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Spring ... Again
Linda Tufts

Tra-la! It's spring again. Prepare yourself for the annual onslaught of springtime poetry. In spring, not only the young man, but the young woman, the old man, the veterinarian, the vegetarian, the butcher, and even the poet (who spent a long cold winter starving in a garret) lightly turn to thoughts of writing poems and poems and poems.

And why not? Spring is such an inspirational season . . . birds sing and bees buzz and the sun shines and the sudden rains and the grass and all the things you had forgotten existed (things like grubs, slugs, flies, poison ivy and dandelions, not to mention ragweed and plant lice) are once more a part of day to day living.

Spring must be a good season for poetry . . . proof being the number of poems already written on the subject. "Rebirth of Nature," "The Renaissance of the Year," "I Think That I Shall Never See . . ." "Old Mother Earth Wakes Up," and hundreds of cherry blossoms, leaves of grass, daffodils, tree fungus . . . the list is endless.

And it rhymes! Every little bit of it. Spring and sing, flower and hour, fun and sun, bird and heard, sky and sigh, new and blue . . . even mud and flood. And check the alliteration: merry, May, maple, mossy, marigold, manure . . . Magnificent!

Ut-oh, I think I've caught the bug — oh, oh, I recognize the symptoms. After that God-awful winter, my resistance is low. I can't control it . . . Here we go . . .

Spring on earth and in the air,
Prancing skunk and dancing bear,
Idyll of a world so fair,
Nothing in the year so rare,
Gladdest season of the year.  

Well, I did it, and I'm glad. There's a wonderful feeling in this conformity and anonymity of doing what ten thousand other people are doing.
right now, not to mention those who have gone afore or those who will come after. Did you notice how cleverly I spelled SPRING looking vertically down the lines? This is an old and highly over-rated technique that gained its greatest popularity in autograph books in such beautiful epics as:

May you always walk in sunshine
And your days be long and gay
You will always know I love you
Be your lover June through May
Everything I've ever wanted
Let's get married right away
Let's elope and live together
Naughty, naughty, mustn't do—

ELMER BROWN will tell on you.

Sigh). Tis spring. Carpe Diem.** Let us dance, sing, laugh, and make merry. And to commemorate this rare and wonderful season, which only happens once a year and lasts just three short months (which is hardly time to read all the poems already written on it), how about a little luscious tetrameter 10 line poem on the beauty and the glory (and I mean the sheer wonder) of it all. Tra-La-! !

* Poetic license—means “the poet couldn't think of a word that rhymed.”
**Carpe Diem—Obscene Latin phrase (put there obviously to impress you) and meaning “The carp are dying.”

WHAT STATION THE DESTINY OF ARISTOCRACY

Janet Roark

Flick — flick — flick: he hops
Along the cleared walk,
Showing horizontal flashes white
Among the chimney-sweep gray.

Click — click — click: minute
Crumbs disappear within his long
Beak, beak, beak. Tail goes
Up, wings out, and down again,
Too fast for human eye to see.
Grey feathers, feet grey, ground grey, sky grey.

Flick — flick — flick. Flick:
Thus he progresses down the white-Walled canyon, gleaming what the Gothic-Bred starlings had disdained.

THE THERESIAN IMPULSE

Francis L. Daugherty

Pathetically, I kissed her dear, dead lips, which were so recently warm and pink, and wandered out into the snowy street. I was alone and felt like looking toward the heavens and shouting:

“Dear God! She is dead!”

I walked down Second Street, crossed the trolley tracks, and searched for I-knew-not-what. I was a truly sorrowful figure, in my hospital-waiting-room-worn clothing, and I was slouching pitifully. I wallowed gleefully in my own sense of the sorrow of it all. and thought of happy moments we had spent together; the fireplace...the ski-lodge...the many countless dinners-out. A wonderful girl...a jewel. I would never recover, I lied to myself, in my usual hypercritical fashion.

I realized, then, that it was approaching lunch time. Oh, how could I ever eat? How could I force down meaningless food at such a time? That question didn’t meet with much response in my brain, so I headed for a drab little diner down the street. I had another question to ask myself, however. Exactly how should I eat? Should I eat with that feeling of distaste and sorrow...that feeling of “food is so unimportant and immaterial right now,” sort of thing? Or should I eat my poor fare with determination, a forceful conquest of my sad plight? I decided to eat positively and defeat this horrible emptiness which was gnawing inside me (and me so young, too).

Thus encouraged, I sat down at the counter, carefully pulling up my coat collar around my ears and purposely slouching on my stool. Effect is so important. I scanned the pictures of nice little sandwiches and fountain treats on the wall facing me. They looked wonderful, and I have always had a weakness for ham sandwich and milk shake. No...No! I almost screamed the words aloud, as I realized what I was doing. Eat light...light...maybe coffee and...and an order of dry toast. No...let’s be sensible, now. Eat something stable to see you through this crisis. I ate ravenously.

After leaving the little diner, I became besieged by other doubts and the most important one to everyone was, of course, myself. Where would I go for comfort? Who would tell me that all was well? Who would now take on the tasks of restoring my faith, building up my ideals, loving me? Oh...of course! Mother...you have always been there, haven’t you, Dear?

I walked along, silently voicing a growing conviction to do something befitting this tragic moment in my life. Maybe go stand on the bridge and entertain false thoughts of jumping. Maybe I could go sit in the park and think of divine guidance while filching peanuts from pigeons. Or maybe...and
perhaps best of all... I could sit in a little picturesque cathedral, perhaps slouching in a pew and softly sobbing. Maybe an old and kindly priest would come in and comfort me... maybe.

No. Those things were too obvious. Too awfully, terribly obvious. Something more subtle to show my deep grief. A Poem! Oh, yes, a poem. A deeply moving elegy. Yes. I would do it. It would extoll her virtues. I would rival Tennyson for pure power. Yes. But, it would not be a false builder-upper. It would treat Jean honestly, by God. She certainly deserved that! We must, at all costs, be honest, even in moments as tragic as these.

I walked some more, smoking cigarettes and letting my beautiful blond hair blow freely about my face. This had been a day that I wanted to remember. Emotion gripped me in its cold-gloved hand, and I suppressed a chuckle.

She hadn't deserved me.

JAN

I have a little girl named Jane
And everywhere I go,
She follows me like Mary’s lamb
And always wants to know;
“Mommy, why do trees grow up?
And what does xy spell?
And is God in the water pipes?
And why do flowers smell?
And why can’t I stay up all night?
And how far is the moon?
Who gives doctor all his shots?
Will Daddy come home soon?”

Unanswerable questions,
How they tease and tax my brain.
But when she asks “Who do you love?”
That’s easy—I say “Jane.”

Sonnet: CYDIPPE

Sondra McDaniell

Cydipe, you who lost two sons to death’s
dark doom, grieve you in anguish at the gift?
Loving mortal, breathing silvered breath
from Juno’s holy throat thy soul to lift
On High! know you the ways of gods and men—
To see the depths of death, her cold clad breast,
to hear man’s bleating soul as sheep to bend
toward home and end, this day to spend in rest?
Goddess, golden, Juno, wisdom chastened,
gave you to man the gift gods blessed on high?
Souls pure and perfect are not laid in waste.
Best gift of gods that man so honored die.
Cool breath of death, a goddess gift to give.
Fear not the fate of death but fear to live.

FROM THE QUICK POOL

Gerry Konsler

The broken leaves are fallen
To the call of
That responding wind,
And blessing dunes of consecration
Leave the pit of anger to the shelf
Of its sublimity.

Long travel caravans of raiders who
Mock the tranquil deep, and throw
Again their torrents to the sky. In
Sleep it leaves its bare reality
And watches leaves caress the night,
This the night of living nights.
LOVE WAS YESTERDAY
Linda Tufts

Love was yesterday in the rain without an umbrella
and warm and wet.
Love was innocence and light and a long white dress
on a store mannequin.
Love was laughing and singing and running through a world
where people smiled and shook their heads in disbelief.
Yesterday was gone today.
Love is today and the sun is hot and its passionate embrace
has withered the grass and turned it brown.
Love is familiarity and knowledge and a secret no longer.
Love is disillusioning and yearning and
the world is full of empty words, crude and obsolete.
Today is gone tomorrow.
Love will be tomorrow in an empty room and darkness
and the lingering fume of dying flowers.
Love will be an ash tray heaped with half-smoked cigarettes
and a lump in your throat and a sob held back.
Love will be dying and writhing in pain as its last breath
is choked by remorse.
Tomorrow will never come.

THINGS
Linda Tufts

These are the things I hate—dull pencil points
and narrow minds,
Warm milk, dirty fingernails, and people who
ignore me.
These are the things I love—warm beds and
thunder and lightning,
Involved conversations, green apples, and
a tall white candle.
These are the things I have learned to fear—
large churches and Communist Russia,
Mathematics, lung cancer, and kissing
strangers in dark places.
These are the things I desire—world peace
and strawberry short-cake,
A glowing fireplace, a friend, and
love freely given.

ENLIGHTENMENT
Kathleen Adkins

writhing
kneeling
supplicating they
address their gods and pray to
the cold impervious idols of
success beauty
sex money
power fame
love status
their nostrils are pinched from the
smell of impossible dreams
they scream with fear-tanged mouths
for wholeness
and I sneer
what fools they are
then prostrate myself again before
my altar of abasement
and grovel to the deity of
of my own making.

LONELINESS
Sondra McDaniel

Loneliness spreads over me like a blanket warm.
Once in daring I kicked off my covers and laughed
at my fears.
Love was morning and the light was white.
Fearlessly I ran through the day in my bare feet
and I was happy.
But night came slow and cold
and in the dark I reached down and pulled
up my blanket.
For Harry

Francis L. Daugherty

The sun does not stop at the window
but splashes through onto the keyboard and my hands.

As though the rays give strength and sound in soaring bliss,
I roam the keys to find the best to crash

to clash
to bash the notes

in waves
and peals,
then let them die far out in time.

I take a delicate and gentle chord
and wind and weave a gentle mood.

I make it sad
and cry

and change it back to innocence.

Yvonne Houchins

THE AFTERNOON OF SUN

John Boyd

THE AFTERNOON OF SUN

John Boyd

CRYING CLOUDS

Yvonne Houchins

The sun does not stop at the window
but splashes through onto the keyboard and my hands.

As though the rays give strength and sound in soaring bliss,
I roam the keys to find the best to crash

to clash
to bash the notes

in waves
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then let them die far out in time.

I take a delicate and gentle chord
and wind and weave a gentle mood.

I make it sad
and cry

and change it back to innocence.

Yvonne Houchins

CRYING CLOUDS

The once crying clouds
To cover their
Modesty
Smile their spreading sheen
Arching their chromed peak
To brighten the dull life
And make secure the weak
Ferdinand vs Modern Society

Sue Grafton Flood

Let us get to the heart of the matter. This beatnik business is nothing new. The original beatnik was Ferdinand the Bull who lived in Spain in the year once upon a time. His main claim to fame is that he had the audacity to sit in the Bull Fight arena midst much walling and gnashing (to be pronounced with a g) of teeth following the noble pursuit of smelling flowers. What history fails to tell us is that this was the downfall of the Spanish national economy. The troubadors, the matadors, and the picadors went on strike; the local A&P stores went out of business (they had been canning bull meat and selling it for dog food); and investigation later proved that bull fights were all fixed anyway. That same year the Invincible Spanish Armada turned out to be invincible and Isabella sued Columbus for breach of promise. To save face, the government decided to go to war. What resulted, as everyone knows, was the Spanish-American War, which hardly promoted the exportation of castanets. By this time the national treasury was at an all-time low. The Spanish Inquisition was formed to persecute those who had not paid their dues to the Knights of Columbus, and as a last desperate measure, the Rock of Gibraltar was sold to the Lackawanna Life Insurance Company. Today the only source of income is royalties from "My Fair Lady" ("The Rain in Spain Stays Mainly in the Plain"). And all of this because one beatnik bull sat around on his tail.

The conclusion is obvious. The beatniks must be sent back to Sir Henry Harcourt Riley. If America is to be saved from disaster, the only other alternative is the abolishment of slavery. Vote for the Emancipation Proclamation in the coming election. (This has been a paid political announcement.)

Solutions in a Teacup

Linda Tufts

Life is a pot of tea, and everyone receives a cup. Some like it cold and iced, remote and frigid, unsounding except for the tinkle of the ice as it touches the sides of the glass. Others savor it so hot it burns the tongue and leaves behind a trail of tiny white blisters. There are those who gulp it down and choke as though they cannot live fast enough to catch what is behind the next wall, or in the next cup. And there are those who sip and savor so sparingly that long before the cup is empty, life has lost its flavor.

Jasmine, sassafras, orange pekoe, black and green. Different in appearance, different in taste, all alike for all are tea. Steaming mugs and demitasse, tall, slim glasses, and cracked china cups. Each receives as he is capable of holding without spilling. Flavor it with sugar, with cream, with lemon—tea is tea and life is life.

As the kettle whistles when the water is hot and ready to be poured into a cup, a mother is warned when the child is born. And, like tea, the child takes on the shape of the container into which it is poured. Large house, city slum, farm, or houseboat. Dead bodies, as withered tea leaves, once useful, strive no more. Content to lie in the bottom of the cup, to be used to predict the future of those who come after them, or for musings on the past. Life is a pot of tea, and everyone receives one cup, and no more.
No one looked up or took any special interest when they come in the restaurant—the middle aged married couple and the old man. The woman's hair was cut in the fashion of middle-class matrons that mock the aristocracy of our democratic society. She had on a two-piece brown suit about a year old. The only thing that bespoke her vanity was her earrings, large and gold with artificial pearls—estimated value, $1.50, including tax. The man held the door for her and then paused as he realized that the old man following deserved the same show of respect. He held the door for a moment longer, then walked immediately to the booth without further thought. The old man walked with the look and air impossible to anyone but an old man. His skin was pale yellow, and his eyes were the eyes of goldfish, breathing deadly oxygen.

The trio sat in a booth away from the door. When the waitress came up, the old man raised his head. His eye sparkled with a look of controlled anticipation. He cast a wary look at the woman seated beside him and said with a smile, "I want some fish please."

"Now look, Daddy," said the woman, "You've been sick, and you just have to stop some of the things you do. Now eating fish is one of them. I don't see how you can be so foolish; the doctor expressly forbade food like that. I do wish you would behave as we ask you. You just spent three weeks in the hospital and you're not going to tear it all down eight days after you get out!"

"Now Ruby, you know that one little old piece of fish won't hurt me. Besides, fish is my favorite food. When your mother and I were still young and lived in Maine, we used to eat fish three or four times a week. Every kind—cod, halibut, perch, herring—cooked all different ways, all the time, and it never hurt me then. Why, we used to feed it to you when you were just a baby. Please, Honey, I've wanted some good fish for so long; I know it won't hurt me. Please."

"Look, Pa," interrupted the husband, "let's not be childish about it. That is all right for Maine when you and Harriet were young and strong. But you're not in Maine now; you're in Connecticut. Harriet's dead and Ruby is a grown woman. You are an old man that has been sick. You are not going to eat any more fish, not ever, and there will be no argument about it."

"Listen here, Carl Deems, you're married to my only child, and I have to put up with you. But, by God, I'm still twice the man you are, sick or not. I had my own fishing boat when you weren't even an idea yet. I rode up and down the New England coast with nothing to work with but two rotten nets, a half-witted nigger mate, and guts. I made my living on my own. I was my own. I was my own boss, and answered to nobody. I never had to sit in an office wearing a damn fool white collar and lick the boots of everybody I saw. I never begged for a thing; I went out and sweated for it. I wasn't afraid of no man, and I still ain't. Now, damnit, I want some fish."

"Daddy," coaxed the woman, "why do you always get mad when Carl tries to help you? You know that he is only looking out for your own good. Remember when Mother died how he wrote to you and told you that his house was yours? Don't you remember how hard he worked to get the room in back, making it clean and airy for you? And when you got sick and had to go to the hospital, we both came to visit you once a week and called the doctor all the time to find out how you were. Why, Carl missed a date for lunch with the bank president to come and take you home from the hospital. And here you are getting mad over a little thing like a piece of fish."

"It ain't just the fish, Ruby. You know that. I know I've been sick, and I know what Carl has done for me. I don't believe I can explain it to you. You're still young. For seventy-two years I was my own boss, and I worked hard for the two people I loved most in the world—you and Harriet. When Harriet died, most of me died, with her. You were gone with Carl, and I didn't have nobody. All I had left was respect for myself. I had to sell the boat to pay for funeral costs and couldn't even be boss of that. Then I came to live with you and Carl, and it was just like I was a little kid again. I couldn't smoke my pipe or go out with the men and drink ale. All I could do was wander around the house like an old maid! That's not the kind of life I can live. Why, I would be better off dead than like that. It's got to where I can't do anything like I used to. I can't even eat a piece of fish without everybody yelling his head off. Oh, what's the use; I guess I'll eat oyster stew like you say. I don't know why I fight, I was bound to lose some time."

"Well, you're finally beginning to show some sense," said Carl. "We all grow old someday. That's just life, and you might as well accept it. I don't see what all the fuss is about anyway. So you get old, so what?"

"We're ready to order now," Carl told the waitress. "Give Pa an order of oyster stew, and we'll both have a fish plate."
Nell rushed to the nearest car as soon as the train had stopped. The old man still followed, but she was safe, surrounded by the other passengers. Now she had the courage to look full at her pursuer. In his hands he held a pad of paper and a piece of charcoal. He was sketching her! The train rushed through the tunnels and Nell almost laughed aloud in relief. Paris! Scared to death when she was only modeling! They reached the Etoile station and Nell got off—alone. She looked back to see the old man still standing in the circle, clutching his sketch. She wondered what he would do with it. Maybe her picture would hang in the Louvre someday. Maybe some handsome Frenchman would see it and search the world for her, the original.

"I hope you're a great painter, old man," she thought, and dismissed the incident and the character from her mind.

But Francois would not forget. He rode on, changing trains several times until he reached the shabby neighborhood where he rented a bleak room. Seeing the girl in the station had shaken him. She was so like Monique—she might have been Monique fifty years ago. Francois went over to the armoire, pulled out a bottle of red wine and poured himself a tumblerful. He drank it quickly and waited for the expected warmth and drowsiness. She had liked this wine, he remembered. They had packed it in their picnic basket and drunk as they dreamed and made the plans of all young lovers. But that was long ago.

Now, nearly seventy, he was a repulsive wreck of an old man. He had once been a handsome, virile representative of the petit nobility. His home had been a modest chateau on the Atlantic coast, north of Bordeaux. Monique was seventeen when he was twenty—the year he left it all and went to Paris to give his life to art. He had felt very noble about it, and full of ambition. He had planned to return after his first successful show, to take Monique back with him and share with her the fame and riches he would surely win. Almost fifty years ago now.

Now! He had spent this morning, and most of the mornings of the past forty years, pursuing the career of an artistic failure. Today he had been a fruitful one for him. Several American ladies, damas d'un certain age, had been touched by his look of impassioned humility, by the apparent desperate poverty in which he moved, and had bought his mediocre drawings, providing him with wine money for days. Over the years Francois had perfected his salesmanship. The little chateau had grown in his imagination, and in his conversation, into a series of gracious homes near Paris, on the Cote d'Azur, in Brittany, and on the Loire. The modest income was now spoken of as a vast and endless fortune. All sacrificed to ART. And what had ART given in return? Years of poverty! "Oui, Madame, many times have I subsisted on bread and cheese. Sometimes, indeed, I have been reduced to the indignity of sniffing what remained after the rich have eaten in a restaurant. C'était tres dure, Madame, tres dure." Endless hours of work without rest. Eyes burning with the effort of seeing color as it must be seen, back and
legs throbbing with the fatigue of standing so long before his easel. Many
times, indeed, he forgot to eat even when food was available, so absorbed
was he in his work; he had felt the dishonesty of being forced to leave his
lodgings: "So I have lost my best paintings, Madame. Oui, in payment of my
debts. The world should have heard from me, Madame, had it seen what I
could do." Yes, he had given up his fancies, all hope of home and fire- side,
all that men desire on this earth—so went his pattem, profaning even
his love for Monique. And it always ended thus:

"And now, Madame, I have reached the end. All has been in vain. I
have begun my masterpiece, a study of a woman mature, serene, with the
beauty of soul in her face—mais, Madame, a woman like yourself! And
now, I have again been disposed west. I have saved nothing but this painting—
only begun. I have not even a few francs to buy paints. All my hopes, my
struggles—for rien. The world will never hear of Francois d'Ivray... Oh,
Madame. Mais non! I could never take money from a charming lady. I
should not have bothered you with my desesoire. Non, non, Madame. Alors!
"A loan then. Votre address?" (This was important. Francois could make a
touch again. And it gave him the ring of sincerity.) "Madame, I embrace your
feet. The world will thank you when my painting hangs in the Louvre."

Francois poured himself another glass of wine, noticing his reflection
in the bottle with distaste. He perceived that he was thoroughly disolute.
If he had ever been an artist, he was one no longer. True, he sketched a
little, did a few ois; even; but it was himself he sold now, and not his
work. In the early years he had applied himself, working under a famous
master on the Rive Gauche, near the Sorbonne. But he had found it dull.
His love for painting was not deep enough to compensate for the slavery of
it. He had a little talent, and he soon found that he could sit in coffee
houses or walk along the Seine, and if he looked desperate enough, tourists
would buy his efforts. It seemed insane to spend his life becoming expert
when great artists never achieved success until after they died. He could
more easily drift along, enjoying his reputation as a romantic figure, relishing
his poverty and his bohemian life, and whipping up a batch of drawings
now and then when the money was gone. Gradually, Monique and the chateau
near Bordeaux had faded and finally were forgotten completely except as
scenery for the tragedy he played. Forgotten until today, when he had seen
the girl in the Metro. Where was Monique now? Somewhere in the Charente- Maritime,
perhaps, with children—no, surely grandchildren by now. Francois
poured more wine, and a little of it spilled on the sketch which he had tossed
carelessly on the unmade bed. Francois wept, briefly and suddenly. At last
he slept.

When morning came, Francois lay as he had fallen on the bed, still clad
in his rumpled clothes, a three-days' growth of coarse gray beard on his
chin. Slowly he woke, opening his eyes to see the sunlight shining on the wine-
stained sketch. He rose and reached for the wine bottle—nearly empty now.

He would have to go out for more. He drank, then, with a sudden determined
motion, spat the wine from his mouth. He reached for his wallet and counted
what remained of yesterday's earnings; then he took the wallet and the
sketch and left the room. He hurried down the steps and out of the building,
rushing along the street till he came to the art dealer's where he usually
bought his charcoal and cheap paper. Firmly he demanded a large canvas
and tubes of paint. He paid the flabbergasted proprietor in cash and rushed
out, stopping only to buy bread, sausage, and coffee. Back in his room,
he opened his packages, examining the canvas with care and delighting in
the colors. They were gay, clean, happy colors—the colors of youth. He
would blend them into a picture that breathed youth and cleanliness and
innocence.

With quickening pulse, he ate a little of the bread and sausage; then he
set up his easel and prepared his palette—carefully, as he had done when
he was young and still cared. He took the sketch and set it on a chair before
him and began to brush the paint on the canvas.

Francois worked all day. He worked as he had described it in his pathetic
monologues, forgetting to eat, ignoring fatigue. As the room grew dim he
looked up in amazement and dismay. The morning and afternoon were gone;
the day was spent. It was impossible! He brewed his coffee and ate more
of the bread and sausage and some cheese he found in the armoire. He
hardly felt tired, but he was asleep the instant he lay on the bed. In the
morning he woke earlier than usual. He felt an excitement and anticipation
he had missed for many years. For a moment he was puzzled; then, sleepily,
he noticed the ease and was wide awake. He made coffee and started to
prepare colors while it was heating. So passed that day and another and
another. The days became weeks. Francois went out now only to buy food
and paints. He was brusque with his one friend, Albert, who lived in the
same building and came to see about him. He told no one of the painting.
Habits of the cafes he had frequented wondered. Some sent word of pros-
spective customers—Francois had been a curiosity that brought business. He
sent the messengers away without reply. He forgot about drawings and
money and friends and even wine. The painting was his obsession, the one
thing that existed for him.

In two months, it was finished. Francois added the final daub of paint and
signed it with a flourish. He was satisfied. The young girl stood before
a background of chestnut trees; in the distance, on the right, was a small
chateau of gray stone. The setting was simple and traditional as were the
pose and garb of the girl. She wore a simple dress of the turn-of-the-
century—short-sleeved, fitted bodice and wide skirt of blue that showed in deeper
tones the patches of sky that shone through the trees. It was only her face
which was extraordinary. Not the features. They were regular enough, and
beautiful, but all young girls were beautiful. Francois had given her
though, some marvelous effect of light and shadow, both an exuberant
radiance and a quiet, serene glow. She was the beauty of innocence. The effect was unmistakable. She was Monique.

Suddenly, Francois was exhausted. He rummaged in the armoire until he found his old friend, neglected so long. He drank a deep draught and sank on the bed from which he could look at his painting, watching as the colors changed in the dimming light. This was the picture he should have painted forty years ago—no matter, it was done at last. And it was good. Now he felt that he must hurry. He rose and went to the door, calling for Albert.

His friend came and Francois motioned him in and indicated the painting. "You see what I have been doing, old friend." Albert hardly saw the painting. He was shocked to see Francois so tired-looking, so wan. He started to go to him, but Francois stopped him. "Take it, Albert. Take it to Montcher. It is my masterpiece. Sell it, that the world may know me at last." Albert understood that this must come first, before he could return and put Francois to bed, give him some good soup, and shave him. He watched as Francois removed the painting from the easel and wrapped it tenderly in heavy paper. Then he took the bulky package and hurried out.

Albert took the painting to Montcher, the most respected collector of contemporary art in all Paris. He watched as the great man unwrapped it and set it on an easel. They looked together and saw a study of a young girl, rather a plain one. She stood before a pastoral background—trees and sky and a building in the distance. The painting was neither terrible nor excellent. It showed a technique that might once have come to something, but had been blurred and spoiled with too many years and too much wine. Montcher shook his head and handed the canvas to Albert without a word. There was nothing to do.

Albert walked slowly back. He wanted to hurry to care for his friend; he wanted to delay with this bad news. He knew that Francois thought the painting was a wonderful thing. How could he tell him the truth? Perhaps—no, he had no money and even if he pretended to have sold the painting the trick would not work for long. Francois would demand to know when it would be shown. But he could think of nothing else. Perhaps he could fool Francois long enough to bring him back to health.

Albert burst into the room with the story on his lips. "Francois, mon voix, quel success..." he broke off, seeing Francois lying in a heap on the floor. Albert went to him. "Old friend, old friend," he murmured. There was no need now for trickery. Francois smiled in death, certain that he had made his mark at last. Albert thought of the canvas, hidden in a corner of his room, and wept. For this his friend had killed himself. For this he had worked until there was nothing left of him. Artists were all alike, Albert thought bitterly, all insane. One would have to be insane to give his very life to art, which gave so little in return. Albert looked up and saw the sketch lying on the armoire. He reached out and picked it up, crushing it, and dropping it on the floor beside Francois' lifeless body.

IN SUCH GREEN THOUGHTS I BROWN

Gerry Konsler

Nightshade and burning tongues
Flash out in my disparity. Other
Crowns I cannot give but to know
The freedom from that twisted chain,
And fleeting, I need no sorrow. Only
Tears can I use in these quick moments
Of this my single death. And so must
I resign my cup, that herein is no clause.

FIRESIDE

Jim Skaggs

Cracklin’—
An open hearth.
Winter’s flames blaze brightly—
Shimmering, scarlet, amber—arrow the mortared chimney.
Slender spruce and knotted pine illuminate bleak barrenness
As faintly shines winter’s fleeting sun
On snow-capped cliffs.

Hours we whiled away
Comfortable and warm,
Dreaming, contemplating, scheming,

Each brief flicker dims swiftly,
The blaze recurs,
Vulcan’s archers cast aside mighty, radiant bows;
Each claims his sweet, tranquil repose
In death’s still, solemn bower.

We must content ourselves with cinders, soot—
Smoulderings of forgottenness,
Charred icons of resplendent past.
ONCE THERE WAS

Sondra McDaniel

Once there was a boy; his name was David;
and I loved him.

He was an artist and I was a model.
Soon I loved him because of his ways,
his bitterness, his tenderness, and his understanding.
He loved me and I loved him,

But it could not last and we both knew.
So at the door one day, he kissed me goodbye
and left.

Once there was a boy; his name was David;
and I loved him.

SONNET: WHEN TIME HAS TOLD HER TALE

Susan Grafton Flood

When Time has told her tale in days and nights
And rests at last in God’s great calloused hand.
When space has cried “Amen” from staggering heights
And smashed the myriad stars to burning sand,
When earth has spawned her final bloody war
And man lies mutilated in the field,
When Death stands proud and fearless as before
Watching the nameless graves rise up and yield
Their dust to God, when darkness conquers dawn
And lasting silence triumphs over sound,
When God is done with us and we are drawn
Together, carefully gagged, securely bound ...

Hope shouts, “The tides of Life again shall flow!”
And God at length replies, “I know...I know.”

SHEILAGH WALKS IN DREAMS

Judy Rogers

Sheilagh walks in dreams.
Through her days she goes in mists
Waiting for a life of splendour,
For an evil to resist,
Lovers asking her surrender,
LIFE, in its extremes.

Sheilagh walks alone.
Someone else must do the finding.
Someone else must come to her.
Dreams are radiant and blinding
Fears of time begin to stir.
Armored knights are none.

Sheilagh’s treasured schemes
Find her old and still unwanted.
Life’s not come to seek her out.
Sheilagh’s cold and sad and haunted
Wandering what the world’s about.
Nothing left but dreams.

LOVE IS A FAIR-HAIRED CHILD

Sondra McDaniel

Love is a fair-haired child, gentle and soft.
Raising in you warmth, longing, need;
To cuddle near your cheek and whisper sweet, sad words,
spoken in childish tones
broken and improper.
Tenderness cradled in your lap,
Gentleness of a warm hand on your own:
Love is a fair-haired child, gentle and soft.
TRIUNE: SEA

The way of the wind is smiling at the sky.
Where the burnished sails tack
In the restless gale's smack
And the seaman's tales track
The sun-bleached deck.

The way of the sea is mocking at the wind.
When the salty mist parts
And the anchor's twist starts
And the gnarled fist charts
The sailor's course.

The way of the sky is rocking in the sun.
When the sea stands proud
On the beaten land's shroud
And the ship's hands crowd
The sun-bleached deck.

The way of the sun is whiling in the sea.
When the storm splay's heat
And the silver sprays meet
And the forgotten days greet
The sailor's course.

Sonnet: SOFT IS THE NIGHT

Soft is the night and gentle are the stars,
And memory—a careless, whim-ful sprite
Awakes the almost unremembered part
Of me that dwells in such a starry night.
As we two walked beneath the violet sky
We felt, I thought, that perfect harmony
We dream of, where there is no you, no I
But one completeness—star-filled night and we.
You said no word. We walked on through the stars.
I could not speak. The night and we went on.
Then sudden thunder roared and seemed to mar
Our perfect night; and with it you were gone.

Now silence leaves me bitterest regret
Till starry nights are gone, and I forget.

IF DEATH SHOULD COME

If death should come and lead me out of pain
Into some strange and esoteric land
And leave you all alone, here to remain —
Love, do not weep and reach out for my hand.
Though I shall be — somewhere — rememb'ring you,
You must not let life stop with memory.
For nothing you or I or love may do
Can bring me back. Nor shall you come to me.
Reach out, then. Find another tender hand
To comfort you and take the loneliness,
And I shall see, and I shall understand,
And knowing you are well, at last may rest.

Life is for living, not remembering.
Take, then, each drop of joy your life may bring.
"We read the Bible and slept in school,
Discarded knowledge as a useless tool,
Plowed our fields and hoed our corn,
Rose with the roosters in the yellow morn,

"No problems then—
No thinking done—
Give me the good old days."

II
Cigarette smoke and black leather jackets,
Politician’s smile and union rackets,
I heard the people crying,
As they lay down at night.
I heard the people crying for a peaceful night.

The young man said, "I hate that place;
We talk guided missiles and outer space,
Isaac Newton and the apple tree,
Study halls from one 'til three.

"A half-baked teacher from a two-year college,
Teaching mathematics with a basket-weaver’s knowledge,
Writing on the blackboard,
Meaning not a thing,
How’s this stuff related to my going steady ring?"

"But it’s not all bad—Good things are there,
Football games and duck-tail hair,
Senior proms and sock-hop halls,
Funny rhymes on rest room walls,
Typing class with old man Blair
(We tied him down and shaved his hair).

“We’re mixed-up kids,
They tell us in our classes,
So they grade on the curve,
Where everybody passes,

Like, it swings... man.”

III
City Hall gleaming and a bright green park,
Mud-floor hovels and sobs in the dark,
I saw the people hoping for a better way of life.
I saw the people hoping for a useful life.
The old Negro sat, with his face in his hands, 
Hearing all the music, but seeing not the bands. 
Scraping on a fiddle with a spry old bow, 
Wailing out the dirge of one race’s woe.

“Times ain’t changed,” he said, with a smile, 
“With me, a mile is still a mile. 
Pullman’s no good if you ain’t got the money, 
The world’s still big . . . if you ain’t got the money.

“My kids ain’t doin’ no better’n me, 
Always fightin’ for the rights that be. 
Kickin’ and a’ scratchin’ for the big-time place, 
Catchin’ dirty glances for the color of their face.

“One smart feller say, ‘Let’s build ’em up, 
Let’s give ’em lots of learnin,’ 
And a filled-up cup. 
Let’s treat ’em equal and pretend they’re white, 
But it ain’t no good, 
We’re black as the night.”

“I fought for my country . . . World War One, 
Got shot by a fast-firin’ tommy gun, 
They sent me home. . . . I was blind as the fog, 
I got a white cane and a seein’ eye dog.

“Spare a quarter?”

IV

White picket fences and self-satisfaction, 
A smug complacence and a hate for action, 
A seat of laurels, 
A drink of wine, 
“It’s ancient Rome” is the studen’s whine. 
“We’re all gonna go when that bomb hits here, 
No more movies and no more beer.

“What are we gonna do?”

The times are passing, as we sit with a smile, 
Like Native Dancer in the last quarter-mile, 
The time to do is with us now, 
Else we’ll bury our cherished dream, 
’Now.”

ONE “TA”

Sue Grafton Bland

“One ‘ta’, two ‘ta’, three ‘ta’, four . . . ”

Nora stood in the circle with her fists extended. Marty was counting and as he did, he tapped gently each fist in turn. There were seven children in all, but three had already dropped out and only four fists remained. Everyone watched intently as the counting continued. “Five ‘ta’, six ‘ta’, seven ‘ta’, more . . . ” Teddy’s fist was tapped and he stepped back. “Aw Gee Whiz!” he whined, “I never get to do nothing!” Nora smiled at him condescendingly. Teddy was a crybaby and she hated him. He wiped his nose on his shirt sleeve and Mother said that was nasty. Nora always carried a clean handkerchief because she was a lady. “One ‘ta’, two ‘ta’, three ‘ta’, four . . . ” Marty was counting again. This time Judy left the ring. Judy was nothing but a big sissy. She was pretending to be disappointed but she wasn’t. Judy wouldn’t even pick up worms, and the day they decided to eat one she got sick at her stomach. Of course, she was only six. Nora was quite proud of herself. She was the only girl brave enough to eat one. Even Marty, who was eleven and two years older than she, had “accidently” dropped his and stepped on it. Nora liked worms better than seacrackers.

Marty was out. “I guess it’s you, Nora,” he said. “Yeh,” she said, “I guess it is.” “You get that old cat good,” David said to her with his beady black eyes dancing, “You get that old cat real good!” They had been talking for some time about what to do to the cat. It was an ugly thing. Big and bushy and black. And mean! So mean it would scratch your eyes out for no reason at all. It belonged to Mrs. Feldsmith. Mrs. Feldsmith was the cranky lady who lived on the corner. She would stand on her front porch and scream and holler at the kids when they rode by on their bikes. She always told on ‘em when they picked her silly roses or threw stink bombs in her basement windows. She was old and kind of scraggly looking with hideous bony hands, covered with bulbous red and blue veins. She had a goiter too, and it made her look like a dwarf frog. Her cat’s name was Edgar. She had named him after her husband, who had been killed in an accident at the waterworks four years before.

Nora walked slowly down the alley behind Mrs. Feldsmith’s house. She knew that Edgar was usually in the garage chasing rats. He was a stupid cat. She carried a big burlap bag in one hand and a piece of stout twine in the other. The garage door was locked. There was a huge pile of odds and ends stacked against it, and a rusty padlock was jammed through the hook. Edgar got through in a crack where the wood had rotted away. She crept around the side of the building and dragged a garbage can over to the window. Marty had got the boards loose over the window, and she climbed in
without any trouble. She stood still for a minute, her eyes adjusting slowly to the musty gloom. There were a tool box and a wood-worker’s bench in one corner half smothered by column on column of empty cartons. Discarded chairs, a table with a broken leg, a dilapidated couch, and a big leather-covered trunk were junked at the opposite end of the low-ceilinged room. The place smelled of dust and cat stool. Edgar had his own covered with insolence.

His gaze showed calm disinterest. A rat lay at his feet.

“Here, kitty, kitty, kitty,” Nora whispered softly. The big cat stared at her with insolence. “Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, come on.” Edgar continued to stare. She began to shuffle slowly toward him. Edgar ignored her pleas and stretched lazily. He picked his way daintily across the garage floor and jumped up on the couch. He pulled his claws again and again across the already torn upholstery and then sat and licked his ochre coat with deliberate strokes of his emery-board tongue. “Come here, Edgar, you dumb thing.” She cooed softly to him. “Come here, Edgar, you great big dumb thing.” Edgar idly watched a moth which had fluttered out of the couch, and then he yawned. Nora had almost reached him now, and she stretched her hand cautiously.

Edgar startled by her movement, jumped back suddenly, the hair on his back ruffling like seared grass. He spat angrily, and his mouth remained open exposing a row of toothpick teeth. Nora lunged at him, but he had skittered down to the end of the couch and was seated now on the trunk. This was going to be harder than she had thought. Again she darted toward him, but he had streaked across the floor and under an over-stuffed chair. She got down on her hands and knees and crawled over to the chair. Edgar’s claw slashed out and left an angry red mark across her palm. Nora was beginning to perspire, and there were dirty smudges on her face and dress. Ten more minutes of “cops and robbers” still had not produced the cat. She was getting mad now, and tears of rage traced lines on hersorry cheeks. And then she heard it. A tiny scratching sound. The rat near Edgar’s bed was quivering.

She had probably interrupted Edgar’s dinner, for the stunned creature was beginning to move. Nora watched the rat and then turned to Edgar. He was perched on the trunk again. He, too, noticed the rat. He crouched, and his tail began to switch nervously from side to side. Nora backed silently toward the wicker basket. She opened the mouth of the burlap bag wide and stood stock still. The rat let out a shrill squeak and started to stagger dazedly. Edgar’s head moved only slightly, and then he sprang. He pounced on the rat and bit savagely into its neck. He rolled over and over with it. With kittenish joy, he clamped it tightly in his front paws and pounded it with his hind legs. Before he had finished his little game, the bag closed over his head.

Nora hummed to herself as she walked into the kitchen. She had a long scratch on her arm, and her dress was covered with damp spots, but Edgar was dead. He hadn’t even struggled much when she held him down in the tub of water. Marty had buried him in the vacant lot along with his little companion. Everyone had congratulated Nora. She had done a splendid job. Edgar’s wicked eyes were glazed and his claws would never lash out again. The children had crowded around his shallow grave and pelted him with dirt clods. It was getting late, and they had smiled innocently at each other when they heard Mrs. Feldsmith calling Edgar from her front porch.

In the kitchen. Mother was sitting at the table drinking a cup of coffee with Mrs. Abernathy from next door. They smiled when they saw her.

“Well, Dear. Did you have a nice time playing today?” Her mother asked.

“Uh... huh. We had a lot of fun.”

Mrs. Abernathy raised her eyes to the heavens and croaked, “What in the world have you been doing to get so dirty? ! ! !”

“Oh, nothing. We were just playing,” Nora replied and leaned her elbows on the table. Her mother set down her cup. “Young lady, you march right in and wash those elbows. It’s almost time for dinner.”

“What’s for dinner?”

“Sauerkraut.”

Nora shrugged and went to her room. Mrs. Abernathy was just remarking how dirty children could get, and Nora heard her mother say, “I know, Clara. But they do have such fun. And I hate to scold Nora. We feel it would hinder her social development. She’s a sensitive child, you know. Why the other day she even cried when her father killed a tomato worm.” Mrs. Abernathy said “Tsck... tsck.”

Nora made a face. She liked worms better than sauerkraut.

LATE AUTUMN

Chilling rain
stole splendor
Of Autumn’s flaming reign.
Death, in cold November
Came cruelly to find
Each flower reclined
ah peacefully, And sharp with holy white, Snatched boldly
all beauty from the world.

Myrtle Abbott
THE BLACK SHEEP

Kathleen Adkins

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns had always prided themselves on being liberal and rational people. Their comfortable home was littered with copies of Ingersoll, Paine, Voltaire, and other upholders of cool logical reasoning as opposed to narrow-minded emotional religion. They had carefully taught their three sons and one daughter the precepts of atheism, birth control, moderation in smoking and drinking, and prevention of VD according to the best methods of modern psychology.

It had paid off, too. Father had beamed with pride when his precocious siblings scoffed at the attempts of earnest young converts to bring them to Christ. At an early age, the Stearns children were considered the biggest challenge in town to visiting evangelists. Invariably, their innocent young souls were prayed over at every opportunity, which gave Mr. Stearns cause for much gleeeful hand-rubbing and chortling when he saw how easily they resisted every effort.

Anna, the oldest, had done well for herself, marrying a brilliant young avant-garde poet. James, the next in line, was now a doctor in the Midwest, upholding Stearns tradition as the town atheist. Bruce was working for a Ph.D. in philosophy. He had great plans for a treatise absolutely refuting the revelations of the saints as hallucinations brought on by Oedipus Complexes.

But there is a black sheep in every family, and their youngest, Thomas, was so black he was almost white. He had followed in the footsteps of his illustrious forefathers until his senior year in high school. Then the parents began to see that some weighty question was bothering him. Their first inkling of the truth came when Mrs. Stearns found a pamphlet in his drawer shouting hellfire and damnation against all those who blasphemed. Soon after that the father caught him furiously reading a New Testament.

There was an unpleasant scene. Mr. Stearns took Tom to task severely, ending with, "Have you forgotten your breeding? Think of the disgrace to your name, young man! Besides, remember what Ingersoll said about 'emotional pap for weak minds.'" Tom hung his head, muttering that he was only curious.

After that, the Stearns felt reasonably safe until Tom's second year of college. Paying a surprise visit one Sunday evening, they found his roommate alone, sullenly drinking from a bottle of Old Yellowstone. He was a sound, level-headed boy, never bothered by those worries and doubts which Tom seemed easy prey to. Disgustedly, he informed them, "Your son's at evening worship," and declined to say more. His glance clearly accused them of failure.

Needless to say, the parents were aghast. The dorm director, beaming, oozed, "Your fine son is really an upstanding boy, Mr. Stearns. Lives a clean life, goes to church every Sunday, reads his Bible daily. I just know you're really proud of him."

At a complete loss, the Stearns fled for the same sanctity of their home. Suddenly old, they clung to each other through that dark and dismal night. Thomas, the most brilliant! He had shown such promise during the early formative years!

When Tom came home for Christmas vacation, the parents, fearing gnawing at their entrails, were grimly prepared for a last stand. After strained greetings Tom hurried to the sanctuary of his room, guilt and resolution fighting for control of his face. Later, he walked slowly into their room. All three knew the showdown had arrived.

Mr. Stearns started reluctantly, "Son, we've been the best parents we know how. We've tried to show you the right way, we've sacrificed for you, worried over you. Yet, you have betrayed us. Why, Why?"

His face red with a mixture of embarrassment, fear, and defiance, Tom faltered, "I really appreciate everything you've done for me, really I do. But, well, a man's got to stand on his own two feet and think things out for himself. I know I've failed you, but I just can't help it. I am the way I am."

Mr. Stearns, imbued now with righteous indignation, railed, jeered, pled, argued both coolly and hotly, but to no avail. Their errant child clung stubbornly to his belief. Seeing that the end had come, he finally shouted, his hands waving helplessly like the antennae of a trapped roach, "This is too much! You are no longer any relation to me. Get out right this minute. Don't come back until you have repented of your ways and can scoff at this foolishness!"

Tom left quietly. As soon as the door had closed, Mrs. Stearns gave way to shrieking sobs. Snarling, her husband turned on her. "Never again will anyone in this house mention his name, speak to him, admit that we even know him. We will forget him completely. This is a blot on our family escutcheon which we will do our best to erase. Now hush, woman! We'll have no tears for the dead from anyone!"

Mr. Stearns enforced his promise. To all intents and purposes they had never known Tom. Yet, sometimes, as Father read the evening selection from Liberal Thought Magazine, Mrs. Stearns' quivering chin would reveal that she, with the fond weakness of all mothers for their renegade sons, still clung to fragments of hope for her youngest and best-loved child's redemption.
Through many splendid pages flying
Often dying sometimes singing,
More than ever crossing bridges of hopes and
Fleetings, feelings, fleetings washing there
Upon me watching rocks and rounds and
Knowing beauty sounds so bare without
Those numbered with the edges of cliffs and
Drifts on into its own darkness and
Clinging sees the light.

So near the surface comes the surging,
Wishing to expel its breath so breathing,
Heeding to its wishes, swishes, splashes by
The shores of sands and spits its
Emptiness to me, that I may fashion
In my ill-fashioned way the cloth of
Spots and dots and colors seen but
Never blinding, finding no fear
Of its own.

I watched with speed the passage waking,
Shaking me to see the chaos all around
Me found me lying in my
Throat at what I thought was dreaming
Of the days old reading, bleeding out
The pages of my mind.

There the book ends gently dying,
Crying for more rapt division
Than I may offer. And yet
My house is filled and never
Shall my page more wander,
For I gather in the stones
And in them have my love.
TRISTESSE

Alfred de Musset (1810-1857)

J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,
Et mes amis et ma gaiété;
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.

Quand j'ai connu la Vérité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie;
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en étais déjà dégouté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle
Ici-bas on tout ignore.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui reponde.
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleure.

SADNESS

Translation by
Kay Anderson

I have lost my strength and my life
And my friends and my joy;
I have lost even my pride
Which let me believe in my own genius.

When I knew truth,
I believed she was a friend;
When I sensed and understood her,
I was already disgusted with her.

And yet she is eternal,
And those who have done without her
Have been ignorant of everything on earth.

God speaks, we must answer Him.
The only good which remains to me in the world
Is to have sometimes wept.

CHANSON d'AUTOMNE

Paul Verlaine

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une longueur
Monotone
Tout suffocant
Et blême quand
Sonne l'heure
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure
Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deca, dela,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte

SONG OF AUTUMN

Translation by
Betty Pogue

The long sobs
of the violins
in autumn
wound my heart
in a monotonous
languor

All stifling and
pale when
the hour rings
I remember
the former days
and I cry
I go away
with the bad wind
that carries me
here and there
like a
dead leaf
Leise zieht durch mein Gemut
Liebliches Gelaute.
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Welte.
Kling hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Blumen spriessen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag', ich lass' sie grussen.

Gently Run through My Mind
Gently run through my mind
Sweet chimes.
Ring, little small song,
Ring out into the wide world.
Ring out, out to this house,
Where the flowers spring up.
If you see a rose,
Tell her I send her greetings.

PARA ENTONES
Quiero morir cuando decline el día,
en alta mar y con la cara al cielo;
donde parezca un sueno la agonia,
y el alma un ave que remonta el vuelo.
No escuchar en los últimos instantes,
ya con el cielo y con la mar a solas,
mas voces ni plegarias solozantes
que el majestuoso tumbo de las olas. . .

FOR THEN
I want to die at the end of the day,
On the high sea with my face to the sky.
Where agony seems like a dream far off,
And the soul as a bird soaring in flight.
Not to hear in those final hours—
Then with heaven and sea all alone—
Any more sobbing voices nor prayers
Than the majestic falling of the waves.
RITUAL IN THE DARK

Reviewed by

Colin Wilson

Colin Wilson, one of England's "Angry Young Men," and author of The Outsider, has completed his first novel, Ritual in the Dark, a story dealing with a series of murders committed in a style similar to "Jack the Ripper's."

Gerald, the leading character, met Austin, a rich dilettante, in a London Art Gallery and became his friend though Austin had many mysterious sides to his character. Gerald met people who knew Austin—some evil, some innocent, and some of questionable morals—and some knew Austin better through them. Learning the murderer's identity, he contemplated informing the police. Meanwhile he wondered about the outcome of his own love, divided between two women.

The author's knowledge of psychology, art, music, and literature is well developed and interwoven into the plot. He has, however, a one-sided tendency in choosing and dealing with his characters: few if any are average, normal people, and the entire cast concentrates too much on sensuality. One wonders whether the author is seriously analyzing abnormality, indulging in sophomoric philosophizing, picturing a problematic section of society, or merely enjoying exhibiting his bizarre gifts.

Young Mr. Wilson has a very distinguished style of writing. His story leaps into instant action and talk on the first page, and he keeps it spinning throughout. British and American critics agree that he cannot be ignored.

This youthful writer has possibilities of becoming an excellent novelist should he develop a new subject instead of just adding a different touch to an old story.

FORTY BEST SHORT STORIES FROM MADEMOISELLE

Reviewed by

Patsy Gray

Although Mademoiselle is primarily a woman's magazine specializing in fashions and interior decoration, it also features short stories written by foremost authors. This year Mademoiselle has compiled a book with leading stories of established authors, college students, and beginning authors that have proved or will prove themselves in the field of the short story. All of these authors and their works have been printed in Mademoiselle. This edition includes such famous names as Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote, William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, Moravia, and Joyce Cary. This list was edited over a period of twenty-five years and it is an illustrious one indeed. Each story is foreworded by an introduction to the author and a summary of his work for Mademoiselle. For the pure pleasure of good and diversified reading, this is the book to try.

The Alexandria Quartet: Justine, Belthazar, Mountolive, Clea

Reviewed by

Janet Rourke

Is it possible Lawrence Durrell has succeeded in his purpose of exploring and setting down on paper the many voluptuous and passionate joys and cruelties of the multiplicities of love? In this novel of four books, published over the past three years, he has given a work comparable with the greatest works of literature. It transcends English literature, ideas of Western civilization, concepts of oriental worship, and the ancient African cultures to become a work of the world. Every character, every happening is introduced, described, for the sole purpose of depicting a variety of love. The content and extent of his studies of love are so intricately done that the work can be re-read and again re-read (as a masterpiece of music can be re-listened to without losing its freshness), each time finding additional depths, additional evidences of Durrell's superb skill. This is like no prose the reviewer has ever read before—the work of a poet deprived of form. He has the unusual ability to make a few ordinary words unbearably exciting! In many ways the quartet is like an abstract work of art. It does not contain enough elements to be documentary of day-to-day, mundane living but does pick up all the silver threads of the multiple emotions of love of all types and, with the help of a relatively few characters, weaves them into a warp and woof of a dazzling, hypnotizing, undulating tapestry of Alexandrian life. Alexandria: that ancient-modern city, that oriental-European, that Moslem-Christian city, fighting back against the darkness of Africa—the darkness of culture, landscape, and skin and the fighting within itself by the intricacies of political and religious plottings and machinations. Durrell emphasizes the importance of the spirit of the city of Alexandria as well as the forces of Africa by saying, "We are the children of our landscape; it dictates behavior and even thought in the measure to which we are responsive to it."

But the Europeans and Christian Copts are being slowly pushed out of Africa, the dark but sunny Africa which sees nothing undesirable about chopping the body of a living camel into easily portable hunks, leaving the severing of the head until the very last, insensible to the suffering.

Each book is named for a prominent character in it. Upon reading, one can easily agree with the author's expressed estimation of Justine, Belthazar, and Clea as siblings in the project of treating love in three planes of the space dimension and of Mountolive in time dimension. They are NOT sequels not in any sense. Impossible, but true.

The reading of thirteen hundred pages of literature is not to be entered into lightly by anyone who leads a busy life; however, those who have discovered the charming genius of Gore Vidal are encouraged to undertake it by his expressed opinion that it is "a beautiful and unique work, sensuous and wise in its scrutiny of love." The reviewer finds the words of this opinion fantastically, unbelievable accurate.
WILLIAM FAULKNER: From Jefferson To The World

Reviewed by

Hyatt H. Waggoner
Sylvia Middleton

Hyatt H. Waggoner traces the growth of William Faulkner from his first novel, Soldier's Pay, through the second of the late trilogy, The Hamlet, pointing forward to the latest, The Mansion. He not only discusses Faulkner's artistic growth but emphasizes as well his struggle to understand man. He points out the contrast between the opening chapter of the first novel where the impression is given that man is wandering in a lost era, and Faulkner's final decision that man shall not only "endure" but shall "prevail." Waggoner traces Faulkner's growth by analyzing the themes of the works in relation to Faulkner's life and his striving to find meaning for it. He feels that at least one character in each Faulkner novel speaks for Faulkner. If the whole character does not speak, then some expression by that person does. So we discover the development of Faulkner's maturity. In his analysis, Waggoner compares Faulkner very often with other contemporaries, particularly Hemingway. Waggoner's most enlightening conclusion is that Faulkner almost felt he had to write about his South. However, Faulkner goes several steps beyond the average local-colorist. Faulkner does not merely tell about a type of people; he tells of the life the people are living. Waggoner says it is the compelling force behind the lives of these characters that Faulkner wants us to know. Because of the analysis of three books often ignored by Faulkner's critics, most reviewers compare Waggoner's book rather favorably with other studies.

WALT WHITMAN'S LEAVES OF GRASS
Edited by Malcolm Cowley

MARK TWAIN AND SOUTHWESTERN HUMOR

Reviewed by

Kenneth S. Lynn
Betsy Stagner

Leaves of Grass, when first printed in 1855, was hailed by those of Walt Whitman's time as a great work of "witt and wisdom." Immediately after the first printing of that now famous first edition, Whitman revised it considerably. The following revised editions lacked a great deal in life and power. Now the first edition is again available for our reading enjoyment. The new printing is prefaced by an introduction by Malcolm Cowley, who states that the original poems are most delightful reading. All Whitman enthusiasts will have to have this book.

In Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor, Kenneth Lynn makes an informative study of Mark Twain's writing and the way he drew upon humor from the Southwest to create his own unique literary style. The book is divided into two parts: the first describes the humorous traditions that lent so much to his writing, the second describes Mark Twain as a "creator," who changed these inherited techniques for his own purposes. The work does both Twain and humor good service.

THE SEVEN ARTS
and the
TWENTIETH CENTURY RENAISSANCE

Authorities who study the progress of the arts in America say that there are two periods of achievement in literature. The era of Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, and Melville makes up the first period; but the golden age of literature some say may be found in twentieth-century America. In other arts, perhaps, the golden age comes only in the present period. Certainly twentieth-century America is witnessing, is experiencing a renaissance of the seven arts. There are more Americans joining book clubs, attending concerts, studying painting and sculpture than in any other time recorded in history. America is pondering the wonder of the arts. Unfortunately, many times the wonder is not followed by search for information. Even college campuses suffer from this lack.

Man expresses himself through the arts. What goes into this expression? How is his fellow man to interpret these thoughts and emotions? In this issue of Voices we are featuring the world of the seven arts. This section is more than a mere anthology. It deals with each of the arts singularly and tells of what is taking place in that field. Good books and magazines relating to painting, sculpture, drama, ballet, architecture, and music are all explained as thoroughly and composity as possible in our space. The choice of poetry and humor to represent literature was not in order of supposed importance, but purely by a flip of the coin. To supplement the discussion of literature among the arts, other book reviews appear in the regular book review section.

Though the primary function of Voices is to publish the best creative efforts of the members of Western Writers in order to encourage good writing on the campus, the Writers recognize the relationship and inter-depence of the seven arts. And though our contribution (and we feel that student writing makes a contribution) to the twentieth-century renaissance is in belles-lettres (poetry, fiction, drama, informal essays, creative translations and reviews, literary criticism and analysis), we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the other arts and our inter-relationship and inter-dependence. Hence the section which follows.

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Painting is an intriguing subject which becomes more enjoyable the more we know about it—its background, its terminology, and its various forms. Libraries and bookstores everywhere fascinate us with their collections of beautiful and informative books on painters and painting.

Among recent books that are outstanding in this respect is *Dictionary of Modern Painting*, edited and printed in Paris by Fernand Hazan, but translated into English for our part of the globe. It illustrates trends in modern painting throughout the Western world, including works in private collections as well as the most famous museums, and provides brief biographies of modern painters. Defying the term dictionary, this is not only an informative book, but a beautiful one, because it contains 485 illustrations, 100 in full color. This is a book for the modern art lover.

There are so many enchanting art books that only a few can be listed here, even of the more recent ones. *Master of Modern Art* takes one on a guided tour of the Museum of Modern Art; *Seeing and Knowing*, by Bernard Berenson, has paintings and a short explanation of each; *Art Treasures of the Louvre*, by Rene Hughes, shows some of the more famous paintings in the Louvre and provides a brief biography of each of the painters. The *Great American Artists Series* is a set of six books on Pollock, Homer, Eakins, de Kooning, Davis, and Ryder. Each book reproduces the artist's most famous paintings and gives an informative analysis of each work. This exquisite set would make a perfect addition to any art library.

Many art lovers have found *Art Treasures of the World*, the monthly club that sends out the Abrams' Art Books, each with sixteen color plates of well-known painters, a fine way to add to their art collection and to enhance their appreciation of painting, for each book of seven-by-ten prints is accompanied by a booklet on art appreciation.

Magazines also furnish enjoyment for the art patron. Two outstanding ones are *The American Artist* and *Arts*. The first is compounded of the latest in art: the latest exhibitions, the latest paintings in America. *Arts* has broader scope since it encompasses the more recent art developments here and also in Europe. Well worthwhile also is *Art in America*.

A recent book of a unusual sort, interesting to American art lovers, is *The World of James McNeill Whistler*, by poet and art critic Horace Gregory. Modernists will want it because its subject is one of the most famous and controversial late painters. "It takes a long time for a man to look like his painting." This remark by Whistler to John Singer Sargent is the key to James Whistler's life and to his biography, "a portrait of an angel with horns or a hallowed demon."

The art lover and the aspirant who desire a fuller knowledge and appreciation of art, as well as the person with an eye for color and beauty, will find these books and magazines a source of great pleasure.
MUSIC

Susan Moses

Is it radio, television; a better informed public; increased leisure; an era of peace and security; a determination to find some means to enjoy life since A and H say it may be brief — what is it that has sent the American public haunting the music stores and record shops, buying the Community Concert tickets, enrolling for a radio membership in the New York Philharmonic programs? Whatever it is, it is certainly obvious that the American public has a more avid interest in music than ever before.

According to Webster’s dictionary, music is a combination of tones meant to produce a pleasing sound. While this may be the correct definition of this great art, few of us stop to think or analyze music in such terms. We want merely to listen and be entertained. Music provides enjoyment and even escape for us. Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Schumann — all of these composers who lived long ago transport us to varied scenes and foreign lands. We find solace in the soft and tender strains of their music; or excitement as the music soars to higher and higher peaks. Millions of Americans subscribe to the magazine Musical America or join the available record clubs. Records preserve our favorite pieces of music and allow us to play them again and again in our own homes.

In our country today, radio and television bring us classical music as well as the teen-agers “Rock n Roll.” We have even been privileged to witness performances of the celebrated New York Philharmonic. The brilliant director of the Philharmonic now is Leonard Bernstein. Recently Mr. Bernstein has written and published a book entitled The Joy of Music. In his book, he states that he considers all music one: Bach, the art of conducting, grand opera, a show tune such as Oklahoma, and jazz. Mr. Bernstein speaks of jazz as being “fresh and vital in the present tense with a solid past and an exciting future.”

The art of music did not die with the men we consider Old Masters. It is being kept alive by new techniques, different “bens” and audiences that can appreciate music of all types. When today’s youth and adults are hundreds of years removed from the earth, the music we compose and listen to will live on. In that way, our emotions and experiences will be represented. Music, then, is for all time. We may hear it played by an orchestra, a five-piece band, or the wind rustling through the trees. The important thing is that we do take time to listen. In that way we are enriched.

Music is a joy, whether it is the “music of the spheres,” the wind in the trees, the song of the birds, the tune we hum—or Leonard Bernstein’s orchestra. The Joy of Music is a good title for Mr. Bernstein to choose, both because music is a joy and because he has made it so for so many.

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BALLET

Mary Goble

Thanks to TV, people in remote areas are getting a taste of ballet, and interest in this art form is growing rapidly! Curiosity is aroused, and many who once only understood tap and acrobatics really want to know now what is ballet.

Much information is available to those wishing to acquaint themselves with this art. Useful so is the monthly magazine, Dance Magazine. It contains a variety of information: press notes, interviews, reviews of music and records, shopping guides; general talk concerning the trade; but it is also of interest to the laymen.

The Dictionary of Modern Ballet is the most up-to-date book published on this subject. It is a translation from the French, Dictionnaire du Ballet Moderne. It contains six hundred and sixty articles by leading critics and provides a wealth of information on every aspect of the art: the ballet ethnic, modern dance techniques, theories. It deals with personalities, performances, epochs and “schools,” choreographies, scores and decor, and all trends and ideas that have helped shape and inspire this great art form.

Knowledge of the ballet can be found in many sources other than technical books and magazines. Isadora: A Revolutionary in Art and Love, by Alan Ross Macdougall, illustrates the more personal side of the art by telling the story of one of America’s most famous dancers, Isadora Duncan. Mr. Macdougall, her one-time secretary (1916-1917) has compiled the first full-scaled biography, the most nearly complete since Isadora’s own autobiography, My Life, published in 1927. Under Macdougall’s eyes, Isadora Duncan becomes whole, as both woman and artist. Macdougall compares Isadora’s life to that of a double loom—“On one frame ran the design of her art...on the other frame ran the fabric of private life.”

Many important events in the world of ballet are reported. Isadora’s connections with the Imperial Russian Ballet are significant in their history. Her modern techniques gave quite a jolt to the classical ballet of Imperial Russia.

“I saw her plain,” says Macdougall, “I traveled with her; I lived with her. I loved her as a great human being and never ceased admiring her as one of the world’s great artists.” These words seemed to live in the pages of the book, and perhaps that is why it has become one of the most valuable contributions to the still-present legend of Isadora Duncan, who said of herself:

“I have reached such high peaks flooded with light, but my soul has no strength to live there—and no one has realized the horrible torture from which I have tried to escape. Someday if you understand sorrow you will understand too all I have lived through, and then you will only think of the light toward which I have pointed and you will know the real Isadora is there.”
SCULPTURE

Peggy Houchin

Where do I begin; how do I start? This question confronts everyone interested in a new hobby or profession. One place a person can start is the nearest library, to check books and magazines on the subject. One interested in sculpturing or sculptured works has a wide selection of both.

A special magazine on sculpturing may be hard to find, but many devoted to art contain articles on sculpturing: Art Education Bulletin, American Artists, Arts, and Arts and Activities.

The best starting point in a new adventure is to learn to appreciate the chosen subject. The Appreciation of Sculpture, by Lorado Taft, is a rewarding and informative book on types of sculpturing and men that sculptured in a given period. For further study this little work suggests books that will give the reader a personal museum of sculpturing.

The history of sculpturing is the next logical step. Sculpture, by Arnold Auerbach takes us from the origin to the modern day sculptors. Mr. Auerbach, explains in an understandable style that even the beginner can comprehend. Reproductions are used to illustrate different periods and different styles.

Various books will help us study some outstanding works. Two of the many books devoted to reproductions of famous sculptured pieces are Masterpieces of Sculpture and The Sculptures of Michelangelo. Masterpieces of Sculpture, by Charles Seymore, Jr., has a variety of pieces and different sculpturing. The plates that are used in this book are discussed in brief, but a very interesting index is available for reference as to the present owner or museum.

The Sculptures of Michelangelo is entirely devoted to the great master of sculpturing, painting, and architecture. The plates used are shown in full proportion and in detail also. This is a very brilliant coverage of one man’s work. Each plate shown is discussed in the introduction. The plates’ histories and the criticisms are discussed in brief.

Recent books featuring sculpturing are almost innumerable. Many have been published in the last year or so. Two of the most interesting are The Stones of Florence (Mary McCarthy) and Sculpture of This Century (Michel Sculpior). The Stones of Florence is devoted to Florence as the successor to Athens in Western civilizing. Painting and architecture abound in its pages, but the sculpture of the fabulous city is there too. This book is beautiful. Sculpture of This Century is an indispensable volume of the development of present century sculptors. Sculptor points up the relation of sculpture with architecture and the other arts. This book makes the illustrations relate to the text in the best tradition. More than 400 illustrations have been carefully selected as examples of present day sculpturing. In addition to this, the book has a biographical dictionary of 438 sculptors of this century.

ARCHITECTURE

Dan E. Brawner

Modern America is architecture conscious. Why? Has the returning veteran brought back new ideas? Has the tourist become interested in something more than concrete blocks and bungalows? It is certainly true that the veteran has made us interested in things Oriental. We are reading; we are studying pictures and slides; we are buying books; we want to know more. So we are reading such magazines as The Japan Architect, published in Tokyo, and the Architectural Record, published monthly in New York. These magazines include pictures and articles on contemporary Japanese architecture and design, recent work of famous architects, studies of different building types, architectural engineering, product reports, and the like.

Nearly every library has such books as Gustav-Adolf Gedat’s They Build For Eternity, translated by Roland Bainton, which include samples of “that which the hand of man has been able to form and fashion often with overpowering beauty.” It pictures some of the finest architecture in the world. George Braziller gives us Masters of Modern Architecture, discussing the best examples of modern architecture. It has pictures and illustrations of various styles and types. Works by such men as Frank Lloyd Wright, Juan O’gorman, Gustav Savedra, Wallice Harrison, Hofmeister, Le Corbusier are really fascinating. Another interesting book, Ivan McCallum’s Architecture USA, presents thirty-three of the most successful architects of our time and commentary on each, his style of work. American Georgian Architecture, by Harold Eberlein and Corland Hubbard, gives examples of all types of Georgian Architecture in America, in different periods in different parts of the country. An American Architect: Frank Lloyd Wright, edited by Edgar Kaufman, says its task is “to assemble statements dealing with architecture as Mr. Wright has experienced it and practiced it; to select strong, clear versions from several statements that recount one single event to explore one avenue of thought, and, by illustrations, relate these to Mr. Wright’s Architecture.” The book has accomplished this completely. Architecture in Old Kentucky, written and compiled by Rexford Newcomb, is a complete history of Kentucky architecture including the periods, styles, and types of architecture as well as the painters, sculptors, and decorators.

Frank Lloyd Wright’s The Natural House, popular since first published in 1936, is divided into two units, book one dealing with architecture and building of the author’s houses, gives a basic meaning to the Nature House of 1936-53, book two detailing the building of a Natural House: where to build, foundations, light, paint, etc.

Modern architecture attracts the eye, not only of architect and builder, but also of the man on the street. Americans are showing their slides gathered from Japan, Italy, Greece, and England, and thronging into the libraries and bookstores to enjoy the beautiful, beautiful books on architecture that delight and entertain.
THE THEATRE

People in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, having a stage season, could spend every evening in the theater; television has brought dramas to many not within driving distance of theater centers; touring companies take good plays into smaller cities; college and little theater groups provide stage entertainment for others. But there are still people who, finding it impossible to see as many plays as they would like, content themselves with reading about theater and reading plays. For these, magazines such as "Theatre Arts" and the new "The Theatre" are indispensable. Annual summaries and anthologies such as Burns Mantle's "Best Plays of the Year" and John Gassner's "Sixteen Famous American Plays" and "Sixteen Famous European Plays." He would like to have Freedley and Reeves' "History of the Theater" for its pictures of dramatists, sets, actors, and costumes. Important to one with a limited income are such paperbacks as "The Modern Theater" series edited by Eric Bentley. Fireside Theater also provides less expensive current plays. Unavailable to those who love to hear beautiful lines well read, are the many good recordings done by RCA, Columbia, and Angel, and other companies.

It would be difficult to say what recent Broadway productions have made the biggest stir. (William Saroyan says the current Broadway season is a poor one.) At any rate Albert Camus' "Caligula" has provoked considerable discussion among critics, playgoers, and readers. The play is about the Roman Emperor Caligula obsessed with a passion for the impossible, "the moon." Caligula dies, as he knows he will, because of the impossible sacrifice he requires of his subjects. By most he is hated, by some he is pitied, only by the poet is he understood. Brooks Atkinson writes that Caligula is "the drama of a Roman emperor who uses total power to destroy the civilization of the court and to free himself from an unsatisfactory world." Camus said of the emperor, "Unfaithful to mankind through fidelity to himself, Caligula accepts death because he has understood that no one can save himself alone and that he cannot be free at the expense of others." In his preface Camus calls Caligula "a tragedy of intelligence," rather than a philosophical play. But he avers that if there is a philosophy, it lies in the language of Caligula: "Men die; and they are not happy." Certainly the play is provocative and disturbing even the reading; the stage production must be terrifically powerful. Those of us who cannot go to New York to see Caligula must hope that someone will put it on the road and bring it within driving distance or read it for us. We must remember that the best plays are also good literature and highly entertaining reading. We do remember: the librarian and the bookstore clerk know.

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COLLECTED POEMS

James Stephens
POEMS
Vladimir Nabokov
SUMMER KNOWLEDGE
Delmore Schwartz

The author of "A Crock of Gold" again brings poetry lovers a bit of Irish, for James Stephens does, as perhaps no other, "give us one life, one way of looking at the world." Reading of his Ireland, its folk and folkways, its country-side scenes, one can hear the music of Dublin or grasp the honor and the pity of a long-neglected people. The world of poetry mourns still the passing of James Stephens in 1950, while welcoming this collection of his work. Other volumes of his verse and prose are "Strict Joy" and "Kings and the Moon, Here are the Ladies," and "Irish Fairy Tales.

Thirteen poems are the total poetic output of Vladimir Nabokov, well-known novelist, and all appear in this brief volume, which proves the author's versatility much better than his prose, for here he does some interesting and rewarding experimentation with rhyme, internal and external. Mr. Nabokov selects a wide range of subjects, which he treats with complete and pleasing originality.

Delmore Schwartz, winner of the 1959 Yale-Bollingen Award, has a delightful new book of poetry entitled "Summer Knowledge." This work includes all those poems from an earlier publication, "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" and selections from "Vaudeville for a Princess and Genesis." About half this current volume is devoted, however, to recent poetry. One searches for a word or phrase to characterize Mr. Schwartz's work. All seem inadequate, for his verse is descriptive, imaginative, original, and vivid. Yet this is not enough, for in "Summer Knowledge" one gets an excellent view of life and living, birth and death, grandeur and poverty. Perhaps the real quality of his talent can be best illustrated by this selection from the title poem:

"For summer knowledge is the knowledge of death as birth Of death as the soul of all abounding flowering flaring rebirth. It is the knowledge of the truth of love and the truth of growing: it is the knowledge before and after knowledge: For, in a way, summer knowledge is not knowledge at all: it is second nature, first nature fulfilled, a new birth and a new death for rebirth, soaring and rising out of the flames of turning October, burning November, the towering and falling fires, growing more and more vivid and tall In the consummation and the annihilation of the blaze of fall."
WHAT STATE, HUMOR?

Francis L. Daugherty

There is no denying that humor has changed in the last few decades. From the dry, subtle wit of the early part of this century, we have come to a point which may well be an apex. It seems that humor can actually "go no further," at least, not in the same direction. For today's humor is a wild one, based on incongruity and devilish satire. It seems to have its strongest appeal for the young, but then, what humor does not?

The man who is perhaps best qualified to bear the title "Dean of Modern American Humorists" is James Thurber. Thurber has given us much, over the past twenty years. He has written a multitude of essays and short stories, and his latest novel, The Years with Ross, has hit the best-seller charts all over the country. This book deals with Thurber's newspaper experiences, and the influence which a colorful titan of the journalistic world had upon him. Because of a sight ailment, Thurber is no longer able to draw the zany cartoons which have won him world-wide acclaim, but we still have the great humor and sagacious wit through his writings.

Perhaps the brightest and most brilliantly shining star in today's world of humor is Max Shulman. Shulman's first work, Barefoot Boy with Cheek, in 1940, heralded the great things which were forthcoming. His latest novel, I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf, is now a best-seller, and is finding great acceptance with the American reading public. A sequel to his third book, The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis, I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf is a continuation of the escapades of the perennial college boy. Several of Shulman's books have been converted to motion pictures, and he has co-authored a hit play, The Tender Trap (with Robert Paul Smith). Shulman is also the compiler of Max Shulman's Guided Tour of Campus Humor, an anthology.

The man who might be called the "newest of the notables" is Alexander King. King's first two books, both autobiographical, have literally set the reading public on its proverbial ear. His first work, Mine Enemy Grows Older, is the story of King's life, telling of his history of illness and tragedy in a style of brilliant wit. Artist, writer, illustrator, editor, dope-addict Alex King has been or done them all. Also, he has had time to be married four times, and has spent years with a fatal kidney ailment. His second book, May This House be Safe From Tigers, is a sequel to the first, but it contains entirely different segments of his life which the first did not touch upon.

One of the most widely quoted books of last year was Jack Douglas' My

Brother was an Only Child. Based on wild incongruity, this little work has won great acclaim for Douglas, who, in his off-hours, writes jokes for some of our most famous television comedians.

"Some critics believe that the answer to the question, "Couldn't Max Shulman be more sophisticated and subtle?" lies in Peter De Vries. De Vries is the author of several howlers of the past few years, including Comfort Me With Apples and The Tents of Wickedness. That he is brilliant and clever, there is practically no denying, for he can and does on request imitate the styles of practically any well-known author. He is also the author of a collection of hilarious poems.

Also to be considered are many others, which space will not allow, such as Dorothy Parker, William Brinkley (Don't Go Near the Water), Jean Kerr (Please Don't Eat the Daisies), and J. D. Salinger (The Catcher in the Rye).

It seems that the majority of today's humor is based on the idea that the state of the world, in general, is not as good as it might be, and that all we can do is to satirize it and chuckle at the romps and take-offs on such topics as "suburbia," "college," "Madison Avenue," "the juvenile problem." Most critics and humor authorities (if such exist), however, take heart in the underlying principles in the writings of Shulman and the others, that principle being that, if one great element could be said to apply to their work, that element would, indeed, be love. For love seems to be an inherent quality which their characters are blessed with in abundance.
## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Correction:** In the fall issue of Voices the name of Dan Brawner was omitted from the list of officers of Western Writers. Mr. Brawner was Art Consultant. We regret this error.
PATRONS

Dr. Earl A. Moore

The Browning Club

The XX Club

The Ladies Literary Club

The Twentieth Century Club

Chautauqua

The Electric Book Club

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