon. Consequently, the hare symbolizes long life and immortality.

As for the Chinese New Year, I can compare it with Christmas, because it also comprises the meaning of New Birth, except it is for the new birth of the Nature such as the coming of leaves on the tree and of the crops. On the New Year Eve, the maids have to do the household cleaning so that in the New Year Days they can put away the brooms, mop and duster. They have the superstitious idea that cleaning tools sweep away their luck. Then they have a midnight feast with the whole family around the table. Every dish comprises the meaning of wealth and luck.
The other feature of our New Year Eve is that we have a special night market for people to buy the New Year decorations such as plum or prune blossoms, Chinese figures which are either the figure of longevity or the figure of the goddess of children. There are also different designs of embroidered tapestries, which have the most exquisite artistic work of bats, butterflies, deer and "hundred children" pattern. These in turn express happiness, love, prosperity, and numerous children.

In the next morning, everyone is waken up by the fire-crackers to welcome the New Year. People have to be dressed up with a touch of red. In China, people think that the red color is the skeleton of the color scheme. It will bring us wealth, luck, health and happiness, which the others will not, especially the white color which is the symbol of death.

After people have dressed up, they first have to pay their respect to their ancestors. They use a wooden screen with the names of their ancestors engraved on it. Then the children have to bow down to greet their parents, wishing them lots of luck and prosperity. The females in the house have to serve the elder the first cup of "eight precious tea." Afterwards, they go out to visit their relatives and friends for about five or six days.

During the fifteenth day, we have the "lantern parade" in night time to close up our New Year Festival. We make the lanterns into different animals and shapes. Everyone is so excited howling and yelling along the procession.

In conclusion, I may say that the Chinese people are so conservative with their traditional customs, through which one can see the charm of their culture.

TWO POEMS

in

ORIENTAL MOOD

Robert Bruce Matheny

Leaves flutter down

Touching stilled earth

Blanket softly laid

Summer slowly dies.

Not without sadness he walks

His head from thoughts bent

The sand turning under foot

Grains catch and reflect the moon.
THE TAKARAZUKA REVUE
Terence E. Kelsay

It was one of the most dazzling productions of talent and beauty I had ever seen, the Takarazuka
Girls' Opera in a production of "Momoiro" at the Takarazuka Grand Theatre. The theme of this opera had
its origin in an old legend, and the production, though
done entirely in Japanese, was so well played that one
without knowledge of the language could easily under-
stand what was going on. It was interesting and color-
ful and superbly conducted.

The Takarazuka Opera is a spectacular production
which takes place on a modern stage as well equipped
as any in the West. This is not unusual in Japan and
does not amaze the visitor so much as the opera house
itself and its grounds. The building is situated in
the center of an amusement park consisting of a zoo,
with everything in it from elephants to spiders, and
a botanical garden. All manner of people come to this
haven of entertainment to spend the day. I had never
seen an arrangement like this before.

The hub of the park is the theater building where
the opera is housed. Within this structure are several
restaurants and refreshment bars, an opera museum, a
travelers aid office, a police stand, drug counters,
souvenir shops, and patios and promenades galore.
However, the greatest eye-opener for the foreigner,
and in particular the modest foreigner, are the public
rest rooms conveniently built to accommodate both
sexes at the same time. Mr. Modest has a most un-
comfortable feeling whether he goes or doesn't.

On this particular evening, I skipped the zoo
and plowed my way through hundreds of Japanese and,
completely exhausted, found my seat in the first bal-
cony front row. These seats are the best in the house
and are reserved for the foreign patrons. The performance
always starts on time, and I was hardly settled with
my program, "Takarazuka Revue," when the curtain rose.
The opera was good—so good, the Japanese spectators
felt, that their response made it hard for me to keep
my mind on it. Everytime a main character came on
stage, the enthusiasts would stand up and cheer. They
ate constantly and were forever getting up and running
out for more. Girls went throughout the crowd selling
fruit, peanuts, and drinks. This was a constant inter-
ruption. I could not keep from being reminded of
Shakespeare's Globe. The contemporary Japanese audience's
behavior is much like that of the Elizabethan playgoer.

I was again reminded of Elizabethan audiences and
plays when I discovered two things: one, that I had
cought lice from some unclean fans; and two, that all
of the actors are actresses. Almost all of the popular
players are those girls who appear as males on the stage.
The reason for this is that the opera fans are mostly
young girls. As a result, the troupe of Takarazuka
and those who enter the Takarazuka Opera Company want
naturally to play male roles.

The girls at Takarazuka are divided into four
troupes or "gumi"—"Hanayome" (Flower), "tsuki" (Moon),
"Yuki" (Snow), and "Hoshi" (Star)—and never stop
rotating in Japan. One tours, one rehearses a new
show, one plays the home theatre at Takarazuka, and
the other is on a Tokyo stage. It is seldom that a
troupe goes abroad.

The lives of the Takarazuka girls are most inter-
esting. They lead a life of mystery, remoteness, and
discipline. This is in accord with the Japanese idea
of propriety and the opera company's idea of glamor. All
of the girls adopt stage names and their real identities
are never told. When they go out they go in pairs and
are rarely seen with other people, not even their
families. Unseen, they go and come from the theatre
by special doors. When they travel throughout Japan
they live in company-owned billets; at Takarazuka, in
a sort of barracks on the edge of town. Only a few are trusted to live out, and they live three or four to a company-owned villa.

Hundreds of girls each year apply for this kind of life; only about three score are accepted. These girls must have the written approval of the family and, attached to that approval, a transcript of the family police record. They have four days of examinations, which include diction, singing, and Japanese and Western dancing. The ones that pass these examinations spend a year in school and another year still studying but filling in as extras. After this they are ready to join a troupe.

In the gumi they take, for at least the next six years, any role assigned them. It is at the end of this period and only at the end that they become eligible for specialties and/or stardom.

I saw in "Momotaro," produced by the Taiki Gumi, what the blending of work, discipline, talent, and beauty can do. I was both amazed and impressed. I would like to see, without the lice and inconsiderate spectators, the other three troupes perform.

KIM KI JIK
Don Michael

Have you ever met anyone who had so much will to survive in this world that he stood out in your mind as being something special? This kind of man, I think, will make up a race that will survive long after I and my meager works have been forgotten. I have met several such people, and of this select group, one stands out above the rest. I met him in Korea and talked with him every day for eighteen months. We became friends, forming a bond uncommon between men of different races.

Kim Ki Jik was born in a small Korean village just above the thirty-eighth parallel, made famous by the cease-fire agreements in that country. His parents were farm workers and lived in semi-poverty, as most farmers of Korea do. His house was of the thatched type common there and, if anything, just a little more weather beaten than its neighbors. A vivid imagination might compare his birthplace to a back-woods shack on the American frontier two centuries ago.

For thirteen years Kim had been happy in his humdrum existence and would probably have made a pretty good farmer if tragedy had not struck his home. The war started and his house was burned. He and his parents walked nearly a hundred miles to escape. They fled from an enemy they knew nothing about; and, as he said later, they didn't even know why they were running. When they returned home to see what damage had been done, Kim's mother was taken into custody along with several of his aunts. His uncle was killed. Kim and his father escaped to lower Korea, the American army area.

If I had been in a similar situation, it is likely that I would have starved to death, but not Kim and his father. It must be understood that in Korea life is cheap. There are not the strong family bonds we Americans hold so dear. While Kim slept on the street one night, his father deserted him. This left Kim in a situation such as many of his fellowsmen did not survive. For him, the natural thing to do was to go to work, and
The old man trudged down the road. His shoulders were stooped and it seemed that each step would be his last. His feet, enclosed in small, black moccasins, kicked up the heavy, brown dust: it collected on the bottom of his white robe. His eyes were clear and bright in his weather-beaten, wrinkled face.

Here was one proud, not servile. He commanded respect in his village. His sons were strong and had harvested many rice crops before the war. Now he had no idea where they were. For two years he had not seen or heard from them.

This was his country—his home. He thought it beautiful and was proud of its culture. He looked around him at the hills, the hills that had once been crowned with thousands of wild flowers, bedewed, sparkling like diamonds in the sun. They lay bleak now, burned and barren. This was his home. He had buried his mother and father in these hills. He had married, had children, and pulled a good living out of the soil.

A flash of bitterness crossed his mind. Both armies had come to save him. Yet his home was destroyed, his rice fields were ruined, his wife was dead, and both his sons were missing. Where was this Jesus that the people at the mission had taught him to know? Did He know of his plight? Was He watching him? He looked toward the sky.

The traffic on the road became heavier as the old man neared Seoul. The dust now covered him and made his eyes burn. American soldiers, Ai! They were so rude and had so much. As a jeep passed him, a soldier called out, "Hey, Poppa-San, here, catch!" He ducked as the can hurtled toward him. It hit the ground at his feet and burst open; two crackers and a bar of chocolate rolled out onto the dust. He looked up to hear
the Americans laughing and talking as the jeep sped north. He reached down to retrieve the wrapped chocolate bar and then suddenly pulled his hand away. "No," he thought, "I won't be their dogs."

Wearily he made his way to the top of a long curving hill. He stopped, caught his breath, and looked down. Ah, Seoul! Beautiful Seoul! The war has scarred and riddled you; but you remain beautiful, if a little sad. Someday when this is over, your wounds will be healed, the smell of death lifted from your streets, and the scream of shells taken from your skies. He looked toward the sky, and tears cut through the dust and settled in the hundred wrinkles of his face. He cried out, "Oh God, let me live to see my country free!"

So it was that Chung Li Man came to our mission where he found a new peace he had not known for many years. His days there were happy ones, for the last eleven months of his life were spent in helping others. As more and more of his countrymen came to seek his advice and listen to his words about the living Christ, he regained confidence in himself. He lost any bitterness he once might have had. Before he died he called us into his room and thanked us for helping him find peace. None of us I know will ever forget his last words: "My worldly possessions are gone, my wife and children are with their God, but I shall find more happiness in death than many here will find in victory."

Thus lived and died a man. As I turned from his grave high up on the hill and started back toward the mission, the morning fog was lifting. By the time I got to the trail, the sun blazed through the overcast and bathed in warmth "the land of the morning calm."

IF YOU DON'T SPEAK...
Marcia Williams

Can you speak Japanese? Don't feel bad if you can't—I can't either, and I went to Japan. There, acting is better than speaking—like what happened to me. Well, I guess I'd better start at the beginning.

"Ah, sacred "Mount Fuji, beloved by all Japanese!" That was my wife's comment as our plane flew over Japan's tallest mountain. We were enroute to Sukumo, a little town on Shikoku, the smallest of the Japanese islands. I was going there to check its possibilities as a location for shooting some of the scenes for "Dope Peddlers in the Sky," our next studio release.

Helen, my wife, insisted on coming with me to Japan "Where East and West meet in a colorful blending of two cultures." Helen used to write copy for Tourist Nested Travel Tips, a publication of one of the major travel agencies, and now she declares like a travelogue.

Sukumo is a quiet place with plenty of narrow streets, thatched roofs, rice paddies, kimonos, and all the other things needed for real movie atmosphere. Sukumo was considered by the company because it is far from Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama, or any other large modernized city.

"Fasten your safety belts."

When I heard that, I looked down. We were circling a cow pasture that looked about the size of a dime from where I sat. As we went lower, it finally increased to a dollar-bill size, but no more. Seven jolts and two minor bumps later we were in Sukumo.

It didn't take long to find livable quarters. They were nice enough, but obviously not built for a six-foot Westerner. Helen ran through the doorway. "Oh, Elmer, Look! The translucent panels through which one can see the beautiful rice paddies in the distance and the view of the quiet land in the distance and the view of the quiet harbor where the picturesque junkes are moored!"
I, too, saw all this. But— I smelled the picturesque rice paddies that were fertilized in a forth-right picturesque manner, and the beautiful little smell of rotting fish grabbed my nose. One thing, though, we really had it knocked, if the wind was perfectly still. Then we'd have only the delightful 105 degree temperature.

I entered the house, if not as entimistically as Helen, much more thoroughly. The top of my head hit the doorway; I stumbled and my eight fingers, two thumbs, one nose and brief case went through the "beautiful translucent panels." We finally got the bags in and the walls patched, and I decided to go out and look over the town. As usual Helen would accompany me. We travelled the crowded streets amid curious stares and a lot of unintelligible (at least to my ears) whispering.

Fifteen minutes later we went back to the hut—uh, pardonne—house. As I gingerly stepped into the doorway in a sort of Hiawatha crouch, I noticed that the floor was tracked with mud. Well, anyone knows in Japan you take off your shoes before entering a house; so those muddy foot prints just didn't look right to me? Helen squealed through the doorway—I was still in it; that's why she had to squeeze. "Muddy tracks!" she gasped in a dramatic stage whisper.

"Brilliant seduction, featherhead," I cleverly retorted. Sure enough there were bare footmarks leading from the front door to the door of the bedroom. I was busily engaged studying their characteristics (fallen arches, obviously, and a wide gap between the big toe and one next) when I saw Helen on all-fours crawling toward the bedroom with a weapon (my best decanter) in one paw.

"Do something!" she croaked.

"What?" I wittily rejoined.

"Just something!"

The best something I could think of was to investigate who or what was in the bedroom. I marched bravely [well, almost] into the bedroom. Helen screamed and fainted, punching another gaping hole in the wall.

In the bedroom I saw two figures huddled in a polite-looking discussion group over my largest trunk. As I went in, one of them said to the other something like "yokohama sobado, twenty-three skidoo." When the other answered "um gah wa" or something, they both dashed toward the door and me. I dodged, but not in time. They both got to the door at the same time, and the three of us stood there, wedged too tight to move. I could have described them very well, but they weren't tall enough for me to see their faces. Then something gave! I thought it was my spine. The big bold robbers hot-footed it out the front door, and I, staggering from the impact, stumbled and fell—you guessed it—right through the wall, another gaping hole! Helen, having revived in the meantime, started screaming: "Help! Police!"

The friendly neighbors evidently thought the noise a private fracas, and no one ventured near. This, definitely, was not the way to enlist aid. I thought of phoning the police—but no dice. No phone! We set out to find the local gendarmes. After encountering giggles, disgusted looks, and puzzlement from the populace, we finally saw a hut—no more substantial looking than ours—with bars at the windows. This had to be the police station! Inside, several little boys in uniforms were sitting around talking. On closer inspection we saw they weren't really little boys—just little men. I approached the one with the most decorations on his uniform. "Are you the chief of police?"

He turned and grinned at me. "Velly please to meet you, suh. I Nachotimo. I so sully, but no speak English."

Undaunted, I motioned for him to follow please! He smiled again and bowed very low, and just stood there.

Then I got desperate. "Please come! Thieves! Fire!"
Delighted, he grinned even more and motioned to his colleagues to come listen. In desperation, I made my hands into a six-shooter (like kids do) and shot, grabbing my chest. I threw myself on the ground, rolling around in death's agony. Maybe I over-acted, but anyway this performance was greeted with a burst of applause from the cops. Helen grabbed my arm. "Elmer, they just don't get it. Tell them in Japanese."

"Tell them in Japanese? Sure, I can tell them in Japanese, but I'd rather act it out so I'll be sure to ruin my best suit of clothes."

I noticed the opposition (I call them that because they seemed to be opposed to everything but sailing) had a huddle of its own. Nachotimo seemed to be calling the signals. As both huddles broke, Helen acted. Letting a hammerlock on one of the smallest, she propelled him toward the scene of the crime. So down the street we went, Helen and her hostages in the lead, a close second, about ten shouting uniformed men right behind us, and a crowd of the curious townpeople bringing up the rear. When we got to the house the mob crowded as close together as they could. We let only the uniformed ones in, but the others didn't miss much. Yeah, you guessed it—they punched nice little peepholes in the walls. From the level and number of the holes, I estimated there were seventy-seven out there; fifteen, three to four feet tall; fifteen, just over five feet tall; and seven giants. (I think I'd have noticed the giants, and since have concluded that there were just more little ones on other little ones' shoulders.)

We took the policeman to the bedroom, showed them how it had been robbed, and drew a picture of what was missing: my brand new Bell-and-Howell movie camera, with which I was to get as many shots as I could of the town's possibilities for "Dope Peddlers in the Sky." Soon they left. We rested—and waited.

Two weeks without a word from the police! The Thursday noon we were scheduled to leave, we heard a soft call: "American, on, American . . . "

Helen rushed to the door. There was Nachotimo with our camera. Found! Now was a fine time to get it—too late to make pictures.

When we got back to Los Angeles, I had developed the film that had been in the camera during its absence. There it was! Everything! Pictures of the port, the inside of a Japanese boat, the musky little dive, the rough-looking characters—Perfect! I couldn't have got those myself; one of our fine robbers had, accidentally.

By the way, I got a bonus—a big one too—for the shots. With it I plan to make a trip to Africa. Now, I can't speak any of those African dialects, but I'm not worrying. There'll always be someone around who speaks English; and Helen (she'll go) says that she is most anxious to see "the beautiful verdant valleys abundant with multi-colored flora, the vast plains, the dense, humid jungles alive with creatures never seen by human eyes, the primitive natives with . . . . . . . . ."

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Arthur Wailey's THE NINE SONGS
Dianne Michael

For those lovers of the Oriental arts who contend that good things come in small packages, The Nine Songs is a find. This little book's sixty-one pages are packed with nine songs, chiefly intended for poetry lovers and students of comparative religion, and fascinating and informative commentaries. The book may be read as a study of shamanism in ancient China.

M. Eliade's La Chamanisme, published a few years ago, aroused general interest in this subject, but it made no mention of these nine songs. The Chinese material then at Eliade's disposal was decidedly incomplete. However, these poems, which Arthur Wailey translates with comment on what is known of the various deities served by the shamans, the Chinese have recognized as shaman songs since the second century. The Nine Songs are not only of striking beauty as poetry but also of considerable consequence as authority on a form of religion widely spread through out the Far East.
Aubrey Menen's THE RAMAYANA
Bill Spear

The Ramayana as told by Aubrey Menen is a good introduction, both to Aubrey Menen and to the Hindu epic, for those who have not yet read any of Menen's work or become acquainted with the ancient Ramayana.

The Ramayana is one of the two great Hindu epics, the other being the Mahabharata. Both epics, like the Iliad and the Odyssey or the legends of Arthur and Charlemagne, have a basis in actual historical events, perhaps dimly remembered. They have furnished source material for subsequent poets and dramatists and many ornamental friezes in the famous Hindu shrines and temples.

The original Ramayana is a collection of some 24,000 couplets begun about 1000 B.C. and developed to its present form, attributed to Valmiki, a few centuries before the Christian era. Mr. Menen's contribution is a transcription into witty and satirical modern prose. His pen, with perceptive insight, revives the atmosphere and ideals of ancient Hindu life and pictures many old customs with a heroic and charming prince. Menen takes liberties with the Indian epic, but essentially his prose tale is still the story of the wandering adventures of Prince Rama of Ayodhya, who has led the traditional life set by his superiors. But it has brought him ruin. Disinherited, he is accompanied by his wife and sister and brother into exile, where he encounters a variety of people whose knowledge of the world instructs his ignorance. He loses his wife, fights a war, and gains wisdom and determinations.

Here is Rama's story; here is universal truth; here is a commentary on life. On the surface, Aubrey Menen's Ramayana is simply a retelling of an Indian epic; for the reader who looks beneath the surface of a work of art, there is a rather obvious parallel between the ancient Hindu civilization and that of our own today.

In the Ramayana, Mr. Menen has found a vehicle for his particular brand of humor and satire. His new readers will want to see some of his other works: Dead Man in the Silver Market, The Duke of Salindora, The Backward Bride, The Stumbling Stones, and The Prevalence of Witches. It is hoped too that this Ramayana will send some readers to the Everyman Series for the original.

Osamu Dazai's THE SETTING SUN
Jane Good

The Setting Sun, Donald Keene's translation of Osamu Dazai's novel, is a brief, intense depiction of problems provoked by Eastward-creeping western civilization, as a smog of decadence, harshness and bitterness rolls over the land, leaving it black with cynicism.

Osamu Dazai has distilled in three characters a rich range of emotion. A dying mother represents the grace, charm, and gentleness—the unquestioning human spirit of the receding generation. A drug-addicted brother represents the "East" youth, feigning harshness lest he be discovered human. But through his brutality and bitterness flash a sharpened mind and an intellectual searching for truth. A daughter finds herself torn between the two. She clings to the setting sun but is overtaken by smog.

Readers will regret that we are not to have more from his pen. In 1948 Osamu Dazai cut short a promising career with a tragic suicide.

Junichiro Tanizaki's SOME PROPER NERITES
Mary Vass Daughtry

"For Kaname, a Woman had to be either a goddess or a plaything. Possibly, the real reason for his failure with Misako was that she could be neither. Had she not been his wife, he might have been able to look on her as a plaything, and the fact that she was his wife made it impossible for him to find her interesting."

Thus we have the core of Some Proper NERITES by Junichiro Tanizaki, leading contemporary Japanese novelist. The book has been translated most ably by Edward W. Seidensticker, who received a Ford Foundation Grant for what he terms 'experimental work on his translation.'

All through the story run the conflicts of the new and old Japan, the emotional crises of a loveless marriage, the problems involving a Eurasian mistress and a Japanese lover and the scheming father-in-law who feels everything can be solved by drawing the young couple back to the arts, especially the theater.
Donald Keene's JAPANESE LITERATURE
AN INTRODUCTION FOR WESTERN READERS
Robert B. Matheny

Donald Keene, the critic and aesthetician, has provided for the West a concise analysis of Japanese literature. This critical survey of poetry, the theater, and the novel is a compilation of recent research. Japanese Literature: An Introduction for Western Readers furnishes to those interested in the unusual an understanding of the concepts of Japanese literature.

Keene illustrates the types of poetry with selections from The Narrow Road of Oku, the Mirror of the Present, and New Collections of Ancient and Modern Poetry (Shin Kokinshu, 1205 A.D.). For the guidance of readers who wish to go beyond the scope of reading for effect, the mechanism of the poetry is explained in detail following each illustration.

The theater, Keene treats as it exists today: the four major divisions which have attracted the widest attention of the West—the No plays, the puppet theater, the kabuki, and the modern drama.

The novel, which has a longer history in Japan than in any other country, is illustrated chiefly by excerpts from The Tales of Genji. Keene draws comparisons between The Tales of Genji and a la Recherche du Temps Perdu. The Japanese novel, previously written in a symphonic manner, is undergoing a revolutionary change as a result of Western influence.

The closing chapter, on Western influence, deals with current trends and is a study in understanding the literary works evolved.

Japanese Literature: An Introduction for Western Readers is for students and professors alike an interesting book beneficial to comprehending Japanese literature.

Arthur Waley's THE NO PLAYS OF JAPAN
Janice Hale

The No Plays of Japan by Arthur Waley is a book that's as enlightening as it is entertaining. Mr. Waley, who has done many translations from the Japanese, is noted not only for the accuracy of his translations but for the way that he manages to retain the natural beauty of the original works. The No plays are to be read not only for amusement but because of their portrayal of an important part of both ancient and modern Japanese culture.

To further the understanding of the growth, origin, and purpose of the No play, Mr. Waley has prefaced his book with a detailed introduction which contains all that is to be desired to acquaint any reader with this time-honored Japanese art. He has also diagrammed two stage settings, one for the ancient players and one of the modern type used today. The introduction as well as each play has careful foot-notes to aid in the interpretation and explanation of various names and phrases, and also included is a brief note on Buddhism, which plays an important part in the context of the plays.

The actor in the No play must be an artist to do a sensitive and delicate interpretation for the audience. The actor appears without aid of setting and so must by his own words and movements create scenes and actions—of death or fading or rising of a character. Since ghosts and spirits play a leading role in most of the No plays, the actor is usually called upon to do a great deal of disappearing. He is often supported by a chorus or several musicians.

The Chinese character "no" literally means "to be able," signifying talent. The plays themselves are very short, but they are symbolic of ancient legends and of religious beliefs and prophecies. Each group is accompanied by an introductory summary which relates the story that the play is portraying or has its plot based on.

Drama and folklore enthusiasts will find this volume rich in both types of literature.
Lady Murasaki’s TALE OF GENJI
Marybeth Wilson

Anyone who enjoys ancient stories and legends will certainly want to read Tale of Genji by Lady Murasaki Shikibu and translated in easy style from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Murasaki as a child was greatly interested in books and literature, but concealed the fact that she could write a single character because it was very unpopular for a girl to be able to read and write. After the death of her husband she went to court and was in the service of the Empress of Japan. This position provided a background for her novel of the political and social life of the nobility of that age. In a diary she says of herself: "I am very vain, reserved, unsociable, wanting to keep people at a distance ... I am wrapped up in the study of ancient stories, scarcely realizing the existence of other people."

Genji is a long historical romance divided into four parts, telling the life of Genji from his birth to middle age. Genji is the son of the Emperor of Japan by his best-loved mistress. However Genji is not in line to be Emperor, though he is loved by his father more than is the rightful prince.

The novel, finished around 1008, is based largely on the material gathered from the Annals of Japan, a book of histories kept by the Emperor. The Tale gives a picture of the manners and customs of the Japanese nobility, their festivals, superstitions, and religion. It tells of the intrigues of the noblemen in their love affairs and the artifices and schemes of the ladies at court.

Translator Arthur Waley captures admirably the tone of the original in his translation of this fascinating book, one of the oldest novels ever written.

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Arthur Christy’s IMAGES IN JADE
Alice Ling

For those who like to read either classical or modern Chinese poetry, I enthusiastically recommend the book Images in Jade translated by Arthur Christy. The poems range from 700 A.D. to 1927 B.C. including the work of the most famous poets in the T’ang Dynasty. This period is considered the Golden Age of Chinese literature, especially in the field of poetry. In this age, there were Li Po, Tu Fu, Wang Wei, etc. The poems written by Li Po are imaginative, figurative and romantic, more or less like those of Wordsworth. It is due to the fact that Li Po loves nature and its beauty. He is very sensitive, profound, and emotional as well as tender and sympathetic.

As for Tu Fu, who is an equal of Li Po, I can say that his work is more dignified, sometimes with the undertone of sadness. This is because of his background, such as living in the crumbling society in the time of revolution and suffering at the hands of a vacillating fortune.

In general, Arthur Christy has done a very good job in translating these poems. As we know, the Chinese language is hard to interpret, and the form of writing poetry is different from that of other languages. It is very hard to bring out the true beauty and rhythm of the poems. The most peculiar form of the poems written by the poets in the T’ang Dynasty is the limitation of words in each line. They are either poems of seven-word lines or poems of five-word lines.
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