Spring 1959

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Western Writers

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Voices
Vol. IV, No. 1
Spring, 1959
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Some are near the fields of mint,
Others in the wayward throne.
Some are crying by the rood,
And others waxing by the crude
Shadowed, broken candle of the city's sheet.

Some are gathered 'round the lair,
Others in the happy chase.
Some are worshipping the Beast,
And others eating the very least
Lowest trunk of flesh from the bittersweet night.

Some are strewn about the fire,
Others in the spinning pool,
Some are drifting by the King,
And others laughing boldly sing,
Shout strains of joy for the innocent grass.
WHAT DO YOU DO?

David L. Berg

The horn seemed big as the sun at noon, facing him as it was; and the sound it made jabbed at his brain, distracting him from the object of his immediate study. As he watched the flat, stupid face of the jiggling woman on the stage, his sweater became rough and uncomfortable, and the laughter of his companions grated harshly, on his ears. He was bored with what seemed to them the ultimate in an evening's entertainment (bored with the cheap, gaudy strip-show, the crude, boorish jokes, and with the pseudo-intellectual, ivy-league "big-man-on-the-campus" atmosphere of the place).

Now the stripper was finishing her act, and the four-piece band was doing its best to keep the proper mood. The boys were drunk. Three beers, and they started shouting and slapping backs. They stood up whistling and applauding. It was more than he could bear.

He walked back to the dorm alone.

"Where did you go last night, Rog? Man, when she finished that dance, I thought we were all going nuts! You should have stuck around, Man. You should have stayed!"

"I guess you saw plenty of that in the Marines. Huh? You know how to talk to those people, Man. If you'd stayed, I bet we could have really made out."

"Go to sleep," he said. "You'll need it for that quiz tomorrow."

"Who sweets a quiz?" "Man, I can pass that with my eyes closed."

Across the river Styx, in the purgatory of his own thought, he wondered, "What am I doing here? What the hell am I doing here?"

Twenty-two years old and studying "Health and Sanitation": "Take a bath three times a week, children." "Germs cause disease." "Study the reproductive system." (Listen to the smutty giggles behind the open books!) Tell me about the birds and the bees.

Listen to the orientation lecturer telling us all about how hard it is to be away from "Mommie" for the first time—how difficult it will be now that we are on our own—adjusting to living with other people.

Consult the Exercise Manual: "What did the author say were the three causes?" . . . paragraph 697 . . . Winnie the Pooh licked all the honey out of the jar. THROW THE-BALL-JANE. SPOT-BARKS.- - ARF - - ARF! (Paragraph double zero!)

Worst of all, somewhere along the line the will to learn had been lost. He would have laughed if he had not been right in the middle of it. Oh there were a few who tried, but most of them were like Kipling's muskrat, scurrying around the room in the dark corners and shadows, afraid to come out in the center of the floor. Someone somewhere had told them a long time ago: "Man, if you study, you are a square. Don't stand up, Man; be one of the crowd."

So here they were, a vague blur of humanity, with stereo-typed grins and the same insipid "I imagine" to anyone had to say.

What are you supposed to do? Drop out? Recruit and drag your wife about from dingy housing project to dirty trailer-camp? Try living on a thousand dollars a year. Do you transfer and hope things will be better? Do you take the easy way? "Lie down, Man; lie down in the mud. Be one of the herd, Man. It's easy; all you have to do is stop thinking." Do you hang like a moth in a web, kicking out feebly at everyone who goes by—accomplishing nothing?

Do you stand up and say, "To hell with you and your phony do's and don'ts? I'm going to do what I know is right, because that is the only way I can be a man."

Where do you turn? What is the answer?

What do you do?

FOR "PAPA"

David L. Berg

"The time has come," the walrus said, . . . and that was what he looked like—a great, hulking, old walrus. They called him "Papa." He was a true walrus with whiskers and a great wonder head protruding from his bull neck. . . . He sat on his rocks by the sea and thought. He wrote books too.

"It is all one," the old one thought. "To drink is good. It is true. . . . to hunt the steaming jangles, for the great, wonder-horned dusky kudu. That is truly good. . . . To fish the unknown depths. To fight the great silver marlin. That is as it should be. . . . But to be a man—to fight for man's ideals. To know that mankind is all one, and that when some injustice hurts any man, it hurts you. To know that mankind is worth helping. To live with people, all kinds of people, and know them. That is the moment of truth."
THE ROSE AND THE JONQUIL

Myrtie Abbott

One beautiful spring morning I walked out into the flower garden to admire all the flowers that were in bloom. It was early spring and not many had yet opened. The sun, now coming up, studded the garden with diamonds. The birds were singing enthusiastically. All at once I was startled by wee voices, almost human! Quickly I looked about. Over in the corner of the garden, I saw a rose and a jonquil. This was an extremely early rose I thought. The two flowers were talking. I leaned to hear their conversation.

“What makes you so sad?” asked the rose.

“Well,” said the jonquil, “When I think of your radiant beauty and then look in the pool of my own pale yellow face, it does make me a bit sad.” Confessing, the pensive jonquil shook her dew-drenched head.

“You never take stock of your own beauty,” began the rose with a little disgust. “You just look at the beauty that everybody else attains! Excuse me, I mean every flower else. You’re very beautiful. Certainly your yellow head against the green carpet of earth is more lovely than I! And you’re not scared of the cold. You appear so very early that those human beings really do appreciate you! Your petals are strong and do not go with each gust of the wind! In many ways you excel me. Why, everytime I think of myself, the way I blend with the earth’s rug, I laugh, because red and green are Christmas colors! Gracious, here comes a human being! Wo don’t want people to know that flowers complain!”

The jonquil, dancing with the breeze, now felt a little better. She said to the rose, “If I lean to sleep a bit on the breeze, I shall use white clover for a pillow—to make myself more lovely!” But the wind had suddenly stiffened, and the jonquil turned to find she was talking to herself. The gust had taken every petal off the rose. The jonquil in sorrow wept dew drops, but she was no longer sorry to be a jonquil.

JOEY

Lena Priestley

Nose smudge on window pane,
Fingerprints on coffee table,
Scattered toys;
Rumpled hair,
Red nose and rosy cheeks,
Strained-carrot framed smile;
Knee-patched coveralls,
Scuffed and outgrown shoes;
Unsteady legs
And two outstretched arms
Reaching for me.

THE JONQUIL AND THE ROSE

Susan Flood

Well, my child, you have heard the story of the rose and the jonquil and now will tell you one.

Once upon a time (and I must excuse myself to those who no longer believe that such a time existed) there was a young man walking in a garden. He, too, saw a rose and a jonquil and overheard their conversation, for roses and jonquils throughout time have pondered the same question. And being a very wise young man, he plucked the lovely rose just before a gust of spring wind threatened to destroy it. And he hid the delicate blossom close to his heart. When the wind passed, he took it and laid it at the feet of a princess (and I’m told they’re really not extinct but only hiding from those who scoff at them. And he said to her, “Laughter is a jonquil, sturdy and bright, born of sunlight and warm wind to dispel winter’s tears. And jonquils fade. But love is a rose, pale and sweet. Love needs the warmth of two hearts, and its light scatters darkness. And some day the world will see that a rose is timeless.”

That is the story. I leave the ending to you. But I’ll tell you this, my child. I would rather have one perfect rose than a whole field of jonquils bowing down like blades of wheat, ripe in the sun. And I know, because I was that princess.

I only pose as a dreamer
So they won’t disturb my sleep.
THE WOODCHUCK WHO WANTED TO CHANGE

Noel Coppage

Once there lived a woodchuck in the North Woods of Maine. This woodchuck was not happy being a woodchuck. True, he did not know what he wanted to be, but he was sure he wanted to be some animal other than a woodchuck. He spoke of this to his wife. "I'm getting tried of being a woodchuck," he said. "Woodchucks are too fat, too sloppy, too greasy, etc."

"Etc?" said his wife. "Now listen to me, Ferdinand. The good Mother Nature made us woodchucks, and there's nothing you can do about it. I'm not sure it's not a sin just to want to."

"An animal cannot escape some sins," said the woodchuck. "Just look at me. I'm fat, ugly, lazy—not dangerous to any but the most weakly animals. Now, if I had the proper physique for it, I'd become a weasel or a marten... an otter would be nice..."

"What?" cried the wife, "a beast of prey! See here, you bleary-eyed dreamer, 'I'll not have you embarrassing my friends at the Ladies' Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Humans with your silly ideas. You stop fooling around this minute, and get out and find us something to eat, or I shall give you severe bruises about the head and shoulders (with lacerations about the face and neck, yet)."

"Yes, Dear," said the woodchuck. But he was determined. Instead of going to look for food, he went out and bought a book on dieting, so he could attain the physique of the animals he admired, and another book on animals, so he would know what animal he had become.

Then came a period of great fasting. The woodchuck crawled into a hole where his wife could not find him and soon, with luck, he became little more than skin and bones. He practiced until he had acquired the easy, slinking gait of the beasts of prey, these sleek, shrewd, sly ones he envied. Then he emerged and fell flat on his face from malnutrition.

But he was determined. "All right," he said. "I cannot be one of the slender animals. But at least I can be something that is less fat and less sloppy than a woodchuck. Less etc too, for that matter." And he began to eat very vigorously to regain his strength. As he ate, he looked at the book on animals every once in a while to see what he was becoming.

One day, when his wife had long forgotten him—had in fact even ceased to make out a list of things for him to do every morning, the former woodchuck appeared in the doorway of his home. The wife was entertaining the Ladies' Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Humans. With the keenness of senses that the great, near-sighted bear uses to stalk the forest and bump into things, the ladies noticed him after a couple of hours.

"Why, it's Ferdinand," said the wife.

"Notice anything different about me?" said the ex-woodchuck.

"No-o," the wife said.

"Nothing," said the ladies.

"That proves what kind of power of observation women have," he said and drew out the book on animals. "Turn to page 19," he said.

The wife looked at the book. She was flabergasted.

"Why, I can't believe it," she said.

"It's true," he said, striking a nonchalant pose as he examined his toenails. "I have become a GROUNDHOG."

MORAL: Not all groundhog stories mention February 2.
MONGST THE CUMBERLANDS

Mary C. Day

There are no people on Earth who are so controversial a topic as are the "mountaineers" of Eastern Kentucky.

In my opinion God endowed man with one of the most beautiful spots on earth when he bequeathed to him the majestic, rolling hills of Eastern Kentucky. The very pulse of these mountains pounds madly with the spirit and vitality of the people who live there—those godly, vigorous, passionate men and women who are at ease and odds with the elemental nature surrounding them. From the very beginning these mountaineers have lived an individual way of life unmistakingly different from other ways of life. They are people who live close to both God and nature, acting out the daily drama as the proud and violent people that they really are. These are the same kind of God-fearing people who were the very backbone of our nation's beginning—the people with the pioneering spirit who fought bravely for the rights that they felt they deserved. They take their rights and privileges quite seriously too. If you have ever been in this mountain region on election day, you must surely know what I mean. At this time the people dress in their Sunday best and go out to vote. I happened to be at the polls in Letcher County a few years ago when my father was running for the office of sheriff and my grandfather for county magistrate, and I happened to see the old men actually come to blows over which one of them would be first to vote. People lined up across the highway in lines that seemed to me to be miles long, yet each person waited patiently for the time when he would cast his ballot. If only other folks would take a lesson for these mountaineers, how much more national pride there would be!

Others define their freedom in ways outsiders call foolish. For example: during the days of Prohibition, when jobs were scarce and money hard to come by, those community free-thinkers who considered themselves above work in the mines or on the farm began resorting to the illegal practice of making whiskey, which is known as "moon-shinning," a process by which they supplied the "thirsty souls" between Hazard and Whitesburg with a very large amount of home-made "White Lightnin'" weekly. The fateful day for them finally came when the Perry County Sheriff happened across their hidden "still," and they were sentenced to a number of years in the penitentiary. Believe me when I tell you that these people have that true mountaineer quality, persistence, for I know it to be a fact that those same men got out of jail and went right back to "crocking" moonshine. They're still bootlegging that "White Lightnin'" to this very day in the more secluded sections of Letcher County.

The majority of these mountain folk are the friendliest to be found anywhere; and to the friend in need, they would literally give up their "fattest sow" in order to help him. A stroll down one of these dusty country roads on any summer afternoon will draw upon you many such spirited greetings as: "Howdy Jake! How be you and the Missus?" and "Afternoon Bert! I'd like for you to set fer a spell if'n you can!" If you were to walk past the town hall on almost any warm morning, you might be obliged to hear something that sounds like this: "Howdy Clem—I was up on Pine Mountain at Sexton's General Store yestiddy and I hear'd that old Jim Brashear took a hick'r'y stick to one of his young'uns 'tether day and might' near kill' her! That true?" The reply might come: "Yep, that's right, Hiram. He found his oldest gal, Nannie Belle, and some young squirt from down Neon way a'pickin blackberries up yonder in Goose Holler late one night in barefeet, and didn't give 'em a chance to explain things; he jist up and like to shot their brains out with that old shotgun of his'n, and made 'em hightail it to Flemin' to git married; said he didn't want folks amakin' any talk about his kin folk wrongly." This is the dialect of the typical mountain folk, the ones who are friendly and righteous. Another type is the unfriendly one, who cannot bear to see "furriners" come into the region. These are the bushy-bearded, leerie-eyed crack-pot hermits who live far back in the hollows where the wilderness begins. I recall my father's telling me a tale of an old hermit named "Kentuck" who lived in Harby's Hollow. He shot a man full of buckshot for looking cross-eyed at an old yellow snake that lived in a pit nearby. Some of the older folks have said that they actually saw the old miser and Satan himself atalking and slapping each other on the back as if there were the best of friends, and to this day folks will not go within a five-mile radius of the old miser's cabin for fear he'll cast some hellish spell on them.

These people are quite superstitious and yet fun-loving in every sense of the word. Often these "hillbillies" hold a shindig that is known hereabouts as a hoedown or a Quilting bee. These activities bring out everyone—from Grandpa to Cousin Zeke—and they are considered the social functions. The hoedown starts out with the usual "Swing your partner, do-si-do!" Then the foot-stomping hand-capping ritual (with fiddle music) that is known as a square dance begins. After everyone is danced out, the elders begin telling tales of ghosts and goblins that existed when they were young, and the whole activity is topped off when the ballad-singing is begun. These ballads are a very important part of the mountain culture. A few of them, like "Barbara Allen" and "I Gave My Love" were taught to me when I was small.
A THUNDERSTORM

The heavens darken—
The sky is aglow in a study of ebony and fire;
A low rumble changes into a rapturous chorus of magnificent cries
Like eddying currents drawing a lonely heart into the raging sea of life.
Gleaming golden chariots race across the heavens,
Thor bellows his piercing cry of imperial majesty
Echoing over all his heavenly domain.
The mighty storm unleashes all its fury against a bleak countryside—
But lo! a miraculous metamorphosis lifts the face of the universe!
The racing chariots cease to illuminate the heavens,
Thor’s magnificent cries are but a lingering echo:
The sun peeps from behind a colorful cloud;
A rainbow pierces the sunlit skies with radiant beauty;
- - - Then there is peace.

Jesse Stuart, novelist and poet, and native of the Cumberlands, speaks for us all in Plow-share in Heaven: “We tell you that it is our land, that we are part of it... the good clear wind of a Kentucky spring... the silking corn and the cries of the wild birds... and we show you that we cannot escape it no matter how cruel or how kind it has been to us.”

There is an area between the mountains and the delta lands that highlanders refer to as the “flatlands.” The “flatlands,” following the general confines of the lower tributaries of the Cumberland River, comprise a great plateau geologically referred to as the Pennyrile Region (or Pennyroyal, if you must be literal). The “flatlands” are not necessarily flat. The terrain may be gently rolling, definitely rough, river “bottoms” or flat plains, but the inspired arrangement of them in Kentucky and Tennessee has through many years, attracted a certain type of person.

The lives led by the people of Kentucky seem to parallel the topography of the land. The western part of Kentucky is relatively level and the countryside is sprawling and beautiful as far as the eye can see, which is considerably farther than in the eastern sections. This may in part explain why the Westerners are more gregarious and breezily friendly than their fellow citizens in the east of the state. Perhaps the mountains do form more than a tangible boundary; perhaps the Anglo-Saxon type of people has been divided into two distinct types of people because geological boundaries have caused modes in thinking and living: the Westerners have a better view of “the world around of them,” due to the serene beauty and evenness of their habitat, and they also have a broader viewpoint of the people and ideas which lie beyond their geographical limitations. At any rate we can be sure that in the pioneer days there was a process of self-weeding which caused certain types of the people who came from the coastal states to continue westward until they had left the mountains behind, while others chose to remain on the mountain sides in spite of the nearness of extremely fertile farmland to the west.

The people who live in the Pennyrile do so by choice, leaving it only for money making jobs in cities, and if those cities are in the Pennyrile, they are content; if they are not, these people “save up” to move back home, often accepting lower-paying jobs just to be able to live at home. These are not wild statements: they are based on figures gathered by industry-locating services of state Chambers of Commerce, by Welfare Departments, by Health Departments, and so forth, as well as by observation.

This statistically proved choice of abode unexpectedly reveals one of the basic characteristics of these people, which may be called reverence, for the home-place. Even though a man may not have been born on it, he will speak of his grandfather’s farm in tones that show a wondering reverence for that particular plot (though it may have been owned by a dozen different people since his father was born there) and for all the land for
miles around simply by reason of its proximity. He is strangely possessive about this region of family ties and is concerned with what is done with it.

And that brings up another characteristic of these people of the Pennyrite. They are deeply unresponsive to foreigners—not Europeans, Australians, New Zealands, Orientals; they are accepted by the heart of the community with democratic swiftness. But the people from other parts of our own country: they are "different" to these people, and in their secret minds these "foreigners" are never completely accepted. There seems to be, in their inherited consciousness, a feeling of having once been hurt by these interlopers, perhaps many generations ago; and now they cannot feel free to trust them again until the scars are better covered by time.

For example, when a family moves into a Pennyrite community or city from a place that is "away from here," its members are welcomed with enthusiastic, sincere politeness (perhaps arising somewhat from a sense of duty) and then, unless the new-comer does something locally noteworthy, he is forgotten. The folds of the group again turn inward.

This reserve toward those of a different origin, I can understand, because you see, I'm "half-foreign" myself! Thirty-four years ago my father and mother were married in the east Tennessee town that was her home, and he brought her back to the section where at least some of his direct ancestors have lived within a fifteen mile radius for eight generations. I am still asked, "How did your mother and dad happen to meet with her living way off like that?" And I've grown used to this type of incident: I'll be in a group of three or four people and someone will start discussing some person I don't know. There will come over my face an expression of puzzlement, and then the speaker, noticing, will stop and ask, "Don't you know him?" At the shake of the head I will hear: "Oh, that's right! Your mother's not from here." As if her being "from here" had anything to do with whom I know. She's lived here a third of a century, been a member of various organizations, an energetic church woman, an active business woman, and fully a member of the community; but the "people never forget that she and her ancestors are not from here." She was born and reared almost a hundred miles away!

These people are not rude; in fact, they are excessively warmhearted and polite, but they are so bound by a feeling of being one of a "family" that they just don't know how to accept a newcomer as anything but a novelty, to be stared at (not openly, of course!), remarked on and greeted cordially. Furthermore, they are completely unaware of this reserve.

When a newcomer is elected to an office in the PTA, the Chamber of Commerce, the church, the residents smile and offer congratulations without reservation; they are a little extra animated or reticent, according to their respective natures, in the presence of this person or his family; but when he is no longer present, the group relaxes and the strain of politeness goes away. There may be remarks about how nice that he was elected, how good he will be in that position, and so forth; but the unspoken feeling will be one of awe and wonderment that this person, this stranger, has been elected. (They didn't know his ancestors.) It seems a reflection of their democracy, and they are proud of it. But the very fact of this pride shows the depthness of their reserve toward the "foreigners."

This does not mean the attitudes are set—not at all—as their physical view extends many times further than does the view of those who are surrounded by hills and mountains; so they are encouraged by nature not to fear broader viewpoints. They feel that what is around the next curve, over the next hill, beyond the next horizon, will not hurt them. However, there is a rather good balance of liberal and conservative viewpoints as to the desirability of a new point of view or a change in concepts which sometimes gives the appearance of dissention.

These appearances can deceive one who does not remember that most of the roots are Democratic, Protestant (with Southern Baptist holing the edge), agrarian; that they've produced ingrained deliberateness of thought; that they show a pattern of neither great wealth nor great poverty (which helps to produce a feeling of intimate neighborliness and kindness); and that they're ALL interrelated.

Any given, average individual can be rather accurately estimated as being distantly related to forty to sixty per cent of the county. And if one is not sure or does not remember whether he is related to the person he's talking with (you can see how the forgetfulness can easily happen), it's generally safe to call him "Cuddin' Such-n-Such" anyway. No one's offended, and, besides he may not remember either!

These somewhat loose family ties and perhaps—family ties can tighten with the speed of the dive of a sharp-shinned hawk that's chosen her prey when they are threatened by extra-community forces or a danger to the security of the nation.

Like most Southerners, the people of the Pennyrite are acutely patriotic; they simply think those New Englanders and Mid-Western liberals are "selling the U. S. A. down the road," so to speak. And since they haven't the political power to run things the way they think they should be run, they just pray to God those in power will stumble along the right road: But they do get kind of uneasy sometimes.

Other than that, there is a bit of inertia in expressing feelings of excitement, the pleasant feelings that come from being amused—especially in sports or in observing public presentation—much to the annoyance of less reticent, less patient visitors. It's not that they're not capable of public enthusiasm: It's that their perspective tells them these particular things do not warrant extreme displays of emotions.
of scorn for evolutionists. Learning about and discussing their appreciation of cultural values; being simply; Florida, magazines enjoy them selves much more in their "second home"—Florida: Florida, where they go to "run into" their Kentucky friends and acquaintances, the perfect place to spend Christmas, the "must" place for the successful businessman to go deep-sea fishing at least once a year, the place to spend a "cooler than—at-home" summer vacation. They feast on the inland scenery of Florida; they're interested in seeing what other progressive people do with what nature has provided; they feel unadulterated delight at seeing beautiful, modern buildings and luxuriant and prolific citrus trees rising out of what was so recently useless swamps; they like to see something being accomplished.

And where do they spend their brief vacations? You ask this of a people surrounded on three sides of the compass by five or six large TVA lakes, three fish-filled rivers, and veined by numerous small creeks and forks? What a useless question! Any house without a boat in the back yard,

(Now why did I use the word "visitors" there when I really meant those people who are residents of the community for a few years? This may illustrate a cautious attitude toward those "foreigners" whose residence is temporary—they may leave after thirty or forty years.)

But there are active emotions: demand for decency in actions, public and private; pride in honest accomplishments, especially by hard work; scorn for those who won't work to try to improve their social position; disregard for prominent displays of wealth (many a newcomer has learned that a fur coat, an openly discussed cocktail party, ostentatious evidences of wealth were faux pas—those in the Pennyrile who really have money live simply); a very high regard for education and for the intellect for its own sake; strong belief in the goodness of God; impatience with cynics, evolutionists, wasted opportunities; deep pride, pleasure, and comfort in learning about and discussing their appreciation of cultural arts—especially if it's not in public!

And there is a characteristic that is not typical of other sections: They honestly have no desire for the things of New York City—Europe, yes; Florida, YES; the West Coast, yes—but not New York. New York does not arouse any particular feelings, either negative or positive, out of the pool of inert emotions. It is the port of leaving for Europe; the place where magazines are published; the customs-clearing point for imported china, glassware, woolens, automobiles; the home of the U. N.; the jungle where juvenile gangs are monsters gone wild; and so forth. They vaguely realize there's something about that massive cluster of humanity they don't appreciate; and though they wonder what it is, may even strive to comprehend at least some of it—they fail. The enthusiasm is not magnetic enough to catch them up in the vibrant net of the soul of The City.

It is quite inconceivable to them that one would by choice live in a city. They figure: "It must be because they're too poor to move or it's because they must stay near their work."

The people of the Pennyrile, whose economy for generations was mainly based on the products of one of the richest farmland areas in the world, enjoy themselves much more in their "second home"—Florida: Florida, where they go to "run into" their Kentucky friends and acquaintances, the perfect place to spend Christmas, the "must" place for the successful businessman to go deep-sea fishing at least once a year, the place to spend a "cooler than—at-home" summer vacation. They feast on the inland scenery of Florida; they're interested in seeing what other progressive people do with what nature has provided; they feel unadulterated delight at seeing beautiful, modern buildings and luxuriant and prolific citrus trees rising out of what was so recently useless swamps; they like to see something being accomplished.

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even though the nearest lake may be an hour or two away, looks positively lonesome.

Fishing, boating, camping, and water-skiing are pushing winter basketball and summer baseball out of the lead position in popularity. Not only do these sports have the approval of public opinion, but they are open to participation by all members of the family—including small children and the family pup. Anyone who doesn't know a hula-popper from a Hawaiian wiggler, a doll fly from a hell diver, or the size of a motor needed for safe skiing in a given location is well on the way to becoming a social hermit.

These people on the fringe of the upper South think of themselves as Southerners, laugh at the pseudo-Southerners of Louisville—strictly Yankee-town to them; they feel no community connection with the Louisvillians. Yet they're not accepted by those of the deep South as Southerners, and they are deeply hurt and puzzled by this exclusion stemming from their in-between, North-South position. Their own East-West attitude sprouts its exclusion!"

For more than a hundred and fifty years they have tried to live up to a spectral standard of perfection based on a concept of the manner of living of well-bred and wealthy ante-bellum Southerners. When the farmers were settling the land and bringing their families into their chosen homes, they gave a great deal of attention to making the houses slightly better than they could afford. There never was, nor is there now, any doubt that all the barns and equipment take second place to maintaining a comfortable, stylish, and well-landscaped home; even during depression times the self-respecting young families always found a way to purchase trees, shrubs, and paint; many a farm child has spent a part of each summer evening carrying tubes of water to thirsty young trees.

And when houses were built on city lots, the nineteenth century ones as well as the ones built recently gave very little attention to outbuildings but had carefully planned from-the-street-appearances and walkways. This keen desire to live by a respectable ideal—even when impractical—is shown by the way good china, silver, and antique furnishings are treasured and collected (by both men and women) even though they can't afford a modern refrigerator, a new car, or perhaps even all the food, clothing, and medical care they could adequately use. The food of the soul comes first; the self-respect that comes from living up to one's ideal to the best of one's ability.

This is not an area of washing-machines-on-front-porch homes, but this land where the rivers run north is an area of warmhearted small landowners with deep feeling of self-respect, pride in self-improvement, profound love of country, and reverence for their Lord.
ONE HOUR AND FIFTY-ONE MINUTES

Noel Coppage

Alarm: sharp, thrill. He opened his eyes and pressed the button down, fumbling. The date: what day of the week ... Tuesday? No matter. Same classes both days. Tuesday. Education class. Teacher, teacher, teacher. Lie here just a minute. Get up, no lie here, no get up. Come on now ... now the other ..., cold floor. Shoes. No, Socks first, Yesterday's? Are they dirty? Wear them. Too much trouble. Time. Time marches on. No one knows what time it is. 8:15 - 45. Nine class bad as eight. Hard to get up anyway.


The diner half the distance. ... not exactly: a little to the college side. Joe the wop served the coffee—black. Didn't have to ask. Smoke. Want it but hate that first puff. Worst coffee in town. Ahhhhh. Start the day right. Time. Two cuts already. OK. 8:45. Better go. But don't hurry. Lose poise when you ... Books? There they are. Useless things. Haven't studied these two all year. Haven't even opened.

Up the steps to the hall of .... Up, up. Speak to them.

"Hullo scouts." They nod.

Go on in. Heavy door. Show your muscles. Healthy, bull and wise. Room number 126. Around the corner. What was that Jo Stafford record? Around the corner, Poo Poo, behind the berry tree. ... arrived. I have returned. On a shining white charger. Look casually mussed. Like on a bender last night. Walk slow. Slumped. Very good.

Dr. Pomeroy in the room now beginning his lecture.

Listen to him. He sounds socialistic sometimes. Maybe today. No individual differences. Look like you're listening. Look like you are going to teach. Heb heh. Lower IQ's. Poolroom operators. Uummph. No answers to begin with. All relative answers. Impossible. Sir, that's impossible ... .Three headings. In front of me Tuesdays and Thor's days. Got on a red sweater. A little too plump. Too short. Friendly though. Pom's plastic surgery. This jaw, or is it the other one. Wonder how? Roughly 70%.

Enter criticism. See Julie at twelve. Also Carla. Communist cell in Chi. Antagonistic to democracy. Rest assured. Reds well aware of that. Is NAACP communist? Divide and conquer. Second criticisms. Temporary. Lil Redhead ahead and right. Sharp. Football player's. Oh that doll in the grill last night. They say oyezoyez, in court the sheriff does. One or two in

souped

There was a young lady who tried to hook a cook
But she got rooked
Because the cook looked
Before he leaped; it seems he knew
What kind of a stew he was getting into.
FROM CITY'S HUMDRUM

David Polk

From city’s humdrum
I have stolen moments to reflect,
alike November steals from winter
days that should be gray.
From drawn-out deaths,
the leaves have stolen momentary fame,
each a life which
casts itself in judgment in the dust.
each leaf a life now
nearing its accounting as must I.
I’ll drift someday, as they,
into eternity, remembered, and then not

MASKS

David Polk

I did not know
And so I talked
Nights into dawns
With those who did:
The Christians and
Non-believers
The Buddhists and
Philosophers.
I lived their words
And I pondered
Each light, but still
I do not know.
For they have masks
And not handles
And . . .
They do not know.

WANTED: TRUE YOU

Susan Flood

I am sure that anyone who knows me very well has been struck by my harsh and abrupt criticism which seems unreasonable and pompous, uncharitable and pious, and irritating to anyone who happens to hear me blasting the works of many of the great unpubished poets of our time.

I find that people approach me very timidly with their literary works, apologize at great length, and leave (whether I offer words of great cheer or none at all) swearing never to write again or at any rate never to let me read anything which they have written.

Thus it is that the time has come for me to defend myself, explain my attitude, or keep still. And since the latter is certainly not in keeping with my nature, I have no choice but to take my stand and defend it to the death.

I am myself, no T. S. Eliot, no Percy Shelley, no Emily Dickinson, no Edgar Allen Poe, though I value myself somewhat superior to James J. Metcalf and his damnable dots; I am nevertheless a relentless critic. Criticism has acquired a real odor in this age, and we consider someone not quite nice if gems of laud and praise do not fall from his lips in every intelligent evaluation of the “Arts.”

“Give him credit for trying,” I am told; “he did his best.” Or in a more sarcastic vein, “After all, we can’t all be as good as you are.” But this is not the point at all. Of course I give the budding young poet credit for his budding; as for me, I shall certainly wither long before I reach the flowering of pure poetry. But surgeons are not patted on the head after the patient dies on the table, and I certainly do not intend to pat anyone on the head when he has made butchery of the delicate operation of writing poetry. Just as no one sends bouquets to a bridge builder when his structure collapses and kills a hundred nice average citizens going home from work, so can I harbor no great love for the “poet” whose bridge of communication collapses and plunges me into the depths of icy awareness that he has used imitation as his chief tool. After all, I’m nothing but a nice average sort of person expecting nothing but a little journey into someone’s soul, spelled out for me in simple terms in black and white. This alone would frighten most and well it should. But I must say it any-
how: give me one portion of yourself, one glimpse into your heart, one fleet moment of communion, and I'm not so hard to please. Show me those lines too precious for any but God's eyes, and we shall find ourselves in league. I do not want your rhyming couplets, or your carbon copy phrases, or your weak attempts at being someone else, or all your good intentions. I just want you; that's all I ask. Just you, in one word or twenty: and I will be your companion, not your critic. Imitate for others; intimate for me.

OF THOUGHTS AND THISTLES

Susan Flood

Thoughts are thistles
Nature's epistles
And all of the wise men agreed
That thistles in bloom
Like a babe in the womb
Blossom from one tiny seed.

IN MINOR KEY

Susan Moses

Somewhere music plays and glasses tinkle
and people dance closely together.
The room is dark and smokey.
Everyone laughs loud and the trumpet blares.
I see you sitting there. With someone? of course.
You could not go alone, you said, and I understand.
But I could not go with you.
I have never known or understood
the sensual you thrive on.
When I was younger I was not allowed,
and now I am afraid.

MARGUERITE

Susan Moses

I am a nice girl:
Everyone says I am a nice girl.
I go to church. I tell everyone my virtuous thoughts and
they see my virtuous ways.
Yes, everyone knows I am a nice girl.
But one night we loved.
I've never known love since.
I am a nice girl.
Yet I know not what ingenious scheme you have for assuring my defeat. I only know that you are planning my downfall.

You seem to be searching my very soul to find out the secrets which will lead you to eventual and conclusive victory.

Oh, I know you are winning. And I may say that I was sufficiently warned against your intricate schemes and black, gristy traps.

For I have gone up against obstacles stronger and more forbidding than you. But in the past I have been successful in my encounters. Now the tables are turned, and I know that at any moment you will say the word which will plunge my cause deep into the earth, perhaps never to rise again.

If I only could know what that mind of yours is thinking, what it is calculating, weighing and balancing; then I would know what type of defensive measures to take toward furthering my own cause.

But, at this stage of the game, I must admit that your superior intelligence and tactics have overwhelmed those of myself.

Oh, must you drag it on? End it now, Torturer. You have sapped my energy and the powers of my brain. Take my forces also, for they are lost, with no leader capable of championing their cause.

The once proud army which I commanded has now so diminished in numbers that it is a hollow mockery of its former self. My lieutenants are all gone save a few, and my position is hopeless. So take me. Take me now. Say the word which will announce with complete finality my utter complete engulfment.

I see, now, that you are about to take the final step in consummating your victory. The move is yours, MacDuff; so take it now.

Ah, but your brow is furrowed. You are not certain that the decision you are about to make is the absolutely correct one.

Fool! Even if you have conquered me and proved your superiority, I know that you should not tarnish and mar your success by a moment of indecision. End it now. Finish me like a man. Give me that dignity.

I see that you are ready to conclude the episode at last. Your lips part and the bleak word you utter resounds through our dimly lighted room and echoes from the wall.

"Checkmate!"

DEADLY AMBITION

Oh soundest rock,
You proudly stand,
Surveying the land,
That endless stretches round you.

If time would stop
You'd be supreme,
And have your dream —
Ascendancy over all.

But time does mock,
And erosion claims
The hardest. Plains.
Become the graveyards of the past.
Seeming suspended from Heaven on a silken thread
Like the sacred Lotus Flower in bud,
The Eight Intelligences of Buddhism resplendent:
The white cone of "Fuji the Rising Sun."
"The Supreme Altar, Radiant-Blooming-as-
   The-Flowers-Of-The-Trees"
To the Shintoist.
Western eyes see
A volcanic mountain
Of Japan.

L I N E S

The darkness hides me
To him
I am just another shadow—
Yet I fear
Him—
Because of his indifference.

C O M B I N E

Outside in the first sun the wheat stands dumbly, patiently as if waiting
for a chance at prayer, and nods its head to the last of the early breeze.
It has waited since winter, through the burgeoning emerald season and with
fruit in its head into the first month of summer, finally turning brown and
bending over with weight; now is the time for cutting.

I finish my breakfast and step out on the back porch; July has taken
the cool out of the morning already. My long-sleeved shirt is hot, but the
heat is better than being exposed to chaff. My father is already at the shed
below the house, fiddling with the tractor and gazing at the field we will
cut first. "You might as well start greasing," he says as I walk up, "I'll do
to start pretty soon." I hunt up the grease gun from the litter of tools in
the shed and fill it from the ten-gallon drum in a corner. Trying to wipe
the surplus from my hands, I swear and think, why can't somebody invent
grease that's clean. But I got out anyway, resigned to more stickiness, and
approach the machine.

It sits there dull and omnipotent in the warm sunrise, hulking and
grasshopper-like, an organism ready for feeding. In the front there is a
snout like a hog's, backed by a brace of wheels and a taut lineament of pul-
leys and drive-belts, and topped by projecting spouts through which the di-
gested grain ascends for sacking. I slap my hand on its flank and the sheet-
metal quivers tinily; and sliding cautiously underneath, I worm myself
around corners and projections until I am directly beneath the driveshaft
and clutchwheels. A combine has more grease-nipples than any machine
ought to have, all of them located in the most inaccessible places. More
nipples than a nanny-goat, I think, worrying the gun into a corner and
pumping it rapidly.

In ten minutes or so I slide out, still flat on my back, and start the ex-
ternal rounds of the machine. My father and older brother are out in the
field, cracking wheat with their teeth and wondering and thinking. The sky
herds hurried little clouds which dash off over the horizon as if they are
afraid of being shot at. Signs of storm. The wheat is ripe, heavy; rain would
flatten it.

"Let's hook up and go, "my father says." Better risk cutting it damp
than not gettin' it at all."

My brother cranks the tractor and backs it in. We lift the coupling and
power take-off into place, and my brother throws the driveshaft into gear.
Starting with a sound of forboding, the machine rumbles into motion, and like a dog shaking fleas, spews odd bits of chaff in all directions. I tighten the canvas rollers and climb to the platform, while my father and brother yell at each other over the clamor of the machine. We move off. At the edge of the field the combine seems to pause and hunch itself; then the snout bites and wheat stalks tumble up the conveyor and strike the first roller. There is an initial grunt, then heavy growls from deep in the innards of the mechanism; an instant later wheat patties into the sack under my nose.

In front of us the wheat is an ochre sea heaved up in smooth rounded-off swells and pushed down into slack declivities. It smells; it is rich in the nose, like crushed walnuts or burnt sage or ground pigment; parts of it can linger in a man for a hundred years. There is something fundamental about it.

The combine rides very roughly, jarring my teeth at every bump and depression, and the giant pitman arm at my right twists the whole machine with each revolution. To this is added the vibration of large areas of sheet-metal and the motion of high speed rollers and shakers. I sit amid this noise and jar with chaff flying in my teeth and down my shirt collar. The sun ascends, hotter and hotter.

The sacks fill rapidly. We're going to make more than forty to an acre, I think. I am pushed to get the sack off the hangers and tied before the spare fills up, but after a while it becomes methodical and is easier. There is not room on the platform for the sacks accumulated in a round; so I start dumping at two corners of the land. We are in third gear, too fast for this heavy a stand, and I can hear the note of strain in the tractor's exhaust; but there is wheat to cut and the sky is not peaceful. Over his shoulder my brother glances toward the right wheel, guiding it in the track from the last round.

As the sun climbs toward noon (everything is measured by the sun when you are sweltering under it) the grain dries and the chaff becomes very light and insidious. My skin is a solid blotch of itchiness, and I see with relief that my father is waving us to stop on the next round.

"I'm going to try to get another combine," he says, handing us the water jug. "Maybe I can get the Sutter boys to come. I don't want to leave any of this standing tonight."

My brother drinks and spits. "Might be a good idea," he says. "It might come up a shower before night, even."

My father goes off, and Ralph spells me on the combine while I take the tractor. The tractor is much easier than the platform, and I relax in the padded seat. My brother ties a kerchief over his chin because he gets hay fever easily.

We move around the land only three times before I see my father coming back, and in another half-hour the other combine is in the field and buzzing forward rapidly behind a huge International tractor. We cut the first land and start another, and I see a truck driving into the field, with two hands on the back. The wheat will be taken directly to the mill two miles away, and what we can't get there will have to be run into the barn on a wagon.

One crew eats lunch while the other cuts. After eating I climb back onto the platform and start trying again. The jolts seem harder after the tractor, and my hands are raw from jerking strings. Sweatbees swarm all over me; if I swat them they sting.

By one o'clock the first thunderheads are boiling up in the Southwest; they are not dark yet, though. My brother opens the throttle another notch and the combine bashes over the ground, its roller gulping bites of straw. The sacks fill rapidly, but I have it on system now, and I can relax and write poems in my head while I am working. The poems are tannish in color, like wheat grains. Great hanging dragons flail through their stanzas, reducing their images to rubble, and sack-like men are ground from running spouts of rhyme. I notice my brother gesturing at me with his mouth open, and looking I see the spare sack has sagged and wheat is spilling onto the floor of the platform. I quit composing poems.

The sun moves into the heel of its last arc, and the clouds have become ominous. But the lands have shrunk to ghosts of their former expanse, and the first real tiredness sets in, now that the finish is in sight.

We circle the last strands like a dog after its tail, then drive to the truck and the men drag the sacks off the road. Acres of bright grain are stacked in neat rows on the truck, and it grinds off for the mill, tires flat in the stubble. I look at the shaved field while we spread the tarp over the machine; it seems flatter, ravished, somehow less noble. The other combine moves toward home in front of the low-hung sun, like a spider returning from forage on its net.

"A right good little crop," my father says; "I'm glad we don't have a thousand acres, though." As we walk toward the barn to feed, the first pap of rain skirmishes the nude stalks of the field.
DE PROFUNDIS

James Cheatham

I, tiresias, younger than thought,
With sight restored,
Watched ceilings peel their paint and fall,
And screamed in silence.

I, Tiresias, now seeking darkness,
Watched blinds transformed to bars,
And yellow bulbs replace
The sun that set too soon,
Except in eyes that needed shielding from the light.

I, Tiresias, forgot that day
Can only trail a cloistered darkness,
Enlivened by some sudden artifice
The lurid crudeness unshaded.

My room I had not sought
But somewhere failed in wandering.

SONNET

Susan Flood

If I should speak to you who are my friend
And tell you what my wisdom prophesies;
If I should speak and in my words offend
And watch you turn with hatred in your eyes;
If I should speak and pierce you with the pain
That truth imports to those Love renders blind;
If I should speak and find that all I gain
Is in the peace of trying to be kind;
If words should sever all the joys we've known
And make the silver cord that binds us reap
Empty revenge, and I should be alone.
Oh God! I'd rather smile and silence keep.
And if you find a bitter day tomorrow
Why then in silence I shall share your sorrow.
DIE TRICHTER

Chr. Morgenstern
Germany, 1905

Zwei Trichter wandeln durch die Nacht
Durch ihres Rumpfs verengten Schacht
FlieBt weíBes Mondlicht
still und heiter
auf ihren
Waldweg
U. S.
w.

THE FUNNELS

translation by
Dan Brawner

Two funnels wander
through the night.
Through their torsos'
narrowed shaft flows
white moonlight still
and gay upon their forest
path and... so... forth.

LA CRAVATE

Guillaume Apollinaire
France, 1914

LA VATE
CRA
DOU
LOU
REUSE
QUE TU
PORTES
IT QUI T'
ORNE O CI
VILISE
OTE- TU VEUX
LA BIEN
SI RESPI
RER

THE CRAVAT

translation by
Dan Brawner

The sad tie of
Lou, which you
wear and which
ornaments you O
civilized one: tear
it off if you really
want to breathe.....
Non, laisse-moi, je t’en supplie;
En vain, si jeune et si jolie,
Tu voudrais ranimer mon cœur
Ne vois-tu pas, a ma tristesse,
Que mon front pale et sans jeunesse
No doit plus sourire au bonheur?

Quand l’hiver aux froides haleines
Des fleurs qui brillent dans nos plaines
Glace le sein epanoui,
Qui peut rendre a la feuille morte
Ses parfums que la brise emporte
Et son éclat évanoui?

Oh! si je t’avais rencontrée
Alors quo mon ame enivre
Palpitait de vie et d’amours,
Avec quel transport, quel délire
J’aurais accueilli ton sourire
Dont le ch arme eut nourri mes jours!

Mais a present, o jeune fille!
Ton regard, c’est l’astre qui brille
Aux yeux troubles des matelots,
Dont la barque en proie au naufrage,
A l’instant ou cesse l’orage,
Se brise et s’enfuit sous les flots.

Non, laisse-moi, je t’en supplie;
En vain, si jeune et si jolie,
Tu voudrais ranimer mon cœur;
Sur ce front pale et sans jeunesse
Ne vois-tu pas que la tristesse
A banni l’espoir du bonheur?

No, leave me, I implore you;
It is in vain, you are so young and pretty,
You would like to stir up my heart:
Do you not see, by my sadness,
That my pale and aged brow
Must no longer smile at happiness?

When winter with cold winds
Freezes the blooming bosom
Of the flowers which shine in our fields,
Who can restore to the dead leaf
Its perfumes that the breeze carries away
And its vanished splendor?

Oh! if only I had met you at the time
When my intoxicated soul
Fluttered with life and loves,
With what ecstasy, what delirium
I would have welcomed your smile
Whose charm would have nourished my days!

But at present, Oh young girl,
Your look is the star that shines
In the confused eyes of seamen,
Whose ship in prey to shipwreck.
At the moment the tempest ceases,
Breaks and flees under the waves.

No, leave me, I implore you;
It is in vain, you are so young and pretty,
You would like to stir up my heart:
Do you not see that sadness
Has banished the hope of happiness
Upon this pale and aged brow?
CAMPESINA, NO DEJES

Luis Carlos Lopez
(1880 - )

Campesina, no dejes de acudir al mercado
con tus rubios cabellos — coliflor en mostaza—
y tus ojos, tus ojos donde anida el pecado...

¿Quién no acude por verte cuando cruzas la plaza!...
¿Si hasta el cura del pueblo, de alma ingenua y sencilla,
cuando asomas sacudes tu indolente cachaza!...

¿Si eres ecloga!... Y cantas, sin cantar, la semilla
y el surco, los molinos, el arroyo parlero,
donde visten las hojas su tristeza amarilla...

¿Que te importa que un zafio, que un panzudo banquero,
y que aquella muchacha, solterona y muy banquero,
no te compren — esclavos de su inutil dinero—
tus carveles y lirios, flor gentil de tu aldea!...
¿Que se vayan al cuerno!... ¡Que se vayan al ajo
y al tomate!... ¡Y que coman arroz con jicotea!...

Porque tu, campesina de sombrero y reja,
cuando pasas en burro, sandunguera y subrosa,
pones alas y trino de jilguero en el grajo...

¿Pones alas y trinos!... ¡Y te llevas la rosa
de tu faz... ¡Y te llamas tu maligna mirada,
y tu culce sonra que me ha dicho esa costa
que a un gloton le sugiere la entreabierta granada!...

COUNTRY GIRL, DON'T FORGET

translated by
Phil Shroyer

Country girl, don't forget to go to the market,
with your blond hair — cauliflower in mustard—
and your eyes, your eyes where sin nests!

Who wouldn't hurry to see you as you cross the square!
Why even the town preacher, that ingenious simple soul,
when you appear shakes off his indolent languor.

Why you are an eclogue... and you sing, without singing, the seeds
and the furrows, the milks, the bubbling brook,
where the leaves travel their yellow sadness.

What do you care if that crass, pot-bellied banker,
and that former maid, spinster and very ugly,
do not buy from you—slaves of their useless money—

Your carnations and lillies, gentle flowers of your village!
Let them go to the horn!... Let them go to the garlic
and the tomato! and let them eat rice with turtle meat!

Because you, country girl with your hat and skirt
when you pass on your donkey, winsome and sweet,
put the wings and songs of a goldfinch to a crow!

You put the wings and songs! And you take away the rose
of your face... And you take away your evil look
and your sweet smile that has told me the thing
that to a glutton suggests the half-opened pomegranate!
Bud Jackson's front porch was the place in Seaton where everybody went to loaf and that's where we were when this car began making a noise up the road. We could hear it from almost a half a mile off. It sounded more like a truck or tractor than a car. Something was loose in the motor and it made a POK POK sound as it eased up to Bud's gas pump.

It was a 1940 Chevrolet. The panels under the doors were rusted out; we couldn't tell if the windows were broken or just rolled down (we figured they must be broken, considering the condition of the rest of the car). There was a four-foot-high bundle on top, tied down with pieces of different-sized rope and grass string. We did not know the car. It had Tennessee plates.

The driver was somewhere—anywhere—between thirty-five and fifty. He had on something that could not have qualified as rags, yet alone clothes, and it would have been a good deed (like it is a good deed when you shoot a crippled horse) if somebody had burned them and told him to start all over again now that he was even. The woman who sat beside him (I suppose she was his wife; we never found out she was, but we could not say she wasn't) looked at the men on the porch with her wild eyes and every single one of them look away, not meeting her wild eyes nor her dark, high forehead with the sticky sweaty hair-strings pouring over it. The kids peeped over the back seat at us. There were three of them: little, long-haired, dirty, the biggest a girl with the woman's high forehead and black, wild eyes.

Bud leaned on the car as he handled the gas pump with one hand, leaning propped on one stiff arm as if he had been falling and had caught, all the time talking although we could not hear him because the man had left the motor running.

"Bud will find out who that is. Or what it is," one of the loafers said. "If it can be pried loose from him, Bud's the man to do it."

The car shook itself like a wet dog when the driver let the clutch out. Then it spattered, coughed, staggered forward a few feet and the man clutched it again until it finally got its weight moving forward so that it could not have stopped if it had wanted to and soon we could hear it going POK POK POK down the blacktop.

Bud had all the information. He had the dope on them.

"Move over and let me set down," he said. My little brother Stumpy scooted over to one end of the swing and Bud sat down. Watching him, you would have thought that he must have been on his feet all day carry-
deserted. The few times I could get to Seaton in that time, I never saw Oliver Hise or anybody who had seen him. Claude kept his tenants away from town; he gave them food but no money.

So it was the only time in the whole year that the people in Seaton had any work to do—the only time that Jackson's porch wasn't full of loafers.

Then one day after we had set the tobacco and planted the corn and things were back to their usual lazy selves, Stumpy and I got on my bicycle and rode to Seaton. It was getting into July now.

Just as we wheeled into the parking space in front of Jackson's store one of those black and yellow State Police cars came screaming by with the siren screaming and the tires screaming, going a hundred miles an hour at least.

"Hot dog," Stumpy yelled. "Let's follow it."

"It's going pretty fast," I said.

"Yeah, but we can follow the siren," he said.

So he got on and we started after it. I pedaled as hard as I could.

"Faster," Stumpy said.

"I'm going as fast as I can," I said. The wind was hitting us, billowing our shirts out in the back.

"Faster," Stumpy said. "We're gaining on 'em, Eddie."

"I'll bet," I said. We could still hear it. Then it changed directions. "They're turning off the highway. We can follow the dust now," I said.

"It'll be settled if you don't hurry," he said. I pedaled as hard as I could. We came to the gravel road where the police turned off. I headed the bike into the foggy dust, slowing for the rough places.

It was not much farther, I told Stumpy to be quiet because the troopers wouldn't want us around there. We could see them, standing close to their car. We edged the bike closer, behind some little trees. Beyond the car we could see the tobacco and beyond that the cornfields. The men were looking at something. We got closer.

Then one of the policemen moved and we could see what it was: it was Claude Sikes. I mean, it was Claude Sike's body.

One of the men was talking to Oliver Hise. The woman and the three children stood behind him.

"And you claim it was self defense," the policeman said. "Self defense—"

"Yah," Hise said. "Ask my wife, here."

The woman looked at them with her wild eyes and for a moment I thought she was going to turn on whichever one she could get to first, but she said, "Yes, sir. Self defense."

"You found his shotgun, right there where he dropped it," Hise said.

The other one had it. The one talking to him had his (Hise's) sawed-off shotgun, I suppose.

"Self defense—" the second policeman said.

The woman looked around and again I thought she was going to tear into one of the three of them. She stood there a long time, looking as if she were going to move any second, standing immobile, only her crazy eyes darting back and forth.

"Yes," she said. "Self defense."

"Self defense. Self defense," the kids said. The kids too? I thought, even the kids?—

"Do you think a jury will take her word?" the trooper said.

"They won't have to."

The troopers whirled. A man came from behind the house. He was tall, thin, and there was something like a grin under his thin moustache.

"What are you doing back there?" the policeman said.

"They won't have to take her word," he said. I saw it. It was self defense.

"But what were you—"

"There's a well back there," he said. "I was getting myself a drink. I was walking down the road, yonder, taking some gas to my car, when the scrape took place. It was self defense, all right."

The policemen look at each other.

"Well, we ain't here to try him," one said, "let's go."

We watched them put everybody in the car; the three kids yelling and fighting over a place to sit. The tall thin fellow took the woman's elbow and helped her in and then they were all in and the car pulled out, the siren not on now, and we got on the bike and rode to Seaton.

They had all seen the car. We told everyone what had happened. Uncle Barney McClutchin said, "You say this fellow was tall and thin with a moustache?"

"That's right," I said. "And black hair."

"Black hair?" he said. "I'll bet—"

He did not finish.

So that was it. It made the county paper and even the Loyalton Examiner. They let Oliver Hise go, of course. The tall witness' name was Arnold Franklin, the newspapers said, and he was from Louisville.

All right, maybe so. Maybe that is his name and maybe he was just walking down the road taking gasoline to his car. Maybe. After all, I only saw Jasper Ferguson once or twice, and his hair was gray and he had no moustache, but— But maybe his name really was Arnold Franklin. I don't know.
The night is split with bleakness.
A lonely one shuffles on in despair;
The very horizon is filled with this
worn pain, wearying him not to care.
He has gone forever in emptiness.
AND THIS THE DAY OF EVE

Gerry Konsler

As early dawn arrests her eyes,
The smiles from flowers radiate
Her loveliness. Tears arise,
While sun and showers alternate
Their kisses on
the waking earth.

As golden fingers touch her cheeks,
The majesty of skies unseal
Her holiness. Joy speaks,
While angels watching eyes reveal
The pleasures of
the smiling earth.

As perfect fruits caress her lip,
The brilliant green of trees exude
Her joyfulness. Wines drip,
While all the playful multitude
Skips about
the laughing earth.

As stolen realms race through her heart,
The cruel, hissing serpents cry
Her wantonness. Seas dispart,
While all the silver clouds reply
With floods upon
the weeping earth.

As far away the love withdraws,
They bruise upon the sheldrake
Her abjedtedness. Silence claws,
While slowly that unholy mandrake
Comes to claim
the dying earth.

ALONE

Jerry Meadows

As a lone pine upon the hill
I spend my every day alone,
Alone amid a world alive.
All day my heart in silence dwells,
In each its thoughts an ember dies.

ABYSS

Larry Logan

Shadows sliding to destiny unknown
At random include a forlorn bay
Enticing the darkness,
Eluding the day.
Who knows but where
The mightiest would roam—
For quest begins
As dusk seeks to stray—
An abyss is forward, not to be shown.
A CASE FOR THE BOOK CLUB

Melva Strawbridge

"Are you now or have you ever been..."

"A member of a book club? Oh no! So you have another book club advertisement, a trick of clever salesmanship on how to clutter the place with unwanted, expensive books, . . . . "

Now, wait just one minute before I take my foot out of the door. I have a few things to say on the subject. It is cold, clear fact, that you can really save money, and have wide new fields of reading experience opened to you through book club membership. Have you ever sat down on some droll eventful Saturday afternoon wishing you had something interesting to read, but were discouragingly choosy about the matter? Old veins of reading have been pumped dry and nothing you can think of whets your interest. What you need is a catalyst to throw you toward wider fields of reading, a book-loving friend's enthusiasm over what he has read, a stimulating literature course, a movie of bookly origin, or a book club.

Now that's what I started telling you about, wasn't it?

Book clubs come in all dimensions and kinds. They have the superlatives, comparatives, and the ordinary—from worst to best. Some book clubs specialize in the arts, music, painting, or culture and customs of people in different lands and times; others appeal to the general public with best sellers in fiction.

Personally, I have never seen how clubs can make money giving such generous premiums (for example: Three books—advertisement says valued at $3.125 for $3.95, if you will only buy five more books in one year), squandering all that persistent postage to subscribers and all that. However, apparently they do, since they can afford so much advertisement. And five books, as advertised, are really all you have to buy.

There are so many of these persistent book-sellers that I've time and effort for only an illustrative list. There is the HISTORY BOOK CLUB, offering some of the better documented works recently to come out on significant happenings, ancient or present. Current selections include Kitchener: Portrait of an Imperialist, History of Rome, and The Red Army. This club makes an especial appeal to any history lover tired of the musty old history books prevalent in libraries, who would like an interestingly-written book with a new smell, colored illustrations, and an up-to-date slant.

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK CLUB, the BOOK FIND CLUB, and the EAST-WEST BOOK CLUB so especially, for the exotic and unusual in literary taste. EAST-WEST seems to specialize more in "lost classics of China and Japan, century-old rhythms of Asia and Africa" to "explore the richness and excitement of cultures of East and West." In a given month SEVEN ARTS features books for the reader with a roving interest in the fine arts, books on architecture, photography, African sculpture, Japanese art, and jazz. These should prove stimulating to readers who periodically lose interest in the fine-spun web of fiction.

BOOK FIND CLUB is a mixture of "the best in fiction and non-fiction." For a typical month the editors of BOOK FIND offer a work on American civilization, Greek myths, cartooned psychological studies, A Modern Odyssey, history, and Japanese literature.

MARBORO BOOK CLUB also seems to cater to the liberal arts selection. Through this club the reader is offered such books as More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls, Madison Avenue - U. S. A., and A Treasury of Art Masterpieces, or The Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men.

Probably the most widely recognized club is THE BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB. It appeals more to the general reading public, offering current biographies and fiction. The LITERARY GUILD, in much the same way, caters to popular taste.

For people who live in smaller towns or surrounding areas where pocket books of the general variety are all that can be bought, or where libraries are not sufficiently stocked, book clubs are of special value. They can guide the readers' interest by furnishing good reviews on a front-page, easy-to-understand level. These, or the very best of them, give the high lights on the goings-on in the literary world. No club demands that a given book be selected by the members: several alternate choices are always available; the club is not determining the reading fare.

Book clubs at least bear looking into so you can see for yourself what they individually have to offer. Here is Sunday's New York Times Book Review. In it you will find advertisements of many of the clubs.

... now you can pass some of those cookies you got from home."

P. S. Watch that new Thrilling-Barzun-Auden thing.

the beaver has a fat, flat tail
which he can use to great avail:
he slap, slap, slaps the mud all day;
he can make a dam site, this way!
TWO POEMS

- 1 -
I once threw a great rock
into a body of water
It made a huge splash and
the waves rolled upon the beach.
But when it reached the depths
It became very still.

- 2 -
Once I climbed to the summit
of a high mountain and there
heard silences I had never
heart before; when I
descended, I was quieter
because of those silences
I had never heard before.

SONG

Just you
Always now, always then
You and your soul,
Come with me,
Hand-in-hand
Into the sea of love.
Breathe with me
The cool blue completeness.
We will be each other.

GROWTH

Whispering Eternity ears forever catch
beneath cloudless skies hazy blue,
Appearing blossoms no human hand can match
from coolness of the earth
flavored with scent of dew.

A PRAYER

Lord, it’s seeh a long ol’ row
Sinnin’ ev’ry day;
But Lord, I’s tried to keep bent low,
Ebein’ ev’ry way.
I git tired of totin’ sacks
An’ livin’ this ol’ life;
Where color of us darkies’ backs
Makes ours a life of strife.
You say there’s a better lan’,
A lan’ we jest can’ see;
Help us, Lord, to understand’
That some day we’ll be free.
An’ help me, Lord, to fin’ dis place—
Dis lan’ above the sun,
Where men are brothers ’spite of race
An’ prejudice is done.
Life is not a circle
Dizzily spinning round and round
In the same unending plane
Day after day,
Month after month,
Year after year
In Man's unending search
For the mysteries of existence;
But it is a spiral,
Continuously soaring
Upward and onward,
Transcending all mundane experiences—
The dominion of time and space—
And crossing into Eternity.

IN ELFIN PARADISE

Elfin paradise the leaves are charmed and
Thinline flows the night free air.
Treasure and treasure, lying in wait
For the anxious reaper
In the caldron of burning,
Easy comes the strokes to bear my pain away.
Berries and dew, the trees
Fold heavy and wet under the fire
Of the drying sun.
Sweetly curve about the earth,
And light the candle and the straw beads
For scarlet comes in August
And pine perfume breathes upon
The water, the cricket and the toad.

A MOMENT ONLY

Once when the sounds of day were done
I sat in the darkness of the house
And looked out
Onto the silent street
Lighted by one lone lamp.
There was no sound,
And then
The growling and blast of
A distant night train,
Suddenly loud,
Then dying away—
Away, like my thoughts,
Then gone.
My thoughts rushed forth
— Like a new spring:
— Like an awaited wind:
Clear
Free
Cool.
Time stood still and I remembered
— A yellow and black marble
— An ant bed
— Music
— The bay, low tide and sea gulls
— The fountain pen
— The suitcase
All growing progressions.
Then a slight sound from the creaking house
And I was back
Between
Looking forward
And looking back.
NICK BEAT OR PSEUDO?

The drab, colorless room was filled with cigarette smoke so thick that it could have been cut with a knife, and the pungent aroma of burning nicotine that prevailed in its midst was nauseating. I slowly craned my neck around in search of some recognizable form, but from the jet-black darkness the only one to be seen was the small flicker of light emitted from a candle stuck in a beer bottle in the center of a table nearby. As my eyes became slowly adjusted to the semi-darkness, I dubiously gazed at the crowd of young people that were scattered throughout various sections of the small crowded room. During this process I noticed that there was a pattern of symmetry in the bewildered countenances that I chanced to see. I saw that everybody used practically the same mode of dress—dirty white sweatshirts or sweaters, dark trousers or skirts and either used-to-be-white tennis shoes, sneakers, or no shoes at all—and at this point I suddenly became aware that I had stumbled unknowingly into the midst of perhaps the least understood society of people that Greenwich Village has ever produced. There were bushy-bearded, eerie-eyed, so-called poets and guitar-strumming youths who had fallen prey to the compatible life of the "beatnik."

The colloquial lingo used by these people was indeed very strange to my ears—Ja combination of several hundred of different languages from each and every corner of the world, and I was quite stunned and bewildered when a firm hand grabbed my shoulder from behind and a coarse voice said, "Hey, wick, tousle your hairs, forget your troubles, and shuffle your feet over here and meet the rest of this horny society!" I foolishly, but in a manner intended to convey full understanding, nodded my head and proceeded to follow my impish, newly-met friend over to the corner of the room where there sat at the battle-scarred piano a tall, lanky Negro boy who had on a pair of trifocal "shades" and who had perhaps the longest, most nimble fingers I had ever seen. He serenely chewed on a toothpick but neglected this activity long enough to emit these words: "We dig you man, but those horny clothes have to blow!" I chancingly glanced down at my ivy-league suit and felt foolishly out of place; nevertheless I attempted to feel at ease. To the left of the piano player was seated a fellow of magnificent size—the drummer—and such a fortissimo as he displayed I had never heard before. When he played to the waiting mul-
titude, it was as if the savage in him had suddenly overpowered his sense of reason and Saturn himself were standing alongside him prodding him on to the impending finish. In another corner of the room, elevated a bit so that all could see, stood the platform, upon which I noticed a young man who was mammoth in stature and who flaunted immeasurable indifference toward the world around him. He was a staunch lad with long red beard and hair of some length who had a distinctive leader attitude about him—a magnetic pull that brought all to follow him. He sang some sort of chant composed of a number of nonsensical phrases sung in rhythm to the piano and the paradoxical beat of the drum. When he spoke, all listened; and his words had a paralytic effect on his followers. A number of them sat gazing emptily into their coffee cups, unaware of the presence of others, while still others went wild and began a frenzied movement similar to the "dirty boogie" and native dances directly from some primitive jungle tribe. These low-down dances were meant to bring out the "native" in the people around.

One girl who until now had remained calmly in her seat jumped to her feet when the climax to the drum-beats drew near and did the most savage dance that I had ever seen. When she had finished performing, she disappeared into an anteroom and returned a few moments later in a uniform that was as near to nudity as any that I had ever seen. She proceeded to the platform, gave the musicians (as they were known) a wink, and began chanting some foolish nonsense about a "canary, and the limousine with the tiger upholstery." I had been confused up to now. But suddenly I became absolutely bewildered and amazed, for I could make no sense whatsoever out of the jumble of words. Perhaps, I decided, I am in the wrong place— with the wrong kind of people. I wheeled around, thanked my hosts for a most unusual yet thrilling evening. They answered: "Wick, we got a bang—a real bang out of having you visit our pad; next time you hit this part of Greenwich, drop in and shoot the bull with us again." I grinned shyly, turned around and headed toward the door—and a Howard Johnson where I could think it over.

UNKNOWNABLE

Why, Prime Mover (quests ne'er ending)
Why the pain, the depths of sadness?
"Where were you, Oh Man, when I created
Light to flood, and stopped the waters
With the shore? Oh, where were you, when
At my thought the never-ending
Space began? Yes, where were you,
Oh, Insignificant!"
Gene Feldman and Max Gartenburg, eds.
THE BEAT GENERATION AND THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN
reviewed by

Gene Feldman and Max Gartenburg anthology typical authors of the "Beat Generation" and the "Angry Young Men" with introduction and commentary on their ideas, values, and short-comings. Beatinik is the term applied to the American group; Angry Young Men designates their British counterparts. These schools are a product of our times and are the outgrowth of its uncertainty. They say that man can no longer know what the future holds for him, for the old formulas for success have been proved empty and meaningless. All that is left for men to count on is the staggering formula—E=Mc². It is generally conceded that our age is living from day-to-day, very mechanically. The future holds only unknowns; the past has lost its directive force.

According to Feldman and Gartenburg, the "Square" reacts to this situation only by observing the nine-to-five work day and by worshipping the gods of materialism. The Beatnik sees through the Square's illusions; he sees man's terrific nakedness and seeks to enjoy life as a series of experiences. The Angry Young Men have lost faith in old institutions and causes but want passionately to believe in something, to have contact with the "insiders," the Squares. Here lies the difference between the two groups, if there is one.

The Beatniks are not examples to follow but fanatical prophets for a cause—anti-materialism. They have lost the desire for practical accomplishment and are left in a vacuum of mere existence—a world in which their main aim is "to live it up." They are valuable in that they point out to the world what is real in the end—"the throbbing, live heart of a living, breathing man." "More importantly, in a time when conformity has become the Eleventh Commandment, they have dared stand, begrimed and insolent, and describe with accuracy the Emperor's clothes of splendid nakedness." Here is Man bereft of clouds of glory: what ought he?

Among the authors quoted and discussed are:

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<thead>
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<th>British</th>
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The Picarresque Saint is R. W. B. Lewis' study of six contemporary authors (Moravia, Greene, Camus, Silone, Faulkner, Malraux) whose novels he says have a common hero: the picarresque saint, whose prototype is embodied in Cervantes' Don Quixote, Dostoevski's Mystklin, and Defoe's Crusoe: "the holy wanderer with his special combination of extraordinary spiritual gifts and extraordinary spiritual frailties... the type of the disturbing and even the troublesome individual who is charity in action."

Vincent Berger, hero of Malraux's Les Noeux de l'Attenburg (and his forebears in Malraux's earlier works), Lewis discusses as pivotal in a study of the other five. This hero does more than ask the usual question: "What is man and what is the human life?" He asks also: "Does the question itself make any sense?" And the answer appears to be yes, for man seems the only animal capable of seeing himself as subject to death and capable of pity, "an impulse in which anguish and fraternity mingled inextricably," which brings him at last to "the sense of life," "to experience the happiness of fraternal pain." If this perspective is not immediately or continually apparent or available or acceptable to man, he will be wise if, "like blinded Glouster in King Lear, he can learn to see feelingly, groping along the path... For man cannot talk himself around the paradox of life or the "inhuman and anti-human forces that hem us in and shake our hold upon our common humanity."

The picarresque saint is involved in mankind, but he does insist on his right and responsibility to remain an uncontaminated identity.

Mr. Lewis says these authors (though their generation "overlaps both chronologically and thematically" that of Joyce, Proust, and Mann) have a different concern. The earlier group belonged to an "artistic" world; the later to a "human" one, "in which the chief experience has been the discovery of what it means to be a human being and to be alive!" One idea, Lewis seems to say, of the novelists (perhaps even of current thought itself) is that our sense of the possibility of imminent death has provoked this stock-taking and concluding.

The London Times Literary Supplement writes of The Picarresque Saint: "Professor Lewis has a worldly wisdom and maturity of mind which enables him to speak with a sometimes positively disturbing authority."
Charles Norman

THE MAGIC MAKER: E. E. CUMMINGS

reviewed by

Phil Osgatharp

“any man is wonderful
and a formula
a bit of tobacco and gladness
plus little derricks of gesture

—and his work is full of tender as well as savage portraits.” Charles Norman has written a warm and sympathetic biography of one of the most unique and humane poets of the twentieth century. Concise, accurate, witty, revealing, the book etches a clear image of Cummings, backed by extensive quotes from his work, and anecdotes, like that about his humming birds, which, because he feeds them sugar, come to his porch and bow before flying south for winter.

Saul Bellow

HENDERSON THE RAIN KING

reviewed by

William Coleman

Henderson the Rain King affords the reader a profound insight into the forces that drive a man through life, and these forces are entertaining. Henderson is a fifty-five year old man, with his two wives (one divorced), five children, an income annually $100,000, bad teeth, and a passion for life on a "Grand Central" scale. A voice inside him constantly cries, "I want, I want, I want!" He invades the dark continent in his seeking and here he is a combination messiah and house-wrecker. He has made rain. Henderson, is, in short, the creation of that master story-teller Saul Bellow (The Adventures of Augie March), probably the American novelist to watch.

MASTERS

Twentieth-Century

first half

Someone has said that “the history of world literature of the first half of the twentieth century is now being written,” and that in it will certainly appear discussions of Mann and Gide and Proust. We were pleased to read this list, for we had planned a section in this issue of VOICES devoted to the authors you see here. We include Camus and Kafka and Faulkner, because we believe they belong. We would include Frost if we were doing poets (we reviewed Reginald L. Cook’s The Dimensions of Robert Frost in the spring issue), and we include Kazantzakis, because his Odyssey so astounds us that we are sure we have missed something in (we say with embarrassment) not having read his novels.

Here is our contribution to that “history.”
What form of literature has more freedom than mythology in prose and poetry? It has been a source of great literature since man could write. Children make up rhymes about mythical characters. True poets and scholars find pleasure in writing about them.

Dr. Kazantzakis has continued the Odyssey by that ancient great, Homer. Do you remember your high school Latin and the wonderful stories of the wanderings of Ulysses? Patient Penelope weaving to the sounds of her greedy suitors; waiting for the return of god-like Ulysses. In Homer’s book he made it home to Ithaca and killed the suitors of his wife, if you remember. At this point Homer stops his tale. 2000 years later Kazantzakis, also a Greek, continues it. Ulysses cleans the blood of his wife’s suitors from his body and, after a short disinterested time at home, leaves Ithaca once more. Always the hero in good or bad, most powerful among men Ulysses abducts the still beautiful Helen (you know which one), destroys the decadent civilization of Crete, and sets off on voyages and adventures which carry him to Egypt, the southern tip of Africa, and finally to the remotest regions of the Antarctic and his death.

This story fills 33,333 lines of poetry and twenty-four classic books. Originally it was written in Greek (published in 1938). The book was so popular in its native language that Kimon Friar, scholar, poet, and translator was commissioned to translate it into English. Dr. Friar spent five years perfecting this translation—much of the time with the author himself. Greek scholars are commending Friar for his masterful translation, and the few illustrations by Ghika are applauded by artists.

Before this appeared, Kazantzakis was hardly known in America. The Odyssey will probably send some of you looking for his allegorical novels: Zorba the Greek, The Greek Passion, Freedom or Death. There are some who regret that his death in 1957 lost us a possible Nobel Prize winner.

The translator’s introduction and commentary provide useful synopsis of the twelve books and explanation of the author’s philosophy.
This fifteen-line passage will illustrate, though somewhat inadequately, the quality of translation:

all glared in silence toward the savage, tossing stern
where godly Helen lay and the ropes entangled,
and Helen felt their furtive looks and shook with dread,
but scorned in her great pride to wail or weep or plead
or lean her breasts as suppliant on the man's hard knees.
She had surpassed the common lot of women, and felt ashamed.
Hardihood rose in silence and his red stain swelled
and thrashed his savage face like a live octopus.
He strode across the thwarts toward the all-holy form
and for a flash the weather cleared and North Wind paused.
The great-graced lady thrust her face between her hands
and all life passed before her like an oar-winged dream.
But as the bronzesmith lunged to seize those famous locks,
he suddenly clenched his fists and slowly turned away
and bit his red mustache with an ill-tempered shame.

Book V, lines 243-258.

FRANZ KAFA and THE CASTLE

Barbara Bennett

Certainly to be included among the “Major Novelists: 1900 - 1950” is Franz Kafka. A significant and much debated figure in modern literature, he was born in Prague, Austria-Hungary, July 3, 1883, the son of a well-to-do Jewish family.

Kafka regarded writing as “a form of prayer.” Much of his philosophy can be traced to the Talmud and to the religious theories of Blaise Pascal and Soren Kierkegaard. The main impulses of his work are an awareness of the utter isolation of man, a feeling of guilt, and a belief in the absolute. His style presents a strange blending of precise descriptions of the world with the fantastic situations in which his characters are enmeshed.

Perhaps his two novels best known in America are The Castle and The Trial. In all of his novels one theme predominates: that is man’s desperate striving to solve the riddle of life, he is hopelessly trapped by inscrutable forces.

Throughout The Castle, one is very much aware of this theme. The castle represents the solution to the riddle; K. - - a seeker, the major character tries unsuccessfully to get inside the castle.

It was late one afternoon when K. arrived in the small village which lay before the castle of Count West-west. He was tired after his long walk through the snow, wanting nothing but to rest. He stopped at an inn and fell asleep by the fire, only to be awakened by a man wanting to see his permit to stay in the town. K. explained that he had just arrived and was the land surveyor the Count had sent for.

The next day K. started out for the castle to report for duty. He set off for the castle, which as he walked seemed farther and farther away. Growing tired, he stopped at a house for rest and directions. As he left the house he saw two men coming from the castle. He tried to engage them in conversation but they hurried by without a word.

He returned to the inn where he again met the two men. They introduced themselves as his old assistants. K. telephoned the castle only to be told that he could never come there. Shortly afterward, a kind young man, Barnabas, arrived with a message from Klamm, a chief at the castle. K. was ordered to report to the superintendent of the town.

After K. had arranged for a room at the inn, he set out on a walk with Barnabas, who took K. home to meet his parents and his sisters, Olga and Amelia. When Olga left to go after beer, K. went along with her.
In the bar K. quickly made friends with the barmaid, Frieda, who seemed to wish to protect him from Olga, managing to hide him from her. He learned that Frieda had been Klamm's mistress.

After that Frieda was determined to stay with K., if he were willing. K., hoping that through her, he could meet Klamm, decided to marry her.

K. then went to call on the village superintendent, who informed him that a land surveyor had been needed several years before, but no one knew why he had come now. The superintendent made K. realize that his appearance was causing a great deal of confusion in the small town. K. decided to remain and find work so that he could become an accepted citizen.

On Frieda's insistence, K. accepted the job of school janitor. That night K., Frieda and K.'s two assistants moved to the school house. The next morning K. dismissed the assistants. After finishing his work, he slipped off to Barnabas' house.

Here Olga explained that her family had been outcasts since Amalia refused to become the mistress of one of the men at the castle. K. was so interested he forgot about the time. When he left, he saw that Jeremiah, One of his "assistants," was shouting on him.

He encountered Jeremiah and found out that Frieda had sent him. She had returned to her old job at the tavern and never wanted to see K. again.

As K. stood in the hall of the tavern, he saw Frieda. He ran after her to explain why he had stayed with Olga and begged her to come back to him. Just as she seemed willing, Jeremiah came from one of the rooms and persuaded Frieda to go with him. Frieda left K. forever.

Kafka died before he completed this novel, but his friends say that K. died without ever reaching the castle. Man does not solve the riddle of life: Kafka says in a beautiful, restrained style.

THOMAS MANN and
THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

"I do not wish to be a stranger in this world, as it often lies within the nature of the artist or poet to be, but to be in so far as it is possible a human being." said Thomas Mann.

Thomas Mann, master German novelist, was born on June 6, 1875, at Lubeck. Mann was an active anti-Nazi and his books were burned in Germany. He fled to Switzerland, and later became a citizen of the United States, lecturing at Princeton.

He was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1919 and 1933. His work is characterized by finished style and power of observation. His great descriptive ability and his technique are unsurpassed. With James Joyce and Marcel Proust, Thomas Mann is considered among the greatest novelists of the 20th Century.

Though Mann had written short stories, the long novel Buddenbrooks was the beginning of his major works. This novel portrays life among the upper class of northern Germany. It begins with pure realism and evolves toward an impressionistic outlook. Among his latter works most noteworthy are the "Joseph" novels, Dr. Faustus, and The Holy Sinner.

The Magic Mountain, usually considered his finest novel, is a symphony of mystery and amazing life that goes on under cover, in silence. As the story proceeds, his characters grow closer and closer to reality, yet they are better or worse than reality.

As the plot opens, the hero, Hans Castorp, is on his way to Davos, Switzerland to visit his cousin, Joachim Ziemssen. Joachim has been a military man, but is now ill at the sanatorium at Davos. Castorp, a young engineer of Hamburg, has three weeks to visit his cousin. This, in his youthful estimation, is a long time.

He finds Davos, the hospital, everything and everybody very strange. He speaks often of the three weeks time which he is to spend there, but he soon learns that he must handle the word time with care in this land.

The people here seem to resent Hans almost immediately. He is well. He isn't one of them. Hans is continually satirical about their way of life. He sees that time and reality have been forgotten and the four walls of the
sanatorium bound their lives. The outside has ceased to mean anything to them.

In the meantime Joachim is dismissed, and Hans at first is lonely. But it isn’t long until his cousin has to return. This is a bitter blow to the soldier, for he has tried desperately to regain health sufficient to return to active life and he has all but convinced Hans that he must guard against falling under the fatal spell of the magic mountain. After one has been here, it is difficult to go back to the normal way of life again. In fact, this unrealism makes reality impossible for some. Hans is no exception to the magnetic, gravitational force that pulls patients to the sanatorium. He finds it a land of enchantment, a magical land where times and reality can be forgotten. Here he stays for seven years, searching for something that can never be understood, as humanity and life can hardly be understood. Hans has completely gone to sleep in this land, but one day they insist that he receive the news that his land is at war. There is no time to waste. He goes back home, and fights . . . . like a hero.

Time, which on the magic mountain has stood still, has been going on in Germany, and Hans at last resists the pull of inertia and wills his way back to reality.

ANDRE GIDE and THE COUNTERFEITERS

Don Merchant

Any discussion of the world’s great novelists of the first half of the Twentieth Century must consider Andre Gide, who was born in Paris in 1869 and came to be one of France’s greatest literary men. He was a novelist, dramatist, and critic extraordinaire. Many of his novels, have been translated into English, and they have received much acclaim from American critics.

Gide’s first serious novel was L’Immoraliste (1902), though Paludes (1895) seems his most prominent early novel. La Porte Etroite (1910) is considered one of the most beautiful books printed in Europe in a long time. Isabelle (1911) was said to be unlike all his other books, but could have been written only by himself.

Each single novel has many plots and themes. These conflicting dualities—mysticism and sensualism, good and evil, God and the Devil, self-expression and self-effacement—are recurring themes in his books.

Gide kept a journal through most of his life into which he put a record of both his time and his personality. Parts of this journal have been published under the title The Journals of Andre Gide.

In 1947, Gide received the Nobel Prize for literature. He died in 1951 in Paris, soon after finishing his last and most highly prized novel, The Counterfeiters. This novel centers around the idea that each must live his life and not a counterfeit substitute.

Bernard Profitendieu finds out that he is an illegitimate child and runs away to the home of his friend, Oliver Molinier. The next day Oliver has to see his uncle, a writer who is returning to Paris. Bernard and Olivier part, but Bernard follows close behind. Olivier’s uncle Edouard is so excited at their meeting that he throws away his checkroom ticket. Bernard, unobserved by them, watches the meeting of the two. He picks up the ticket and claims the bag and in it finds some money and a diary. The diary discloses that Edouard has come to Paris to help a girl named Laura. Laura has been seduced by Vincent Molinier, who is Olivier’s elder brother and needs help badly.

Bernard decides to help and confronts Laura with his knowledge of the affair. Laura is disturbed by Bernard who knows so much about her affairs, but his actions become understandable when Edouard arrives and Bernard admits the theft of the bag. Edouard likes the boy and takes him to Switzerland with Laura and himself. Upon their return, Bernard enters school and lives at the home of the headmaster, Monsieur Vedel. He soon makes new friends and falls in love with a girl named Sarah. Later, Olivier and Bernard go to a party given by Comto de Passavant, which turns out
to be an orgy. The next morning Bernard finds that Olivier has tried to commit suicide. Edouard receives a call from Mons. Profittendieu, Bernard's foster father, about some boys who were counterfeiting gold coins. One of the boys is George Molinier, Olivier's younger brother, but they talk of nothing but Bernard.

In the end, a young boy is killed in an initiation into a secret society to which George belongs. The experience is terrible enough to bring George to his senses. Olivier is recovering from his attempted suicide, and Edouard has sat down to start his novel. Each has found the life that is right for him.

JAMES JOYCE and ULYSSES

Ronald Mohler

James Joyce (1882 - 1941), certainly one of the giants of Twentieth-Century fiction, was born in Rathgar, a suburb of Dublin, the son of a Jesuit father and a Roman Catholic mother. As Joyce grew older he was torn between love for his father and mother and devotion to his religious beliefs, which differed from theirs. Joyce's early childhood was spent in the seething political era of Parnell, the famous Irish leader. The frustration caused by these emotional forces greatly influenced Joyce's writings.

James Joyce is noted for these works: The Dubliners (1914), a collection of short stories centered around life in Dublin, started while Joyce was attending a Jesuit college; A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916), a thinly disguised autobiography and forerunner of his Ulysses, centering around the frustrated character Stephen Dedalus (Joyce), and his effort to find the right path for his life amid the upheaval of the era of Parnell and his own conflicting religious beliefs; Ulysses (1922), his most talked about work, and Finnegans Wake (1939). These two books are direct opposites. Finnegans Wake deals with night and subconscious experience, while Ulysses deals with day and conscious experiences. Finnegans Wake contains dozens of languages and coinages which, combined, form, with their denotations and connotations, a series of puns. The story concerns Humphry C. Earwicker, who is a representative of every man; Ann Plurabelle, his wife, who represents the great feminine forces in all of nature; and their twin sons and daughter, Shem, Shaun, and Issy. The circuitous pattern of Finnegans Wake makes it a myth embodying all myth.

Joyce's later life was one of near blindness. His left eye sight completely gone, he was characterized by a black patch worn beneath glasses. Joyce was writing another book, A Further Awakening, when he and his family fled to Zurich to escape World War II. He died there shortly after on January 13, 1941, of a perforated ulcer.

Ulysses has often been called the most controversial novel of our time. It was published in the United States in 1934 by Random House, Inc., and immediately sold 35,000 copies. Ulysses is written in the stream-of-consciousness style, made famous by Joyce, which makes it a little difficult to understand.

The story of Ulysses is centered around the characters of Stephen Dedalus, a carry-over from A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Leopold Bloom, and Molly Bloom, his wife. Leopold Bloom's wanderings of a day in Dublin are compared with the wanderings of the Greek character, Ulysses, in The Odyssey. The places that Bloom visits are also compared with the places visited by Ulysses. Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, is represented by Stephen Dedalus; Penelope, the wife of Ulysses is represented by Molly Bloom. Bloom isn't strong and handsome like Ulysses, and Molly isn't faithful like Penelope. Joyce makes an important point by the contrast. Bloom shows how small modern man is, compared to his surroundings. Molly, though unfaithful, represents the eternal mother to both Bloom and Stephen. She is that force to them because they seem to come to her in their need. The main theme of the story is a father's search for his son and a son's search for his father. Stephen is disgusted with his own father, and Bloom is grieving over his own son, who died when only a small boy. Bloom and Stephen find each other, and their needs are fulfilled.

For a beginning study, Stuart Gilbert's James Joyce's Ulysses is indispensable.

MARCEL PROUST and REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Olva Kimmel Dorris

Every discussion of masters among Twentieth Century novelists carries the name of Marcel Proust, and his monumental (sixteen-volume) novel, Remembrance of Things Past, is the one work by which he is known. Remembrance of Things Past has a distinction few novels have—that of being a life work. Proust called his work the "story of the invisible occupation," and spent the last part of his life working on it.

Proust wrote with the belief that recollection is much clearer than direct experience, and that theory is quite in consonance with his life. An invalid since his childhood, he regarded himself as an oolooker rather than a participant in life. To write Remembrance of Things Past, he withdrew to remember the life he had been observing. It was a supreme effort of recall and led him to absorb himself with the intricacies of memory.

The book, written in first person, contains the memoirs of Proust. Definitely biographical in nature, it gives a vivid account of French society in the last part of the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth. Proust knew the aristocracy and was aware of its weaknesses.
He was inclined to expect much, and when he saw disintergration around him, he was disappointed.

The novel is not written with the purpose of exposing all of the problems and needs of his time, but rather it is the story of life as it is experienced—the feelings and sensations that are a part of living. A mother's good night kiss, a love affair, a broken heart, or the difficulty of getting to sleep are the fascinations of living. If a person cannot sleep, yet his surroundings prevent him from normal wakeful activity, he is left with the rather frightening prospect of amusing himself, and since the present is at the time unbearable, he must draw from the future or the past. Proust could be occupied in such a manner for ages, giving the appearance of differing from the ordinary sufferer—from lack-of-sleep only in this superb memory of his.

Proust was enveloped in the senses and considered them as the key to memory. He dipped a piece of cake into a cup of tea, and when he tasted it, he was filled with pleasant sensations which he described as bringing forth from the cup the happy memories of his childhood at Combray. Actually, memory became as important as the thing remembered. He was extremely concerned with details, and the details of Remembrance of Things Past are described with an extraordinary vividness. A yellow lemonwood chest-of-drawers beside an invalid aunt's bed, a fusion of odors in a room, or a cake dipped in tea are all sensuous details and are all conductive to recollection.

Remembrance of Things Past is divided into sections, which, if taken separately, might seem somewhat independent of each other, but which shown together, make an intricate and rather perfect pattern. The past is not recalled in the order of time. His childhood at Combray is followed by the love affair of his neighbor, Monsieur Swann, which took place before his birth.

Proust leaves Remembrance of Things Past ready to embark upon his great work with quite an immense store of memories to support him. He has remembered the past and collected his memories and made them permanent. Within the book there is an amazing completeness—a very accurate and candid picture of the experience of living.

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ALBERT CAMUS and THE FALL

Joyce Oden

Recent publication of Camus, a study by Germaine Bree, serves to remind us once again of one of our most conscientious writers. Albert Camus, whom the book is about, has just had his fourth work, Exile and the Kingdom, translated into English and published here. Camus is a brilliant writer “who at forty-five has become a classic of our time.” No summary of important Twentieth-Century novelists can omit him.

Albert Camus, a profound philosopher, is a writer of vital interest to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Born November 7, 1913, in Mondovi, a town in northern Algeria, he showed early promise of being an outstanding thinker. Starting in 1934, he began taking an active part in the intellectual life of the city of Algiers by managing and acting with a theatrical company.

Camus' first publications were collections of essays, L'Envers et l'Endroit and Noces, in 1937 and 1938. In the years that immediately followed, Camus' career as a journalist greatly aided the Resistance movement in France.

The theme of Camus' thought it probably best captured in the allegory of Le Mythe de Sisyphe: the hopeless, meaningless eternal uphill struggle which is life. Camus is continuously seeking the answer to one question: “What does it mean to be a man?” And his answer, always subject to revision, takes the form of plays, novels, and essays. Camus' writings all deal with the tragic aspects of our time; however, they also call upon the will of man to dominate the absurd aspect of man's fate. He is making a valiant effort to understand the age and to pretend a renaissance from the ruins.

Perhaps the most significant Camus work so far is The Fall (1957). The hero of this novel, once a successful Parisian lawyer, tells his story to a stranger whom he has met at a bar in Amsterdam. Although he has been noted for his modesty and kindly thoughtfulness for the poor and defeated, at heart he now despises all but himself. He is revealed to himself in all his insincerity, shame, and shameless immorality by two insignificant experiences. He then tries to unveil his descent to disgrace. The vices and despair of Camus' generation are mirrored in the hero of the book.

The novel is full of wit as well as thought. It is a disturbing work, for it reminds us of a good many things we should prefer to forget. This brief novel is a protracted monologue on the human condition. At times The Fall seems more like a meditation than a novel. It is a thorough examination of the conscience of man. It exemplifies existentialism in practice: external
ambiguity, apparent negations, and personal positive effects. In this very short novel, we find Albert Camus at his best—a novelist among those practicing an atheistic existentialism in fiction, though he does remain aloof from Sartre and his group. Here the master craftsman Camus, achieves a brilliance not to be found in his previous works.

The Fall has been described as "the cynicism of guilt-ridden post-war Europe, in search of self-justification and of a cure for her remorse." It may also be considered a parable. After reading this greatest of Camus' works, this reviewer was left with a number of interpretations through which it is possible to see the author's quest for a meaning of life amid the absurdities of it.

R. W. B. Lewis, in Lippincott's just published The Picarresque Saint, including William Faulkner as among Twentieth Century novelists "coming to grips with what it means to be a human being," emphasizes again the stature of Mr. Faulkner. The current production of Requiem for a Nun, now showing on Broadway, and the recent movie of The Sound and The Fury bring to mind his very essence. In his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, Faulkner said, "Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it."

Today's novelist, says Faulkner, has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone constitutes worthwhile writing. He adds, "I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man; it can become one of the props, the pillars, to help him endure and prevail." Faulkner's major works justify this statement.

The Sound and the Fury, often considered his masterpiece, is a compelling study of an old Southern family which has declined to the ruins of society through the evils of lust, incest, and suicide. The story centers around the Compson family of Jefferson, Mississippi. Mrs. Compson, believing herself to be of good stock, suffers for what she thinks engulfs her—namely, the sins of the Compsons. Her greatest cross is her idiot son, Benjamin. Through Benjamin we get an unbiased account of the Compson's past: Only an idiot mind could be unhampedered by past experiences.

Candace, the eldest daughter, is a victim of lustful desires. Sydney H. Head, one of her lovers wishes to marry her and gives her brother Jason a job. Her brother Quentin, studying at Harvard, hears of this and commits suicide, for Quentin is a moody, morose boy whose passion is Candace.

When Candace delivers Sydney an early baby, she is removed from the house. The baby is adopted by the Compsons, but Candace is ostracised from the family. The child, named Quentin, proves to be as wild as her mother. She and Jason become mortal enemies. When Candace sends checks to support Quentin, Jason forges them and keeps the money. One day Quentin takes up with a show troupe performer and, stealing more than three thousand dollars rightfully hers, runs away with him. Jason cannot call the sheriff, and illness prevents his pursuit.
In Faulkner's plot of psychological realism, the stream of consciousness technique is masterfully employed.

An earlier novel, As I Lay Dying, is a story of misfortune and commitment to a purpose. It concerns ten days in the life of a poor white Mississippi farm family. The theme of death is developed and varied through a succession of voices. One sees an outer structure and an inner structure—the former a journey in a wagon; the latter, an attempt of the Burdens to define themselves as members of a family at the moment the family is perishing. The crux of the novel is Addie Burden's soliloquy, her thoughts, as she lies dying while her son builds the coffin beneath her window. The family literally go through flood and fire to accomplish their committed purpose—to take Addie back to Jefferson to be buried.

As I Lay Dying is a Faulkner's triumph of fraternal feeling, coupled with warmth and affection.

Another Faulkner masterpiece, "The Bear," is a long story centered around Isaac McAslin's recognition of the wrong and shame that corrupt his inheritance. An annual hunt is made in Yoknapatawpha forest, but not for killing Ben, the bear. Rather, it is an escape of the hunter from the social world. The great bear symbolizes their communion in the escape from social evils. The two heroes of the story—the bear and the dog—equally honored, are finally buried together.

The fable of the Bear is an example of a broad stream of pastoral which courses through American writing. It is a conscious turn to simplicity as a desired way of life and the nostalgia for a time which could more fully realize that desire. It is also recognition of what is worthy in character, as represented by the two beasts, and the maintenance of tradition, represented by the hunt.

Requiem For A Nun is a three-act play with typical Faulkner narrative interludes setting the background for each act. In it Faulkner has revived two characters from Sanctuary—Temple Drake and Gowan Stevens. The play is a story of guilt and evil and repentance and faith, told with complete defiance of realistic conventions of the theatre. The point of the drama is: why did Nancy, the colored nurse, murder the baby and what was Temple's guilt in the matter, and has she any chance of purging herself of her sins? Also of importance is the humble faith of Nancy. Her lines—"I just believes"—are left ringing in our ears.

Orville Prescott, reviewing the book in the New York Times, calls it one of the most bizarre experiments in literary technique. Brooks Atkinson adds (of the play), "Nothing can be taken hold of or defined. But, the slow, dark flow of Dialogue is characteristic of Mr. Faulkner, who listens to a distant drum. As a man of feeling, he is entitled to his own method."

One may truthfully say that William Faulkner is one of America's renowned authors. As an authentic moralist, when not moralizing, he has tried in images of character, to develop the meaning of human virtue, of pride and forbearance, of humility and brotherhood, of truth and charity.
### CONTRIBUTORS

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**CORRECTION**—The poem “Awareness” in the fall issue attributed to David Polk was written by Randy Nix.