Winter 1958

UA68/6/2 Voices, Vol. III, No. 2

Western Writers

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published by
WESTERN WRITERS
Western Kentucky State College
Bowling Green, Kentucky
The editors feel that two groups of Western Writers in this issue of VOICES deserve special commendation. The freshman and the book reviewers. The contributors' page attests to the activity and merit of the "beginner." The book reviewers had a heyday, for 1958 was a good publishing year. We have not included the "ten Best," but the few we have space for certainly are deserving of merit.

To encourage creative writing on the campus, Western Writers gives annual prizes. These were prize winners for 1957-58:

POETRY . . . John Boyd, "But a Candle's Length"
ESSAY . . . Pam Hurt, "The Typewriter; My Enemy"
SHORT STORY . . . Terry Kelsay, "Neighbors"
MOST VALUABLE MEMBER . . . . . Allene Dooley . .

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Inside Cover Design . . . . . . . Dan Brawner . . . .
All the "Neo-Nash" fillers . . . . . Noel Coppage . . . .
A

Silver
Brilliant,
Radiant tree
Gleamed, beamed
By the silver sea,
As something dreamed,
Though it less resembled
reality. Twas enchantment.
Like elegant jewels assembled,
Upon silvery webbed refinement.
This silvery mass in sunlight shone,
With more radiance than Athena's throne.
I no longer dream,
For the sun's beam
Stole the splendor
Oh, lost splendor.
A MIDSUMMER DREAM  Marjorie Helm

The sun is shining bright today
My heart is full of joy.
The blue birds singing in the trees
Repeat my song of joy.
The pale blue ceiling up above,
The bed of grass below,
The roses blooming round my door,
Make up my joyful song.
A gypsy's life I'll lead today
I'll sail the seven seas;
And hasten home before the dusk
To sleep, my mind at ease.
Now that my happy muse is through
I must take up my life anew.

THE BADLands  Allene Booley

Dry sand
And rocky cliffs
Extend for miles,
Unendingly.
Dry sand
And shrieking winds
Carve up the rocks.
Fantastically.
Dry sand
'Neath moonlit skies--
Terrain illumined
Abstractly.

THE SPY  Gerry Konsler

The very delicate
Creeping, almost without a pace,
Moves near the archway.
Sharp edges, stagger in my place.

"Do not dare to falter."
My mind screams to my heart,
"The chase will yet be long.
And this hold I soon must part."

Dash found my wings of flight:
"I must abandon lest I be caught."
Fleeting swiftly over streets,
My figure then becomes as naught.

Eerie sounds pierced my brain:
"Block the roads, guard the bridges!"
My lungs are pounding now,
One chance left; I'll try the ridges.

"Must rid myself of clothes.
To be lighter for the swim;
They'll be here any moment.
But by that time I'll be in.

The sea, so silent down there--
"Wonder how they knew I'd lied?"
After I jumped; I saw.
They got me anyway--low tide.
AWARENESS

David Polk

Come,

Look,

See,

Birds

Wing

By

Gone!

Gone!  

Gone!

LINES

Robin Goble

There has been a glass of wine
waiting for me--

Ever since the day
I was born--

But only yesterday
I became thirsty enough
To lift it to my lips.

MY GODDESS

Geryy Konsler

From each new morning's aleph
Till dark ascends from her voids,
I hear the notes from every clef,
And glad with its harmony.

Mine to give life or mine to seize
I seek each ray of sun,
And vainly whisper in the breeze
That stirs the forests of dark.

Crisantemo of land or song,
Your beauty knows no bound,
Norlike your sister, rose of long
Can words or weeds take your place.

Nomadically I wander there,
With pagan heart I praise her,
My prayer is Etted through the air
She yields with all glad heart.
PRELUDE TO SPRING

Jim Skaggs

As the tidal waves of winter slowly recede with eventide,
The heavens, in all their shining magnificence
Open wide their gates
And bestow upon the parched earth
The precious gift of life,
The reincarnation of the golden glory of spring
Arrayed in all its splendor;
-----------Gigantic trees adorn their barren branches
with majesty for spring,
-----------Rivers rage with overwhelming fury.
-----------The terrain glows with luminous grandeur,
all in hue,
The creator reigns over the tranquil valley
And gives us promise.

LABORER'S VESPER HYMN

Jim Skaggs

Twilight ascends into the heavens
As they glorify the Creator
With a luminous magnificence—
Divine, majestic, ethereal.
Glancing earthward we behold a weary worker—
Molding clay in the Potter's Hand—
Coming home from a day of toil and labor;
He treads slowly, heavily the path to his abode,
Entering, he smiles upon small faces radiant
with joy.
Sitting before his table
Where the bounty of harvest is spread,
He gives the Maker thanks.
October comes splashing radiant paint on the trees
And carpeting the ground with elegant leaves.
Earth's rug's many colored, her walls harmonize,
And perfect for ceiling are cerulean skies.
Serenly she comes; Earth's door hears no knock,
But it's near October when fodder's in shock.
It's the season filled with dew-studded hills
And golden flowered meadows and slumbering rills.
More lovely it is than poor poet's rhymes.
This is Autumn, this October Time.

In firelight's flame
I see his name
A memory to recall
One quick breath
A moment's flaunt
A sigh, and death.
Inter-coerced
His name I curse—
A memory to recall.
us Molloy by Samuel Beckett, which has been widely acclaimed all over Europe and America. One critic, Glenn Edinger, had this to say about the novel: "The writing of Molloy is hardly believable. Those who find the philosophy pessimistic or the characters distasteful still will find beauty in the writing, the saying that style is meaning is demonstrated beautifully." Another work of Samuel Beckett's brought to us by Grove is the tragic-comedy in two acts called Waiting For Godot. This play ran for over three hundred performances in Paris and has toured France and Germany. Some of Bertold Brecht's plays are also presented to us in the Parables for the Theatre. The plays in this book are The Woman of Setzuan and The Caucasian Chalk Circle. These parables are becoming more familiar to theatregoers in America. They reveal Brecht's remarkable technique, earthiness, and comedy.

"New Directions Paperbacks" frequently introduce foreign writers. They did, for instance, Dylan Thomas's Under Milkwood, a play for voices, and Three Tragedies by Garcia Lorca.

If Grosset and Dunlap in their "Universal Library" gave us nothing but Man and His God by Homer W. Smith, we should be thankful even for that. Albert Einstein in commenting on this book said this: "This is a broadly conceived attempt to portray man's fear-induced animistic and mystic ideas with all their far-flung transformations. Professor Smith is a biologist whose scientific training has disciplined him in a grim objectivity rarely found in the pure historian."

Of all the hard cover publishers that have gone into publishing paperbacks, the Vintage Company has probably done the best work. In the field of history they gave us such books as Eric F. Goldman's Rendezvous with Destiny and de Tocqueville's Democracy in America. In philosophy, they give us a great many books on the "new" existentialism; and in literary criticism they give us The History of Russian literature by Dr. D. S. Mirsky and The History of the French Novel by Martin Tuchman.

Other companies have also given us some important titles. The Beacon Press publishes many in philosophy and political philosophy. In the field of history, by Alfred North Whitehead, who is probably England's most respected modern philosopher, is a good sample of the Beacon publications. The Dorset Company's "everyman" library gives us not only philosophy but titles in every other field. These publications furnish us with essays, short stories, and plays, like the Burton's most regular publications of Charles Dickens' books, which aided in his important works.

Most paperbacks are small, cheap, and of wide margins, good quality paper, complete stories, and stiff paper backs. Many of these have been adopted as college texts or as literature reading. All the publishing companies will back suggestions and consider them seriously, because they want to please their reading public.

As a result of these and other paperback issues, the average person or college student may own and read really good books.
THE ARGUMENT

And that's my story, my life;
In summary, an evaluation of quests;
A seeking of answers to understand questings.
But you are my friend;
Your concern is not of that nature,
Only of social compatibility and agreement.
No, don't go yet,
I have one more statement.
You say what is life without love—
Find love first! Améte!
I say that love is devind, a gift for individuals,
An extra of life, a warm cloak.
I've worn several, but never that Joseph's Cloak.
Goodby, my friend.
Oh God, what an empty sound a closing door
Makes in a closed house.

BEHIND WHOSE EYES

Whose frown is in the mirror there?
So indeterminate and vague—
Hear him as he does ask a million things.

And so turn because
Of what last moment brought to me,
And does my mind dream up those self divisors?
Oh, but to know the morn would find
Me as the one before—
Unchanged in judgment, feelings, and belief.

Where is this life-train bound, O God,
Or is its goal of any mattering?
Why does life exist, a void
Which will remain just so, unless
I fall it, and with what?
"Because You wanted life"—Too simple for the truth.

The conflicts grow inside like fires,
And still the clock cuts through my shift;
Next day, perhaps, these knowing quests
Will answers find—
And happiness will reign,
Or will their hell go back to dust with me?
Ancient Rome was full of grace;
Many a year she held her place—
Grandest empire in the world,
Straight-backed youth, none a churl,
Women proud and men quite bold
Made Rome the Queen in days of old.

Civilization near the first she made
Mothered and guided till it scarce could fade.
Men found in her a hopeful chance
Dreams and ambitions to enhance,
She taught her people love and hate
Fighting to save them from a Fate.

Statesmen bold and aqueducts—
Merely two of her greatest works
Famed roads recall for us still
West united by her will.
She gave Eurasia kings of men
The like of which we never since been.

Ancient Rome, we owe you much,
You who lost, but gained a touch
Close to modern modes of life
Hardly lost before you died.
Hail, Rome of Old, we don't forget!
Rome of Old, be with us yet!

Edward, it is true; we held ourselves sky-bound as eagles
Unleashed of earth, we sought our distance;
Our flights marked a high blue sea and left no sign.
You, remembering how we ran naked before rivers,
And shunted our horses through ivory shelters
To bank the long odds — bed, wife and table —
For thrones and the heavy-booted dream,
Will deny the new order and cry fishmonger.
But those hungers are dead as our youth, Edward.
You too soon forget what came after;
In the bloom and turmoil of the city's evening,
Angered by the rubble of streets, we rose up
Or stirred somehow, deep in the lungs.
Rumor joined rumor and fought, flesh leaning into flesh
To raise the new façade and the new gesture.
Heavy, bloody almost, as innocence perished —
New wine! But doves heavy with butter.
Riot, stolid and comforting,
Was brought out and nudged walking
For the morning feast and the rubbing of hands.

Those who would be blind cannot resign themselves.
You have not seen as I have,
The blind solid sweep, like sullen beeswax
Fuming to garden after the hiver's fire.
And harder it has Discontent?—
Where is it, that womb of hope?
The fears you perceive in the revelry,
The caution in drinking and closeness of talk,
Are not for defeat but for recurrence.
The damnation of time and pattern and the
Rewash of the tide sent out carrying the dead;
These above all we fear now.
And a fear cannot be allayed by feeding it cause.
Why persist? The paths of the hive are ages old,
Well-travelled; you or I cannot divert them, Edward.
We were foolish then, to think we could.
Rage on if you wish—I'll keep my eye on the tinsel.
If my head's down I can't see the real stars.
Give me my fire and my dream of horses,
And I'll be asleep a long time before you.
SESTINA for Jane, on completing her nineteenth year in an age of crisis.

Phil Osgatharp

Under time of invasion, the dark flight
Of heels for a cadence, the wild storm,
Mad century drew toward its splendor
A billionth new singer. Your praises
Were lost, an innocent spiral, and waking
Was soundless, morning perceived as through amber
That stirred, deep with the heart’s amber,
And the days were sheltered from dark flight.

But the young mind meets world and new waking:
You in surprise heard the wild storm
Raging around you, ominous winds, old praises
Of deed, for the times’ violent splendor;

The backdrop for your birth’s quiet splendor
Was killed, assuaging the amber.

The fear, atoms performed for the praises
Of multitudes, who, poised for a dark flight;
Stirred madly new peace for a wild storm,
Eyes closed tight against waking.

And you cried, why must every day’s waking
Be thus darkened by danger? Our splendor
Should witness only the wild storm
Of love, blood’s natural amber,
And only desire should be dark flight,
Making nights rampant with praises.

But somewhere history’s odd praises
Were unheard, or untold, and our waking
Was again to a fear and a dark flight;
The old man’s dream of the splendor
Of sons with their life’s golden amber
Freed from the lash of the wild storm

Was stilled. But born in the wild storm
Was hope in new voices. My dear, our praises
Must touch now the hard, quiet amber
Out of the clash, the sorrows of waking
Build strongly belief in the splendor;
Else we succumb to the dark flight.

Hold proudly the amber; your innocent splendor
Endures any wild storm. And dark flight
Deny always; with waking, we shall become praises.

PRESTIGE VALUE

There was a germ
Who ate a worm.
He did it for his ego’s sake;
He got an awful bellyache.

A SMALL BOY

I see visions of his face nearly every day,
Every night I hear his laughter as he used to play
By the river on the grass
In the garden— but Alas!
These memories are all I have to pass the time away.
I remember how he died— silently and slow
Like the shifting desert sands before a mighty blow.
Like the towering of a mast he remained until at last
He journeyed to the Holy Place where blessed people go.
In my soul still sears the flame!
Do I shed these tears in vain?
Will I ever see again this small boy that I love so?
The most popular ballad of Goethe (1749-1832)

ERLKÖNIG

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir, 
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir; 
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand; 
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht, 
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind; 
In düren Blattern säuselt der Wind."

"Willst, seiner Knabe, du mit mir gehen? 
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön; 
Meine Töchter führen den nachtlichen Reihn 
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort 
Erlkönige Töchter an düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau; 
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reiz deine schöne Gestalt; 
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an; 
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan."

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind, 
Er hält in Armen das schmerzende Kind, 
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühle und Not; 
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

The King of Elves

Blasting wind and sound of a horse at night
See the father holding his child in fright
Clackedy, clackedy on with the race
Hold him warm, slack not your pace.

"My son, my son, why do you hide?"
"Oh, Father, the King of Elves's at our side
With a crown of red and a gown of white."
"My boy, be still; tis the mist of night."

"Come, little boy, and go with me
Many strange games I'll let you see.
And flowers there'll be in bright colored rows,
Where wands are magic and the wind softly blows."

"Father, oh Father, don't you hear?
His deep voice is calling. Oh, keep me near!
"Oh son, be still; I'll keep you safe.
It's only the wind and dry leaves in a race."

In a rangeful voice the form keeps pace.
"Wont you come and live in my place?
My daughter will show you the dances of night.
And rock you and watch you 'til morn's early light.

"Please come with me, your form I like.
So, you're not willing, I'll use my might!"
"Oh Father, my Father, hold me now!
His cold hands are pulling me!"

"I'll keep my vow!"

The poor father shuttered still in the last mile;
He held in his arms the sick, groaning child.
A passing dream of the child in bed;
The clackedy ceased, for the child was dead.
The katydids were beginning to sing as Mary Lou and Wardrup stumbled happily ahead among the crawfish holes along the little creek that wound its way around the tiny cottage showing white beneath the trees on the hill beyond. Wardrup's red hair and freckles almost sparkled now as he picked up a cricket for his seven-year-old sister to examine. "Look," he said, "I'll put it in the box with the others." Though he was two years her senior, there was little difference in their stature. Pig-tailed Mary Lou took the tiny kicker in her hands and pressed it tight against her chest in her sweaty clasped palms; plainly she claimed it for her own. Wardrup instantly objected. Jerking her off her feet, he pulled her along by one pigtail before letting her drop face first in the greenish soggy mud of the creek bank.

Spry Mary Lou was up with a bound. She managed to rub enough mud from her mouth to deliver an anguished howl. She ran for the house with all her might. A mild looking woman came out on the porch and opened the door quickly. With a lunge Mary Lou buried her face in her mother's lap sobbing out her story. Mrs. Karr said, "Don't worry, Honey; I'll tell Daddy on him when he comes in." Her gentle tone comforted the child. Mother would tell Daddy; Mary Lou was satisfied.

Wardrup, from his screen of horseweeds, watched the scene on the porch. The boy could see his mother dry Mary Lou's tears. He was not sorry he had done it. After all, it was his cricket. She had no right to steal it from him. Hearing a rattle from down the road, he ran to see what it was. His father was bringing the buggy up to a jolting halt just in front of the stable. He had been in town to get some plow points. Shyly the boy said, "Dad, did you bring us any candy?" Mr. Karr shook his head and snarled as he moved about putting up his gear.

Wardrup sighed a little in disappointment and started slowly on for the house. His big old cat was right on his heels. Tom had always come to meet the boy when he came near the corn crib. But now Wardrup pushed him away with a gentle shove with his foot. He thrust out his arm and swung the yard gate wide on its hinges. He let it slam shut with a clang of the weights holding it, and he clumped up the steps into the kitchen. Though approached by his mother, the boy avoided talking. Lovingly Mrs. Karr knelt beside him and asked him if he was hungry. Her plea was in vain. He only returned a dismal grumble as suddenly the door opened and Mr. Karr banged into the room. "Well, have ye got any supper?" he demanded. Startled, Mrs. Karr left the boy and bustled to the stove.

Released and relieved, Wardrup escaped to the hall beyond the sound of his sister's whimpering. She was such a baby, he thought. Finally he sat down and stretched out on the stairs leaned on his elbows to daydream. This was --- All of a sudden there was a half rumbled, half shouted: "Wardrup! Wardrup!" Terror filled the boy's eyes. He jumped to his feet looking for a means of retreat. He was too late. Without a word, his father took him by the hand and led him to the cellar. Taking the old shaving strap down from its peg, he ordered Wardrup to lower his pants.

It was a cool day in November, and there was a chill that went up the boy's spine now, a sharp draft rushing about his body. His legs began now to warm up though as the licks came. At first they were slow and steady; then they began to increase both in number and in force. After what seemed an hour, his father hung up the strap and lumbered up the steps. Wardrup was left to lie a
red and white heap at the bottom of the stairs. After Mr. Karr was gone, Wardrup stood up. Tears ran down his cheeks. Hiccupping steadily, he pulled his pants up over the stinging welts. He went right up to bed. But he lay awake and ran the events of the day through his mind for a long time. He was unable to sleep for the pain of his whipping.

The boy didn't know what to figure. This was the third whipping he had had this week. It seemed so unreasonable. The other day he only emptied his mother's dishwater and filled the pan with hot boiling water. How was he to know she would burn her hands? Yesterday he was whipped for no reason at all, he thought. He wasn't to blame because his sister had taken hold of a red hot poker at his suggestion. Finally, with these things buzzing through his mind, he fell asleep.

Meanwhile, downstairs Walter Karr and Ruth were trying to relax after the day's hard work. They sat by the scant fire in the parlor where the flickering flame shadowed their youthful but worn faces. In silence they pondered their problem. Walter studied the gaunt face of his father in the picture above the mantel, remembering the large farm family and the stern discipline. "I'm worried," he said at length, "about Wardrup. I've tried my best to raise him right, but somewhere along the line I've failed. Mama and Papa used to stripe me up one side and down the other for the things I used to do. I think I came out all right ... but it seems the more I whip the boy, the worse he gets. I know he hates me. I can tell the way he looks at me. But the thing that puzzles me is the fact that he doesn't respect me or fear my punishment at all." The crackling coals in the fireplace spoke into the silence. Ruth Karr hesitated long for an answer. "I am worried about him. But I'm thinking of Mary Lou too. Wardrup is so cruel. You remember last week he pulled the eyes out of Mrs. Jones's cat with a fishing hook. ... and today, when he hurt Mary Lou, I almost went to pieces." Again the two wrinkled faces stared into the fire. This time it was Mr. Karr who spoke. "Oh well, Ruth, boys will be boys. You'd better keep a sharp eye on him though. If he does anything like that again, I'll really straighten him out. I'll give him a strapping he'll never forget. ... Now I think I'll go to bed. I've got to get up and get ready to plow the north forty in the morning."

"O.K., Honey, I'll be up after while. I've got to finish the dishes."

Mr. Karr stumbled up the steps and made his way to the bedroom next to Wardrup's. His sleeping son hadn't heard the conversation downstairs, but he awoke as his father crept into his bed. Wardrup's tears were dry now, but he had a pang in his stomach. He got up quietly and went downstairs to the pantry. Pulling out a bit of meat and a butcher knife that looked like a huge pirate's sword and cut himself a slice of cold mutton for a sandwich. He took a big bite and started up the steps.

Mrs. Karr was hanging her dishpan on its hook. A startling thump on the floor above her head arrested her hand. She dropped the pan and rushed up the steps to their room. Her mouth fell open with horror as she saw her son rolling about on the floor, a bloody head with the big knife in his hand and munching his sandwich all the time. On the bed a body kicked and squirmed like a freshly wrung chicken, throwing a steady spurt of blood about the room.

**THE GOURMET**

every meal, when the table is set, all I have is coffee and a cigaret. I may starve but I won't get fed.
moving, forever fixed on you. Waiting.

Your leg is starting to get numb, now. Good!
Maybe it will stop throbbing. You can't see it
and you're glad. All you can see is the streak of
grease, which the casing left on your trouser leg.
You try to stop thinking about the leg and the
snake. You've got so much to think about, so much
to remember.

You remember the war, and Berlin. Then you'd
moved from Berlin, and you were on the front.
Your best buddy got shot the first time he moved.
You remember how sick you got. The retreat
back through knee-deep snow for three days. Wet
socks.
The worst thing about the war was wet socks.
You remember the farmhouse where you and Benny went
to get the German Colonel. Benny in the front,
you in the back door. You remember the beautiful
girl who pointed a luger at Benny and told him he
couldn't take her man. You behind her, silent. Beautiful,
beautiful. None of your ordinary frauleins. The knife...
Use the knife...

The snake is still not moving. His tiny
eyes are on you as if drawn by a magnet. Watch-
ing, ever watching. The cigarette has gone out.
Carefully you light another. The heady eyes are
still.

After the war came the job as a tool-dresser,
and in a year you had made driller. Then you
bought the farm, sixty-three acres in Southern
Illinois. Farming for three years. Farming out
the ears. Not enough level land, you tried. All
that time there were people drilling for oil.
Happy people. Doing what they wanted to do. You
started saving. You saved every possible penny.
You and your wife would have been white trash a
little farther South. Finally your first rig.
No oil in this part of the country, they said.
But you showed them. Four dry holes, then a big
gusher. Not big, really, but big for Southern
Illinois. More drilling and more wells, until
seventeen. You had drilled every single one.
You had planted every charge, and your calloused hands had pushed the detonator that sent black gold shooting skyward seventeen times.

The snake is getting restless. The head is swaying back and forth, but those eyes never leave you. The cigarette burns into your lips and you drop it quietly at your side. The snake moves very slowly, into a coil. Then it is still.

Your wife said a million times, "Why don't you get someone else to do the drilling, dear?" She simply did not understand. Oil wells, rigs---it was your life. You remember firing your son-in-law when you caught him drunk on the job. What a rage he got himself into. He acted as if it were your fault. The next you knew of him was that he had killed himself and ended his car. Your daughter—who did she blame? Did she blame Elgin Hamilton? Damn right she did. She left too, but she must be still alive or you would surely have heard...

You are aware of a tightness in your leg and you can see that it has swollen to a great gloated balloon. Without thinking, you reach into your pocket and get your knife. You open it and slowly split the trouser leg up the side. The leg starts throbbing and you don't look at it. The snake moves a little. Restless. Probably has a mate waiting for him that he has to get back to. Hell you've got a mate waiting for you too, haven't you? What difference to a snake, thought? I don't care. Can't think, instinctive behavior. All he knows is to strike everything that gets in his way. Somebody said that before. Your daughter after her husband died. She said it about you.

Ironic, isn't it? Oh, yes, very. And funny too. Everything's funny. Hahahah. You and that snake---you have things in common. He shouldn't be that way. He should be friends with you. He should shake hands. That's funny---a snake shaking hands. Everything's funny. Come on, snake,

let's be pals. (This cannot be happening. Not a snake killing Elgin Hamilton. For one thing, it's too ridiculous.) Let me pat your head, pal. You are lucky, pal. No legs to get smashed. Damn lucky.

You watch the snake's head gliding slowly backward, slow, slow. His eyes never leave you. He pauses for a split second and then you see his head thrusting toward you. His fangs catch the gleam of the sun.

"Come on, snake, let's---"

THE MOLE

When a mole crawls in his hole, it can be tole by using a pole, if he is the sole mole in the hole.

TRZASCHLGBXJWJOWDQUMFKYN

Allene Dooley

Thoroughly annoyed by hearing pseudo-intellectual television emcees exalt the twenty-eight-letter-word "antidisestablishmentarianism" to the skies as the longest word in the English language, I decided to find some words containing at least twenty-nine letters. My first attempt, reading the dictionary, proved to be such an arduous task that it was soon abandoned. My brain, under the pressure of finding another solution to this problem, finally remembered that chemical names are usually quite long and cumbersome; so I visited a friend of mine who is a chemist and told him of my plight. Thinking a minute, he pulled a book off the shelf and handed it to me.
As my eyes scanned the index, starting at the end and proceeding towards the beginning, they fell upon the name "tetramethylidraminohexenone," a word containing thirty letters. Oddly enough, this chemical is commonly called "Nichler's Ketone." Another even longer word is the scientific name for vanillin, "metamethoxyparahydroxybenzaldehyde," usually abbreviated to m-methoxy-p-hydroxybenzaldehyde. And, for some reason, "orthometaphenylaldehydibrompropionic acid" is usually abbreviated to "o-metaphenyl-a-b-dibrompropionic acid." Trying to pronounce these unpronounceable words was worse than the circumstances leading to my search, so I returned the book with the conviction that there must be some easier way to find a word longer than "antidisestablishmentarianism."

A few days later this article appeared in the newspaper:

"Mrs. Jack H. Long of Honolulu says her middle name is KealamaIihiikealaikuika-
ikealaleaialakaikiakahihi."

Here is the answer to my problem: Now all I need to do is to learn to spell this word both forwards and backwards, who knows, maybe I can even qualify to join the ranks of television emcees.

THE TOAD

Noel Coppage

just down the road
there lives a toad
his skin is rough
his legs are bowed
all day he lies
and just eats flies
and dont believe
until he's showed.

THE COUNTRY STORE

Derrell Thurman

The country store of earlier days was a place where many activities were carried on. First it was a place for people to do the trading for family needs, but it was also a place for them to meet and talk over things that were happening in the community.

Because of the lack of good roads and adequate communication in the community, a crossroads store was considered by everyone an important meeting place.

This establishment was a great help to people who did not have money to buy things; it let them trade products from the farm for articles that the farmers wanted from the store. People could always get things from the store without money. The country merchant, knowing that the farmers had a slow way of making money, was frequently so generous that he disregarded his own interest in supplying the needs of those who could not pay.

The store also often furnished people with services such as letter writing that some of them could not do for themselves. Since it was about the only place that had a safe, it was many times a place to keep valuable papers. Sometimes too it was almost a lending library. The reading material found around the store usually included a Bible, some histories of different countries, old newspapers and magazines. These books gave many people a source of knowledge. The newspapers and magazines did not come as often as they do today.

It was not just his books that made people look up to the keeper of the country store; he was considered an important man in the community because of this knowledge of so many things. He advised people in time of trouble. He served as
foreman of grand jury, as doctor, and as a leader in church and school affairs.

There have been many changes in farm areas brought about by the development of more modern means of travel. People of earlier days had to supply their needs from the country store. Now a rural merchant does not get so much business as people go to the city to do much of their trading.

The way of getting the products to the stores has also changed. The old way of getting them was by wagon or steamboat. This slow transportation made it impossible for the storekeeper to bring large amounts into his stock. With today's good roads, numerous products in various quantities are hauled to the store by trucks.

The way the products are packed for shipment to the store has changed too. The early country store had some products shipped in large quantities. These were things like sugar, coffee, and crackers. The sugar came in hundred-pound bags, the crackers in barrels, and the coffee in large sacks. The coffee was not ground. This made it necessary for every family to own a coffee grinder. The grocer of today receives these things in various sized containers to meet the need of families of various sizes.

The country store now can keep a much wider variety of perishable food than the old one was able to because of the invention of modern storage methods and refrigeration. In a store today people can buy any kind of fruit or vegetable that they may want.

The back of a country store was used as a polling place, where the voters gathered to select a supervisor, a town clerk, a justice of the peace, and other important officers. The back of a modern store is used as a meat counter or as a supply room for its surplus of groceries.

This old "Jack-of-all" may be described as a place of interest in the community or as a place to obtain news, information, and service for the farm families. The country store today is different in the way people stay around it. Today people go in and get what they want without hearing talk as they did in the good old days. Perhaps the lack of good talk is the chief loss in the changing atmosphere of the country store.

CIVILIZATION

The word "Civilization" can be said to have two meanings: a static meaning and a dynamic one. From the static point of view it expresses a state defined at a given moment, such as the Greek civilization at the time of Pericles. From the dynamic it signifies the development and history of the various factors which have led to this particular state, and which will continue their evolution within it and on from it.

From the static definition, one may conceive civilization merely as an inventory of all the modifications brought about in the moral, esthetic, and material conditions of the normal life of man in a given society by the brain alone.

From the dynamic definition, civilization must be conceived as the global outcome of the conflict between the memory of man's anterior evolution which persists in him and the moral and spiritual ideas which tend to make him forget it. In other words, it is, or should be, the result of the struggle between what remains of the animal in us and the new aspirations which truly constitute our human personality. Civilization so conceived is process -- development in progress -- rather than product -- an arrestment of or summation of process.
Thus, through ephemeral civilizations (static), dynamic civilization has pursued its ascendant march, progressively enriched and refined. To purify itself further it will have to struggle against certain material forms of progress which will apparently threaten it from time to time with annihilation. These threatening deterrents, these fluctuations, however, are normal and natural, and probably necessary for the development of noble, high, and pure ideals which can only mature through strife. Without combat, evolution would stop, such cessation indicating that an equilibrium had been reached, for then man would no longer have the call to perfect himself. Such a state of affairs is unlikely if not indeed impossible.

At this moment in our civilization, our stage of evolution, the struggle for morality and spirituality has replaced the mere struggle for life, and atomic power may well force upon us either morality or extinction. It is possible that physical evolution has given place to spiritual evolution.

In order to visualize the evolution of spirit, we should view the history of humanity from on high and consider very long periods. Such perspective is difficult for, unfortunately, we are generally dominated by the events in which we take part, and their proximity, the fact that we are actors in the drama, warps our perspective and prevents our embracing the phenomena as a whole, giving to each event its relative value within the totality.

A dynamic definition of civilization is not concerned with, it does not mention material progress. It seeks instead the real sources, the profound motives, which have led humanity to this point in its history and should lead it beyond, into the very distant future. Whereas material progress and mechanical improvements are the consequences, the effects of intellectual activity, not the causes of progress.

True human progress, that which can be linked to evolution and which impels and prolongs it, can only consist in perfecting and ameliorating man and himself, not in the improvement of the tools he employs nor in the increase in his physical well-being, since man can aspire to joys higher than those of his animal ancestors. The animal demands only the satisfaction of his physiological appetites, except in certain rare cases (that of the dog) when his devotion to man raises him sentimentally to the level of his master. But man, with the advent of conscience, is forced to take into account the value of his acts. Man is concerned with value, not mere satisfaction. He must choose. He can choose, and immediately judges those who do not choose as he does. His choices, as a man and not an animal, are based on a judgment of value, on spiritual satisfaction, not mere physical satisfaction.

So, we start rationally, from a critical study of evolution, to admit the criterion of liberty. This leads to the idea of a higher liberty, the freedom of choice, implying conscience and a sense of human dignity. The motive of evolution appears then to be the need to choose and the impelling source seems the act of choosing. The idea of God emerges progressively, as an absolute necessity from the logical correlation of these facts. The scriptures, on the contrary, infer moral rules from the postulated existence of a personal God. It is interesting to note that these two diametrically opposed methods converge and meet in the center. We are not faced with deciding which came first, the chicken or the egg. We begin to understand that in the progress of development the "chicken" chose the egg in order itself to appear. It is important to note that the introduction of the concept of evolution, unknown at the time the Bible was written, affects the final result very minimally.
Those men — and they are legion — who have never heard the voice of conscience nor experienced the pride derived from a profound sense of human dignity, are like all stabilized animal forms, witnesses to an evolution which continues without them. They are the regressive and stagnant forms found throughout history, around which evolution continues its growth by by-passing them in its forward progress. Development in them has stopped, and in a sense they are on the way to fossilization.

Just as innumerable trials were required to give man his definitive physical shape, so civilization will of necessity grope to arrive at its still far-distant end — the advent of a superior conscience. This last period of evolution may be very long indeed, for it is probable that human societies will throw themselves into ventures which will retard real progress, since from now on man will have to struggle against man; man will have to strive against himself; the conflict will be within, the spirit attempting to vanquish the body. Those who are ready to wage this fight are rare, as rare as the mutant forms at the beginning of any transformation.

It should be understood that references to mastering of the flesh, of dominating the animal instincts, do not imply that the normal satisfaction of these instincts is forbidden or bad. What is bad is allowing oneself to be dominated by them, as this constitutes a limitation of freedom. Man must liberate himself from a bondage which is normal for animals. The goal of man depends upon a complete mastery over the flesh and cannot tolerate slavery in any form. If these animal instincts are mastered, they are no longer to be feared. To love, to eat, to drink, and to amuse oneself are not acts which are reprehensible in themselves, as long as they are practiced with moderation — and the word moderation implies a moderator, which is the conscience, the sense of human dignity. Excess indicates the victory of bestiality.

This moderation, this victory over mere appetites, this morality, far from stripping life of its pleasures, enriches it by the added satisfaction to be derived from the human being's behaving as a true man and escaping the servitude of the appetites and instincts. This achieved morality should bring to man inexhaustible sources of joy, pleasures which are deeper and more durable than the others because they are independent of his physiological aptitudes and of his state of health, the body and spirit forming an harmonious hole. Conscious of his need to achieve this state and aware of his ability to choose his way toward it, man becomes the main instrument of motivation in his own evolution.

So man must place his goal as high as possible, out of reach, if necessary. The ultimate end is beyond our grasp. What counts is not so much local and momentary success as continuity of effort and remembering that the light is within us.

THE ADVICE KICK

doc say dont smoke I stop smoking
pyschiatrist tell me cut out joking
preacher tell me not to drink
preacher, he say, "stop and think"
optimist tell me note to worry
traffic cop tell me not to hurry
optometrist say dont read, wear specs
well-bred man say dont talk sex
all I want to know is this; can you
think of a bloody thing I can do?
Roger Vailland
THE LAW

Book Review
Olga Kimmel Dorris

THE LAW is the novel for which Roger Vailland won the Prix Goncourt in 1957. It is a story of people born in our century, and yet it seems impossible to think of them as being of our times. Rather, they appear ageless and unhindered by civilization as we know it. When World War II and Lollobrigida, and foreign cars are mentioned, they do not seem congruent with the story.

In THE LAW, the people of southern Italy in the little town of Porto Manacore live by a code as old as man himself---it is the law, and no one escapes it there. The law of this country is typified by the favorite card game of this people in which the winner of a hand imposes his will upon the others, who submit to the degradation of his ruthless banter. In this way, these people live, each determined to carry out his will upon others before being overpowered himself.

Don Cesare lived the better part of his life in the twentieth century, and yet he lived like a feudal lord. He had within his grasp every girl and woman upon his estates. It was his right, an inherited right, and no one questioned it.

Matteo Brigante did not inherit his right to lay down the law; he earned it. There was very little in Porto Manacore that he did not control, whether it was legal or illegal. He was delighted to relate his escapades in public, and in turn, he was admired for his power.

But the peasant girl, Marietta, who was practically a law unto herself, would not submit to the law of Brigante. One always had the fear of finding someone stronger than one's self.

THE LAW is a cynical novel, and it does not tell a pretty tale, but it is honest. The plot is

Vladimir Nabokov
LOLITA

Book Review
Barbara Bennett

Cornell University professor Vladimir Nabokov has said of his best-selling novel "...LOLITA has no moral in tow." This is soon apparent to the reader.

LOLITA deals with a man who is possessed with a desire for young girls between the ages of eleven and fourteen. Humbert Humbert, the main character, appears to be a handsome, well-liked man. His lust at first is for all girl children who are exceptionally attractive and who show sign of well-formed figures. Later in his life, his desire centers on one such girl, whom he chooses to call Lolita. The ruthless means he uses to achieve her love are unbelievable. Indeed, she herself seems abnormal to some degree.

This book is most original. It is a strong and disturbing novel. LOLITA makes one wonder if all our adolescents are as "mixed-up" as the girls in this story.

One cannot help feeling pity for Humbert and at the same time feeling disgust for him and for all those like him. LOLITA is a fascinating book---one that the reader cannot lay down until it is finished. Nabokov is a dynamic writer and knows how to hold his reader's interest. Critics are calling this book a "work of art." Those who are looking for a moral, however, should not attempt LOLITA.
Archibald MacLeish

J. B.

Book Review

Walter Langsford

J. B. (called a verse play) gives a new insight into an age-old problem in the mystery of life. The Bible’s Book of Job, on which Mr. MacLeish bases his play, has been familiar to man for thousands of years. In the play, God and Satan are broken down actors who have degenerated to selling pop corn and balloons at a circus. The human questioning sufferer, Job, is represented by J. B., a wealthy industrialist with a happy family. He loses and regains all, learning in the process that God is justified though His love is a few gift. But the question still remains: "If God is God, He is not good. If God is good, He is not God. Take the even, take the odd."

Boris Pasternak

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

Book Review

Walter Langsford

Out of Russia comes the most controversial work translated into the English language in this century. DR. ZHIVAGO, first publish in Italy is the depressing story of the Doctor's trip through a generation of strife in contemporary Russia, ending with him as a broken man dying of a heart attack in the street.

Orville Prescott in the New York Times says Pasternak has "dared to write an old-fashioned Russian novel deploring the corruption of communism and calling for a return to Christian ethics."

Had Boris Pasternak accepted the Nobel Prize awarded him, he would have been exiled. The novel has not yet been translated into the Russian.

Reginald L. Cook

THE DIMENSIONS OF ROBERT FROST

Book Review

David Polk

Poetry lovers, more specifically Frostites, will better understand the race of geniuses they admire after reading this investigation by one of Frost's closest friends and confidants. "Most of the materials recorded in this book have been nicked up directly from the poet, by listening thirty years," says Cook, and he records in a very personal way through analyzing and evaluating at the same time. This study of our new Library of Congress Consultant for Poetry runs from his curious conversations to the process of his composition to his lovable humanness. Of course, without a real understanding of a poet's personal experience and the influence of his times and locality, we can never fully appreciate his "message." Here we may find this understanding of perhaps our greatest living poet, and very definitely gain a better insight into the meaning of poets' lives.

Jesse Stuart

FLOWSHARE IN HEAVEN

Book Review

David Polk

Here are twenty-one short stories, possibly set in your own county, about people you might know. Jesse Stuart speaks their language, perhaps it should be called his language, in sometimes hilarious, sometimes pathetic tales, that give voice to Kentucky's eastern hills and their traditions. You will, perhaps, find a new pride as he brings out in authentic characterizations and simple themes the richness in our people, the unchanging farmers living from spring to spring, and their land. You'll find it light, interesting, Kentuckian.
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