

1961

et cetera

Marshall University

Follow this and additional works at: http://mds.marshall.edu/english_etc

 Part of the [English Language and Literature Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Marshall University, "et cetera" (1961). *Et Cetera*. 1.
http://mds.marshall.edu/english_etc/1

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English Student Research at Marshall Digital Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Et Cetera by an authorized administrator of Marshall Digital Scholar. For more information, please contact zhangj@marshall.edu, martj@marshall.edu.

Et Cetera

MARSHALL UNIVERSITY

huntington,
west virginia

1
9
6
1

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

r
u
l
e

j
o
h
n
s
o
n

m
a
r
i
l
y
n

r
u
p
p

LITERARY EDITOR

g
e
o
r
g
e

m
a
n
s
o
u
r

LAYOUT EDITOR

j
e
a
n

b
a
t
t
l
o

ART EDITOR

a
n
n

k
e
l
l
e
r
m
a
n
n

CONTEST CHAIRMAN

FACULTY ADVISOR

j
i
m

w
e
l
l
m
a
n

PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN

m
a
r
i
l
y
n

p
u
t
z

COMMITTEE

p
a
t

b
a
r
b
o
u
r

r
a
n
d
y

b
o
w
l
e
s

f
r
e
d

c
h
a
r
l
e
s

r
o
b
e
r
t

b
a
u
e
r

CIRCULATION CHAIRMAN

n
a
n
c
y

w
o
o
d

BUSINESS MANAGER

COVER ARTIST:

ANN KELLERMANN

Technique: Silk-screen. A Marshall University Art Major whose interests range from "spelunking" to Van Gogh to hands to lithography. She has exhibited since Junior High School in innumerable scholastic exhibits, local and national, among them, the Traveling Poster Contest with the theme "Put Christ Back in Christmas" (the exhibit toured seven states). Her work was shown at Carnegie Tech in the scholastic awards when she was in the 9th Grade; she has exhibited twice in Exhibit 80 and once in the Juror Show at the Huntington Galleries.

c
a
r
o
l
y
n

f
u
l
l
e
r

b
a
r
b
a
r
a

h
a
r
r
i
s
o
n

TYPISTS

e
l
i
z
a
b
e
t
h

h
o
l
d
t

SECRETARY

SHARP AWAKENING

judy light

we have risen
untamed we stand
head held high
torch in hand.

("tear them down!
oh, tear them down!
tear their bridges down!")

"Give me your tired
you poor and needy"
we are the free who
loathe the greedy.

("burn their flag!
burn their flag!
burn their star-striped flag!")
we have given
and little received
are we mocked
because we believed?

• • •

NO. .01

pat barbour

warm tears welled
fell down across my temples
lay in those streams
slowly drying

sleep swept pain
I saw bright sun, rising!
my temples drew at taut dry lines.
I saw bright sun,
rising!
my temples drew at taut dry lines.

UN CIERGE — UNE SAINTE

wallace stevens

Verte est la nuit, vêtue, allumée de vert.
C'est elle qui marche parmi les astronomes.

Elle enjambe le lapin et la chatte
Comme une forme noble, dans les cieux,

En se remuant parmi les dormeurs, les hommes,
Ceux qui sont couchés en chantant "verte est la nuit."

Verte est la nuit et de la folie tissée,
La folie identique des astronomes

Et de lui qui voit, plus loin que les astronomes,
Le lapin de topaze, et la chatte d'émeraude;

Qui voit au-dessus d'eux, qui voit se lever
Au-dessus d'eux, la forme noble, l'ombre essentielle,

Se remuer et être, l'image à sa naissance,
L'abstraite, la reine archaïque. Verte est la nuit.

translated by g. mansour



WHEN

stephen spotte

When did I see you last—
And why did you leave me here?

The gulls cried your name on the wind—
The wind died and was still.
Shadowy palm trees whispered it
Across the yellow sands—
Across the cluttered tideline of afterlight.

And speckled herons caressed the double moon
With shady flight—
Caressed the snow-white stars that stretched
From mast to mast.

Soft music in the waves
Cast turquoise ripples into the blue night.

When did I see you last—
And why did you leave me here?

DIARY

johanna hamrick

This early spring day of 1945 was a day like so many others had been in the past; in fact—I could hardly remember when days had been different. It was another day of gloom and unhappy anticipation. American troops were rapidly advancing from the west, and Russian troops from the east, and the people of Leipzig were hoping (as most German people were) that the American troops would arrive first.

Yes, it was an ordinary day; that is, if you can call constant fear of the destruction of air raids an ordinary feeling. Strangely, it had become so. I was fourteen years of age at the time, and on this particular morning stayed home from school, baby-sitting little brother and sister, while mother had gone to town. She wished to "rescue" some of her valuables from the bank, just in case the Russians did arrive first.

I kept the radio tuned to the Civil defense station, hoping that perhaps this once the morning would not be interrupted with the news which had become a part of our daily routine. Soon however, the dreaded announcement came: "Heavy enemy bombers are approaching the city; alarm is anticipated." This announcement was followed almost immediately with the first warning signal, the Voralarm. Immediately I began to prepare for another session in the cellar. Preparations went by a definite plan, and in definite, almost stereotype order. First I dressed my brother and sister in two of their best outfits each, myself in a similar manner. Then I gathered up all ready to eat food in the house. Next we proceeded to the cellar, which was almost cheerful at times, because we had "fixed it up" with chairs, pillows, a little stove, and even a couple of bunk beds. Everyone tried to bring along his most cheerful stories and jokes, in an effort to cheer up each other, and ease the tension and fear ever present. When about half of my preparations for a session in the cellar were accomplished, the siren began its ominous "up and down" sound, which meant we had better hurry to the cellar as quickly as possible. (To this day, the only thing which will wake me out of a sound sleep is a siren, especially when its sounds have the short up and down sound).

Shortly after we reached the shelter of the cellar, Mother arrived, having run all the way from town. Her arrival was none too soon, for the whistling and exploding of bombs was beginning. Some of them sounded so close; we sat huddled, bent from the waist, silent with fear and dread.

Suddenly we not only heard but felt even an earsplitting crash, followed immediately by another crash of equal magnitude. It is difficult to describe just what it sounds like when a four story granite house collapses over one's head. Momentary shock was quickly replaced by activity. One by one, damp

cloths pressed tightly over nose and mouth, we made our way through the emergency exit (literally a hole in the wall) into the adjoining apartment house. There we sat, fearfully and silently awaiting whatever was to come next. Soon the Entwarnung signal sounded, and we were able to leave the damp cellar for a breath of fresh air.

Although we had anticipated the possibility of losing our home, as so many of our friends and neighbors had, the realization that it had really happened did not fully penetrate until we surveyed the wreckage which had only an hour ago been a stately house, and our home.

Our apartment had been on the third floor, but where it had been there was now only gray, empty air. Two bombs had made a direct hit, slicing the building exactly in half. One side was pile of rubble, the other side a skeleton of stone. There had been no fire because the bombs had been of the blasting type. The ceiling and floor of the parterre apartment had saved our lives.

Ironically enough, this was the last air raid of Leipzig. About two weeks later, while we were struggling along in the crowded apartment of my grandparents, the American troupes marched into Leipzig. To war-torn Leipzig, this was blessed relief. The people were tired of war, tired of not being able to go to sleep at night without fear in their hearts. They came closer to happiness than they had been for a long time.

Even as a child of fourteen—I was still a child—somehow I realized then the futility of war. I found that when I tried out my little bit of English on some of the American soldiers, that they were people just like ourselves, eager and willing to talk about their everyday nothings and desires just like us.



OLD MAN ON THE PORCH

keith rife

See that ole man a'sittin' there?
 He ain't got no trouble or care.
 He just sits around all day.
 I ain't never even heard him say
 Howdy to folks as they pass by.
 But once in a while he'd shrug his shoulders,
 And sorta sigh;
 Like he knowed a little secret . . .
 And I reckon he might.

WHY SHOULD A MAN

tom ross

Why should a man
 Just run back and
 Forth
 Nervously
 As if he didn't know
 Whether to go
 In one direction . . .
 Or the
 Other?
 Was it because he
 Saw two choices of where to be
 Here
 There
 And wanted neither,
 Despised both?
 Was that why he
 Just ran
 Back
 and
 Forth
 Looking with anguish up the
 hill
 And with bitterness toward the
 Inn?
 Was that why
 He just ran
 Back
 And
 Forth

Trying to pretend
That he was going SOMEWHERE (!)
That there still was SOMEPLACE
to go
When he knew so well
That, now,
In every part of the

Inn

The scribes and the Pharisees
Could trample him
And the prostitutes
And the others
Into the guilt-complexed dust
Under their legal feet,
While out on that anguish-laden

Hill . . .

The man who made the

Inn

A place of reclamation
For the souls of him,
And the prostitutes
And the others
Where they could all sit at the table,
All tables,
Was . . .
This man
Who made the

Inn

Seem warm
Was out on that
Hill
Hanging on a cross.

THE LOCUST EATERS

victor depta

Soft rain sates the trees until they, dark and glistening, bend their leaf points to the earth and away in rhythm to the mist; heavy drops fall in laden pleasantness from the leaves which make a continuous, muted tapping sound from the slanted, needle pointed rain. Fog rises from the pale sheened pavement, and underneath the street-light a slim figure of a girl is diffusedly seen through the mist, seemingly drifting with the vapor that enters slowly, undulating into and out of the arc of light. It is a warm night, and the girl does not seem to mind waiting in the rain. Her tan raincoat turns a deeper brown with every drop of rain and clings to her slender body; the upturned collar framed her pale face; and her hair is plastered to her head. She is tired and dreamingly leans against the bus-stop sign and waits.

From the damp shadows comes a darker, moving shadow that steps beneath the light and whispers the girl's name. She turns, discovers the person for whom she has been waiting, and melts into him. They move away from the light, underneath a tree, afraid someone will see them. Someone does see; away from the street and on her porch a woman has watched from the very beginning—an old, old woman.

Where did they go? Where did they go? Oh, yes, there they are, standing under my tree. Silly girl out there in that wet rain all that time without an umbrella, and going with that tall, lanky boy back here in the dark to paw at each other. Look at him lower his umbrella where I can't even see their heads. She's most likely soaked through to the skin; tomorrow down with a cold, and standing up against him like that, how vulgar, and ruining her clothes. They're waiting for a bus to take them to see some nasty movie; that's where these young people go all the time now a days.

Listen! Listen to her laugh; girl like that out here carrying on, giggling; ought to call for the police. A body can't sit on their front porch without some kind of disturbance. Oh! hear that deep, smutty laugh; that's him said something filthy and thinks it's funny. I know what that laugh means; it means he wants something and working up for it. I know. I know. Charlie sounded just like that that night—but handsome, real handsome, not lanky like that boy out there, real strong, and heavy, and dark. And my hair was blond and long like corn silk, Mommy said, and skin like peaches and cream. It wasn't raining either, when we walked home from church that night and stopped at the gate. He kept saying, "Yes . . . yes," and all I remember was the papaws smelling ripe and the katydids screaming, screaming in my ears . . .

There comes the eight-fifteen bus. Lucky thing, too; I was just going to tell those two to get out from under my tree. Just watch her smile. I'll bet she won't smile like that long. Stupid. I smiled like that till I found out, and then Charlie gone off and killed in the war before I could get married, and Daddy beating me till my baby turned to stone inside me, and everybody talking till I had to leave. No, she won't smile long when she finds out. Stupid girl gone off to some dirty movie.

When the bus pulls away with the new passengers, the exhaust fumes roll into the light in a blue, sleepy haze; and a frail, old woman painfully rises from her rocking chair and waddles crab-like through her door-way. The rain in a million droplets taps against the leaves, and a cicada screams shrilly, intermittently under a porch somewhere.

After a light winter snow

I can look from a high place,

Down the valley,

And from there I can see the rooftops

Contrast black and white

light and dark

Black ones

Fused with hues of red brown blue

Are alive, are bright give relief from the cold white.

Heat and light below them rise and warm the air about.

White ones are the hollow unused places

Where the white falls on

And the cold blows in

White ones are those of the hollow unused places

or the hollow unused people

Old people sick people lonely people hollow people

Do not heat the places, not enough

even to melt the light

Winter snow that has fallen the night before.

Clean white planes vaguely delineated, barely seen

Against the clean white snow . . . transparent invisible cold.

SOMETHING LIKE A DREAM

frederick solomon

I came out of the lunch-counter and into the rain. The street-lights were crooked and sparkling on the small puddles. The rain was falling lightly but it made my eyes blink. There was an old bum on the corner waiting for the light. Under his eyes were red spots of scraped or infected skin. I thought he must have just come out of the pool-hall. He asked me for a dime. I started to lie and then gave him a quarter. Why should you feel sorry for someone like that? I turned into the pool-hall. The five tables in the back were in use. I nodded to the bartender, and he said business was terrible. I smiled and went on by. James was shooting the nine-ball.

I spoke to two or three men I knew only by sight. The click of balls was the only sound except for an occasional grunt. The air was like most pool-halls, cool but stale from the smoke that hung around the lights over the tables. James made his nine-ball drop softly, dull-clicked, into a side-pocket, and three one-dollar bills came at him. As he picked them up he smiled. He was ugly even then. His hair was short and corn-colored with a hedged cowlick at the left. His nose was straight, but as wide as the mouth. Under the right nostril was a large growth. It was something you'd ache to joke were it no permanent. He was so ugly you should not stare. Until he smiled. Then he was someone you wanted to know. James was very damn ugly, actually. The smile could not change that, but I was warm and big and his badge of intelligence.

"You win again," I said.

He looked up. "Hello, Sam. Hello, buddy. How are you?" he said. His smile grew bigger.

"This the first time he won tonight?" I asked the three men leaning on their cues.

They grunted.

"They're still hoping," James said.

"Better off walking on water," I said.

"You want to get in, Sam?"

"No. I'll just watch."

I went and leaned against the wall. The three boys chalked their cues and their faces turned serious. The rack-man had already set up the balls. James was tall and played with his face just above the cue. He always twisted his mouth sideways before he shot. His cue flashed like it had been spit from that mouth. The balls busted apart, bouncing cleanly off the cushions and ran hard in angles over the green. He sank five. I've never seen anyone shoot pool quite like James. He was not fancy and he played position perfectly. He had told me many times, and unerringly, where the cue-ball would stop. James was the finest shot I ever saw. He sank the next four easily, getting the nine-ball "straight in" at the right-corner pocket. The three boys were silent and laid their money in James' hand.

"Another?" he asked them.

"No," said one. The other two shook their heads and said they had to go. They put their cues up and walked away.

"Take them hard?" I asked James. He was adjusting bills and had quite a roll.

"Only played three games," he said. "Before that fifty bucks." His smile was big. I whistled.

"What now?" James asked.

"A drink?"

James said fine and put up his cue. I told him we would go to the lounge in the hotel down the street. We walked out, saying good-night to the bartender. The rain was still falling. The same old bum was on the corner.

"Was he inside?" I asked James as we crossed.

"Yeah. Came in and watched awhile. Asked some of the guys for a dime then walked out."

"Some thirst," I said. It was starting to rain hard.

"What's he waiting for?"

"Salvation," I said.

"Starvation," James corrected.

"Same thing," I said.

I did not know why I said that. Unless it was disgust, or maybe pity—or maybe both. I hoped I did not have to see that bum again. We walked fast, cursing the rain. It was raining awfully hard. We came to the hotel and ran inside to the lobby. We shook off the water like dogs. Then we headed for the lounge off at the left of the lobby.

This was a small lounge with one table beside a large jukebox that served as the lighting. There was one other light behind the twelve-foot bar. James called the place "The Closet." It was always empty, though.

"Two beers, Alice," I said. She was a small, very attractive blonde. She greeted us. James was quiet around her. I doubt if she ever gave him a first thought, even. It seems like the very ugly always go for the beautiful.

"How is it?" I asked her.

"Slow," she said. "Now and then one of the girls comes by. But no one else. Not a soul."

The "girls" she referred to were prostitutes working in the hotel. A few of them were quite attractive. There were around ten altogether, and James knew all of them. Our beer came. Alice went to the other end and read one of those "girl" magazines.

"She's being obvious," I said.

"I can't believe it," said James. I really think he was serious.

"How many times you ask her out?"

"Five."

"She ever smile?"

James hesitated.

"The fifth time," he said.

"She still turned you down, though."

"I still won't believe it," James said. "It's just me. It has to be. It's just my damn face."

"Hell," I said.

"But as sweet as that, Sam?"

I took a drink. Why the hell should he feel that way about someone like that? Alice was an attractive girl. Darned beautiful woman, actually. She had on one of those gray wool dresses that hugs everything. Her hair was blonde, but very light over bright green eyes. She was really and absolutely beautiful. But the way she was, she was bad for James.

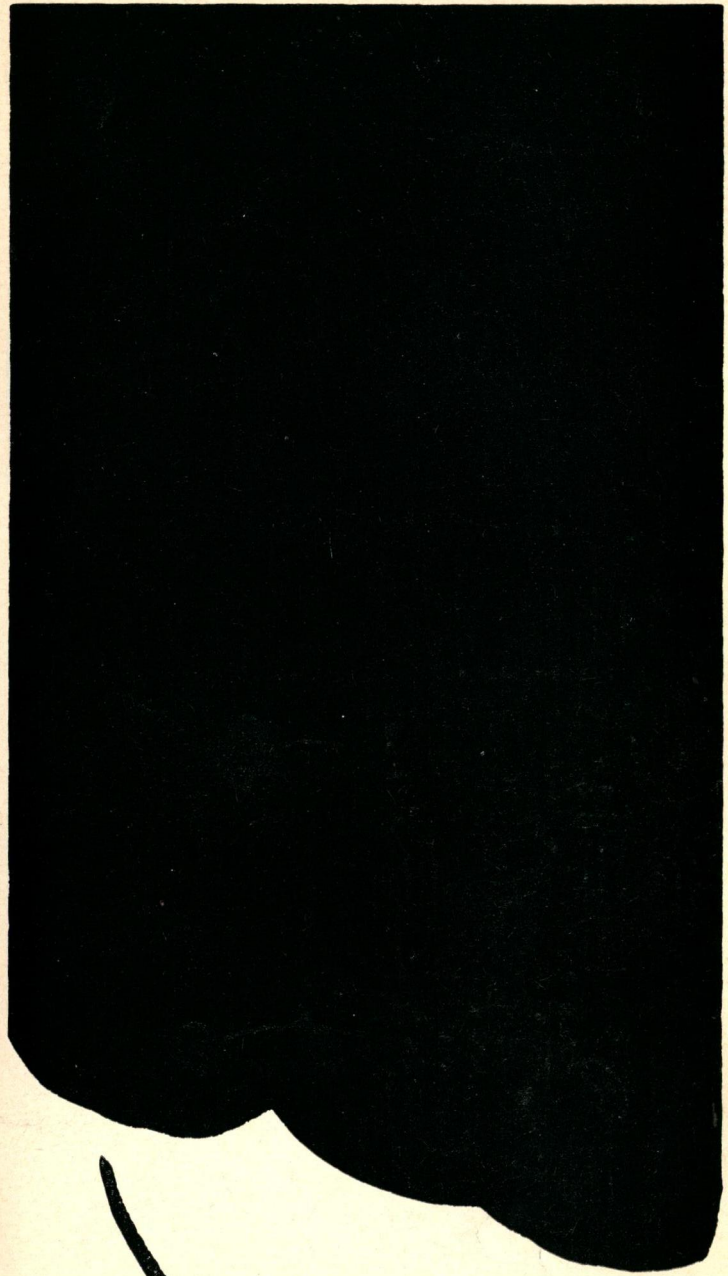
(Continued on Page 19)



ANN KELLERMANN



JOSEPH HUGHES



JOSEPH HUGHES



ANN KELLERMANN

SOMETHING LIKE A DREAM (Continued from Page 14)

"I just can't believe it, Sam," he said, turning around. "I just can't."

"Don't then," I said.

I took another drink. Through the mirror I noticed a drunk coming in. I elbowed James. The drunk went over to Alice.

"Alice, Black-label," the drunk laughed. He had a thin, Spanish mustache under a gently beaked nose.

"Handsome guy," James said. I could tell the way he said it he was hoping Alice would give the guy the cold-shoulder.

"Hello, beautiful," Alice said. The drunk smiled and stroked her cheek. James winced.

"What's with that bastard?" James asked.

"Hell," I said, "what's with Alice?"

Alice put her magazine down and kissed the Spaniard on the nose, and then on the mouth.

We felt like kids at an adult movie.

"That's disgusting," said James.

"It's unbelievable," I said. I was afraid James was going over and hit the drunk.

"She never gave me a tumble," James said.

"You don't have a thin mustache," I said. James must not have heard me.

"Hey, Alice," he called. "Black-label."

She was not paying attention.

James called again. Alice and the Spaniard came apart.

"Beautiful, wait until I get the boy his Black-label," she said. The Spaniard got a big kick out of that.

"How do you want it?" Alice asked, coming over.

"Bottled," said James.

"Give it to him canned," the Spaniard laughed.

I could see James' jaw muscles tightening.

"Friend," I said to the Spaniard. I did not sound the usual connotation of the word. "You have your thin mustache. What else do you need?"

"No **comprende**, Senor," He was grinning silly. Hell, now I was getting mad.

"My friend **comprende**," I said. "He **comprende** too much. Best you **comprende**, or maybe you will be kaput." I'd made the motion across the throat.

The Spaniard quit grinning. I think he had added a word to his vocabulary.

"You boys leave him alone," Alice said. "What do you want to pick on him for?"

"He was bothering you," James said.

"He wasn't bothering me," Alice said.

"Was he bothering her, Sam?"

"They were bothering me," I said.

"Oh, you boys," Alice said. She gave a husky laugh and wiggled a finger at us.

"Oh, go get bothered," James said.

She laughed that husky tone again, and sat our beer down, and went back to the Spaniard. He was sober now, and not so gay.

"The hell with her," James said. "The hell with everything."

"Only the hell with her," I said.

"I think she will be bad for the Spaniard."

"She will be terrible," I said.

"He will wake up feeling bad."

"Very bad," I said.

"This beer is bad too."

"It is lousy," I said.

"What the hell are we sitting here for?"

"Nothing," I answered.

James got up and I followed him out. In the lobby one of the prostitutes was talking to the night-clerk. She recognized James and smiled.

"Wait here, Sam."

I sat down in a lumpy leather chair. I could not hear their conversation but I could see the girl smiling. From across the lobby I could see she had very yellow teeth. She was attractive, though, and I thought she must be a nice girl. James thought the prostitutes were nice. She was smiling at him brightly. I thought it must be nice to have someone feel you are nice, and I lit a cigarette and blew little rings and watched them spread. Shortly I heard walking. James was looking better.

"I'm staying here awhile," he said.

"Fine," I said. I got up. It was nice seeing him better.

"You want—"

"No," I said. "I'm going home. I have to get up early."

"You sure?" James asked, smiling.

"Positive," I said.

"Well, have a good time."

"You too," I said. James smiled that good, big smile of his.

"I guess I'd better go," he said. I could tell he was nervous.

"Go ahead, man," I said, smiling. "Go."

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow," he said.

"Sure," I said.

He smiled and turned. He went back to the girl, who smiled brightly, and they went to the elevator. I watched it open and they were laughing, and then it closed. It was certainly nice seeing him better. I knew he would have a good, fine time.

I put my cigarette out and walked through the lobby and outside. The rain had stopped. The lights on the puddles were sparkling and straight. I knew if I ever had a son like James I would have him go and see the prostitutes. It was something I sadly agreed.

I turned back the way we had come. It was getting cool now. The bum was gone. I wondered what he would have thought of the idea about my son. I would have liked to ask him.

I stopped at the corner and waited for the light. There was no traffic at this hour but I waited. A woman had come out of the lunch-counter across the street and she was crossing.

"Hello," I said. I did not think she would speak. She was quite attractive.

"Where is your friend?" she asked. She had a very nice voice.

"Do I know you?"

"No," she smiled. "But I saw you with your friend earlier."

"Oh," I said.

"He's not very attractive, is he?"

"No," I said. "He is not."

"He should get his face lifted, or something," she said. She had smiled and said it quite sweetly.

"He is getting it lifted now," I said.

"Oh?"

"Yes. Every so often it needs lifting."

"Shall we go then," she said.

"Yes," I said. "My face needs lifting also." I felt I was in a good, soft dream.

She smiled and slipped her hand under my arm and we walked the way James and I had come earlier. The wind was blowing cool and I was beginning to feel warm.

"Smile," she said.

I did.

HART CRANE, RINGER OF BELLS

robert kenton craven

To you, Hart Crane, this message of spirit

In a sputtering hand is sped,

Humming with atmospheric muscles

like the twanging of unanchored beams,

great as the girders of your transwondrous dreams.

—in which vibrate the volts

Of your magnetic spirit:

Your hand bound electric to a chord

That hangs from my reflected hand

In the universe of mirrors;

Atound the circle of love

We pulse on the page

The rope is bound to the bell,

The scutcheoned cross of cord and bridge

Can stamp with shadowy strokes

The ritual soil.

The move from epistle to gospel

Sways in the mirrored apse

From the straining pen

To the living word.

As we glide past, we genuflect,

We bless the womb and the sea.

After I have swallowed you

I will watch with eyes of grail

Over cups of words, in this world of poem,

The bridge and the cord

Impale us together

Alone.

There, your feet find force

In heavy planks, hewn Americans;

Your arms draw fire from counterpointed chantings;

You push down the universe with perfect hands;

You prove, in alternating goodness, as here I feel,

For every downward pull the upward peal.

VENUS, UNDRRESS

bill plumley

Upon these rare occasions that I am afforded the opportunity to reflect, my memories of childhood do not lie within the humorous realm of thought. Those things that were important to me then still add meaning to my life. Instead, I think of the different kinds of people that I met as a child, those colorful personalities that forged themselves within the smithy of my mind and left a lasting impression. The intensity of each personality constituted its place in my private file. But, as it was, I never once met a stranger.

However, I have heard it said that when we meet, it is as strangers. From there we go on to become something else to one another: something good, bad, or indifferent with all kinds of the gray shadings of passion, disdain, or apathy. The effect that a meeting has upon most people lies within these boundaries—and so it was with Kitty.

I shall never forget the day that I first saw her. I am careful not to say met, for I am afraid that the acquaintance was a bit one-sided. I had never to that day seen a woman as delectable as she. My erotic pallet was not jaded to such scrumptious creatures—no, not that at all. It was simply that the number thirteen was the magical age that I, by some quirk of the imagination in my earlier childhood, had conceived as being the launching age of manhood.

I was all of thirteen and thus, my thoughts had to be altered to those of a man. It was imperative that my place in life not remain in the companionship of frogs, snakes, and the entities of this nature, but more mature things—things like automobiles and women. Since I was not in the least mechanically minded (and still am not), the latter of these two absolutes was to occupy my thoughts and actions.

Kitty, then, was my first encounter as a man. She was anything but a stranger to me, for her entire person felt my scrutiny. With those ingenious tools of the mind at my disposal, I readily undressed her of those cumbersome garments and replaced them with the most exotic tunic that Venus might own. I eyed that form as thoroughly as Pluto must have looked upon Proserpine. She was certainly a work of art: ivory-white skin (not unlike the goddess); slim, dilated nostrils; quick, clever eyes; and to accent this rich beauty: rich, naked lips.

While absorbed in this operation, I must have been something near ludicrous to look upon, for Mother (in her most obliging stroke of benevolence) shattered my ecstasy.

"Kitty, the young man with his mouth gaped open is my son, Billy. This is Miss Fremont, son." I thought that I would surely collapse, for my legs have a mind of their own! Ah, but this was not the reaction of a man. I arched my back, heaved out my flimsy chest, and in a forced but masculine voice, I managed to drowl, "Pleased t' meet you, M'am".

LIEUTENANT HAL BENSON

dallas kelley

Lieutenant Hal Benson peered intently from under his green steel camouflage helmet. He was lying flat on his stomach overlooking a small valley. Directly beneath him sat two heavy-duty Japanese tanks.

The valley had been Benson's only hope of escape; now however, it was sealed up, and he was cut off from his own lines. To go back the way he had come was certain death, and to go ahead was the same. His only hope was to fight his way clear. One man against two tanks.

He checked his equipment closely as he lay there preparing for battle. His weapon supply consisted of four grenades, a .45 service revolver and one M1 rifle.

Metal grating against metal pulled his attention back to the tanks. The hatch of the front tank was slowly opening. He leveled his rifle as the pinched features of a Japanese became visible over the hatch rim.

As he lined the sights up, a bead of sweat rolled slowly down his face. The man's body extended waist high through the opening now, another second and he would die.

The sharp report of Benson's rifle rolled down the small valley echoing back and forth. A small hole appeared in the Jap's face directly between his eyes. A thin stream of blood flowed down his face as he toppled to the ground.

Taken by surprise the tank crew panicked. The revolver mechanism on their turret gun jammed as they tried to spin it toward Benson's hiding place.

Benson seeing this, took full advantage of their confusion. He snatched a grenade from his belt, pulled the pin, leaped to his feet, and threw it at the still open hatchway all in one sweeping motion. Then he flung himself flat on the ground once more.

The grenade arched through the air and clanged loudly against the open hatch lid; then bounced directly into the tank. For four seconds there was complete silence and then a muffled explosion roared forth. As the smoke cleared away, Benson knew no one had escaped. It was a perfect death trap.

"My old football coach would have been proud of that forward pass," he muttered with a grim smile.

But his victory was not complete, and he realized this as the rear tank opened fire on him with its deadly turret gun. This tank would be no easy victim as the other one had been; the shock of surprise had worn off. They would set behind their steel walls and cut him down mercilessly at their leisure.

The big tank rumbled into action and headed directly for his position. As Benson watched the great tank lumber up the incline, a plan began to form in his mind.

The big turret gun was of no use while they were climbing toward him, for it was pointed high over his head.

Benson waited until the tank was near the top of the hill then slipped another grenade from his belt. He waited a second longer then bounded to his feet and ran straight for the tank. The gunner in the tank fired, but the big gun was still aimed high over his head, because of the steep grade of the climb. Benson pulled the pin on the grenade as he neared the tank. As he raced past, he flipped it through the driver's window.

Seconds later there was another muffled explosion,

(Continued on page 24)

LIEUTENANT HAL BENSON (Continued from page 23)
then complete silence. Benson stopped running and looked
back. The battle was over; the victory was his.

He looked down at the Red Cross of the medical corps
on his sleeve and laughed. "That's pretty good fighting
for a doctor," he said aloud to himself.

He began walking on down the valley, a man dedi-
cated to the saving of lives, and finally faded into the
distance.

• • •

BLUES WITHOUT "SANDY"

w. o. smelser

Do you know what you are doing to me?

... I know what I am doing to me—

tearing cloth from soul,

feeling that only you could understand

and seeing that you can't,

knowing that no one can,

or hoping that someone else can,

and not knowing where to look,

not daring to go through

this process again, having lost

some of self in the process;

knowing that one is alone;

unalterably, mentally, spiritually,

physically alone,

shriekingly alone;

sad, singular sadness;

hurt, hymnal hurt;

shriek, one shriek,

that stands for faith, hope, and charity—

shriek, shriek and shriek—

all-hallowed horror,

my chorus of shrieks:

THE SEAT OF DESOLATION

harvey saunders

I had tried for days to write a story, and although
I was able to compose pages of description and back-
ground, my stage set with elaborate scenery and
colorful lighting remained empty. The orchestra had
played the overture, the audience waited, but no
characters entered. Finally in desperation I put an
advertisement in the local newspaper. It read:

"Wanted: A character, male or
female. Must be lonely and not
very intelligent. I will pay for
the story of your life. Apply,
room 24, Carlton Hotel, after
8:00 P.M."

I had some misgivings. Should I have specified
that they be "not very intelligent?" Should I have
said that I would pay them? I did plan to pay them,
that is, I would pay the ones whose stories I could use.

After three days had passed without develop-
ments, I considered removing the advertisement, since
at that time I could hardly afford the nominal charge
of my few lines.

That night however, I had my first visitor. When
I opened the door I saw the most degenerate specimen
of an inhabitant of skid row that it had ever been
my displeasure to observe. He wore clothes of a
nondescript color, gray or brown or both. His eyes
seemed to be staring at me from the back of his head.
His skin was a translucent blue, wrinkled and hang-
ing on his face like a fish net. His nose, rebelling
against the subdued neutrality of the colors that
were part of him, was a luminous reddish-purple. His
tightly closed lips could not hide his lower teeth,
brown stubs that protruded over his upper lip. He
was tall, but he stood in a stooped position, giving
the impression that he had been pounded in the
stomach. His cowering position and the constant
shifting of his sunken eyes reminded me of a starving
animal, a rejected member of a flock that, even
though it knows it cannot survive, cowers on a hillside,
waiting for death, watching the vultures overhead.

I asked him in, knowing that I would regret it,
but unable to close the door or to stop staring at him.

"Who are you?" I wanted to ask, "Who are
you?" but instead I said, "Sit down."

He sat, staring at the clock as though he were
awed by the everyday mechanism. The minutes
passed, and neither of us talked.

Finally, after a loud breath, he said, "You are
a writer."

"Yes," I said, "I am."

"So am I," he said, "So was I."

"That's nice," I said, using the voice that I re-
served for my infrequent conversations with children.

Again he stared at the clock, and I began to
scratch my elbow, slowly at first, then faster as my
patience began to wane; and in my head I heard a
pounding voice yelling in the distance, "Who are

(Continued on page 26)

THE SEAT OF DESOLATION (Continued from page 25)
you? What do you want? What is your name? What do you mean?", but I was afraid to ask.

Suddenly he yelled, "I bled them.", and I lifted my eyes heavenward, thinking, "Please, not a demented soul who thinks he's a vampire, not tonight."

"Yes," and his voice was lower, practically beyond hearing. "I bled them. I stole their lives, their ideas. I had none of my own. They came to me and told me of their lives, their hopes, their hatreds; and I stole them and distorted them and used them. They ruined me. You know that, don't you? They ruined me. Their lives became my life, their weaknesses, my weaknesses, their plights, my plights."

Again he was silent, and I knew that he was staring at me, but I could not force myself to look at him. I knew then who he was, what he meant.

I sat with my hands covering my face. "Who are you?" I asked, my voice shaking, but I knew the answer.

"Look at me," a voice demanded, a familiar voice because it was my own; and I looked into the mirror and saw my self ruined, shorn, void of all self-respect.



SONNET III

victor depta

Other stones beneath the softened jade
That falls by tempered iron are patient till
A day when under clay dirt shade
They rise to life: are moved here with a will.
Each rush and trample, every size of lump
Until those standing near are scabrously torn
Like wasted hills and barren stumps
Which multiply as eyesight new is born.

Those who wrestle here in blackened dust
Are hidden clemently; lost from godless cares,
Yet when they cry each tear a brackish crust
Is blown away, and this demesne is their's
Till breath is full of choking coal
And death has come again in violent toll.

Once—she was sitting with the gang at the hangout
 and was conscious of a body odor
 that she was certain was hers
 and that everyone knew
 then he asked her to dance
 and she forgot
 and no one ever mentioned it.

Once—in the morning,
 he slung his long limbs over
 the bed posts
 and gazed out at the tree where once
 in the morning
 he had climbed and he thought
 "Man, those were happy times."
 and that was the end of that.

OUT THE WINDOW

frederick solomon

The boy was not feeling well. His mother had died that morning, and the Priest was with him at the window. He thought he saw the sky reflected in the bricks of the alley. There were red and gold leaves being walked by the wind up against the garage and then bunched between the two garbage cans. He remembered the garbage was not emptied and frowned. The Priest laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, Harry?"

"Nothing, Father. I just remembered the garbage."

The Priest patted his shoulder.

"There is time for the garbage, son. Don't worry about that."

Harry watched the leaves bunch and waited for them to shoot away. They weren't going to!

"What is it, Harry?"

"Nothing, Father."

"Are you certain?"

The boy smiled. The sun through the venetian-blinds glazed his teeth.

"Yes Sir, Father."

The Priest patted his shoulder again and then dropped the arm away and smoothed his hat.

"Well, Harry, I've got to be going. I'll call your sister and arrange the—"

"All right, Father."

Three or four of the leaves, all gold, fluttered from the little bunch by the cans and skipped up the alley, bright in the sun. The boy heard the Priest say something about finding his own way . . . None of the red leaves were blowing away. It was awfully odd the way that just the gold leaves escaped. Some of them came from the bottom, too. Just the gold ones!

Harry stood at the window a long time before he decided to empty the garbage. He thought he might kick the leaves free and then he would come back upstairs and then he might fix something for supper . . . He hoped the red leaves were still there.

• • •

BLUES IN MY HEART

w. o. smelser

I hear the blues in my heart,
 In my dark heart, silent and sere,
 Where time rests dislodged from the shelf
 In a mass of broken hands and springs
 And a face of anguish for the world-weary
 And wasted men who vie for the first silver
 Of light from life's exhausted day;
 Gloating in the sound of sorrow
 Where pain is common ground
 And shadows only will sooth
 The soul bruise of broken dreams
 That may never mend again.

about our

CONTRIBUTORS

BARBOUR, PAT, Huntington, junior

Works, Painter of master
Tales, Teller of wild

JEAN BATTLO whose poems have appeared in previous years in "Et Cetera," is a senior in Teachers College majoring in speech and social studies. She is president of Laidley Hall and a senior senator.

ROBERT KENTON CRAVEN is a graduate of Wheeling College, where he was a co-founder of a campus literary magazine, "The Coffee House." He has published poems in "The American College Poetry" Anthology of 1959, and "Hazel Wands" of 1960.

VIC DEPTA, Navy veteran, freshman from Earling, W. Va., as an English major, he is very much interested in drama and Chinese literature.

JOHANNA HAMRICK spent her childhood and most of her adolescence in Germany, including the period of the second world war. A senior, majoring in biological science. She plans to make her life work research in bacteriology. She also enjoys languages, and composition.

DALLAS KELLEY, in his second year at Marshall, is majoring in social studies and biology. He started writing at an early age and hopes to continue his writing efforts after he graduates.

JUDY LIGHT, a music major in Teachers College, is inclined to agree with Robert Frost, who says poetry comes from ". . . a haunting feeling that must be satisfied", for so it is with her. She wrote her first poem when in the second grade. This is her second publication in "Et Cetera."

G. MANSOUR, senior from Huntington, is majoring in Spanish and French. This is his first publication in "Et Cetera."

KEITH RIFE plans to be a teacher. He is a senior majoring in English and social studies. This edition marks his second appearance in "Et Cetera".

TOM ROSS is making his third contribution in as many years. His poem: "Why Should A Man" was inspired by the Crucifixion Sequence in the sound-track of the movie "The Robe". He is a member of the debate team and junior class president.

HARVEY SAUNDERS, senior, history and Spanish major, contributor in 1960 edition of "Et Cetera," winner of the 1960 prose award; writing is strictly for relaxation.

W. O. SMELSER is a sophomore, majoring in music. He writes that he composed his poems while he was in what might be called a "Black Mood".

FREDERICK SOLOMON is the pen name of a Marshall University sophomore.

STEPHEN H. SPOTTE, Huntington freshman majoring in journalism, enjoys writing poetry and skin diving. He enjoys reading Dylan Thomas and T. S. Eliot.

ET CETERA is an expression of student literary efforts at Marshall University. The contents are entirely original and have been drawn exclusively from the Marshall student body.

Since 1953, the origin of the ET CETERA, the magazine has provoked and fostered incentive for the creative mind to show its work to a critical public. Here the necessary limits of classroom standardization are lifted to assure expression free from the government of mass regulations.

Beyond the sheer personal joy that comes while creating a work acceptable for publication, ET CETERA provides an excellent channel for potential writers to place their work before the professional publisher. Many publishers constantly review the college literary publication for new material.

ET CETERA is a unique publication: it presents a more wholistic view of the student's scope of education. Sociology, psychology, philosophy and theology enter into the poem and short story as well as literary form and style. Both the classroom lecture and the geology field trip may well play a meaningful role in the development of its contents.

If you have found in any of its parts some meaningful merit, we encourage you to share in the formation of a second edition to be distributed mid-May. Express your appreciation to those responsible for its contents. Prod them to higher aspirations. You yourself contribute.

The Editor

