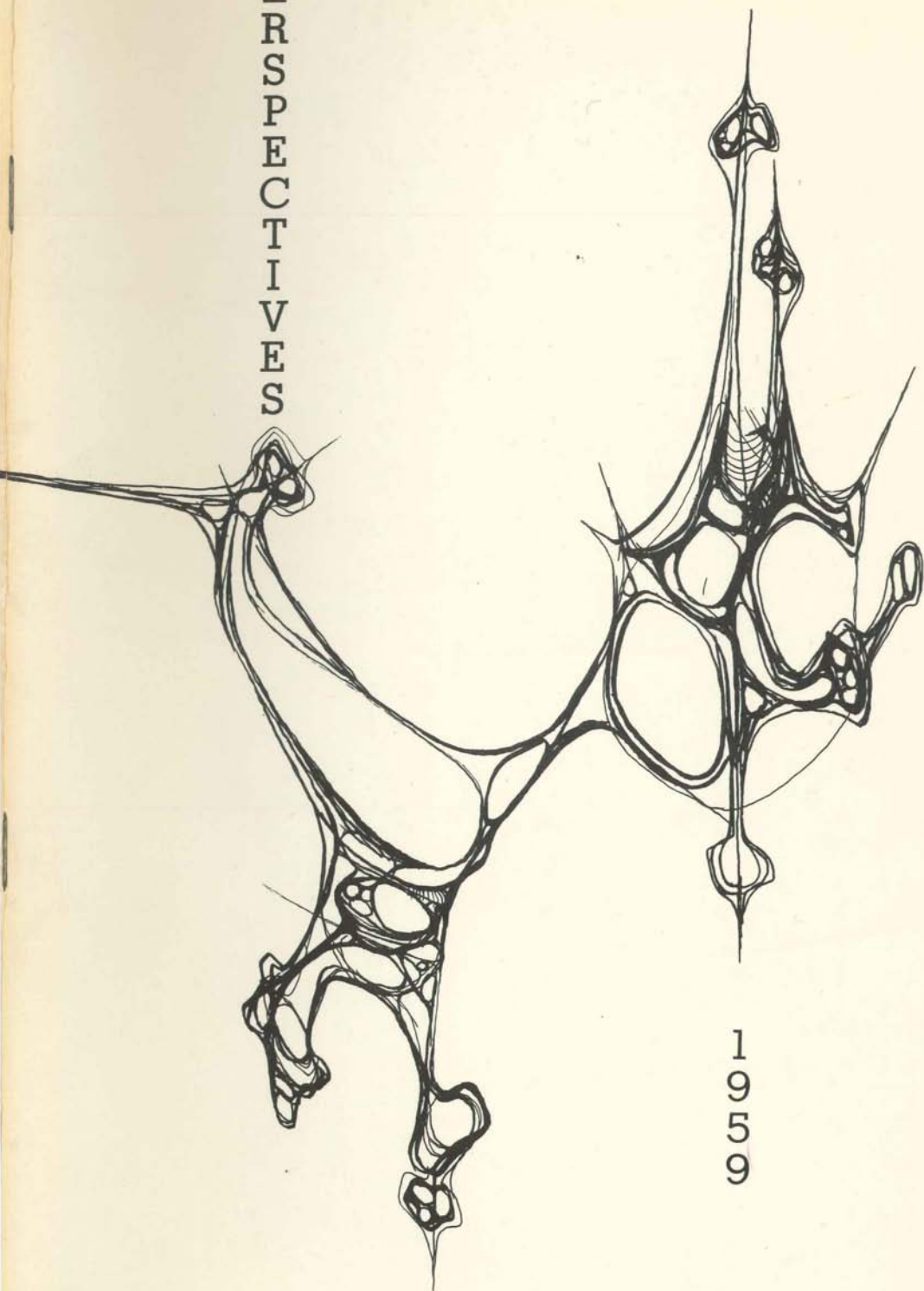


PERSPECTIVES



1959



S. Tipt

perspectives

STAFF

- Editor**
Virginia Bailey
- Associate Editor**
Rosalee Jacobson
- Business Manager**
Phillip Severson
- Editorial Board**
Jack Clapper
Lamar Cope
Paul Dicks
Keith Fry
Mike Koelker
Janet McClelland
Coleen Nielsen
Allan Tingley
Carole Van Wyngarden
Michael Welch
- Cover Design**
Keith Fry

Faculty Advisor
Dr. William Palmer

perspectives is published by the students of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa

Volume XVIII Spring 1959 Number 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

It's Easy, Anyone Can Play	Keith Fry	1
The Runaway	Rosalee Jacobson	5
The Old-Fashioned Gardener	William Frederick	9
Summer and Savages	Virginia Bailey	10
It's Spring Again!	Rosalee Jacobson	16
L'hiver	Virginia Kiernan	17
Ego Bound	Carole Van Wyngarden	23
Dark, Empty Rooms	Carole Van Wyngarden	29
Arcadia	Donald Brooks Carroll	30
The Folk Dance	Carole Van Wyngarden	31
Return	Joanne Johnston	31
A Song of Right and Wrong	Gary Gesaman	32
The World's Answer	Rosalee Jacobson	32
Mr. Smith . . . ?	Al Anderson	33
To Be	Gary Gesaman	34
Detroit Blues	Mike Welch	34
Master of Deceit	Lamar Cope	35
Russia, the Atom and the West	Michael Welch	36
Heart, Head and Heel	Allan W. Tingley	37
Orpheus at Eighty	Rosalee Jacobson	39

it's easy, anyone can play

I

I am Harry Steinberg. I was like most average American citizens of that time. I owned a car (unpaid for), a house (unpaid for), had two healthy children (also unpaid for), and held a position in scientific research which paid me eight thousand dollars a year (a sum I found hard to live on). Outwardly it appeared I had everything for which a man could wish.

That certain night about two billion years ago, I was quite disturbed. My day had been an exceptionally bad one. The latest experiment at the lab, an attachable self deodorizer for dogs, had been a miserable failure when it was learned the dogs used in the experiment all developed severe cases of constipation as a result of inborn allergies to plastics. Along with this the new Hummingbird 12 cylinder Superfire, which had been purchased just three weeks previously, developed a bad motor condition due to the malfunction of the all-aluminum carburetor and had blown up. To top this, upon arriving home I discovered the new lightweight plastic furnace had mysteriously increased its output of heat and had melted; and then my wife had bounded in with the news that we would, in a few months, be the proud possessors of another bouncing dependent.

All of this made me sick. My carefully developed ulcer chewed on something inside myself. Something heavy and rotten which enveloped my whole body, my whole life. I wished that I could escape from this mad world into a world where there were no automobiles, no furnaces, no dogs, and, most important, no people. People, I thought, were the real cause for all of my troubles. If man would stop meddling with nature in his own petty way, the world might be a happier place to be instead of a corruption-filled conglomeration of false ideas and false reality. If only, I thought, there was a way to actually escape all of it . . . escape permanently! People did go off to lonely ocean islands. These days this would not solve the problem at all. Even an ocean island was not safe from meddlesome bomb-dropping idiots. No, there just wasn't, it seemed to me, a place on the whole face of the earth where man might find solitude.

My thoughts that day, of escape and solitude, remained in my mind, and my mind began to suggest possible avenues of realization. I thought of building a rocket ship and traveling to another planet, but this would cost too much money. Moreover, I didn't know how to build one, anyway. I racked my brain thoroughly. In the short time I had had the idea, it had billowed in my mind until it had be-

come an obsession. How wonderful to get away . . . but how? It became no longer a wish, but a goal.

I realized there was probably no physical way of escape. And then it hit me. The remembrance of a theory upon which I had written a Philosophy paper in college. The theory was "Solipsism", and if fully realized, this would be the answer to my problems. The idea was, that the mind had complete control over all physical objects. What did not exist in the mind, did not exist.

For the next few weeks I spent all of the time I could poring over books on Solipsism. This was no longer to be idle theory but would soon be reality. This idea of "no existence except in the mind" was truly the ultimate key to happiness.

Exactly three weeks from that fateful day of enlightenment, I was ready to practice my new-found craft.

I stationed myself in the big easy chair directly opposite a small table holding a white vase, a blue ash tray, and a bright orange book. I closed my eyes and concentrated harder than I ever had before. The physical world seemed to drift out of sight mentally for me and I kept telling myself the objects on the table did not exist. Finally, after I had thoroughly convinced myself of their non-existence I opened my eyes and to my amazed delight, the objects were gone.

The first experiment was a success. The next thing to do was to work on larger objects. This I did immediately. A trip to the kitchen found my wife busily preparing dinner. I sat down on a straight-back chair and closed my eyes. The last words I heard were hers wondering why I was sitting in the kitchen with my eyes closed. When I opened them she was gone.

The second experiment was successful. Now what remained was the masterstroke, which was, of course, escape. I found that by willing away my own body I could move about more easily. And, this ease of movement was imperative if I wanted to do anything of real size which, of course, was the next move.

Finally the day arrived which had been designated, by myself, as the day of complete escape. I stationed my mind a few miles away from the earth, so that I might still be able to see it. Then, just as easily as I had gotten rid of the objects on the table, I did away with the earth.

I was sure I had reached my goal of solitude until, to my dismay, I found I was not alone in the void.

II

I am Harry Steinberg. I have been here in this void for approximately four billion years. I was doing quite nicely until, just two billion years ago, another being invaded my privacy.

My position as Supreme Solipsist was challenged. Not being

ready to give this position up, I fought this challenge to my supremacy in the only way I could. First, I tried to will this other being out of existence, but I found he was trying to will me out in the same fashion. Realizing the power of each mind was only canceling the power of the other, we then decided to settle this question of who was dominant in a sensible way. We began to pit our wits against each other, each of us hoping the other would make a fatal slip. We started the way I had originally started it all. First, we created another earth. Then on this earth we put large animals. But the animals did not prove a thing. They were not interested in fighting, but only in feeding themselves. Through some slip-up their food supply ran short and they all died. This mistake we each made.

What we wanted were two opposing forces which would come into conflict. We each would take a side and try to instill in our side enough power to crush the opponent. We then created man. To each of our groups of men we gave minds so that they could think for themselves. We then set ourselves up as gods, each particular group worshipping each one of us. I call myself Jehovah and he calls himself Allah.

Our pawns have been raging back and forth for centuries now, and neither of us has been able to completely stop the other. This problem looks as if it will never end.

III

Harry Steinberg . . . known as Jehovah and Harry Steinberg . . . known as Allah are gone now. I took them quite by surprise and willed them out of existence. I'll soon get rid of the earth and then have, for myself, complete solitude. I am definitely the **last** Harry Steinberg.

—Keith Fry

the runaway

John Van Grossen nervously fumbled through papers in the musty old trunk. The attic was filled with yellowed newspapers, outdated magazines, family diaries, letters and picture albums. Although now almost fifty years old, John was amused at the resemblance between some of the album's pictures, taken when he was eighteen, and his present disheveled appearance. An air of 50 cents-a-night New York hotels, soup lines, and Salvation Army bands hovered about him. "Mother never could get me to comb my hair," he mused, while closing the album on the family portrait. Although John had never received word from anyone, he guessed he'd known for some time that his parents were dead. Lack of permanent address had its advantages and its disadvantages.

Carelessly, he ripped off the corner of a newspaper bearing a picture of President Coolidge on the front page. Rolling the bit of paper excitedly between his stained fingers, he suddenly pinched it into a small wad and stuck it into his mouth. This gave him both hands free to examine a bundle of neatly stacked envelopes, which he just now spied in the farther corner of the musty trunk. Untying the blue ribbon which bound them, John noticed that they were written by his father to his mother while Mr. Van Grossen was in Europe. Not relaxing his tense kneeling position, John began rapidly to devour one of the letter's contents.

Paris, 1924

"My dearest Valerie,

The Olympic games find me quite busy. Even busier than my law practice at home, if you can believe that. How is everything in our small but thriving midwestern community? This side of the ocean is very exciting. I went shopping yesterday and the results will probably reach you by crates and barrels soon! Seriously, I have been able to buy everything which you previously requested, besides a few trinkets I hope will please you. Everyone in town will envy you! I promise!

I trust that John is being more obedient than the last time you wrote. But, I shall be home soon and then I shall be able to reprimand him prop-

erly for for his obviously belligerent behaviour.
.... Carry on as best as you can.

My love to you both, as always."

.....

John started. Below, a door slammed with a crashing which seemed to shake the very foundations of the house.

* * * * *

"John, is that you?"

"Yes, mother, it's me." The words echoed through the empty house.

"It is I! Don't you even try to learn anything in school? Where have you been, John? It's nearly five o'clock! You needn't think that you can sneak out of practicing the piano just by coming home late every day. And before we go into the living room, let me see your hands."

"I was just going upstairs and wash 'em, mother." John's eyes stared coldly at her as if she were a photograph.

"Look at them, John! Filthy and stained! and you smell like —, you've been smoking again, haven't you? and loitering around that awful Bud's Billiard place! Admit it!" She was almost screaming at him now. "What must people think? The Lawyer's son! If only your father were home!"

John chewed more fiercely on his rubber band. "Yes, if only he was home, he'd at least try to understand!"

"Don't expect him to be too understanding! I've written him all about your disobeying me and spending time with those "no goods."

"All right, all right — I'll practice, but I'm not going with you or anyone else to choir practice tonight. I can't sing and everyone in church knows it. I can hear their titterings and comments even if you can't! I'm sick of the whole thing!"

"Stop chewing that rubber band and listen to me," she demanded furiously. "Until your father comes home, you'll do what I say! And I want you to wash your hands, comb your hair and then start practicing. While you're practicing I'll be in the kitchen with Lisa making a list of chores for both of you to do before father comes home and sees all this disorderliness."

Staring now at his awkward feet, John managed to blurt out, "I'm not going to, mother!"

Without hearing him, she continued in the same breath: "After dinner we'll both go to choir practice. The Van Grossens have always been good musicians and you're no exception!"

Becoming more brave every minute, John ventured another statement of independence. "I'll go, but not to choir practice. I'm

eighteen years old. You treat me like a piece of furniture which should be useful but yet kept clean as new!"

His mother's anger tone flowed into her superiority one. "You're shamelessly ungrateful, John. Many children in this town would give anything to be able to live in the big Van Grossen house. Their parents would like to be able to afford piano lessons. Your father's library has more books in it than the city library! We've given you everything! Go ahead and leave us! Maybe then your father will believe me!"

John's new found courage mushroomed within him. "Mother, why can't we ever talk about anything? It's always 'John, practice the piano,' or 'John, do your chores'." He removed the rubber band from his mouth and for an instant his eyes pleaded with hers. Then it was gone. She spoke, and her lack of feeling engulfed him like a glacier of cold.

"Either practice the piano or go to your room! I don't want to listen to any more nonsense. If you still want to talk, perhaps we'll have time after choir practice tonight."

Suddenly all the new found courage, independence and calm were gone. John wanted to run away, where he'd never have to practice, . . . never have to sing in a church choir, . . . never have to do chores, . . . never have to do anything! A queer tremble ran through the length of his body. "I'm going, . . . for good, . . . tomorrow."

"You'll come back!", she smiled. Yes, that's just what she had said, "You'll come back!"

* * * *

The town's six o'clock whistle blew. Early evening shadows were beginning to permeate the house. John spat out the wad of paper, lifted himself from his crouched position in the attic, and began to descend the attic stairs which led to his old bedroom. The furniture was disarranged and the mattress sagged on the bed. Remnants of uninvited guests, who had obviously spent nights there with their bottles and cigars, cluttered the room and reminded John of similar overnight visits he had made to deserted houses, during his life as a wanderer. He straightened the embroidered maxim hanging crookedly on the wall, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break in and steal . . .". Hesitating a moment before starting down the final flight which led to the hallway and living room, John remembered that he had no particular place to go. "Why not spend the night here?" he asked himself. This house was as good as any he'd probably find before morning and the next freighter west. Besides, this house and its remaining contents belonged to him. Having had nothing to do except to think and to travel during his lifetime, sheer curiosity

about the only stable remnant of his past had made him interrupt his cross country journey to California. As a maid, Lisa had certainly done a poor job of guarding the house against burglars. John wondered if she were still alive. Evidently legalities and involved tax procedures had strangled any possibility of selling the place without his consent. "Even if they had tried, the authorities couldn't have found me, — me with no address." John shrugged.

With sad disgust, the only remaining Van Grossen shuffled down the stairs to the front hallway and living room. Underneath his feet crunched remnants of his mother's precious Haviland china. Vandals had tipped over packing barrels, and strewn feathers everywhere made a thick carpet of down which muffled his unsure footsteps. Through the years, many small objects of value had been carried off, but the grand piano still held defiantly its position in the living room. The library of good books was scattered around, their pages upturned as if begging to be read. John gingerly touched one of the piano keys. Forth came a horrible discordant sound, out of tune being the fate of all instruments left unplayed. Hearing the sound sent a shiver through John. He looked down at his hands. Filthy!

Suddenly, he turned and ran wildly through the house. He must get away through the dining room, through the kitchen, through the pantry, down some more stairs, and finally through the cellar door where he had entered. It was almost dark now. Groping for his way in the pantry, his hands touched the fuse box. Remembering in a flash the matches Lisa always used to keep there for emergencies, he hopefully opened the fuse box. Nothing! "What a fool!", he murmured, "There couldn't be any after all these years." His fingers grasped a piece of stiff paper. Tearing it from its tacked position, he ripped off a corner of it with his teeth and shoved the rest into his shabby coat pocket. Blind now, except for his memories, he lowered himself down into the cellar, step by step. Dodging the furnace, the European statues, and garden urns which were in storage, he finally reached the cellar door. Once outside, he began running again and didn't stop until he reached the corner a block away. The townspeople mustn't know he had come back.

Nibbling on his bit of paper, he paused for a moment and then laughed to himself. If anyone should see him, they couldn't possibly recognize him after all these years! He gazed thoughtfully at the building's silhouette. The unpainted Van Grossen house, once show place of the small midwestern town and now its eyesore, stood unwanted. Broken down by time and neglect, the body which housed John's memories was also in need of a fresh change of clothing. Riding a freight train from New York City to the west coast wasn't the most fashionable way to travel. He again wondered why he had jumped off instead of riding straight through. Perhaps he had

thought there might be something worth selling in the old house. His companions — hoboes, shifters, pan-handlers — were often dubious about his tales of respectable birth, wealth, and family social position. Time and strangers had robbed both him and his house of all that. "Suppose I tried to claim the old wreck," John shifted his weight with a sigh, "I'd have to make it respectable, . . . have to give it a paint job, . . . maybe even have to sing in the church choir" His thoughts rambled on. Why should he stay? Nobody, not even thieves, wanted bitter memories and neither did he. The evening shadows gradually engulfed the house.

He became so intent on his pondering that he unconsciously swallowed the paper in his mouth. Reaching into his pocket for more paper, John brought forth a yellowed list which was still discernable under the street lamp's light:

Chores

John: After school, come right home and fill
the furnace with coal.

Lisa: Be sure to clean the living room well
before next Friday. Mr. Van Grossen
doesn't like his books to be dusty.

John: Clean the attic and pile neatly all of
the magazines and newspapers.

The paper fell to the cracked sidewalk. John turned, and began to run again.

—Rosalee Jacobson

the old-fashioned gardener

Spring came to Winter-town early this year,
Thawing the frozen desires of our secret gardens.

"Strange, powerful Spring
Let my garden be;
In your presence my flowers pale,
And my garden doesn't seem as beautiful.

But in spite of your magic,
Heightened by living proof
That you are a better gardener than I,
I will continue to cultivate my own garden."

—William Frederick

summer and savages

At six-thirty the alarm clocks began to go off sporadically throughout the dorm. I reached over and turned mine off without waiting to hear it. I could hear the girls padding down the hall, and the soprano murmur of their voices reminded me of my third-grade pupils back in Iowa.

I got up and dressed while my mind still floated in a warm cocoon of sleep; I was on my way down the front steps before I remembered it was my day off. I stopped and took a breath of the early morning mountain air. The windows in the hotel were blank and steamy. The slanting sunlight was turning the column of steam rising from the laundry a rosy orange.

Some girls came out of the dorm, clattered down the stairs and crossed to the cafeteria, shivering in their shapeless blue and yellow maids' uniforms. I followed them, thinking of the day ahead of me. I had read all my novels and done all my mending, and the summer was only half over.

I opened the door and the warm roar of the employees' cafeteria enveloped me. I took my tray and sat down near some of the maids who took their fresh bedding from the linen room where I worked. They were college girls from a dozen different states. They were the Savages, the people who came in the summer to keep the tourists clean and fed and entertained.

I heard someone say "Barbara." The maids were motioning for me to come over. They slid over and made room for me. "Do you have your day off today?" The brown eyes and freckles of a girl named Marilyn were twinkling with enthusiasm.

"Yes."

"So do Cathy and I. Do you want to go horseback riding with us?" The tall quiet girl with glasses, sitting besides Marilyn nodded encouragement, and so I was included. Their chatter flowed around me, sweet and unintelligible. A girl named Andrea sat across the table, teasing Marilyn and tossing back her long black hair, when Nancy came in.

"Andrea," she said. Andrea was her room-mate.

The girls all turned. People at the other tables went on eating, but some of Nancy's friends looked up. She was the only girl whose uniform looked attractive when she was in it.

"You have a phone call at the dorm — long distance."

Andrea sucked in her lip. "I'll see you later," she said and went out. Nancy followed her; some boys called after her, but she only waved.

We stacked our dishes, while Cathy worried that something was wrong. "C'mon." Marilyn led the way out, big hips swinging. It was still cold outside, but somebody stopped to feed the chipmunks that lived under the board sidewalk.

When we were inside, every one of us turned and looked down the hall to Andrea at the telephone, her back toward us. Nancy was posted between us and Andrea like a sentinel. "It's bad news," she hissed. Automatically they turned to Andrea and Nancy's room to wait. I was going to my own room, but Marilyn pulled me along. A very long time seemed to pass while one girl kept looking at her watch. The girls who had to go to work would be late, but nobody left.

"What business has Nancy got out there listening in?" Marilyn was asking for the third time, when I heard a slow step in the hall. Andrea stood in the doorway, her face blank, with Nancy protectively beside her. For a moment we were transfixed, then Marilyn went up and patted the girl's shoulder. "What's the matter, Andy?"

She looked at Marilyn's round face but seemed unable to answer. Nancy guided her to the bed and sat her down as if she were ill. I could tell Nancy wanted us to leave, but nobody moved. Finally, seeing this, she said, "Her father died."

The girls stiffened as if they had been struck. Cathy gasped. Then we were on our feet, crowding around the girl, trying to think of something to say and afraid to say anything.

Somebody said, "We're late for work."

The others said, "I guess we better go. See you later, Andy." Then there were left Cathy and Marilyn and I, who had the day off, and Andrea and Nancy.

"You're late for work," said Marilyn.

Nancy's chin went up. "I've got to make arrangements to get her home."

"I'll take care of it." The brown eyes snapped. Nancy's eyes met hers coldly, but something occurred to her and she left.

"I guess I'll have to pack," said Andrea. She was looking out of the window absently. Cathy sat on the bed, looking tragic. I stood up briskly. "Which suitcase is yours?" She pulled her luggage from under the bed. As if suddenly compelled to be active, she immediately set to work sorting her things from Nancy's. The room was very quiet except for the small sounds of shoes and jars being handled and the hollow squeak of drawers being opened. The bleak emptiness of cream-colored walls, white bed-spreads and white curtains at the one window settled over us. There was a braided rug dulled by years of service, and a flower-patterned curtain over the closet doorway faded to colorlessness. The edge of the mirror above the single dresser was lined along one side with snapshots of Andrea's

family. Nancy's side held one picture of a boy.

I was struggling with the urge to walk over and look at the picture of Andrea's father, when Nancy returned. "I saw Mr. Randall and got your checkout slip," she said. "He says he hates to see you go." She laid the slip on the dresser. "The bus leaves at one, but I can probably get somebody to drive us to the train." She began to straighten Andrea's things on the writing table.

"They're still firing people who don't come to work," Marilyn remarked. Nancy's eyes narrowed, but she left in a few moments. I followed her out and went to my own room down the hall. When I was in my room I heard a heavy moccasined tread in the hallway and Marilyn's ironic voice, "Oh, we're helpful today, aren't we?"

She had caught Nancy by the front door. The answer was cool. "She happens to be my room-mate."

"Well, that's the first time that's made any difference. You've been so thick with those Southern Belle waitresses that go to Stephens."

Nancy met the sarcasm. "You don't mean to say you're jealous?"

"I mean just let us that are her friends look after Andy."

I felt, rather than saw, the little smile with which Nancy answered. I heard her footsteps and the front door closing. Cathy was waiting in the hall for Marilyn. "I guess she's just trying to be helpful," she said.

Marilyn snorted, but Cathy had gone on to another thought. "I don't know, Marilyn." Her voice caught. "Andy's so calm about everything. She thinks about her family and how to get home and everything. But she doesn't seem to think about what's the matter. If my father died I think I'd be running up and down the halls screaming."

"No, you wouldn't." As they passed my door I looked up and saw Marilyn's square hand on the slender shoulder. For the rest of the morning I stayed in my room and caught low murmers of conversation and the bumping of suitcases.

At noon they emerged. Cathy tapped at my door. "Do you want to come and eat with us?" Heads turned when we went into the cafeteria, so I knew the maids had spread the news around. I could imagine their conversations. "Shall we go say something to her, . . . We really don't know her very well . . . After all, we've been working together for six weeks . . . We can at least say goodbye, I suppose . . . C'mon, she's real sweet."

They came and said, "I hear you're leaving, Andrea." She nodded. "We'll miss you up in the hotel. Are you coming back next year? Well, good-by, it's been nice knowing you." When it was over, they were relieved that they had avoided the whole dreadful topic of the death. Sometimes they looked for somebody else to talk

to, and Marilyn said, "Where did you go after the dance last night? We had a ball."

I had seen Nancy's blonde head at a table with three bellboys, and when we were through eating she came over. "I've found a car," she interrupted. She waved toward one of the boys. "He can drive us to the station at two o'clock."

Andrea said, "Thanks, Nancy."

Cathy glanced at Marilyn, who exhibited a flash of irritation, then seemed to forget Nancy and turned to Andrea enthusiastically. "Well, we got a couple of extra hours. Do you want to go horseback riding?"

There was a flicker of a glance and a small shake of her head. We waited. Finally she said, "Let's just go for a walk." Nancy had gone back to the hotel to finish making her beds when we left. I would have returned to my room, but Andrea said, "You come too, Barbara."

The walks in front of the hotel were crowded with tourists taking pictures of the famous view, and we pushed through them. Tourists were nothing to Savages, almost non-existent. The only reality they held for us were the anonymous rumped beds they left behind them in the morning, and sometimes the dimes they left on the dresser under the little card that said, "Your maid is Marilyn Gruber from Phoenix, Arizona." We looked at the license plates on their cars but not at their faces.

The path we followed dipped out of sight and down to a mountain stream. There was a log footbridge and we stopped in the center of it. The water was glassy. The swift laughter of the water over rapids reminded me of the gay recklessness I had seen in Andrea before. She was standing stonily now, her head bowed over the railing. I wondered if she saw the little black fish darting below us.

"Cathy, remember the time I fell in here?" Marilyn's head bobbed toward the grassy bank.

The heavy gloom seemed suddenly dispelled. "I kept thinking you'd get your balance again, but you just kept on falling in."

"That's like the time we were out here one night with those guys from Illinois and the bear walked across the bridge."

"And you said you wanted to pet it." They were both laughing. Andrea listened. The remembered incident had brought back a host of other memories to Marilyn, and she could not be stopped. Andrea, forgotten, was being drawn in.

"How about the time we went swimming with our clothes on and the ranger —" She stepped to the middle of the bridge, put her hands on her hips and mimicked an angry ranger. Shrieks of laughter burst from Cathy and Andrea. I could not resist laughing myself.

Then Andrea began to cry. She put her elbows on the railing

and dropped her face into her hands, the long dark hair falling around her face. Cathy was frozen with horror.

A voice blared through a megaphone behind us and I saw a crowd of tourists in the tow of a suntanned guide descending upon us. "Let's walk." I took Andrea's elbow and guided her quickly across the bridge and onto a dusty path. We hiked up the length of the trail through the dappled silence of the woods to a rocky look-out half-way up the mountain without speaking a word. There was no one there but a fat chipmunk scurrying among the roots of a wind-beaten pine tree. The mountain rose rocky and perpendicular behind us. The resort lay before us in a tree-carpeted valley. From the distance, the crowds and the crush of automobiles looked no less peaceful than the wilderness around.

We were all very quiet. Andrea's eyes were red and tragic. After a while she stood up and walked back to the mountain side. "I guess if I want to climb it, I'll have to do it now." We looked at her, dressed for the train trip home in a pale cotton dress.

"You can come back and do it sometime," Cathy suggested quietly.

Her head shook no.

Marilyn planted her worn moccasins and stood up. "I'll go with you."

"No." She found her first footing amid the loose rock. "I won't take long." A brown hand grasped a root. She began to work her painful way up.

"It's dangerous," Cathy faltered.

"Crazy kid." Marilyn was almost cheerful. She settled herself for a longer stay and took out a cigarette.

"I'll miss her."

There was a nod of agreement. Both of them were following Andrea with their eyes. They made a strange pair, thrown together by the chance of having the same day off, and bound by a summer of shared experiences, one tall and pale, one short and freckled, one shy and one easy-going.

Cathy looked back across the green valley and rested her chin on her knee. "Maybe we'll never see her again."

"Well, we had fun." A little later Marilyn said, "What time is it?"

"A quarter 'til."

A moment later there was a distant shout. Andrea was making a slow, triumphant wave from the rim above us. Marilyn cupped her hands and shouted back, "Hurry up and get down here." The girl began to work her way down the slope, making the little stones rattle down ahead of her in miniature avalanches. When she reached us she brushed herself off. She seemed transformed. Her eyes were

those of a seventeen-year-old adult. She addressed herself to me as if she had surpassed Cathy, who was nineteen, and Marilyn, who was twenty-one.

"It's time to go, isn't it?" She led the way down the trail.

For some strange reason, there are great gaps in my memory of the trip to the railroad station that day. I could not say who the boy was who drove for us, or what the car was like. I know that both Nancy and Marilyn talked with the boy through the whole trip, vying for his attention, but I do not remember a word that was said. I can hardly even picture Cathy and Andrea and me sitting in the back seat. But somehow every single detail that passed my window that afternoon is stamped forever on my mind, as if all the beauty of that summer as a Savage had been compressed into one sunlit hour. I remember every turn in the road, the cool shadows of the canyon, the way a deer standing in a meadow raised his head to look at us. I remember every bear that was begging along the road, and the way the sunlight flashed in the forest. I can still tell you where the flares were put out for road repair work and what was in the washing that was hung outside a trailer house parked along the lake. I can smell the pine and see the pink flame of the fireweed blooming. I still remember the face of the ranger at the gate.

The train was coasting into the station with a blast of diesel horn as we got out of the car. We all went into the station and stood in a knot around Andrea while she bought her ticket. The boy carried her luggage into the train. We all got on and stood around awkwardly and waited until it was time to get off.

"Write," they said, "Be sure and write." Yes, she nodded. But her mind was racing ahead of her and she seemed to see for the first time the unhappy house waiting for her.

"Board," shouted the conductor.

Marilyn patted her shoulder. "Come back next year, Andy."

The dark eyes misted for a moment. "If my mother doesn't need me."

"Good-by, Andrea," I said.

"Good-by . . . Good-by." And we were out of the train. We looked back at the window, but she was not to be seen.

There was a choking sound behind me. Cathy was weeping with her knuckles pressed against her mouth.

"Get a hold on yourself," Nancy snapped.

The girl turned away from her toward Marilyn, who grinned. "C'mon kid, buck up."

"Do you want to go back yet?" said the boy.

Nancy shook her head. "Let's go to the curio shops."

"I'm with you," Marilyn agreed. "Come on, Cathy."

The boy and the two girls started down the street. I thought that Cathy would go to the car, but instead she blew her nose and with a look at me turned to follow the others down the street.

—Virginia Bailey

it's spring again!

It's spring again

And the same sun that warms the frozen ground
Melts the winter of my heart.
As dead grass gives way to green,
So old ideas prejudicing my brain must yield to happier thoughts.
Suddenly, what ought to be seems right.
It's spring again, and there is no cold snow to numb me.
The same force that pushes flower's heads through stubborn ground,
Drives my thoughts to forgotten heights.

It's spring again,
And my spirit soars up kite-like among the wind swept clouds.
Only rain can drench my dreams;
But it does not look like rain, with summer yet to come.

It's spring again
With all the world a vibrant picture.
I do not mind if nature dons her common colors,
And birds chirp last year's tunes;
Since I think last year's thoughts with spring freshness,
Now that it's spring again.

I miss spring's thoughts and dreams in solemn winter,
And sometimes I wish I might make it spring always
Instead of just spring again;
But if there were no winter, no cold to melt
There would be no spring dreams fostered to be here now,
Now that it is spring again.

—Rosalee Jacobson

l'hiver

day tip-toed into semi-darkness, hiding under the wrinkling frown of dusk; and out of the grey drop of evening, the lone bird slipped silently to the ground. she cocked her head, listened, then floated fretfully into the fog.

eagle wings brought the arrow thundering across the waves of blurred tracks. "hello", they screamed. "hello", and vanished.

where is it going to? somewhere . . . in Time far from here that much i am sure of everybody everything going and for what this ends and then it begins all over again and new beginnings are born futility that's what it is futility such an aloneness sound that whistle i don't like it i never did not even when i was a little girl and grandma used to take me down on the bank to see Draco pass eleven every morning never late except once i'll always remember that funny though that i do

the woman on the divan with the long white hands made a soft sighing sound, then stood up and stretched. she walked over to the huge picture window, pulled the green drapes tightly closed. her lighter was on the round table and she lit a lucky strike. once more she sighed.

the dog on the grey hassock looked at her with melancholy eyes.

"what are you thinking, sam?"

sam blinked.

"you're hungry aren't you boy? sometimes when i don't eat, if i can't i forget . . ." she ruffled his ear. "come on into the kitchen; i'll give you some hamburger."

the kitchen was dark and she had to grope for the light switch. when the long fingers found it she discovered herself directly in front of the mirror. green pools of eyes peered closely while hands pushed the lanky, blond hair away from the face.

this is going to have to be cut i didn't realize it was so long i can imagine what big joe would say liking it short the way he did i'm declining i really am so what i don't have anyone to . . .

the shoulders in the warm green wooley shrugged themselves and molly left the mirror with only a cupboard in reflection. she took a pink package of hamburger and a carton of milk from the refrigerator. she gave sam some hamburger. he tried to wag his tail in approval. too short. she poured herself a glass of milk and ground out the cigarette. then she wandered back to the living room and sat down.

i've got to quit smoking eating this way i suppose that's why i'm so i just can't seem to eat though i didn't do much today i picked up the green dress i saw pat what else? i can't think yes i saw him we can't forget that not for a minute i saw mr. power he didn't even know me least he didn't show if he did or (sigh) just as well it would have only stirred up all that he could have at least waved no he didn't know it was me this milk is terrible.

she put the glass on the floor.

it's been such a long time what's he been doing he looked all right he's all right nothing ever happens to big joe msguire nobody keeps him down i guess i did yes i did for a while no wonder he hates me but it wasn't my fault can't blame him either there just isn't any element of fault to it whitman said that or well he wrote it like evil and good are from the same plant not like those men who say THIS is good over here and then THIS is evil oh i can't remember i think he was right

sam pattered into the livingroom, sprawling beside the couch. molly reached over and patted the top of his head. he lifted his forepaw so she would scratch his belly. he was a smart dog, that sammy.

"i saw big joe today, sam."

his ears alerted themselves. he looked at the door.

"yes you liked him, didn't you. he liked you too. you two got along better than the two of us. i suppose that's because you couldn't talk and i yes i was mouthy to him. he had it coming to him though, at least most of the time and, . . .

sam looked away.

maybe if i had eaten better i wouldn't have lost no i couldn't eat i couldn't force myself that was something altogether different from food even the doctor said it was it just wasn't me that's all no use even thinking such thoughts.

she reached down and finding the glass, took a long swallow, finishing the milk. sam watched.

what is the poem i like so well grass? well yes that too but the one about sitting and seeing the world what was it called i sat and looked out no i sit and watched out no not that either i sit and look out there you go miss molly "i sit and look out upon all the sorrows of the world and upon . . ." what next i don't know the whole poem i do like it though

she sat up and shook her head.

lionel hampton tonight in medea i like it so much where she says, "there are no flowers on this mountain." but what could she expect creon to do there she was threatening his daughter and that terrible jason big joe is like him well in a way anything for wealth and power once in a while he forgot that's where i came in i was the only loser he triumphed even then well jason didn't thank god of course it was terrible about the children i couldn't do that to joe i never had a chance though my baby . . .

she closed her eyes, drifting into the unreal world of yesterday. nothing new. it was rather comforting to regress, to search out the little consolations. She threw the green afghan over her shoulders. yes, she had seen him. she shivered and drew the cover closer.

it was this time of year when i met him . . . there in the huge, upheaved world called winter and the white stars were shining and the wet snow was the black lie of april's bright promise yes he had been cold like the winter and it had bothered me so and i remembered everything that mr m had said first it was a physical attraction and then it was intelligence study and learn and weave an intricate web to entangle them in desire and worship and respect that's where i failed the respect part oh yes i worked at it hard enough but then the reverse turn and i was the one that was caught he knew it too must have oh i fought it for a while he won in the end and i tried to warn him he

wouldn't listen too smart for that he was no i couldn't stay away and it came to that he was so anxious to marry me when i told him about the baby that's when i began to be skeptical he drank too much i knew i couldn't change him and i had to be so sick it must have been terrible for him no wonder here now no wonder he stayed away that's why i was irrational once it was five whole days he stayed away well almost five days it was four at least and oh god yes and that was the first time i was given a foreboding of what was to come yes he came in to my room and his red face was bright and he looked almost afraid of me and i sat there and pretended i didn't even notice him and he kept saying, "molly" but i wouldn't answer him and finally he left and then after a long time i went downstairs and found him on the couch and i covered him and i sat in the green chair and i watched him when he slept . . . and i noticed his long eyelashes and his bald head and the big-joe hands and he looked like a small, isolated boy and finally i got up and closed the door and went to bed but i didn't sleep did i no i didn't sleep that night and in the morning i ran down and i was sick and i fixed his breakfast and then i went in to wake him and he was already gone i couldn't eat and the next night i told him i was leaving him because i wanted to then yes he looked at me and he said no he didn't think that would solve anything and i had insisted and finally he admitted it "might" be best and he was so kind about it all and even a bit reluctant to leave me.

she pulled the afghan tighter over her shoulders.

and then he had said that he would stay with me at least until we had him because then it would look better for our friends and his business and yes i agreed to that not because of our friends but because of the business and i had already driven him down this far and it wouldn't be fair to pull him down further i loved him even then and then he started to talk and tell me how he wasn't made for marriage and how i had been right and why didn't i have the baby and then go away somewhere quietly and and then divorce him and i was crying i didn't care if he saw me and i bit my lip so hard that i tasted blood but of course it didn't hurt until afterward and then he had gone out and he didn't come in until about one and he opened the door to see if i was in bed and alright and i pretended to be asleep . . . i was so sick then, those last few months i even worried about the baby i guess i had a right to do that and they say a woman has no intuition i knew and then the night he drove me to the hospital in the new car and he was so silent and i couldn't think of anything to say and finally he said something about "well, i'm glad it's almost over, molly, aren't you?"

and i said, "no."

how surprised he was when he looked at me and then i said in the low voice, "at least i will have your baby, big joe."

and then he was quiet and he drove faster and i wished i hadn't said it to him but of course it was too late then i wonder what he thought about in the lounge while he was waiting for the doctor i'll bet he never dreamed it would be like it was i wonder . . .

big joe had sat alone in the waiting room, nervous, even annoyed. "why does it have to happen tonight. there's a poker game at paul's and everybody will be there. that's molly all over again. anything to get in my way!"

the tall nurse with the stagmalatic teeth walked by and smiled a toothy grin. he glared sullenly at her.

"well at least i will have your baby, big joe." the words haunted him. that was something for her to say. he had been damn nice to her the past few weeks and. he picked up a magazine. the corridor

was too-dimly lit for reading, with his eyes especially. he looked too funny in glasses. once he had tried molly's on and everyone had laughed.

his face brightened at the thought of it.

what will he look like i hope he won't get bald like me i always hated that maybe that's why i ended up with her she never seemed to notice oh he won't he'll have lots of hair molly does what if it's a girl no it won't be she's counted on a boy all this time i wonder if she'll name him after me she said that once when we were first married she was different then not so damn sensitive and she didn't bitch all the time either can't really blame her though not really her fault still she thinks it's something quite novel a lot of women have babies i told her that once and she didn't like that oh hell it doesn't make any difference she's taking him away from me yes she saw to that she thought up the whole idea of the divorce i never said anything it did look pretty good but if i'd been first she might have tried to talk me out of it no i have to carry this through i'll be free and no i won't crawl to her not as long as i live i can't

he opened his eyes to see a man's shadow on the corridor.

the doctor. he could tell by the quiet cat-like motions on the marble floor.

"what is it?"

"boy."

"is . . . is molly all right?"

"she'll do all right." he rubbed his hands on the long white pants. "the baby is dead."

" what?"

"the baby, it didn't live."

" . . . well?"

"no bile duct. the kidneys weren't developed. we could tell things weren't right . . ."

"oh."

the nurse with the strange teeth came in and whispered something to the doctor. he turned away in sudden nausea.

he picked up his top coat and slipped it over his arm. "well, the baby isn't alive then."

"no."

"well did you tell her — molly i mean."

"we leave that duty for their husbands. she'd rather hear it from you . . ."

"NO."

"mr. mcguire, your wife lost her child. you are her husband and it would make it so much easier . . ."

"what will i tell her? i wouldn't know what to . . ."

"please, you know. you'll know what to tell her."

the doctor was steering him toward her room. "but i don't want to do this . . ."

my god what are they forcing me to do what can i say to her what on

earth will i say "well at least i'll have your baby big joe." well at least . . . lord. even molly after all the things she has done oh god she's been sick and this was why it wasn't an act here i stayed away all night and no wonder she decided to leave me no wonder she oh god

molly turned over on the divan and snuggled deeper into the warmth of it.

remember when he came into my room to tell me about the baby i was lying on the bed with my face to the wall and i had turned when the door opened i knew even then no one had to tell me that my baby was dead oh yes he said it all right and then he said it again when i didn't answer the alien laugh that pierced the room brought his eyes to me quick enough and he kept saying "what's the matter with you, molly" and all i could say was "oh joe" and then he apologised and told me how sorry he was and how he hadn't realized well that was true he hadn't realized and realization was born too late and he stood there and he was crying i think only i can't be sure and i looked at him with one of HIS looks and i said,

"GO TO HELL!" and he stared at me for a minute and then he left and i was laughing and screaming how glad i was that little joe was dead what did he think oh it was an awful thing to do i wonder . . .

he had turned and stumbled out of the room, choking in profound rage. down the corridor, down the seventeen steps of the hospital entrance, across the street to the car. he sat down, breathing heavily, he was going to be sick.

what had he done to her. he had to go back, to explain. no she wouldn't listen. he looked back at the window. was she, no there was no one standing there. of course she couldn't get up. she had just had a baby. he sat there a long time.

* * * *

my stomach warns me he is rather intelligent always answering who has pio . . . charlie t that's the only one i know of oh yes marie found out about it i left my purse in his car he didn't look any more like big joe than i do that liar well i'm glad she discovered it serves her right i'm not talking to mr. w anymore what a nasty schedule only to work me in on wednesdays the poor fool doesn't know what he's missing if i got to choose the day, well if i did i'd take tuesday yes and only tuesday morning at that i'm always in a good mood on tuesday mornings oh i'm not mechanical like that well i did hurt my feelings he knew about my sensitivity yes i can remember him telling me all those things i was different and oh i wont go into that anymore he might have saved me though if he'd wanted a mirror instead i am lonely here the city is empty i was left behind the square is empty of myself even so silent he knew i'd never deal the blow and saint john advocating and praising carnality i'm glad he didn't win the nobel prize or was it pulitzer anyway no i like sea marks well now that i have all this insight what happened to the out sight where did it go well where does the train go where did joe go where does the bird go and my baby well where is he it's all the same you can't answer i must stop thinking falling falling falling my neck hurts the left side of my world has been obliterated looking back i am yes looking back well thank god for memories they make existence possible a stranger even to myself no that is wrong i know myself but i don't like what i know that's different time consumes and consuming thinks i never thought it would come to this one day gone in sin i did it i had to "look quickly he is soon out of sight!" asleep to the waking world i should have known before i ever got into such a mess ah i ventured forth anyway i had to do that too there just wan't any other

way my back aches you can't call a blind man a fool can you no i think not isn't that not something

"they thought the heavens were round, the earth square". edith said that once of course i don't remember the poem stop thinking it's the same with music did Tchaikovsky write spring waters or was it rachmaninoff i should know liking rachmaninoff the way i do i would never say anything to insult him joe used to laugh at that how i admired him even as a girl i'll have to forget death and conquer the winter . . . yes it's a long winter i can't mourn such things forever it was april remember when i went to the little grave and i sat there on the green earth the disturbed earth even it didn't want to take him and i stared at it and crying the way i was on those thirsty green tongues and it probably made them all the thirstier choking them just as i was and i flung my body over the little grave and pulled out the grasses in my hands and the sea my god yes the sea with the surf rising and falling in smooth articulate motions against the shore the white caps smothering all islands of objective thought and wait there wasn't any sea memory is sea perhaps that's being too but i did lie there on his grave i'm tired why is it that all the leaves that fall each minute leaf why is it that they have to wither and die in the wind? isn't that the phone ringing . . .

"get out of my way sam. i have to turn down the hi-fi."

my head aches i don't want to talk to anybody let it ring ou' suis-je?
five six seven no i shant answer it it will be marge and she will
want me to go to town with her tomorrow and i won't be able to think of an
excuse eight nine there she has given up i'm going to bed

the man in the telephone booth hung up the telephone and replaced the homburg over the bald head, swearing silently to himself.

no use. she was probably out with some other man, the damn bitch.

he climbed into the new car and drove away.

* * * *

molly walked into the bedroom, undressed, and climbed into the warm bed. sam jumped up on the side of the bed, snuggling into the blankets.

"get down, sam", she ordered. "get down".

sam pattered away into the night.

i wonder who it was that called it couldn't have been no it was marge i'll call her tomorrow and go to town with her

she turned on her side.

"goodnight sambo. goodnight big joe."

—Virginia Kiernan

ego bound

—Carole Van Wyngarden

The family turned from opening their own gifts to watch the youngest grandchild thrill to her first Christmas. Sitting in the midst of a quantity of bright tissue paper, the baby laughed and hugged her soft new teddy bear. All around her, children and adults began undoing satin bows and tearing away wrapping paper. There was a confusion of excited voices exclaiming over the gifts and calling out their thanks. Everyone felt the warm satisfaction of giving and the anticipation of receiving. Indeed, what could be more innocent, more pure than this happy custom of ours? Yet here is my subject: the corruptive aspects of our modern habits of giving.

In the scene above, seemingly harmless, even commendable, are elements of corruption. It is necessary to search out motives in order to see the problem clearly. The very familiarity of well-established systems makes us blind to their basic evil.

Most likely this family has long ago settled into a pattern of some sort. Either they exchange gifts individually, by family units, or by drawing names. The minimum and maximum prices of gifts are set by definite agreement or custom. Each knows who will buy for him and about how much will be spent. No one dares to omit an expected gift or spend less than the expected amount. For who would not feel tense and miserable at such a gathering to discover that he had received a gift from someone for whom he had nothing, or that the gift he received was worth far more than what he gave? All seem anxious to keep the score even. This must be a gift exchange, dollar for dollar in most cases.

That we do not give to supply an actual need is illustrated by the frequent advertisement beginning, "for the woman (or man) who has everything." A person's lack is not often the occasion of a gift. Many times a person will try to get a useful present, but the reason for buying it is not the observation of a need, but a day of the year set aside for exchanging gifts.

Nor is it always a question of expressing love through giving. We maintain a strict equality in the amount we spend on each member of a family group though we may be much closer to Uncle George in sympathy and affection than we are to Aunt Mable. Actually we are usually too preoccupied with finding a suitable gift to even stop and realize the love which should motivate all giving.

Birthday, wedding and graduation gifts also fall into the category of the expected gift exchange. Children and adults alike begin dropping hints in plenty of time for the family to do the shopping

before the big day arrives. If Grandma gives five dollars to Marcia for her birthday, then Patricia immediately starts planning what she'll buy with the five dollars Grandma will give her when her turn comes. And next year Marcia is so sure of Grandma's five dollars that she puts a new sweater on lay-away two weeks before the money arrives. She's perfectly safe, too. Grandma can't very easily back down once the pattern is set.

As for weddings, showers and graduations, what is an invitation or announcement but a request for a gift? A woman I know has a daughter who graduates from high school this June. "Send announcements to all the grandparents and uncles and aunts and your cousin Serena and her husband," she advises. "For heaven's sake don't forget Phillip, your father's cousin. He's a banker. And my Aunt Edith. I had to buy a graduation present for her Gregory last year."

Then consider the young man and his be-diamonded fiancée who sit down together to draw up a list of wedding guests. "We must try to hold down the number invited," cautions the girl with some embarrassment. "Dad can't afford a large reception."

"Well," he retorts, "I'm going to invite Johnson and Roberts and Finney and Howe," — he counts them off on his fingers — "and that guy who married a girl from Chicago, what's his name? . . . Walton. They were in the service with me and I got stuck for wedding presents for them. I know they'll never come because it's too far and they don't care that much." He leans back in his chair with a gleam in his eye. "Just send 'em invitations. It's their turn to shell out." The girl laughs and scolds, but adds the names to her list just the same.

Who has not groaned to receive one of those envelopes within an envelope and who can open a tiny card in June with a glad heart? "Another wedding. That makes three this month. One more and I choose between paying the rent and the grocer." One outraged woman was invited to four different showers for a girl who was only a casual friend.

Closely related to the expected gift of a pre-established price is the measured gift. This is an overlapping term inasmuch as the expected gift is also measured, but the latter corruption goes beyond the former. Even a gift that comes as a surprise has often been carefully measured by the giver. By measuring a gift, I mean counting its cost and weighing the probable returns to oneself. It is an unconscious act; one hardly is aware that he is doing it.

I can best illustrate out of my own misdeeds, for this is my own special sin. It makes me think of a clerk in the yard goods department who runs the materia through a gauge to determine precisely the four and a half yards asked for. Every minute, every cent that

flows from me passes through such a gauge. A friend comes to me with a problem as I sit in the library studying. When he is gone again I glance at the clock and console myself for the hour lost by considering how pleasant it is to be one in whom friends can confide their troubles. The compensation balancing the cost, I return to my book, satisfied. Then suddenly, seeing how vile and selfish my attitude is, I am sickened.

The hour that I've given to thee
I measure, ere love can restrain.
God, when shall I walk on the sea?
And when will my love flow like rain?

The doorbell rings and your neighbor is soliciting for the heart fund. You figure a dollar will be enough to satisfy her and not throw your budget off too much.

Only when you have finished your Christmas shopping and have counted out enough money for your bus fare and a coke do you drop the rest of your small change into the Salvation Army bucket on the corner. "Merry Christmas! God bless you!" calls out the grateful bell ringer, and you slip away feeling like a dog.

While we are measuring the return benefits of our gifts, let us move into the similar type of giving that is designed to inflate the ego of the giver. The "show off" gift, bigger and better than what anyone else gave the folks, is of this genre. Now really, why did your brother, James buy your parents a color T. V.? Was it pure generosity and love, or could his motives have been slightly tainted with a desire to impress the rest of you and glorify himself with such a magnificent gift? Since it was James' glory and not your own, you know the answer to that one well enough.

There are other guilty ones. A little girl, piously steeped in Sunday-school Christianity, drops a coin into the March of Dimes box at the corner grocery store. Her act springs from no real concern for polio victims, for she doesn't even understand what suffering is. She does it because such righteousness makes her feel all warm and proud inside. Fairly glowing with her own holiness, she grins all the way home.

You compliment your own virtue as you place your tithe in the church offering plate and you plaster your letters with Easter seals to advertise your generosity. This odd trick of building up self-esteem by handing out the goods spoils much of our work for the church and charity. If it is not true why does the church suffer so much criticism for its self-satisfied, holier-than-thou variety of saints? Why is charity such a nasty word? Isn't it because of the fake piety and condescending manner of the praise-seeking benefactor?

So much for "button-popping generosity." We move now to a

less insidious corruption, the obligating gift. Whether we speak of the individual who keeps for future use a store of friends who owe him something, the salesman who gives one a free gift, the racketeer who is always ready with a bribe, or the nation which tries in vain to buy friendship abroad, on any level this practice is contemptible. Some of us shy away from accepting anything which is calculated to bind us to the giver. Others match the baseness of the benefactor by accepting the gift and ignoring the obligation. Many let themselves be used and tricked by the obligating gift.

Not all of the evil connected with the exchange of gifts is on the side of the giver. For every wrong attitude of his there is a corresponding disease in the receiving party. If one man gives because he is expected to give, then there is the man who does the expecting and who will be disappointed or even indignant if his friend doesn't come through. He may or may not cover his feelings, but this is beside the point, as we are exploring the heart in this quest of ours. If a giver weighs the good he will get out of the time or money given, so does many a receiver take everything that comes his way as his right, feeling no sense of appreciation or gratitude. For every selfish end in giving there is a selfish, clutching way of receiving. If there are those who give for what they can get, then there are those who accept in a kindred spirit and also those whose pride is so extreme as to make them refuse even the gift motivated by love.

We have listed several varieties of false generosity, but they all spring from selfishness and pride. As we give and receive, we are almost totally blinded by the necessity of providing for ourselves and of maintaining our own prestige. Is it that we are created ego-centric and cannot possibly escape such a viewpoint? It is true that our bodies must be the center of all intelligence we receive from the world outside. We are constantly aware of our body's physical condition, conscious of self, and sensitive to society's opinion of us. Sense perception is the animal in us and self-consciousness is the man in us. We cannot deny or escape the elements of our being. Are we thus bound to the ego and is there no way we can transcend it to realize the divine in us?

Whatever we may be as we come "fresh off the creation line," it seems obvious that our society trains us in selfishness from our infancy. Children learn to anticipate birthdays, Christmas, and visits from grandparents for the gifts associated with these events. The child catches on to the art of trading good behavior for a privilege, a dime, or a visit from the Santa Clauses and Easter bunnies. As we grow older we are subject to a flood of advertisements designed to make the most of our materialistic tendencies. There is always one more piece of furniture, one more appliance, or outfit of clothes, or type of recreational equipment which we are persuaded that we need

in order to make our own comfort and pleasure complete.

Last Christmas few people heard the gay refrain, "Deck the halls with advertisements! Fa la la la, la la la la!" Madison Avenue advertisers initiated a chain of pressure on radio stations, which forced them to ban Stan Freberg's "Green Christmas" from the air. This indicates the hold manufacturers and retailers have on us and their power to censor what we hear and mold our attitudes to serve their purposes.

My tale thus far has been of a society lost in the murky fog of self-centeredness, unable to breathe clear air even in their giving, rightfully the act of love. This is not exactly an honest picture. Perhaps you are saying that the gloom is due to the darkness of my own conscience. That may be, but at least I could never be so cynical as to suggest that the portrait I have painted mirrors every modern American. I have come to work too often finding that my friend has done half of my filing so that I can have more time to study as I work the switchboard. I turned around in church one day to see a beaming child holding up to me a box all done up in ribbons. No wedding, graduation, Christmas or birthday was near. When I unwrapped the box, I found a pretty clothes-pin bag which the little girl's mother had made and a looper pot holder that she had made herself. The occasion? Well, I had been the child's Sunday school teacher six months before and I was to get married six months later.

I sent no graduation announcements, but received a precious book of poetry from a young woman who was under no social obligation whatsoever to do it. I will not permit my friends to give showers for me, yet every time I turn a corner I meet someone holding out to me a stack of decorated dish towels or a kitchen utensil.

My idea of a Utopia would include just this spirit of giving. I believe one should give at any time of the year when he feels moved to do so. The occasion could be a man's running across a handkerchief that reminded him of his daughter. If one enjoyed spending his evenings with embroidery, sewing or working with leather, wood or metal, he could create little gifts for people whom he loved. Noticing that a certain person at work or school had few friends, one might invite him home to dinner. A woman could double her recipe while she was baking cookies and take one batch to the family next door, whose mother works outside the home all day.

More important than the mechanics of giving are the motives and attitudes of the giver. Emerson believed that the suitable gift is one that represents the toil of the giver. From the poet a poem, from the shepherd a lamb, from the sailor a coral, from the artist a picture, from a girl a handkerchief she embroidered, and so on. Cold and lifeless is the gift which has been purchased and represents

someone else's talent. I partly agree, but I feel that there are cases in which one expresses his own personality through a gift that he purchases. For example, the tooth brush holder which my father gave me one year after a lifetime of teasing me about wearing the enamel off my teeth with so much brushing. To be pure, a gift must come from a genuine feeling of love. In cases of sharing, one must understand that his possessions are not his own by Divine Right. Any advantage of culture, education, or wealth which he has over another, he should be glad to share with any who want it.

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Gifts", from *Essays*, Second Series, 1844.

It might be difficult to smooth out the grooves which materialism has made in our thinking. We should have to work hard to re-school our attitudes in order to become totally other-centered in our giving. Far more costly would be the painful process of withdrawing ourselves from the ensnaring web of social pressure to give proper gifts at proper times. It takes nerve and an exceedingly tough skin to go to a wedding or family Christmas dinner empty handed. People cling to traditions and the quickest way to become an outcast is to violate an unholy tradition which most people hold sacred.

Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did today, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they my poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousand-fold Relief Societies; — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold. *

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. **

I am bound by the rigid expectations of my fellows. I chafe under the bonds, but I lack the courage to sever them. Someday I shall withhold the wicked dollar; someday I shall step to the drummer I hear.

God, when shall I walk on the sea?

And when will my love flow like rain?

* Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Self-Reliance."

** Henry Thoreau, "Walden."

dark, empty rooms

I.

It's a damning sin to hurt a man;
I've done it and been cursed
To watch him break.
I gave my father hatred, snarling hate with murderous eyes.
I saw him turn from them in choking pain;
My soul fell heavy, my black heart crumbled in.
Unrelieved, I ran and cried alone.
Through aching childhood years
 The sore was open,
 Burning . . .

II.

I was cold, they say, in youth, my life turned inward
Until warm brown eyes and dusky skin
Destroyed my calm and set me trembling.
The man was strong, and proud of his own power.
My heart was drawn by his great strength,
But cut to share his deepest hurt.
He closed me in his soul and it was mine.
No room was locked from me;
I knew them all and wept because I knew
His love for me did not reach out to others.
A child stung with taunts of "Dirty Jew!"
Became the man who turned his back on men.
The rooms were dark, my love their only light —
I took it from him.
He called me in his need; I could not answer.
I broke a man again and I am damned.

III.

Damned to remember
When being is at home in rooms of light
And loved by one whose joy is in all men.
To remember
When life is full so that I sing
A song within that swells and bursts to freedom.
To remember then my father's stricken eyes
And ever see the dark and empty rooms.

—Carole Van Wyngarden

arcadia

Arcadia! Plainest village of the plain
Was a happy little village.
It was a peaceful little village.

It was a plain little village.
The elders,
With their
Unwritten code
To try
To lighten
The townsfolk's
Load,

did try.

"It was a plain little village."
The sturdy, valiant warriors always
Fought the foe.
The valiant warriors excelled always
In sportsmanship.
The warriors were always
Good losers.
Always

"It was a plain little village."

The men worshipped their Father who art in
the guildhall enshrined
The women worshipped Hymen
desperately
The friar worshipped the
idea
of
worship

"It was a plain little village."
Gaily would they all laugh and sing
Shrewdly avoiding Pop's dangerous thing
Ring the bell!
Give out a yell!
Vive la bagatelle!
my, this IS swell.
"It was a plain little village."

—Donald Brooks Carroll

the folk dance

In a circle we were standing, facing partners' foolish smiles,
Hearing the music, restless and waiting, till our movement set us free.
"Balance forward, balance back,
And-a waltz, two, three, waltz, two, three.
Walk, two, three, away, two, three,
Take a new girl on your left.
Balance forward, balance back," The dance swept on.
Suddenly it was you who were there,
And I found your cheek, familiar rough
On mine; I knew the arms that drew me gently home.
I knew eternity in that second's calm,
Then, gone! The dance swept on.
A night, a day, and still that moment lives
In constant, vivid thought.
But why, when greater moments shared that night
Might move me, shall this one live?
Moments of swelling heart and towering soul
And tender, reaching need; Of solitude in space and dark,
Enthralled by gentle smile, commanding lips.
Serene and love-rich moments full of you,
Of pouring out and drinking in and deep content
To feel you all around me, strong and warm.
And yet the persisting image is that second's rest
In arms that took me lightly,
With the quiet welcome of a mother's kitchen,
Or the bed that knows my dreams.

—Carole Van Wyngarden

return

When tears of night fall on soft prairie grass,
Then will I come.
My shadow will come to the lonely place;
My spirit will look to the hill.
When white fiolets spring from forest moss,
Then I will walk.
I will come and remember
The love of a mother.
And when the north wind sends fall leaves to rest,
Then will I come
And lie down to sleep
Beside my mother.

—Joanne Johnston

a song of right and wrong

The muses sing their song as
man bows down and dances wild
with self and none to have
and want more of
all that is but
should not be
tasted.

To taste is but to
want more or all of
all and more; to
grasp and gorge and then
take greed and lust to
erase all trace of
good and harmony man
by nature knew to
be the right.

—Gary Gesaman

the world's answer

Just this once
I will answer your questions
Just this once!
Do not ask me again.
The world does not care about your doubts
Who you are, what you are, why you are.
Regardless of your questions,
This planet continues its yearly route,
About the sun.
So you are one?
Maybe someone,
Probably no one.
The world is tired of all your -isms
Pessimism, communism, skepticism, materialism, egotism
You might as well go catch a star before it falls
As search for reasons for belonging to it all.
The world is tired of your questions.
The world does not care.
Only humans care.
And maybe, someday, even they,
Will not care.

—Rosalee Jacobson

mr. smith . . . ?

Mr. Smith,

What sends jack on the road?
What brings kerouac back?
Why do they roam from coast to coast
Looking for a Ghost
Called truth?

Mr. Smith,

The "beat" is just a . . .
"phony island of the mind"
The "howl" just a . . .
growl from the lazy
copeless
rabble!
Just the babble of the bums
and their chums
the crumbs!

Mr. Smith,

The screeches of those leeches
The rushes of those lushes
The cries of those guys
are just the whimpers of a child
gone wild!

Mr. Smith,

Why don't they have FAITH
like US?
Why don't they trod
THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS?
why the fuss?
Why not rush to GRAHAM REVIVALS?
And . . .
ACCEPT . . .
CONFORM . . .
SWARM . . .

To have
SECURITY — SURITY — PURITY —
PEACE OF MIND?

Mr. Smith,

—Al Anderson

to be

Here and there and where, the
sense of being cries to
find the momentary
point at which the
line is broken to
accommodate the
infinitesimal cry of
one insignificant being in
the plane of existence.
Before now and after, all
compressed in the
essence of being, oppress
the imaginative with
a sense of insignificance; but
the cry is heard and
the line is broken for
a second too short to
occur, and existence is
made real for the
soul to glimpse and
remember, as the
line rejoins and
all is harmony
again.

—Gary Gesaman

detroit blues

Sound of tenor sax blowing down the lonely
Night hours;
Laugh that carries to the room where the stranger
Sits listening.
Lights of taverns flashing rainswept orange and
Red-blue-green.
Faces with names unknown in the fog passing
Slowly away;
Never to be seen again. Black, brown, yellow,
Million-hued.
Why do you stare with outlander's eyes, man?
Sad lonely eyes.
This is not my place; I do not belong here
Or anywhere
Where the tenor man blows his threaded ways
For others.
Where there is no single person whom I
Can call friend.

—Mike Welch

Book Reviews....

masters of deceit

Henry Holt and Company, New York

"Every citizen has a duty to learn more about the menace that threatens his future, his home, his children, the peace of the world—and that is why I have written this book." This is the frank, serious introduction to J. Edgar Hoover's expose of Communist conspiracy in the United States.

As director of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover has been studying the Communist Party in America for over thirty years. Using this knowledge as a background and calling on the many resources available to him, he has compiled a factual and yet readable volume about Communism and the problems it poses for the United States.

The history of the Communist movement, its methods and techniques, the present threat that it is, and a challenging solution to the problem are carefully outlined in the book. At the end of each chapter the author leaves the impression that he has only scratched the surface of what should be said but must hurry on to avoid writing an encyclopedia. Facts, personalities, and actual situations are scattered throughout the book as vivid testimony of its authenticity. Mr. Hoover presents a thoroughly condensed discussion of Communism in the United States.

The book was not written for the scholar, the legislator, or the social scientist, however. It is written to the American public with its goal of alerting the American public. Hoover is making an appeal to Americans to "Wake Up!" His theme is pounded at the reader in every chapter. That communism thrives as long as Americans are apathetic to it is the disturbing thought that binds the book together.

His method of handling this theme is a literary shock treatment. For three-fourths of the book the reader is presented a terrifying picture of Communist power, ideals, and goals. Hoover portrays it in a realistic, if not exaggerated, way. He paints a picture of America with a Communist hand in every pie. The examples and facts are presented, one after another, to make the reader feel an urgency and danger which, even if it exists, may not be as extreme as Mr. Hoover presents. In showing that Communism is a real danger, he gives the reader a pessimistic sense of doom. This is designed to prepare the reader for his conclusion. Every facet of Communism is dragged in front of the reader in a purposely shock-

ing manner. The free world is in trouble, unless

The "unless" is handled in as frank a manner as the shock treatment; Mr. Hoover never tries to hide his biases. His solution is surprisingly simple, but not too simple. Contrasted with the awesome proportions of the problems he has presented, it would ring hollow if it were not done so frankly and sincerely. He simply says something we know to be true, although sometimes we are ashamed to admit it. He condemns America for not caring enough for her freedom really to believe in it and protect it.

This is a treatment of one of the most controversial problems of our time by the nation's foremost authority on the subject. I felt that at times his style exaggerated the problem in order to make it real to the reader. It is, nevertheless, a well written appeal to the American public to make a positive stand for democracy.

—Lamar Cope

russia, the atom and the west

by George F. Kennan, Harper's 1958, 116 pp.

George F. Kennan is a man who is well qualified to speak on the international situation, having spent his life in the foreign service, climaxing his career by serving as U. S. ambassador to Russia from 1952-1953. He is now retired from the foreign service and is a permanent professor on the staff of the Institute for Advanced Study. He has written several books on foreign relations, notably *American Diplomacy* and *Russia Leaves the War*, a history of Russian and American relations from 1917-1920.

The book under review is composed mainly of the text of several lectures given over the B.B.C. in 1958, when Mr. Kennan served as Eastman visiting professor at Oxford University. The advantage of this type of presentation in book form is that it limits the author to a clear, concise picture and eliminates the wandering and repetition often found in books of this nature. The language, too, is precise and easily understood. The material is interestingly presented, and the book is of a length which can easily be read at one sitting.

The views presented by Mr. Kennan are, for the most part, familiar to anyone who has kept pace with current events. Very little is said that has not been said before, often at greater length and less reflection, but Kennan has here condensed and added to these views to present a unified whole. What we have here is a conservative, orderly, and extremely erudite approach to the East-West tensions. He advises greater solidarity in the Western alliance, a more conciliatory approach to the Russians, and less reliance on the summit conference as a cure-all.

Kennan's most striking proposition is his idea that the North Atlantic Treaty Organization be changed from a strong, international defense force with a centralized leadership into a group of national militias, organized along the lines of the colonial Minute Men. He believes that an armed force of this semi-guerrilla type is more of a deterrent to a would-be aggressor than a standing army of the NATO type. Part of this may be an attempt to lessen some of the terrific cost of maintaining a large standing army. Time will tell if Mr. Kennan's idea is valid.

Russia, the Atom and the West is an extremely worthwhile book, full of rich insights into the problems which now stand between the East and West. Mr. Kennan's long experience in the foreign field, and particularly his fine knowledge of the Russian people and their leaders, makes this book a true gem, worthy of being read by every person who is interested in this crisis of modern civilization.

—Michael Welch

heart, head and heel

by Bill Treadwell, Mayfair Books, 1958

Heart, Head and Heel is a biography of Howard "Don" Carney, radio announcer, written by one who knew most about the sensual and legendary life of "uncle Don". Bill Treadwell was his business manager for twenty years. Following is an excerpt from the introduction by the author: "The story you are about to read is true and could not have been written while Don Carney and some of his wives lived. He lived five lives in one: he was a businessman, a theatrical performer, a beau brummel, an educator and a public benefactor. He had a Head for business, a Heart for his audience and was a real Heel when it came to the multitudinous women in his life."

"Uncle Don", who was born in the little town of St. Joseph, Michigan, was the only boy in a family of four. He had three beautiful sisters and "he hated their guts". After running away from home by hopping a freight train, he was bounced from job to job, joint to joint, and from woman to woman. Because of his large physical build at 16 he was able to hold his own in a bar fight and in beating off those who threatened his work opportunities.

His one "talent" lay in his ability to play the piano with his feet and play just about anything asked of him. After spending three years doing just about everything in show business, he finally got billed in a vaudeville act as "The Carney Kid" and his trick piano. This was the first step on the ladder to stardom. Only a guy like Carney could get bounced from job to job and still come back with spirit and perseverance, or perhaps he just didn't have the sense to stop.

His break finally came in September, 1928, while he was working as a copy boy and fill pianist for WOR radio studios in New York. One day he was asked to do a "kiddies" show from 6:00 to 6:15. He accepted, created a character for himself, "Uncle Don", and in the latter part of September was given one-half hour, six days a week. This continued for twenty years without interruption.

"Don" filled his half-hour with gimmicks of genius; the favorite being the "birthday" part of the show, when names, dates and ages of kids were read. He introduced many gimmicks which are still alive on radio and TV today: the contests for prizes, sending money for toys and games, safety programs — in fact anything which Don suggested that the kiddies buy, thousands of them would. Don never wanted for sponsors; they clamored to get on his show, and in the mid-thirties his program held the highest rating ever received in the New York area.

Throughout all this his personal life was filled with immorality, drinking and dissipation. He never could seem to make his wives happy, but he never changed till the day he died. The newspapers knew the life he was living off the air, but not once did they tell the story to the public, for the children worshipped him. Anything he told them to do or not to do was done, from telling them to stop sucking their thumbs to putting on their rubbers before going out into the rain.

One legendary story which was told and retold for many years, but was proven to be a tale was quoted by Time when, in its January 25, 1954 issue, Uncle Don's obituary appeared:

Uncle Don was plagued for years by a persistent but apocryphal radio legend. "Once having ended a program with a particularly fat string of cliches and commercials he loosened his tie, curled his lip and snarled; 'There, I guess that'll hold the little B - - - - s.' Then he learned he was still on the air."

This book is very easy to read, filled with wonderful tales and times in Carney's life, but the undercurrent is one of sex and immorality. Every chapter seems unnecessarily to emphasize the salacious. It made me stop to realize, however, what power and position a person can obtain when one has worked his way into the hearts of people. It pointed out for me (who spent, as a small boy, hundreds of hours under the captivating spell of this man) the emotional appeal and the hypnotic influence which can be received from radio and television. This book must be read with an eye on the dangers and possibilities of propaganda, which is often fed the radio and TV public in the form of emotional appeal, and this caution should be applied to Mr. Treadwell as well.

—Allan W. Tingley

orpheus at eighty

by Vincent Sheean; copyright 1958; Random House, N. Y.; \$5.00

"The third night of *Falstaff* at the Scala in Milan was in the truest sense Verdi's farewell to the theatre." So opens Vincent Sheean's new book, *Orpheus at Eighty*. At the age of eighty, Giuseppe Verdi was Italy's Orpheus, both ascending and descending: ascending to the heights of universal recognition for outstanding achievement in opera, and at the same time descending, since this was to be the last complete opera Verdi would ever compose. After some three-hundred fifty pages, the stormy biography closes by returning to the point of departure, the third evening of the premiere performance of *Falstaff* in Milan.

Throughout the book, the reader assumes the role of a cub reporter who has been assigned to cover the immediate victory of Verdi's *Falstaff*. All the excitement of being on the scene, the grandeur of La Scala opera house, and the crowd's ovation are set down in words. Meanwhile, Sheean is the skilled journalist directing the cub to inquire the why and how of such a musical success. Bits of information are gathered, giving an ever widening picture. The entire literary production resembles a type of tapestry which begins with only a simple outline and ends with a beautiful whole, after intricate sub-plots and patterns have been woven into it.

Orpheus at Eighty moves swiftly, giving an authoritative view of the actual situations surrounding the period in which Verdi lived and wrote. While living in Italy, Mr. Sheean devoted three years to the writing of this book. Letters, diaries, and original Italian sources were carefully consulted. An avid interest in opera, combined with his journalistic wanderings and fluency in the Italian language, make Vincent Sheean a qualified biographer of Verdi. Having long been an admirer of Verdi and his works, this biographer probably wrote the life of Verdi with as much love and interest as he did his own life in music, *First and Last Love*. *Orpheus at Eighty* is the seventh book of non-fiction to Mr. Sheean's credit.

Giuseppe Verdi, Italian composer and patriot whose melancholic watchword was "It is useless", lived from 1813 to 1901, during some of the most turbulent days in the history of Italy. "I do not like useless things" accounts for his abhorrence of public ceremonies in his honor, his aversion to statues and busts of himself, and his forbidding his native town to name a new theatre after him. In Verdi's mind such shows of popularity were transitory and could only mean that his operas were doomed to die as fads die. But at the age of eighty, after his formal farewell to the theatre, he seemed more or

less to accept these frivolous displays as necessary evils which accompany greatness.

Bewhiskered Verdi, born a peasant and always turning to his farm at Sant' Agata for refuge, never forgot his humble origin. His first marriage and its unhappy termination, his failure to be admitted as a student into the Milan conservatory, early crashing "flops" in the theatre, hypocritical mistreatment by the people of his native Busseto, all led to the indelible impressions upon his heart and mind which Verdi refused to forget. In his life, several years at a time were marked by serious depression and unproductivity. The one person in the world who possibly understood this genius of opera was Peppina, his mistress, later to become his wife. But even Peppina was blinded by extreme awe of "her" Verdi.

Verdi was not only a musician, but a patriotic musician. His operas reflect the patriotic fervor he shared with fellow Italians. Although originally a republican, during the early years when Italy was under Austrian domination, Verdi eventually became convinced that a constitutional monarchy was the best practical system of government for Italy. He was an admirer and personal friend of Cavour, statesman under Victor Emmanuel II.

In the Milan production of Falstaff, Verdi realized, as much as could be in this world, his musical ambition of having all the hundreds of details associated with an opera production arranged exactly as he wanted them. For once the orchestra, the chorus, the soloists, and even the stage hands complied with the wishes of the composer. At La Scala the management outdid itself to make Verdi happy. He was happy, not only with Falstaff but with his beloved Italy. The hopes which Verdi had held for a new Italy were coming true. "His country was like his theatre, an idea which had grown up to meet his own demands" writes Sheean.

The attempt to give a fresh view of the life of Verdi, while being as objective as possible and basing conclusions upon documentary evidence, has been successfully accomplished in **Orpheus at Eighty**. Certainly the personal history of such a man, musician, and patriot as Verdi was worth writing. This statement can be substantiated by the many books and articles which have been written about him. **Orpheus at Eighty** should appeal to those readers who prefer biographies that have human interest without sentimentality. It is by no means limited to musicians and music lovers.

—Rosalee Jacobson

