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"THERE ARE NO
ADVENTURES LIKE
INTELLECTUAL ONES"

HENRY JAMES

Prose

HARRY FURLONG
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NORMAN IBSEN

Red Scarf for Christmas

HARRY FURLONG

IT HAPPENED A LONG, LONG TIME AGO in a little village in England, during the time of the war when the world was not the same as it is now. In these days people were too busy thinking of life and living, and trying to stay alive, and getting enough to eat, to worry about a small boy and Christmas. That is, most people were worried about all those things, but there were a few people left in that strange world of war who thought about small boys, and Santa Claus, and Christmas. And strangely enough the people who did remember were people you would least expect to do so. People like Philip Boucher, for instance.

Philip Boucher was a Squadron Leader in the Canadian Air Force. He was also a French-Canadian. To many people that wouldn't make him any different from the thousands of other Canadian flyers in England during the war, but in Squadron Leader Philip Boucher's case it made all the difference in the world.

You see, Philip Boucher hated the Nazis very much and that was good, because it made him a very wonderful pilot and a good fighter, but he hated the English even more and that was where the trouble started. He never tired of telling his fellow officers how much he loathed the English weather, the English food, the English clothes, the English men and women and above all the English brats of kids who were always pestering him for food and gum and pennies. He used to say that he wasn't in this God-forsaken country to feed every little wretched child who came begging in the street.

At first Philip's friends used to laugh at him when he complained. Some of them even agreed with him, but they still went on giving candy to the children and food from their parcels to the families living near the air base. And they still went to the Barley Mow pub and played darts and drank mild and bitters, or talked to Mr. Peabling the innkeeper. Philip used to go there, too, but it wasn't long before the invitations to go with his friends stopped and if he wanted to go he had to go alone.

So on the nights when the fog hung thick and heavy over the drome and the night lay still and quiet about the smudged outlines of the great bombers, Philip would sit alone by the fire in the small room in the rear of the inn, and nobody bothered him or came to speak to him. Mr. Peabling would look in now and then to see if "the French officer" wanted anything and then meeting Philip's unfriendly stare would go away, shaking his head sadly.

There was one little boy who annoyed Philip more than any of the other children of the village. His name was Philip too, Philip Martin. He managed to dog Philip's footsteps no matter where he went. The boy seemed determined to follow the man to the ends of the earth and it wasn't long before the members of Philip's crew gave the strange pair the name "petit" Philip and "grand" Philip.

This angered Squadron Leader Boucher very much and he went out of his way to be cool and rude to the thin, tiny shadow that had become almost a part of him. The strange thing about the boy was that he didn't at any time ask Philip for candy or gum, or any of the other things the village children

were so persistent and demanding about. There was only once when, as they sat beside the little stream that ran near the airfield, the boy had asked the flyer for something, and all he got for his asking was the usual refusal to admit the child even existed.

They spent many afternoons during the summer beside this stream, neither saying a word, and when Philip stood up and started back to the station, with his long strides even longer in the hope of leaving the youngster behind, he would break into a kind of hop-step-and-run to keep up. They were a strange pair, these two, as they entered the village and passed down the narrow streets on the way to the air base. The villagers would stop and look after them as they went on their way, and many were the smiles that followed "les Philips, petit et grand".

The summer blended into fall and the fall into winter and then just a week before Christmas it began to snow. Now, snow in England is not unusual, but it was for this part of the country and the local people were all enthused at the prospect of a white Christmas for the first time in a great many years. Even some of the older men could hardly remember the last Christmas with snow.

The village itself was an Old World picture post-card. The thatched-roofed cottages looked for all the world like fairy story gingerbread houses with whipped cream tops. The evergreens were like toy-town trees of dazzling sparkling whiteness, and all about the little town there was an air of cleanliness and good will. At the airforce station the planes were white sentinels standing silent and alone, the only reminder that, even as the snow fell, somewhere the blood of young men would ooze out to stain its whiteness.

The men at the station were preparing for a grand Christmas party that was to be given Christmas morning for the children of the village. Mr. Peabling, who owned the only large building in the village, the big hall where the dances were held, had offered the men the use of it for their party.

For three days now, while the snow fell and flying was "washed out," the boys had been busy hanging colored streamers about the old beams and placing big cotton snow balls in the places where the paint had worn thin. The biggest tree that could be found stood in the centre of the hall and there was not a branch on it that could complain of neglect. One of the more resourceful electricians had rigged up a set of lights which he guaranteed would open the eyes of even the most skeptical child. The padre had been nominated as Santa Claus, a post which he could fill very well beecause of his rotund figure and chubby face, with its red button nose and roly-poly cheeks.

For many days the committee in charge had been gathering food and candy and all the other things that go to make up a youngster's Christmas. There were bags of oranges that had appeared miraculously from somewhere unknown to all but the messing officer who had been assigned the task of making sure no child left the party hungry. There were also many other things this miracle-worker had procured that most of the children had heard about but never seen.

But the crowning achievement was the turkey. It was undoubtedly the biggest, fattest turkey that had ever lived, and the cooks had promised that no bird anywhere in the world would receive better treatment on Christmas day than this one.

In order to give the party a personal touch, each of the men who had a particular little friend among the children in the village, had decided to bring him or her to the party and to be sure there was a special gift from

the airman to the child. Because there were so many more men than children there couldn't possibly be a child at the party without his own personal hero. It went without saying that the children were almost beside themselves with joyful anticipation, as the great day drew near.

But there was one little boy who was not happy. Little Philip as yet had not received one of the gay, colorful invitations that the station artist had spent so many hours making up. He didn't mention it, however, not even to his mother, and he certainly didn't speak of it to Squadron Leader Boucher.

As a matter of fact, the two Philips had not been seen together for the past little while. Philip Boucher didn't seem to mind very much, at least he didn't mention it to any of his friends. He had, however, been seen in earnest conversation with Mr. Peabling the other night at the inn, and though this was not out of the ordinary for any of the other men, it certainly was for Philip.

The snow fell continuously until the day before Christmas, and then the weather cleared and the sun came out bright and gay to make the snow-covered village a wonderland of sparkling brilliance. As though heralding the awakening of life on the station, the Tannoy blared forth early in the afternoon with an alert for all crews.

By five o'clock the drome was pulsing with activity. The planes were swarming with ground crew and the flying personnel were hurrying across the snow to the briefing room. There was to be an all-out raid that night.

Into the eyes of every man came that bright, fevered look of excitement belonging only to those who live their lives completely within the span of each twenty-four hours. All thoughts of the party the next day were thrust into the background. War rammed its ugly head through the snow and beckoned to the men who were its slaves.

By nine o'clock on Christmas Eve the "do" was ready to go. At the dispersal units the planes stood ready, waiting for the young men with the bright eyes, the boyish faces and the thoughts of other Christmases when there were no giant bomb-bay doors opening on potential death. Days when there had been a girl with soft hair and warm blue eyes, and a fireside and mistletoe. Days when there had been peace and love. Days so many, many dreams ago.

In the briefing room the crews listened to the last words of the C.O. Their target was a bad one. It would be a long, tough flight to get to it and an even tougher one getting back.

Philip Boucher twisted restlessly in his seat. Damn the war, he thought. Damn the English for causing it. Only the English would make a man fly on Christmas Eve. He eyed the clock on the wall. Ten past nine. Well, if everything goes O.K. we should be home by morning. He smiled grimly. Home for Christmas. Hell!

The briefing broke up and the padre spoke a few words to the silent men. He stopped in the middle of his message and looked at them.

So young, he thought, so young to kill and be killed. What can I say to them? What can I say on Christmas Eve with a war crushing them from all sides? He didn't bother going on.

"That's all, boys. Good luck and a very Merry Christmas to you all."

The crews rose and made their way out of the room, each occupied with his own thoughts.

Philip Boucher was one of the last to leave. As he came out into the night he stopped. It had started to snow again, a fine powdery snow that fell like star dust on the world of Christmas. He stood there a moment looking

into the night.

When he lowered his eyes they fell on a tiny, pitiful little boy, dressed in a worn coat that flapped about him like an elf's cloak. His face was nearly hidden by a cap many sizes too big for him, but beneath this monstrosity there were two eyes, large and serious and filled with their own kind of star dust, that gazed up into the amazed and angry eyes of Squadron Leader Boucher.

"Who in hell let you in here?" Philip demanded, his voice barely audible and just under control.

"I came through the fence, sir," said the tiny voice, almost at the breaking point from fear and cold.

Philip stood there in furious amazement.

"Well, get out and get out fast," and he added impetus to his words by a well aimed swipe of his hand at the head of the boy.

"Petit" Philip went sprawling in the snow from the blow and the man strode past him to the waiting truck. He had almost reached it when he felt a tug at his parachute harness. Not a big tug, but the kind a little boy might give. Gentle, but insistent.

He turned with upraised arm but stopped when he saw the pathetic figure before him. The child stood with bowed head and eyes that glanced up only for an instant to meet the eyes of the man. From the corner of his mouth a thin trickle of red cut a jagged line down the pale, quivering chin of his white face.

In his outstretched hand he held a neatly wrapped white package, tied with gay Christmas ribbon. He thrust the package into the airman's hand and in a faltering, trembling voice added, "Merry Christmas, Philip—sir." With that he was gone, running as fast as his thin legs could carry him, across the field and into the night.

Philip stood with the white package searing through his hands into his very soul. He pulled at the gay, colored ribbon that the boy's mother had tied for her hero-worshipping little son. The bow undone and the parcel opened. Philip took a soft, bright red scarf from the white tissue paper that enfolded it.

A tiny card fluttered to the snow at his feet. He stooped and picked it up and with eyes that blurred the child-like hand, he read aloud, "To Squadron Leader Philip Boucher, wishing him a very Merry Christmas from his friend Philip."

Squadron Leader Boucher strode to the cab of the truck and called in to the driver, "Go on without me, I'll follow in a minute in the jeep." The driver nodded and pulled away. To his companion he muttered, "Never knew him to be late since he's been on the station. By the way, has he gone soft all of a sudden? I'd swear those were tears in his eyes."

"Who, old Frenchie? I don't think he's ever cried in his life and what's more I don't think he ever will."

Philip Boucher was running clumsily across the field to the briefing room and if any one had been with him they would have heard him calling over and over to himself, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

When he reached the building he wrenched open the door and crossed to the small room with the sign PADRE on the panel. He knocked softly and then went in. He was only inside a few moments and when he came out he was carrying a white envelope in his hand.

He stopped to talk in low hurried tones to the corporal outside the door, then winding the red scarf about his neck and calling a gay "Merry Christmas"

over his shoulder he climbed into the jeep and disappeared into the snow and darkness.

As the jeep roared away the corporal shook his head in strange surprise. "Funny what Christmas will do to a guy," he muttered. A voice behind him echoed his words. "Very strange, corporal, very strange and very wonderful." The corporal turned to face the padre standing in the doorway. They looked at each other for a moment then a smile brushed across each face. The padre turned to go. "Mery Christmas, Corporal."

The man was silent for a moment, then looking after the padre he answered, "Thank you, sir, and you know, somehow I think it will be."

All that night the village waited for the dull roar in the distance that would tell them the good news that the squadron was back. In the Barley Mow Mr. Peabling was calling his last "Time, gentlemen, please," and wishing each of his friends a Merry Christmas as they went out into the night to their homes. In every house small minds prayed in their sleep for the safe return of young men, screaming through the night on a journey of death.

Mr. Peabling had said his last good-night and was slowly making the rounds of his inn, blowing out the lamps. He passed into the small room at the back and stood gazing at the empty chair by the fire, "Funny bloke, that Frenchie." He crossed the room and sank wearily into the depths of the big chair and opening the bottle he had brought with him he poured a tumbler of the sparkling liquid.

"A short one on Christmas Eve won't do a chap a bit of harm," he mumbled as he drained the glass. He gazed at the rows of wings across the mantle piece, poured another drink and raised it to the golden bits of cloth. "One for you boys, Merry Christmas and happy landings."

His eyes dimmed and his head nodded forward on his chest. Mr. Peabling sat alone in silent thought on this Christmas Eve.

When Mr. Peabling told the story later on, he said he really couldn't remember how long he had sat there in the big chair by the fire. He must have dozed off, though, because he awoke to a gentle tapping at the door of his inn. He said he did remember looking at the clock as he went to answer the door and he thought it read ten past three. Anyway when he opened the door he saw a tall airman standing in the snow with a parcel and an envelope in his hand. Mr. Peabling took these from him and was about to ask him in, but the man turned and made his way across the courtyard and out into the falling snow. Mr. Peabling called after him but there was no reply.

"Queer duck, that Frenchman. Real queer," he said as he closed the door. Mr. Peabling placed the parcel and the envelope on the bar and then proceeded to bed. It was only the next morning when he came down that he remembered the night before and read the contents of the envelope which he discovered was addressed to him.

And it was only then that Mr. Peabling began to wonder and after reading the letter was heard to exclaim, "Well, I'll be damned! This is indeed a pretty picture. A pretty picture indeed."

As the first grey streaks of dawn picked their way across the sky, the silence was broken by the dull hum of giant engines heralding the new day. As the planes roared over the village announcing to all that the squadron was back, windows were opened and small tousled heads were thrust out into the frosty morning air to welcome the Santa Clauses of the coming party.

But they were not all back. Not yet anyway, for there was many a formation with a blank, ugly space in it that bespoke all too clearly the grimness of the previous night's work.

As the planes landed and the tired men tumbled out into the waiting trucks, no one noticed the small figure in the shadow of the interrogation building. Philip Martin searched every face as the grotesque figures stumbled past him, but there was none that resembled the one he was looking for. He waited until the sun had climbed above the far hangar and the great bombers had been towed to their dispersal units, but he waited in vain.

The tiny figure hurrying across the runways to the far corner of the drome was scarcely noticed by the busy station, for there was too much to do to wonder at the sight of a little boy on his way home early in the morning. There were too many questions to ask about the crews who hadn't returned and too many personal wounds of body and spirit to repair, to wonder at the tears that coursed down the cheeks of that same little boy as he ran through the awakening village to the sanctuary of his mother's arms in his own home.

There was sorrow in this village that Christmas morning and the least of it was not in the heart of Philip Martin. For now there was only one Philip. One "petit" Philip.

Squadron Leader Philip Boucher did not come back that morning and a little boy in a tiny village in England knew that the airman would never come back.

Despite their fatigue the men insisted that the party would go on as planned. At noon the airmen who could attend arrived with their guests. The children, whose interest in the early morning activities had mercifully lagged, were now wild with excitement.

As they entered the hall and saw the tree with all its decorations there was no holding them. Shouts of happiness and surprise echoed through the village streets and Mr. Peabling, who was hurrying to the party with the padre, quickened his step. Between them was a very tired little boy with a tear-stained face and a bruised lip.

When this strange trio entered the hall, the airmen were busy giving out their presents to the children. There were model airplanes, balls and bats, footballs, cowboy hats and about everything else that would make a child's Christmas happy. The padre retired to a side room to don his Santa Claus outfit and Mr. Peabling and little Philip sat down with the rest of the parents and children.

When the padre had finished giving out the oranges and candy accompanied by screams of laughter from the children, Mr. Peabling rose and made his way to the stage at the front of the hall. He carried the package of the night before in his arms. He climbed on to the stage, drew himself up to his full five and a half feet and began his speech.

"We are all very grateful to these kind and brave men who have given our children such a wonderful Christmas. There are many of these men who, if it had not been for last night, would have been with us today. We thank them, too, wherever they may be."

There were tears in Mr. Peabling's eyes and there were tears in the eyes of many of the men who sat quietly listening to him. Mr. Peabling went on, "It is about one of these men that I wish to talk to you for just a moment.

"Squadron Leader Boucher was not, while he was here, very well liked by many of us. I am as guilty as anyone else. I often called him a daft one. In fact there was only one person in this entire village who had confidence in him, so it is to you, Philip Martin, that this letter is addressed most of all."

He pulled the letter from his pocket and in a voice that shook just a little, he read:

"Mon cher petit Philip, for a very long time now you have been my most faithful companion. You have never deserted me at any time. You have always been my friend. I failed to see your actions as those of a little boy who wanted a friend and I closed my heart to you. I have been very wrong. Tonight you showed me that in your heart, tiny though it is, there is Christmas all the time. From now on, Philip, there will be two of us. 'Petit Philip et grand Philip', always. I am leaving with Mr. Peabling your present for Christmas day in case I am late arriving. Merry Christmas, Philip, and I hope you like your presents. I know you always wanted them because you told me one day, the only time you ever asked me for anything. God bless you, my dear little friend.

Philip Boucher."

There was not a sound in the hall as Mr. Peabling finished the letter and placed it back in his pocket.

Somewhere a churchbell sounded a tinkling Christmas carol. The padre came forward with Philip by the hand. Mr. Peabling handed the parcel to the child and stood back as Philip tore the paper away. His eyes widened brightly as he beheld the present that stood before him.

It was an exact replica of the plane his friend had flown and there, neatly printed on the nose, was the inscription "Le Petit Philip". Also in the parcel was a soiled pair of pilot's wings.

Philip stood very still for a few moments, then he turned and made his way slowly out of the hall. He didn't cry, but instead his eyes were lit with all the glory of that Christmas morning two thousand years before when another little boy had received his first gifts.

When all the children had left, the padre addressed the parents. "As you all know, my dear people, Squadron Leader Boucher's plane did not return last night. There has been no word of him as yet."

"Before he left last night he gave me the authority to use a very substantial sum of money, for the purpose of holding this Christmas party as an annual affair for the kiddies. I am passing this authority on to Mr. Peabling, who will look after it for Philip Boucher. We have all lost a very dear friend and a very brave man. His greatest error was that he did not understand, nor try to understand you, and your greatest error was, ironically enough, the same as his. You did not understand him."

"Now you both understand each other very well and maybe it is best that you should part on these friendly terms. Remember him, I beg of you. He, I am sure, will not forget you."

That evening as Mr. Peabling and the padre sat in the back room of the Barley Mow discussing the day's events, Mr. Peabling remarked, "You know I could have sworn that was Philip Boucher who came to the door last night. Gave me quite a start this morning when the corporal told me it was him."

The padre smiled, "Yes, I was there when the corporal and Philip were talking, so you have no need to fear ghosts, Mr. Peabling."

"Highly irregular procedure, though," Mr. Peabling added.

The pub was filling up so Mr. Peabling had to leave to tend bar. The padre stayed for a few moments chatting before he left. As he went out he met his friend the corporal.

"You gave the innkeeper quite a scare last night, corporal."

The corporal laughed and passed on to the bar. Mr. Peabling served

him his drink with the comment that he might make himself known in future when he made middle-of-the-night calls. A group around the bar laughed at the bartender's admonishment of the corporal, and one asked with a smile, "How late was he, Mr. Peabling?"

"Well," the little man replied, "as I recollect it, it was ten past three. I was sitting — —." The words died on the man's lips, as he saw the look on the corporal's face.

"Why, what's wrong, man?"

"But Mr. Peabling, it wasn't that late. It was only just past midnight. You were sitting by the fire and when I came in you called me Frenchie and told me to leave the parcel on the bar. I did that and went out. I didn't hang about as I thought you were tired."

Mr. Peabling's face paled and his mouth dropped open.

"Why, I distinctly remember opening the door for you at ten past three. Why, — why, you dropped this as you left," and turning to the drawer behind him he pulled out a red scarf and gave it to the corporal. "Isn't that yours?"

The reply was low and hollow.

"No, Mr. Peabling, that isn't mine. Squadron Leader Boucher was tying that scarf around his neck when he told me to bring the model plane to you. I never saw him again."

He handed the scarf back to the trembling hands of Mr. Peabling. They both stood looking at one another for a long time. Overhead a lone plane droned by. The bar was strangely silent.

Then Mr. Peabling turned and draped the scarf over the broken propeller that hung above his bar.

And that's where it hangs today, and every Christmas Eve the people of that tiny village come and drink a toast to the strange French-Canadian who gave them so much on that Christmas so many, many years ago.

And Mr. Peabling will still tell the story of the visit he had the last time there was a white Christmas in that little village in England.

And the scarf still hangs in the same place above the bar, if no one wants to accept Mr. Peabling's word.

Impressionable

D. C. SLOTE

EACH VOICE WHISPERED with the delicate intensity of a sigh. In spite of the great number of its creators, the whole sound of the whispers seemed to blend with the rustle of the wind. At times the susurrations grew to climatic proportions, but they always receded and drifted off into a low undertone, like ceaseless waves on a far-away beach.

"Tell us all about it, all about it," the voices said. "Please tell us, Margaret, we would like so very much to hear about it. Why . . . why . . . ?"

This constant supplication was fruitless, but the chorus never stopped:

"Tell us about it. Why, Margaret, why? . . . tell us why you did it?"

The entreaties were so insistent, almost a physical pressure, that finally the objects of their attentions responded, though Margaret was nevertheless quite loathe to break her silence. She wanted nothing to disturb her reverie. The great old tree to her left was fascinating, the very tree that Old Auriel and she had loved

* * *

"See that tree there, Margaret? Well, I planted it when I was your size and look at it now. I'm an old man: and you, you're so very young. Do you know what? That old tree is going to be there when I'm gone. Think on it now, Margaret. And here's something else . . . It'll be there when you're gone, too."

Margaret remembered that she had been most profoundly impressed with Old Auriel's morbid reflections. She remembered, small as she was then, sitting with her chin propped betwen her knees, all ball-like, thinking about his words. Then she had jumped up and run to pick a great peony blossom which grew near the old tree, but even then she could not forget, could never forget

* * *

Auriel had something of the stateliness of that great tree as he lay in death. Margaret recalled his set visage, the tightly closed eyes and the delicate lines about his mouth. The lines were vein-like in their delicacy; as delicate as the magic vein-structure of a leaf.

She knew she wouldn't cry. Mother said that seventeen-year-old girls simply didn't cry at funerals any more, especially when Auriel was not even a relation. In fact, Margaret had to be very persistent before her mother would even let her attend it.

After the funeral was all over, Margaret had lain under the great tree that Auriel and she had loved. Lying there, with nothing save the tree's rustling to catch her ears, she thought deeply.

Old Auriel shouldn't have died, she realized, almost with a start. His death was all wrong. The great question that formed in her mind was: "Why?" Margaret knew there was an answer. Auriel's death could not

possibly be so enigmatic. Surely something in their past conversations would provide a clue or an explanation. She was sure that there was something that she had failed to grasp, some phase of Auriel's philosophy which had escaped her and was to remain hidden to her

* * *

Margaret still did not like answering the voices. They were all so insistent, so subtly demanding:

"Tell us about it. Why? . . . Why? . . . Why?"

Eventually, of course, she would have to give in, to tell them everything, but not just yet, surely not just yet

* * *

Auriel's house was quite a way from Margaret's, but after the funeral and that subsequent respite under the old tree, she had neither heeded the distance nor had she realized her actual movement down the long, dusty road home.

She hadn't minded the flies as they droned outside the kitchen door. They sounded peaceful and seemed to enhance the very laxness and sunniness of the day itself. She only vaguely realized that the droning was being intermingled with the monotonous voice of her mother:

"And really, John, I'm just as glad. You know what I mean . . ." at that point Margaret had stopped with her hand poised on the screen door, only slightly aware of a light summer breeze that pulled gently at her skirt . . . "truly, it's just as well. Yes, I mean it. You should hear some of the weird comments she's let slip. And she's always talking about him. I say it just isn't right. Why, those horrible tales he told her . . . and she believed him . . . absolutely"

Margaret could hear a deeper rumble that she knew was her father's brief remark, but again her mother's dull tone was wafted lazily to her:

"I'm not sure, but I do know they were pretty wicked . . . all morbid things. Why, a girl of her age shouldn't be subjected to such an influence. You know how impressionable she is. She simply worshipped him and all his ghastly beliefs. I can truthfully say that what's happened is a real god-send . . . yes, a real god-send. . ."

* * *

"Tell us about it, Margaret. Tell us why . . . why you did it?"

Margaret was startled by the nearness of the sea of whispers. She knew that very soon she would have to give a full account. They couldn't wait much longer, nor, for that matter, could she

* * *

Auriel had once told her that the trees were the epitome of Nature's jealously guarded secrets. Margaret thought of that after the funeral as she looked pensively at the great, roughly barked trunk of their tree. Surely, the tree must hear her entreaty!

Then she had reclined, slowly, thinking again about Auriel's face as he lay in the cheap, garish coffin. Mother was totally wrong, so very, very wrong. Auriel was never bad, could never be. The only thing that set him apart from everyone else was that he knew things other people didn't bother

finding out.

And slowly, ever so slowly, Margaret had found herself remembering . . . remembering heretofore unheeded words that Auriel had once confided to her and, at last, she fully remembered. Oh! truly, truly the tree understood . . . had heard and understood! It was then that a great wave of confidence had inspired her so that she knew just what she must do

* * *

Like a vast, eerie symphony composed solely of strings, the whispers reached a crescendo-like pitch. Margaret was extremely conscious of these whispers. They seemed tc be at once kind and unkind. It was as if they promised her something, something so intangible that she could not as yet comprehend it. But she was sure that if she once told her story, then and only then would she have complete peace.

Margaret sensed the gradual hush of the voices and she realized that now was the time to begin.

It was strange how such an absolute silence permeated the entire graveyard as soon as she did so; a silence punctuated only by the rustle of the huge tree; a tree from which Margaret's gently swinging body curved in a slowly decreasing arc

Renaissance

JOHN C. CAIRNS

DURING THE FIRST TWO DAYS of that week there was no letter from the German girl. On Tuesday afternoon, when the postman had passed without leaving anything, Claude felt a sudden emptiness. He wondered if perhaps something was wrong. That night he was strangely lonely, and he went home and reread the letters she had written him since the winter.

The next afternoon the letter arrived. It was postmarked Köln, and came in the coarse brown paper on which she always wrote. When Claude read it he felt a tremor of excitement; she said that she had spoken to her father and mother, and everything was arranged. They would be expecting him as soon as the school term ended.

Claude showed the letter to his father. Until then he had said nothing concerning the German girl to his family. He was half-afraid of what his father might say.

M. Pelassy took the letter in his hand and read it slowly. He was a tall, angular man with bushy eyebrows and thin, sensitive lips. During the war he had been deported to Germany for forced labor, and the work he had been made to do had affected his lungs. Now as he read he coughed slightly.

"How did you get to know her?" he asked. "This German girl?" He spat out the word "German" as if it were unclean.

Claude knew that his father was angry. "It is in connection with an organization at the university," he said. "For international friendship."

"When the Germans are beaten, they want to be friends," M. Pelassy said. "Why should we be friends with them? Today, they love us. Tomorrow, they march into France again."

"This girl is young," said Claude. "One must not blame the young."

"One must not even blame the Germans. All the Germans are pure and guiltless." M. Pelassy picked up the letter again. "What is she called—this girl?"

"It is in the letter," said Claude. He had not thought his father would be so angry. With the Nazis, of course, but not with such a girl. "Her name is Ackers. Frauke Ackers."

"If you visit her, you are foolish," M. Pelassy said. "One does not make friends with the Germans."

"It is already arranged for," said Claude. "I am to come when the school term is ended." In his pocket was the photograph the girl had sent him, with its white face and large sad eyes. He handed it to his father. "We have been writing since the early winter. One must not condemn her because she is German."

M. Pelassy took the picture. The girl's hair was blonde, and her face was strangely beautiful. She looked like a pale flower. In the pallor of her face her eyes shone like those of a child.

"She is attractive," M. Pelassy said. Claude felt it was distasteful to him to admit it. "Many German girls are attractive. What good is that?" M. Pelassy got up from his chair. "No doubt when she aided the Nazis during the war she was also attractive."

"You are narrow-minded," said Claude. It was foolish to condemn a girl in this manner. "She is no Nazi."

"All the Germans are pure and guiltless," M. Pelassy said again. "All innocent lambs." He walked across the room, still coughing slightly, and looked out the window. French housewives carrying long rolls of bread, workers in grey shirts and ragged trousers, shop girls with bright cotton dresses, crowded the streets. M. Pelassy stood a moment, watching them.

"All innocent lambs," he said, "who become wolves." He spoke as if he were pronouncing judgment.

* * *

On the morning Claude was to arrive the German girl Frauke was nervous. She took the Strassenbahn to the station early, to give herself plenty of time. She wondered what he would be like. It was hard to tell from a photograph, really. She remembered stories she had heard of how the French hated the Germans. There had always been bitterness between them, her father said.

At the station she was early. She waited outside the checking room, which was where Claude was to meet her. Her mother had fixed up Claude's room the day before; she had even found flowers for it from the neighbor's garden. It would be wonderful if Claude liked it.

She could see now by the station clock that the train must have arrived, and she felt a strange tenseness. The stories her father had told her about the French came to her mind; perhaps he would hate her. All at once it seemed odd that she should be standing here waiting for a boy from Paris.

Suddenly she saw him, and her heart gave a great leap. He was taller than she had thought, from his photographs. His hair and eyes were very dark; he did not look like the German boys she knew. For a moment she was almost afraid; it would be terrible if he did not like her.

"I am so glad you could come," she said. Her French was awkward; she spoke with a heavy accent. "We have the room all ready for you. It was not so badly bombed, our house." She shook hands with him, almost formally, and then she said, "Oh, it is so wonderful to have you here. Come, we take the Strassenbahn."

She led him across the street. When they left the station Claude felt a sudden strangeness. He had never seen a German city since the war. On the left the Cathedral, stately and proud, stood like a lighthouse in a great sea of rubble. Across from the station an outside cafe had been set up, with striped beach umbrellas and round wooden tables, where people in shabby clothes were sitting, drinking beer from long glasses. The cafe had a heaviness about it; it was not like the cafes he knew in Paris. He felt alone and unsure of himself. In the rubble and broken stones around the cafe weeds were growing. In the distance gaunt, fire-gutted buildings jutted into the sky.

The Strassenbahn was crowded. They sat close together, and the pressure of her arm on his reassured him, and stirred him with a faint excitement. The route ran through a wilderness of broken buildings and vacant, brick-strewn lots. On the way she pointed out where famous stores and offices had stood before the war.

"Germany is all like this now," she said, pointing to the rubble. "My father says they will not let us rebuild."

From his seat Claude sensed something alien, almost hostile, in the ruins. They stood aloof, radiating an impersonal force of their own. In the streets the Germans walked with heavy, unsmiling faces; they did not laugh

like the French. In the ruins and the gutted buildings and the bleak streets was an air of menace.

"Here we are," Frauke said. "Mother will be waiting."

Claude liked Frau Ackers at once. She was stout, with grey hair. Her house was very neat and clean. "She does not speak French," Frauke said. "She is sorry. She wishes to speak it, for you." Frau Ackers stretched out her hand and seized Claude's impulsively. All at once he felt at ease. "She wants you to be happy here," Frauke translated. "You must not feel awkward with us, ever. While you are here, this is your home."

Later Herr Ackers came in. He was a short, fat man with glasses, heavy jowls, and a bald, shining head. He resembled neither Frau Ackers nor Frauke. He shook hands with Claude. "So this is the French boy," he said. "I was in France once, during the war. Paris."

"Father was in the Wehrmacht," Frauke said. "He was in Paris for two years."

"Paris is wonderful," Herr Ackers said, looking at Claude. He stopped a moment. "The French people did not like us. They hated us. It was bad." He hesitated again. "But that is all over now. Of course the war is finished. We are all Europeans."

That night they went to a cafe. It was in the cellar of a gutted building. In the corners a few couples sat quietly. The cafe wore a forlorn, deserted air.

The musicians played sadly. Everything was mournful, shabby. The sofas and stuffed chairs were old fashioned, almost grotesque. Frauke was wearing her best dress. Her throat and arms were bare, and the front of the dress was cut low over her breasts.

The waiter had set a candle at the table, and Frauke's skin gleamed softly, so that Claude wanted to reach out, and touch it. In her face was something sad, restrained, and yet intense. Claude sensed a delicacy and fragility about her. In the wavering light her large eyes were soft and beautiful. But even her best dress was shabby, and Claude felt a terrible pang of sympathy.

"Everybody in Germany is poor now," Frauke said. "Only the rich farmers, and the black marketeers have money. The war has ruined everybody."

In the corners other couples sat, whispering together. At first the music was German. The guitarist played "Lily Marlene," and the people in the corners stopped talking, and listened. Then the guitarist stopped, and changed to American dance music.

"What is it like in France?" Frauke asked. "Here nobody is happy. Everybody is afraid."

Claude did not want to talk about Germany. He was beginning to feel happy. In the afternoon he had sensed something odd in Herr Ackers' attitude; now with Frauke he wanted to forget it. He was excited with her; her white face with its appealing eyes fascinated him.

They drank beer slowly. German beer was very good. The waiter brought more beer, and then a bottle of Moselle. Claude did not like Moselle, but he knew Frauke would enjoy it, and he bought it to please her. When she lifted her glass to drink her arm brushed against his hand. He thought how soft her skin was. In the candlelight her hair shone faintly, and Claude felt a faint tremor run through him.

Frauke sipped Moselle slowly and talked. She enlarged on all the things she had told him in her letters. During the war one brother, Horst, had been killed on the Russian front. Dieter, her second brother, had disappeared at

Stalingrad. Now perhaps he was a prisoner in Russia, perhaps dead, nobody knew.

"The Russians are animals," Frauke said.

Her glass was empty. Claude lifted the Moselle from the ice and refilled their glasses. With the wine the sadness had left Frauke's eyes; her cheeks glowed with a faint lustre.

"Moselle is very good," Frauke said. "Before the war there was always some in the cellar. When I was fifteen father gave me a bottle for my birthday. It made me dizzy." She paused. "In Germany nobody drinks Moselle any longer. It is too expensive."

She began talking about her mother. Her mother did not understand the war; to her it was something vague, monstrous, beyond human control.

"One day Hitler came to Cologne," Frauke said. She was silent for a moment. "There was a ceremony for the school children, and the parents. I was ten years old then, but I still remember it. Mother was very excited. I was to present him with a garland of flowers, thanking him for the wonderful future he had built for German children." She paused again. "It was a public holiday. Everybody was there. Horst and Dieter were chosen for the pupils' guard of honor. I was terribly nervous. When I handed him the flowers he thanked me, and then he kissed me on the cheek."

She put her hand to her face. "Sometimes I imagine I can still feel it. All the other children were jealous. Father and mother were very proud.

"That was the year before the war. I was ten. Horst was fourteen; Dieter was fifteen. The papers all told us Hitler was working for peace. My father used to say we must be strong, so the French and the British could not attack us."

The guitarist was playing. Claude wanted to dance. He felt a strange compassion for Frauke. She looked like a child; her skin was smooth, with a creamy whiteness he had never seen among girls he had known in Paris.

They left the table and danced. In the corners the other couples looked at them. "They know you are not German," Frauke said. "They can tell."

She danced closely. Her body was firm; in her high heels she was almost as tall as he was, and as they danced her forehead brushed his cheek. Claude felt an intense sadness and longing. He wanted to stop dancing, put his arms around her, and kiss her.

She lifted her head and looked at him. "It is wonderful that you came," she said. "I was afraid you would hate me, when I first wrote you. It is so terrible to be German these days."

Claude thought of his father. "It is only the Nazis I hate," he said. "One cannot hate women."

She did not believe him. She hesitated a moment, and then said, "Before the war we had friends in France and Holland. Now when we write they do not answer."

The music ceased. The guitarist smiled and bowed. The couples in the stuffed armchairs in the corners stopped whispering, turned toward the guitarist, and clapped.

"They do not tip him," Frauke said. "Some nights he gets almost nothing."

Claude put his hand in his pocket. He was not used to German money, and he did not know what to give. He took a one mark note and showed it to Frauke.

"You must not give him all that," she said. She took forty pfennigs from his hand and turned to the guitarist. He came toward them. His hair was clipped short, and Claude saw that he limped slightly. "He lost his leg in the

war," Frauke said. "He was in the regiment with Dieter." She gave the man the forty pfennigs. He bowed, and turned away. Claude thought that his face was old; it was a greyish-white, like the faces of so many other German men he had seen. "His wife and baby were killed in the bombing," Frauke said. "He is a friend of the family."

The guitarist started to play again. Frauke put her arm around Claude's waist and they danced slowly. She was not wearing scent, like the girls he knew in France. Along her shoulders her skin was very soft; her hair brushed his face. Occasionally the German couples in the corners turned and looked in their direction. Claude wondered what they thought of France, of Frenchmen. Frauke was dancing close to him, her arm tightening about his waist. He did not feel, any longer, that she was German or foreign. He felt suddenly close to her.

She looked up at him again. "I always wanted to go to Paris," she said. "Is it as wonderful as they say?" She was silent, then added in a low voice, "Oh, if only there had been no war."

The music stopped, and they went back to their seats. It was late, and the other couples began to leave. In the flickering light the chairs and tables looked desperately shabby.

"Shall we go now?" Claude asked.

Outside the streets were dark, and almost deserted. Lights shone among the ruins. The wind was still rising, and it blew clouds across the moon, so that broken shadows raced across the rubble and vacant lots.

At home the lights were out. When they were inside, the house seemed very quiet. They stood at the window, looking out at the moon and the high clouds. Claude felt Frauke's hand on his arm. He reached out and touched her shoulder, and then her throat. On the walk home a lock of hair had blown across her forehead; he brushed it back with his fingers. Her skin was very soft; her white face, upturned to his, was like a flower. A surge of excitement ran through him. He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her lips. She shivered slightly, and he kissed her again. She was motionless, he felt her tremble, and then in the darkness her body moved into his.

* * *

That week Claude was very happy. He had never dreamt he could feel so much at home in Germany. Frau Ackers reminded him of his mother. She felt towards him as she had towards her son Horst. She did without food for herself, so that there should be more for him, and sometimes, when he went out with Frauke, she slipped money into his hand, in case he should need it.

"Frauke is a good girl," she said. "She is so much happier, since you came."

In the warm days they made sandwiches of black bread and cheese. Then they took the Strassenbahn to the city limits, and wandered through the fields. Claude felt an intense elation. He looked at Frauke as she lay beside him among the trees and in the fields, talking and laughing. It was strange that she should be German.

In the evenings they went to small, half-deserted cafes, where they drank beer and danced. Outside the cafes the ruins stretched away, and inside there was something furtive and unquiet in the atmosphere. Claude did not care. He did not know how he could leave Frauke. The thought of returning to France was a tragedy. They never spoke of the war, or the Occupation.

Only Herr Ackers was aloof. He read the papers, and talked about a strong Germany. "But of course we will always be friends with France," he said.

* * *

On the evening before Claude was to leave they had a party. All day Claude had been sad; he had not believed he could feel about anyone as he felt about Frauke. And yet there was an awkwardness between her family and himself, really between Herr Ackers and himself. It was the war, he knew. It lay like a black gulf between them. With Herr Ackers it was impossible to talk about the war, about politics, about anything involving France or Germany. It was tragic, Claude thought. One could not disassociate oneself from the life of his country.

For the party Herr Ackers had taken the schnapps from the hiding place in the cellar, where it had stood for six months. When they had drunk half a bottle Claude's sadness vanished; he was suddenly contented. Across the room Frau Ackers was looking at him; he thought how kind she had been since he had arrived. He looked at Frauke. She was sitting beside him, her arm on his shoulder. Her large sad eyes were more beautiful than ever; her hair lay in curls along her forehead like yellow gold.

Claude felt a stab of desire. He leaned over and kissed Frauke, gently, then more passionately.

"Prost," Herr Ackers said. He raised his glass.

"One second," said Frau Ackers. She looked at Claude. "Let us drink to Claude. To Claude and Frauke."

"Of course," Herr Ackers said, after a moment. He raised his glass again. "To Claude and Frauke." Frauke turned to Claude and touched the brim of her glass with his. "To Claude," she said in a low voice. "And to France."

Frau Ackers, Frauke and Claude raised their glasses quickly, but the glass of Herr Ackers stopped short a moment, as if protesting. Then the glass of Herr Ackers was raised too, and everybody drank.

Claude thought the schnapps too strong; he felt it burning in his throat, then in his stomach. It was not good, really, wine was much better. In France he would have been drinking wine.

He was conscious that Herr Ackers was looking at him, an unfathomable gleam in his eyes. "Come," he said. "We get more schnapps." He refilled the glasses, and stood up stiffly. In the lamplight his bald head shone.

"Now we drink again," said Herr Ackers. His pale eyes were fixed on Claude's face. He looked a moment at Frau Ackers, then at Frauke, then his eyes returned to Claude.

"To Germany," Herr Ackers said. He raised his glass in the air.

There was a slight hush. Claude felt the eyes of Herr Ackers on him. Beside him he felt Frauke suddenly tense. Across the room Frau Ackers was smiling reassuringly.

"To Germany," Claude said. His voice sounded strange. He felt Frauke relax, and the tension dropped from the face of Frau Ackers. They raised their glasses. "To Germany," Herr Ackers said again in a loud voice, and everybody drank.

Herr Ackers went down into the cellar, and came up with another bottle. "We drink again," he said. He uncorked the bottle, and refilled their glasses. As he poured the schnapps his eyes were on Claude. He opened his mouth to propose another toast.

"To the future," Frau Ackers said quickly. She smiled at Claude and Frauke. Herr Ackers was angry; she pretended not to notice. She looked at Claude again. "To no more wars. There must never be any more wars.

Wars are madness." She stopped suddenly, embarrassed, and Frauke translated.

"More schnapps," Herr Ackers said. He reached for the bottle. Beside him Claude felt Frauke grow tense again.

"We drink too much already," Frau Ackers said. She smiled at Herr Ackers. "It is not good to drink too much."

"What is a little schnapps?" asked Herr Ackers. His voice was loud now. He turned to Claude. "You will drink with me?" he said.

The schnapps made Claude dizzy; he had no desire for more. He wanted to leave and go somewhere with Frauke.

"No," he said. "Later, perhaps."

Herr Ackers smiled slightly. "You are afraid?" he asked. His eyes were strangely cold. "In Germany one does not refuse drinks." He thrust the bottle into Claude's hand.

"Claude does not want any more," Frauke said in a low voice.

"We should stop now," Frau Ackers said. "We drink too much."

"In France they are weaklings?" asked Herr Ackers. His lips were scornful.

Claude felt a clamminess in his hands. He drank the schnapps; it burned, and he felt dizzy. Herr Ackers poured more schnapps. "Drink again," he said. It was an order. His voice was louder than before. Claude saw Frau Ackers across the room, sitting tensely. Beside him Frauke was motionless. Her fingers alone moved nervously across his shoulder.

"Come, we go to bed," said Frau Ackers quickly. "See, it is late." She stood up and walked across to Herr Ackers.

Frauke rose and looked at her father. "Please," she said. "Soon it will be midnight. We should stop now."

"One moment," said Herr Ackers. He stood up again, stiffly. Claude felt the coldness in his eyes. "We drink once more—to a strong Germany."

The room was very silent. Nobody moved. Claude heard the sharp intake of breath from Frauke.

"To a strong Germany," shouted Herr Ackers. "The French are afraid of a strong Germany."

"Please," said Frau Ackers. She took Herr Ackers by the arm. "We should go now."

"They cannot keep us down," shouted Herr Ackers. He drained the schnapps, and flung the glass against the mantel piece. "Germany will rise again."

Claude stood up. Across the room he saw the white face of Frau Ackers. Herr Ackers' pale eyes were fixed on him; the broken glass lay on the carpet at the foot of the mantel.

"I must go now," he said. His throat was dry; he had difficulty in speaking. He turned and walked toward the stairs. He felt strangely weak; there was a sharp pain in the front of his head.

"Why do you hate us?" Herr Ackers shouted after him. "Why do the French always hate us?"

Claude felt a sudden nausea. At the top of the stairs it was dark, but his mind seemed frozen; he could not remember where the light was. Around him was silence; the air in the hall was cold. He stood, swaying slightly, and then from below, with a terrible intensity, he heard the sobbing of Frauke.

Epistle to Sigmund

GERALD FREMLIN

I fell into a discourse
With a harvest-moon eyed alley cat
Who said the moon grows sicker
Sicker year by year.
And he hid me from the withered moon
And taught me to sing orisons
To Beelzebub the moralist
And Lucifer the king.
And he lit a lamp of darkness,
Five pretty little candles,
Baby fingers burning,
Fingers of a bastard
Delivered in a ditch.
Ditch-delivered by a drab.
Consummation in a ditch!
And he shone the lamp of darkness
Upon the chalk-white virgins
And showed the chalk-white virgins
Were lambs of leprosy.
And we saw the secret places
And saw the secret faces
Saw the festered kisses
Of the lambs of leprosy;
Puddling in their secrets,
The lambs of leprosy.

I was crawling in the viscous streets
Stroked by mucid, leprous lambs
With worm-holes in their eyeballs
And maggots in their glands
When my ghost went to a sewer
And washed its weary hands.

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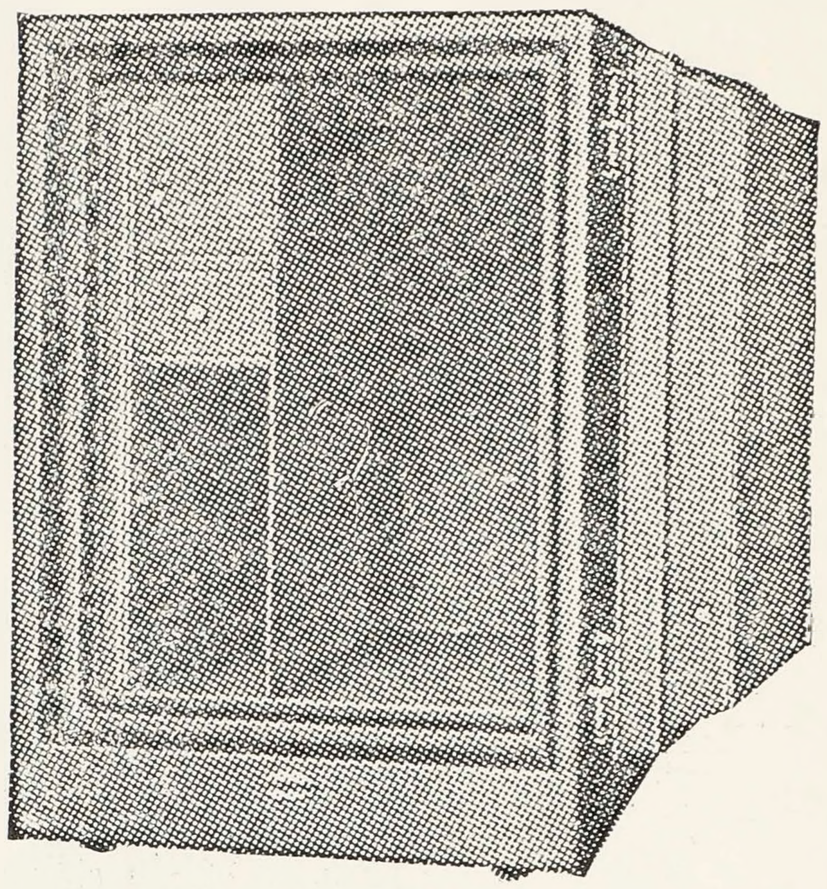

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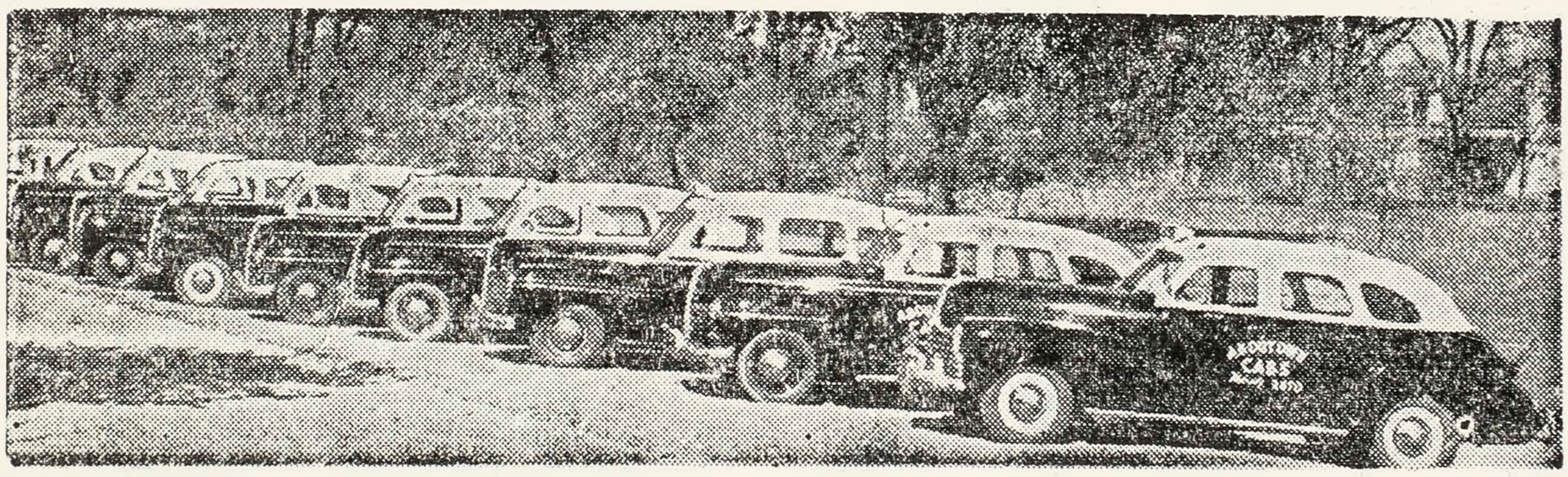

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The Grecian Urn

CLIFFORD WEBB

"What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?"
—Keats.

"LAWRENCE, ARE YOU ASLEEP?" Louise bent over the recumbent form in the hammock. She looked tenderly upon him, and she spoke softly. Could she stroke his blond hair and tanned brow without awakening him? She waited.

Lawrence could hear her breathing beside him. Without opening his eyes, he said, quietly,

"No. You know damned well I'm not asleep."

"Oh, Lawrence, darling, I'm sorry. Were you working? I mean . . . were you thinking?"

Lawrence Harding opened his eyes and gave the dark-haired, blue-eyed girl a look of distaste. He swung his feet to the ground and sat up. His brow was furrowed. Louise knew he was angry, but she did not know why. Lawrence knew that she did not know why and this produced an additional thrust of anger within him. Louise sensed this, and looking at him questioningly, she asked,

"Were you composing a poem? Did I interrupt you?"

Lawrence Harding quietly cursed. He looked down into her big, pleading blue eyes and wondered how she could be so stupid.

"Yes, dear, I was composing a poem about you."

"Were you really?" Louise's eyes twinkled.

'Yes, and there were flowers in the poem and pretty little birds."

"Like Keats' Nightingale, Lawrence?"

"Oh, better than Keats' Nightingale."

"How?"

"Their wings flapped."

"You're making fun of me, Lawrence?"

"Yes, I'm making glorious fun. See how deliriously humorous I am!"

"Oh, Lawrence, what's the matter? I didn't mean to interfere with your work."

Suddenly, Lawrence smiled. He showed his teeth.

"Can't you understand that the only way you interfere with my work is to make an issue of it? Poetry isn't a magical thing that will disappear when you shake it. It . . . it's more like boiler-fitting."

"Do you mean that you don't mind me interrupting you?"

Lawrence's eyes lit up with joy at her comprehension.

"Mind? Of course not! On the contrary I want you to interrupt me. I do my best work when you do. Why don't you sneak up and stick pins into me? It would inspire me."

Louise was hurt. Her under lip pouted majestically, like the spout of a teapot.

"You're making fun again. You used to say that I inspired you."

"I used to get ideas then, too. I used to be able to write poems instead of making smart remarks. Oh, God, Louise, lay off awhile, will you? Please go and learn to knit so that you can attend to your knitting. Do anything, but leave me alone — awhile."

Even while he said this, Lawrence knew that he would regret it. When he started to speak, her lips quivered, and as he went on, her eyes grew larger and started to water. When he finished, Louise was sloshing about in a small cataract of tears and misery.

"Oh, Lawrence, how could you? After I've given you the greatest thing a women can give. You don't want me any more. You're casting me aside. What have I done to deserve this? I've always loved you." Louise interspersed these remarks with tremendous sniffles which shook her whole body.

Lawrence heaved a wind-tunnel sigh, and began the irksome task of soothing her. He hadn't meant what he had said. He loved her. He wasn't casting her aside. She really inspired him. Please, wouldn't she stop crying? He patted her head. Louise's sniffles became muffled. Presently, her eyes, though red-rimmed began to twinkle again. Lawrence, his work done, swung himself back into the hammock. He looked up into the cloudless blue sky and wondered what he had been thinking before Louise had come along.

Louise slumped into a disconsolate lump underneath the hammock. She was resolved to be very good and not talk to Lawrence at all. She remained slumped for fully three minutes. She was wondering how she could inspire Lawrence. It thrilled her so to inspire him. Finally, she sat up. She had a wonderful idea.

She knew that Lawrence had a beautiful Grecian urn, an exact replica of the one Keats had written his poem about. She would bring the vase to him without a word, and place it in his hands. Lawrence would know what it meant. He was so quick to understand things. Louise luxuriated in the idea.

She would place the urn in Lawrence's hands, *without a word,* and she would look deeply into his eyes. It would inspire him.

Perhaps he would write a poem about it. It would be a better poem than the one Keats had written. She had read that one, because Lawrence talked about it so much. She hadn't made much sense out of it.

If Lawrence wrote a poem about the urn, perhaps he would put her in the poem. Louise strained vaguely for what she imagined would be the first lines of the poem,

"She came to me bearing Beauty, without a word,
Out of the Blue and placed it in my hands . . ."

That was all she could think of. She sat motionless, staring straight ahead of her and breathing hard. She was effervescing with the idea. Lawrence would be sure to be inspired.

If only she could steal away without him noticing. The whole thing would lose its effect if he noticed her leaving. Wasn't Lawrence always talking about how important the effect of things was? Louise wanted to make sure that the effect was all right.

She waited until she was sure that Lawrence had closed his eyes. Then, stealthily, Louise placed herself on all fours. She began to crawl quietly along under the hammock.

To Lawrence it sounded as if she were digging like a badger. He had been listening to her healthy breathing, and pondering why such a small animal needed so much oxygen. He had resigned himself to it eventually, and collecting his thoughts when she began to crawl.

Lawrence himself began to breathe hard. He clenched his eyes shut and tried to follow out his train of thought. He had been considering whether his latest satire, entitled *Louise* would be in quatrains or heroic couplets. He had almost decided on quatrains when Louise began to crawl. Then, remembering that Pope had used heroic couplets for his most vicious squibs, he decided on them.

Suddenly, the crawling ceased.

"Ah!" thought Lawrence, "She's found whatever she was looking for." Louise was resting.

Lawrence began to compose the first lines of his satire, beating the rhythm with his fingers on the edge of the hammock. Louise saw this and thought it would be a good time to stand up. Lawrence was occupied and wouldn't notice. She stood up.

For a moment, Lawrence thought she was going to talk to him, but he heard only her stertorous breathing and so he was reassured. Louise walked away without saying a word.

As Lawrence heard her heavy foot-falls die away, he relaxed in contentment. The silence gave him a rare esthetic "ping." He was so contented that he even contrived to swing the hammock a little. Life wasn't so bad after all. Maybe he would chuck the satire and write a lyric.

Pleasant thoughts flitted about in his consciousness. New rhythms galloped through his mind. Lawrence felt the beginnings of poetic inspiration. He began a poem in anapestic trimeter about a hammock. The subject so engrossed him that he became quite carried away. He was even unmindful of Louise's return.

She stood beside him holding the urn as if it were a baby. She stood for a long time saying nothing, but finally, it dawned on her that Lawrence had no intention of opening his eyes. So she said,

"Lawrence, are you asleep?"

The poet's whole body stiffened, as if from rigor mortis. Without opening his eyes, he said hoarsely,

"No. You know damned well I'm not."

There was a dramatic pause. Only Lawrence's labored breathing was heard. The mind behind his unopened lids was a chaos of loathing.

"Lawrence, darling, I've got something for you."

Slowly he opened one eye and glared malevolently. Louise was standing with the Grecian urn in her arms and a dreamily stupid look on her face.

Louise saw that Lawrence was apparently not catching on. She decided she had better speak. It was less effective, but it was necessary.

"I give you this to inspire you, Lawrence."

Both of Lawrence's eyes popped open. Something in his mind had exploded. He jumped up and snatched the Grecian urn from her. With a shriek of savage anger, he dashed it into little pieces at her feet. He leered at her viciously, and roared a stanza of rhythmic profanity.

Louise had no time to let her lip quiver. She burst into tears and ran away. Lawrence viewed her departure with glee. He danced with joy and laughed with mad abandon.

Presently, he saw the pieces of the vase. He bent down and picked one up.

"Oh, no!" he quavered. "Please no!" as he looked at the piece. But he knew it was. He scrambled about picking up pieces and trying to put them together. They were too small.

Slowly, he climbed back into the hammock and lay like a sack of wet-

wash.

He was almost too numb to think. It did no good to console himself with the reflection that Byron and Shelley had had trouble with their inamorata. *They* hadn't known Louise! Soon she would come out of the house, tip-toeing ever so gently, bent on telling him how sorry she was. A helpless panic gripped Lawrence as he thought that she would inevitably begin by saying in a hoarse whisper,

"Lawrence, darling, are you asleep?"

The Samaritan

NORMAN IBSEN

HE CAME TO THE GREEK VILLAGE one morning in the early spring, and his arrival immediately aroused the natural curiosity of the population.

The name of the town was Vestario and, like most Greek rural communities, its inhabitants were starving and restive, and thus any newcomer was regarded with suspicion, even malice. For, as the villagers thought, why would any one man come to their district if he were not an *endarte,* killing and plundering, or a political spy sent to seek out the able-bodied men who might be left in the village. Both would cause them more trouble and grief in whatever way was feasible.

And the people laughed ironically at these thoughts, for there was nothing in Vestario except a few hand-built huts, one starving pig, and a hungry, solemn population of about two hundred—mostly women and children. A number of poorly cultivated fields lay beyond the stinking, disease-ridden huts, but the small group of men who still remained were at various stages of physical deterioration and were unable to expend much energy in the toil necessary to produce successful crops.

When the stranger entered the village he was confronted by a band of sickly children who gazed up at him in silence, the serious expressions on their youthful faces unchanging. The horrible conditions in which they were existing—had been existing for many months—had matured them emotionally far beyond that level which was customary for children of their ages. Their young minds could not grasp what was happening about them or what would eventually be the result of the slow ruination of a people. They had, from all appearances, lost everything except the instinctive curiosity with which a child, whenever and wherever it be born, is endowed.

The stranger noticed these things, and the hurt which he felt showed plainly in his unsmiling brown eyes. He reached in the pocket of his trousers, withdrew several bars of stale chocolate, and tossed them to the inquisitive youngsters without uttering a word.

The chocolate lay on the ground, none of the children moving.

Maxon pointed. Then one boy, hesitant, stepped forward, stopped, and grabbed several of the bars. At once the others thronged about him. There was a brief scuffle for the small packages, and then the children resumed their positions a short distance from the stranger, some wolfing down the chocolate, the less fortunate ones—the younger ones who had been unsuccessful in the struggle for the sweets—watching with emotionless features.

The older man and his youthful audience continued to survey each other in silence. Then the newcomer noticed a group of women approaching him slowly, distrust etched upon their faces. He addressed the children, in Greek:

"Are these your parents?"

No answer.

He tried again. "Do you live here?"

The children stared vacantly. Then one of the women who had heard his questions replied. A toneless voice:

"These are our children and we live here—in Vestario." She motioned with her hand.

The man nodded. "My name is Maxon. I'm a Canadian. I want to meet you people."

The woman showed no signs of comprehension this time. One of them muttered, "We live here in Vestario."

Maxon thought to himself: my Greek isn't that bad. They understand me but they distrust me; they must think that everyone is their enemy.

He repeated, "I'm a Canadian."

Could he even be sure that these people knew what a Canadian was? The thought amused him slightly. But there was little enough education in the Greek villages and they had been shut off from the outside world for eight years. Canadian was a nice, clean word though. Canadian. Maxon pronounced it to himself and smiled inwardly.

Then he became serious again. In their lives of famine, squalor, bloodshed and wanton human destruction, did these creatures recognize any nice, clean words? Canadian, *endarte,* Communist. . . . Might they not all sound alike to these villagers?

Once more he said, "I'm a Canadian, a friend."

Another woman answered him. "There are no men. No men. Only the children and us."

Maxon persisted. "I do not want your men. I'm a friend."

The women shook their heads.

"Why are you afraid of me?"

The same answer: "There are no men. They have gone."

Maxon was annoyed at the women for their stubborn fear. They could think only of their men. Still he refused to give up. "I'm a friend, a visitor. I want to see your village."

Some of the women motioned with their hands—to the filthy huts, to the muddy lane which wound through the village, to the surrounding fields where a little grain fought valiantly for an existence. They pointed as if to say, "Look, we have nothing. But if you want it, take it. What can we do?"

Maxon said, "Have you no men at all? No leader? No *eparch?*"

The women muttered unintelligibly and the children maintained their empty stares. The woman who had spoken first finally replied:

"There are eight men, they are all sick, too weak to work. We have not eough food—they make the children and us eat what there is. We will show you."

Maxon followed them to the nearest structure, a thatched-roofed hut some fifty yards away. When he entered it he found three men, bony wretches, lying on the dank ground, their bodies taut. One of the men coughed, a dry, hard cough, and spat painfully in the dirt. A stench of animal and human excrement overcame Maxon, and he withdrew hurriedly to the daylight, swallowing with difficulty.

Maxon felt keenly the scorn which was now exuded by the women about him. An expectant silence greeted his hasty retreat from the hut. Finally another woman spoke, with more confidence.

"Those are our men. We saw you coming and we were afraid." She continued uncertainly. "We thought you had come for the men."

The women were feeling more at ease; he was human like themselves. Suddenly they seemed disposed to trust him. A little.

I'm alone, Maxon thought, so they do not fear me as much. He asked to be shown through the village, but first he lowered the knapsack from his back and distributed the contents to the people surrounding him. There

was a meagre amount of tinned and dehydrated food which appeared all the smaller when Maxon noticed the size of the band. For now one or two of the abler men had emerged from their concealment, and more women had gathered.

The people gazed with astonishment at the stranger's act and accepted the proffered food dubiously. Then in a sudden outburst the womenfolk began to chatter to Maxon in their colloquial Greek tongue.

"We have no food, no crops. . . ."

"We have no houses, the guerillas burn them. Only these. . . ." A gesture.

"Our men are taken from us; the government blockades us. . . ."

"Our children are starving. We have no food, no medicine . . . no food. . . ."

By the time the evening descended Maxon was regarded as a sort of savior by the unhappy villagers. He shared his food, listened to the heart-rending stories of famine, disease and the complete wretchedness of their lives, and give them as much news from Athens as they could possibly understand.

In a few brief hours Maxon learned more about the hopeless conditions of the Greek people than in all the months he had passed in Athens. There he had watched the food and clothing being shipped in and heard the ambiguous reports which were issued by relief officials and by the unsettled Greek government. And although he knew that one man could not amend a situation which thousands of men had created, Maxon wanted to do something to help these unfortunate people. Not simply wandering about the desolate, dangerous, countryside, writing down a few aimless thoughts which were of little significance anywhere, but something tangible. What?

As a journalist he could present this problem to the world, America in particular. Yet so many others had failed in attempting the same thing. Words seemed useless. But surely the world would be interested in the tragic plight of these villagers. . . . Or would it? Maxon was dubious.

Maxon relaxed on his ground sheet and let the cool breeze, drifting down from the neighboring mountains, waft refreshingly against his body, then he closed his eyes and dropped into an anxious sleep.

* * *

Maxon awoke the next morning to find the same band of ragged children gazing hopefully upon him. He wondered how long they had been watching him and if they ever slept, and he thought that it must be tough to sleep when you were starving to death.

He smiled up at the children and looked about for signs of their parents. Only a handful of the women were visible, but Maxon heard the agonizing squeals of a pig—and he shuddered at the thought of the women being engaged in the odious task of slaughtering the animal to provide their next meal. The idea of anyone eating diseased meat repelled him. He thought of the *nomarch*, who controlled the food distribution for the area, and doubted whether that individual was forced to exist on poisoned hog meat.

Maxon arose and shrugged his shoulders, indicating to the children that he had nothing left for them. He observed, not without feeling, the faint traces of disappointment which their eyes momentarily expressed.

Later that same morning, when Maxon was preparing to leave Vestario, the inhabitants gathered about him, downcast, and mutely appealing.

"I must leave now." Maxon's voice was dispirited. "But I want to help you."

A woman started to speak, then hesitated.

"I'll bring aid." He hoped that he sounded convincing. "I'll help," he repeated, "I'll go to your leaders in Athens."

The people of Vestario did not seem elated. Another woman muttered incoherently, choking on her words. Then everyone was silent.

"I'll come back to Vestario." Maxon felt angry with himself. "I'll help you somehow." Somehow.

Finally one of the men answered him. "You cannot help us. You are only one." Several heads nodded in agreement.

"I have friends. I'll talk to your leaders, your *nomarch*." Maxon was emphatic.

A woman said: "If you are able. . . ." Her voice trailed away.

All their eyes expressed the gratitude which they could not put into words.

Maxon broke the silence. "I must go now."

Then some of the children shyly held out their hands, hoping for more chocolate. Maxon shook his head regretfully.

"No more chocolate."

The children withdrew their hands and continued to stare. A woman chastised them gently.

Maxon adjusted the pack on his shoulders and the people separated to let him through. And, as he passed, the women touched his arms or a part of his clothing.

He halted a few yards from the group. "I'll come back to Vestario." It was a promise. He waved a hand and turned away.

Someone called, "Be careful . . . the *endartes*."

Then all the villagers shouted, "the *endartes*"; then words of advice; then their farewells, in voices that wavered and broke.

Maxon dared not look back. He waved his hand once more, and set out on the treacherous ten mile journey to his camp in Anesto, his spirits low. He thought again of the *nomarchs* who ruled over these people in the various regions. Their own people, yet they might have been some despised alien race as their pitiful pleas for help went unheeded. Maxon was sure that the *nomarchs* possessed full storehouses from the food and clothing distributed to them by the relief organizations in Athens. All the Greek municipal governments were corrupt.

A multitude of thoughts sifted through his mind as he trudged along the narrow roadway, the village several hundred yards behind him. He was suddenly aware of an impending danger. Then his eyes caught the glint of metal in the sun, an instant before the bullet tore through his flesh and lung and he collapsed on the road-bed. He lay motionless, as the blood trickled from his mouth, and the crimson blot gradually widened on his chest.

* * *

A solemn quiet encloaked the whole Greek country-side. For once there was no sound of gunfire—even in Vestario.

There the few surviving men, and the women and children, watched a group of figures approaching slowly along the deserted road to the cluster of huts. The *nomarch* and his soldiers, the people of Vestario told each other.

They were puzzled. The men prepared to hide and the women thought of ways to keep their men safe. Then a woman remembered the Canadian who had come to Vestario a short time before. Hadn't he promised to seek aid from the authorities?

"I will bring help," he had said. She reminded the rest of her people of this promise.

They said they could not be sure. But the men refused to go into hiding

and the entire population surrounded the *nomarch's* party when it reached the village. There was some hope.

The *nomarch* studied the abject band which encircled him. A momentary silence. Then he spoke:

"I've come about a stranger who was in Vestario—a Canadian."

The villagers were overjoyed. They directed a fusilade of words at the *nomarch*, all talking at once, all shouting so that none could be understood, all gesturing excitedly.

A man said, "He was good to us. . . ."

Another, "He promised to help." This repeated again and again.

A half-smile, contemptuous, wrinkled the corners of the *nomarch's* mouth. "The Canadian has been shot."

The villagers did not understand. "He promised to help . . . to come back to Vestario. . . ."

"The Canadian is dead," the *nomarch* repeated, "Shot."

The expressions of gladness disappeared. The elation vanished.

"Shot," a woman said dully.

The *nomarch* nodded. "He was shot near Vestario."

The misery of the people increased. Then a villager cried, "The *endartes*. The *endartes* killed the Canadian."

The others joined in. "The *endartes*," they shouted.

The *nomarch* shrugged his shoulders. "The Canadian is dead." He stood, looking at the villagers.

The *nomarch* continued. "He was shot near here—near Vestario." The half smile vanished from the corners of his mouth.

"The *endartes* killed him," a woman said again. Her voice was dull, toneless. "It was the *endartes*."

"No," the *nomarch* said coldly. He looked at the villagers again, closely, watching their faces. "Not the *endartes*. The Canadian was killed—by you."

"No." The villagers were hysterical. "Not by us. By the *endartes*."

"By you," the *nomarch* said again. He turned to the soldiers, and they moved up closer, circling the villagers.

"No. no." the villagers shrank back, pleading. "He was kind to us. He gave us food."

"He said he would help us . . . he was our friend."

"He gave the children chocolate," a woman said.

"He wanted to come back. . . ."

The *nomarch* stood, scornful. He motioned to the soldiers. The soldiers moved in, brushed aside the women, seized the remaining men. The *nomarch* waited till the men were isolated, ringed off by the soldiers, then he gave orders to the soldiers. They turned, and started to march off, the men from the village in the centre.

The *nomarch* looked at the women again, and now he ran his eyes over them with a slow, contemptuous glance. "The Canadian was killed near Vestario," he said. "Your village—Vestario."

He shouted to the soldiers, and they moved more quickly, away from the women and children, taking the men with them.

As they were marched off, the men turned and waved to the women, looking at them for the last time, shouting farewells.

In the village the women stood, wide-eyed in disbelief. One woman sobbed, then another. Some ran after the soldiers, calling to them, pleading with them. One ran a little way, then stopped, and cried after the *nomarch*, "It was the *endartes* . . . the *endartes* . . . not us."

Only the children said nothing, did nothing.

"THE EXPERIENCE
OF POETRY IS
ONLY PARTIALLY
TRANSLATABLE
INTO WORDS . . ."

T. S. ELIOT

Poetry

PAT MOORE
GERALD FREMLIN
ED PROCUNIER
JAMES F. PRINGLE
PHILIP STRATFORD
MARCEL SADDY

Beach Ballet

PAT MOORE

SPRING

The wind was sharp with salt
And the sea threw itself against the rocks
With unceasing vengeance.
The sun was warm
And Life was Love.

The silvering twigs were pregnant
With the first green leaves of spring,
And joyfully the gull threw
A bitter-sweet song to the sky.

Her eyes were bright with youth;
Her lips were parted
And her tongue revelled
In the pagan kiss of wind and water.
She danced, and in her dance
Were Love and Life.

With arms upflung
She worshipped sun and sky.
With leaf-blown feet
She loved the earth.

And so he saw her—
A goddess of the spring;
He saw her soul, her proud free heart,
And he loved her as he loved the sea,

With a love that was wild as the waves,
Pure as sun-washed space,
And as lovely as the sea-spray.
He spoke;
She stopped;
And then she danced again.
Her arms were for the sun and sky,
Her feet were for the earth,
Her eyes and lips and heart
Were for him, alone.

SUMMER

The sun lay hot in golden pools
Along the glaring beach.
The breeze played tag from tree to tree

And danced in tiny whirls upon the sand.
Hand-in-hand they watched the gull
Who flew far out to sea in certain flight.
Without a word their souls were joined,
Their feet traced careless rhythm
On the sand.
Gay pirouettes, proud leaps,
Quick small running steps,
Patterns of their dance.

They danced for joy,
For a world that was theirs,
A world as perfect as a raindrop,
As lovely as a star.
Their love was as a new moon,
A shining promise in the heavenly expanse
Of tomorrow.

Long-fingered sunlight streaked the beach
Then slipped below the sea and bared the
stage.
Their feet moved slowly now.
Their arms were graceful arcs
Like wings against the sky.

A magic pulse beat through them;
His lips were on her mouth;
And there he read unspoken words.
The footlights of the world were dimmed:
The curtain of the night came down.

AUTUMN

Long cold grey waves rolled in
And echoed with a chilling roar
Along the hard cold sands.
The pale November sun was muffled
In a woolly pile of grey.
The wind flung flecks of spumy sea
Into the crisping air
And clattered bare bones of trees.
The girl stood silent
As a thought.
The wind ran grasping fingers through her
hair.
Her eyes were pools of nothing
Looking nowhere,
Seeing no one.
And then she danced.
Her tiny feet made petal marks
In cold damp sand.
A snowy gull wheeled overhead
With raucous derisive shriek.

Her hands lay quiet,
Her head was bowed,
Her feet moved slowly through the patterns
Of the dance.
"O Death" *prayed her feet,*
"Take my body for you have my soul.
Snatch my body from the chaos
Of a world half gone,
Now that my love is dead
O Death, make us one again . . ."
She stopped.
Her eyes were dull;
Her head was heavy.
She stood there many hours.

WINTER

The ice hung like beards from the rocks.
The waves pulled at the shore
And moaned.
The gull sat in the shelter of the cove
Without a sound.
Her dance was one of grief,
Yet she was not unhappy.
For she could see past ice-bound rocks,
Past the cold grey waves,
Past the horizon—
To feel the breath of foreign lands.
"Tomorrow," *sang her feet,*
"Tomorrow will be better."
Her eyes were bright again,
Wise with the patience of ever-rolling water,
Sullen under winter's rage,
Which will in spring take up again its song of love.
"I am as the waves," *cried her arms.*
Her hands reached for the clouds.
Her heart was warm and whole once more.
"I am alive," *cried her soul.*
The gull stretched his wings,
Stood high on scaly feet,
And screamed.
She loosed her hair, so long confined,
And the wind loved her hair with its breath.

Once more
Her feet made happy patterns
In the sand.

Fantaisie Impromptu

GERALD FREMLIN

I stopped a passing passerby:
"Stop, passing passerby," said I,
"I'd like to know the subtle trick
That turns the wheels that make you tick."
He lifted up his gimmick head
And said
"I operate on spades and hearts,
On patent soap and painted tarts."

I caught a cloud of Carbon O
An automobile spat
And pinked it through with neon sign
And wore it as a hat.
And when I raised my pink cloud head
I said
"The gimmicks and the gimmick troubles
Have disappeared like bursted bubbles."

And now I walk on noiseless grass
Beneath a warm pink sky
And wander where the pink cloud leads
And never wonder why.
But should the cloud move from my head
'Tis said
The gimmick things with gimmickry
Would soon return to gimmick me.

Eastern Europe

ED PROCUNIER

Ten years, no more, has seen an overthrow;
Ten years, and all which formerly was great,
Disease-consumed; the life which once did grow
And pride itself upon its healthy state,
Laid waste, destroyed; an eventide of thought
Has drawn, play-like, a tragic curtain round.
Men's voices now by traitorships are bought,
And pervert-truths are strewn on fertile ground.
What comfort may they take who labor there
To reimbue emotions which were felt
In former days, ere free men knew the blare
Of lies construed as truths? How long must man
Be held as slave to man? No answer-flood;
But sickly smiles besmeared with brave men's blood.

Drought in the Cloisters

JAMES F. PRINGLE

Gothic spires,
Norman towers,
Ruffled with fingers of ivy.
A bell rings and books close.
The herd with vacant faces jams the exits.
Male limbs with crew cuts,
Black garbed theologs,
Sex-starved adolescents
Gape at female Yahoos,
Melon-shaped buttocks in tweed skirts
Wadling in corridors
Looking for light at a sorority tea.
For Princess Sigma Sigh extends,
A pagan and a glassy hand
To climb the social stair.
A lisping toast,
A senile oath,
A pin! A pin!
I'm in! I'm in!
Thrice dipped in Greek veneer.
Peas rattle in the skull pod.
Culture knocks at the door of prejudice.
The professor—like a cactus,
Has weathered the hot blast.
Though for forty years he has seen them all become—
A credit to their alma mater as—
Bourgeoisie boars
And breeding mares.
And now he is an old man
In baggy flannels
Waiting for a pension, laughed at by a girl.

Aurora

Entwine your limbs.
And—
Let me embalm the youth of your lips
With kisses.
Let the fevers of delight
Inflame us.
May the peristaltic pain of passion
In our oneness all consume us.
When the tide recedes,
But to surge again—
Let there be no reticence or caution
Till the madness of our love enfolds us—
In exhaustion,
To give us peace.

Glass Houses

JAMES F. PRINGLE

Time great healer of human anguish
Stop a moment in your flight.
With a two-pronged hypodermic
Inject—
The milk of human kindness
Into conflicting powers
Blighting the patient, Humanity.
Who, head locked in Eastern block,
Feet chained by Atlantic Pact,
Bisected by an Iron Curtain,
Lies pleading and tortured.
Uncle Joe—kindly man
With a thousand concentration camps,
Urges—"Workers of the world unite—
For freedom's sake support Czarist Im-
perialism."
Let us, in our new Ford—
Be a hundred percent American,
And join—
The Washington witch-hunt.
Let us gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river,
The beautiful river of God;
For a picnic of human rights.
Lynch a negro—
Deport a professor—
In the land of the free,
And the home of the brave.

Housewife

I wish I were spectacular.
My life is so vernacular.
Watching Junior climb the fence
Is indeed no recompense,
For washng dishes, scrubbing floors—
And other womanly household chores.
I want to be in "Wuthering Heights"
Or a circus performer in sequins and tights.

I long to be spectacular,
To live in the miracular,
With many intrigues and loves and hates,
Instead of scraping greasy plates.
But caught in matrimony's web
Smugly affluent, dying in bed;
Such it is, a matron's fate,
Numbingly dull, secure, sedate.

Dead

PHILIP STRATFORD

Down this alley and over a block
And I'll sneak up behind him
And soon as I see him I'll let him have it!
Right in the head!
I gotta be ready!
Only one cap left.
Gotta save it
To shoot him dead first shot!

Boy is it ever dark!
You can see right through to the end of the block.
There's a street light on down there
But it sure is black in here!

Cold too.
And you make an awful clatter
Even if you walk quiet
Like me.

Hey!
What's that?

It's a body!!

No it's not, it's a sack.
No—
It's a dog.
Hey fella! Ssst
Here boy! Ssst
Maybe he's sick.
Poor old fella. Here boy.
He's awful cold.
Dirty too.
Hey! He's all stiff!
His legs won't bend!
What's the matter boy?
Hey! Maybe he's dead!

Dead.

Is that it?
Lying there with your head in the mud.
All stiffened up so you can't move.
Naw—He's just hurt.
Here boy! Here boy! Come on fella!
He doesn't move.
His head's all funny too.
His teeth show and he's growling.
Only he doesn't make any noise.
He's like a toy dog.
Only he's cold
And wet
And stiff
And he should be real.

He's awful!
He must be dead!
I'm scared!
Gotta get out of here!
Hey!
There's the guy!
Coming up here.
But he can't see me.
In a minute I'll let him have it!

CRACK

Hey! You're dead!
I gotcha!
You're dead!

Requiescat

Ssh darling
Don't get too close
Yes we can see quite well thank you
Doesn't she look beautiful
So natural

She looks so peaceful
She is at rest .

How beautiful the flowers are
What a lovely tribute

Come we must go
Take one last look and go

She was so kind and good
We'll always remember her
So kind
We will remember

with her heart ripped out;
full of embalming fluid and spices;
stitched up;
painted and waxed;

she is nothing,
but dead.
she has no more life
than the planks of her coffin;
less use;

petals and plush
and solid mahogany splendour
are tribute,
to clay;

all that is there
is shell,
mauled to a semblance of sleep;

dead flesh
in a black box,
dressed in its best clothes
to rot.

To Modern Advertising

MARCEL SADDY

Bunions, onions, ink and gauges,
Such a gruesome melody
Greets me from the printed pages
Monday to eternity.
Haemorrhoids, trusses, Coca-Cola,
Chevrolet, Velveeta Cheese.
Man is bound by reams of copy,
Chained to such demands as these. . . .
Buy one for your Sunday dinner
Hydromatic, Lepage Glue.
Cheaper, bigger, better value,
Cuts your working day in two.
Nielson's, Bordens, Nescafe, Sir.
Seagram's, Molsons, Ruban Blue;
Advertising's here to stay
Like Death, Taxation . . . Campbell's soup.

The editors would like to express their thanks to G. Campbell McDonald, Journalism '49, of The Wallaceburg Standard, Limited, for his aid in the designing and make-up of this magazine.

Lou Ball Clothes

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●

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* * *

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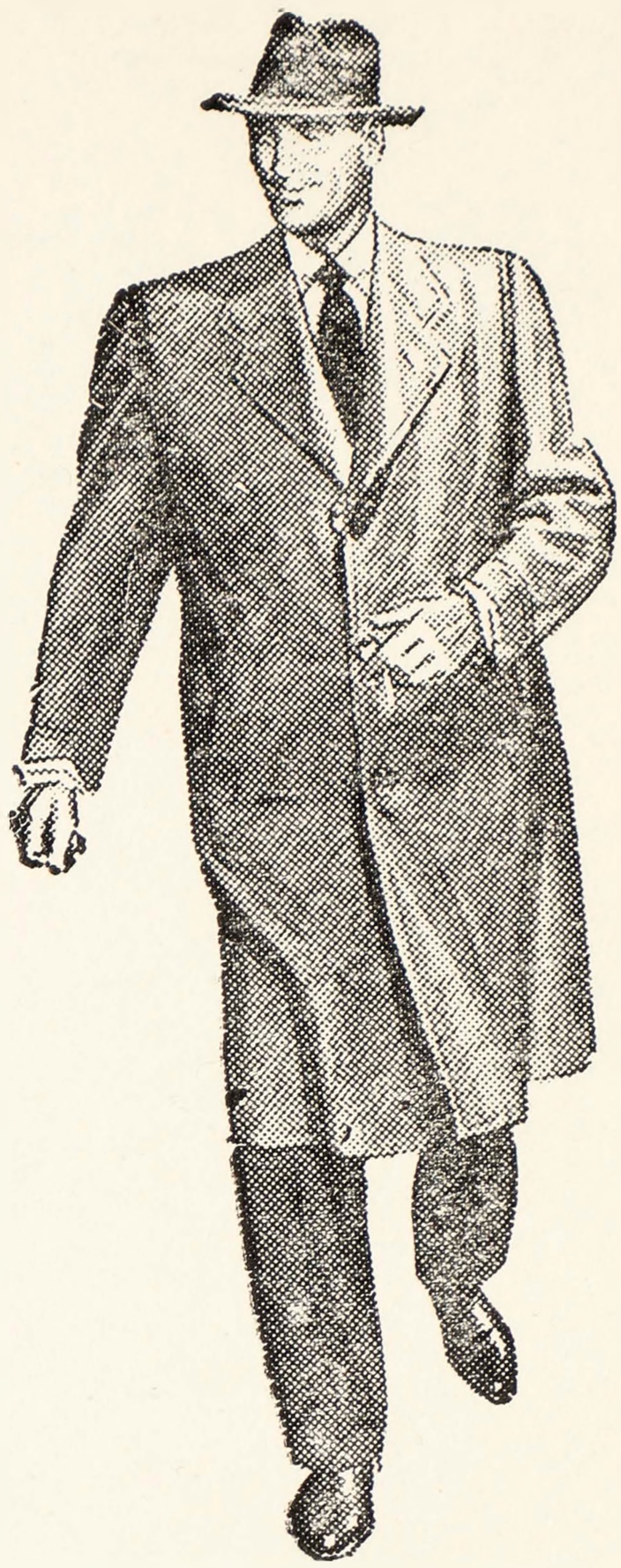

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