Spring 1964

et cetera

Marshall University

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Et Cetera is published yearly by the students of Marshall University.

I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist.

—John Fitzgerald Kennedy

contents

OLETTA

The bus was more than an hour late when it arrived at Colliton. It came lumbering out of the gloomy mist like a clumsy steel-grey caterpillar, tardy but unapologetic. The motor whined and choked, straining under the burden of extra baggage and passengers which the holiday had created.

Joey handed the driver his rain-smeared ticket and climbed aboard. Outside the downpour continued as it had steadily for three days, ending the longest dry-spell in history along the lower Ohio Valley.

It was crowded inside, filled with mechanical warmth and the inevitable smell of stale cigar. There was an air of suppressed hostility about the passengers, partly because of the rain and partly because of their resentment at finding themselves surrounded by strangers and forced to share the cramped enclosure.

Joey found a vacant seat near the back and sat down. Across from him a pretty, but plain, young girl sat holding a small child on her lap. Neither became immediately aware of his presence, so he took advantage of this inconspicuousness to study his fellow-travelers.

She was about twenty-two, Joey guessed, well-dressed and neat to the point of severity. Her clothes were not heavy enough for the cold weather, he thought, but they looked expensive. Her face had a fresh-scrubbed appearance which seemed somewhat out of place with her tailored wool skirt and cashmere sweater.

His thoughts were interrupted by the start of the motor as the driver eased the machine into reverse and backed it onto the highway. The girl, who had been staring out the window during the entire stop, did not stir from her original position.

He opened a magazine he had bought at the station and began to read an article on boxing. He scanned through quickly until he came to a paragraph where the author had said he thought Sonny Liston could have beaten both Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano while they were champions. Like hell, he could, Joey thought, closing the book with the type of feigned disgust he reserved for his own

private use. He made a mental note to swear-off pulp magazines and turned his attention back to his companions.

The girl still sat facing the window. The child was asleep, one hand clutched tightly into a fist and the other gripping the edge of a pink baby-blanket.

"Excuse me," he said, a bit awkwardly, "you look tired. Can I hold him for a few minutes?"

The girl looked startled as if she had just become aware of his presence.

"He's a she," she said, "and yes . . . you may."

The child stirred slightly during the transfer but did not wake.

"Have you been on here long?" Joey asked.

"Since Cincinnati. It's rained all the way. I like rain though. It makes you feel so clean,"

"It makes me feel lousy," Joey countered.

"My hus . . . My husband used to say that weather and emotions are related. I really believe that's true."

Behind them a soldier who had been talking almost constantly since Joey got on resumed his tirade in a thick Eastern Kentucky drawl.

"Jesus, man. I'm gonna be A-WOL. I mean, I thought this here bus was gonna be on time. Damned if I ain't had it. Jesus."

"What does your husband do?" Joey asked, ignoring the disturbance behind him and noting with satisfaction that his companion had not retreated to the window.

"He works for an advertising company in Cincinnati . . . or at least he did."

"Wilson's?" he asked.

"Yes . . . How did you know?"

"I work for a TV station in Colliton. They handle some of our accounts. As a matter of fact, I was down there to their convention last spring. Man, what parties. What's his name? Maybe I met him."

"Jim Grainer . . . but I don't think so. He never liked that sort of thing."

"Talk about the booze and beautiful women, they really had them. If I were you, I'd worry about my husband working for such a swinging outfit."

"Would you hold her for a few more minutes," she asked. "I want to go to the rest room."

"Certainly," Joey replied, noting humorously that she had ignored his last remark.

The girl squeezed past him in the narrow seat, a movement not entirely lost on Joey's consciousness.

The child had not moved but he wondered what he would do if she woke before her mother returned.

Fortunately, the girl came back before this happened. She slipped back into her seat just as the bus hit a bump and lurched forward. The child opened her eyes but was silent.

"She's awake," Joey said. "Do you think she'll mind?"

"No, she's used to her father holding her."

He held the child upright in his lap.

"What's your name," he asked, in the way adults have of giving to very small children attributes which they do not possess.

"Say my name is Oletta," the girl answered, in the way all mothers have of going along with this peculiar adult game.

"Well Oletta, I'll bet your daddy sure misses you. You're a mighty pretty little girl."

'Yes," the mother replied quietly, suddenly weary of the game.

The soldier behind them had been diverted for a few minutes by a detective magazine his companion had given him, but he suddenly remembered his plight and resumed his talking.

"Man, I was supposed to be back by 0-800 tomorrow morning and man, I jus ain't gonna make it." His unsympathetic companion was feigning sleep by his side.

The bus made its first stop at a small way-station and a tall, thick-set Negro soldier got on. He was a handsome youth with flashing buck-teeth, and he wore a military rating patch like that of the Kentuckian.

"Hey man, what company you in?" the Kentucky soldier asked as he spied the identification patch.

"Headquarters," the Negro replied.

"I'm in Company 'A'," Kentucky said. "I'm supposed to be back by 0-800 tomorrow and I ain't gonna be there."

The Negro looked at him and grinned.

"That's tough man. I have to be there at twelve. I always leave in plenty of time." He put his grip up in the rack and sat down beside a middle-aged white woman near the front.

"Where did you meet your husband," Joey asked, anxious to learn more about the girl beside him.

"Uh . . . What did you say? I'm sorry."

"I said, where did you meet your husband? In school?"

"Yes, well . . . we didn't go to college together. He went to Cornell and I went two years to the University of Kentucky. We met during a silly debate tour and, you know, a little while later we got married."

She seemed too anxious to dispose of the subject, Joey thought.

"Did you go to live in Cincinnati?" he asked.

"No, not right away. His parents live in Boston. Jim's father owns this rope business. You know, they make the rope people use when they climb Mt. Everest, or something like that."

She was holding the child now. She shifted her from one arm to the other. The baby, who had gone back to sleep, stirred restlessly but did not wake up.

"His parents live in this big house. I mean, they're really quite nice and they know everybody. Do you know that I once met Henry Cabot Lodge?"

"Really?"

"Yes, and a lot of other people too."

She hesitated for a moment as if trying to decide whether to go on. Finally, she continued.

"Blanche . . . that's his mother. She used to take me with her to all these society functions. She was always doing something for charity and all that. Anyhow, I got pregnant and had an excuse not to go."

"You didn't enjoy that sort of thing?" Joey asked, fascinated by her candor.

"It wasn't that. It's just that they have their own little circle and I was an outsider. I mean, Jim's parents are really nice people, but I think they were disappointed that he didn't marry someone from Boston and help his father with his business. Hey look there."

"What?"

She pointed out the window at a field of oats that had been blown to the ground by the rain and wind.

"They'll rot, you know. Nothing can be done about it now. Once they get on the ground and get wet, there's nothing you can do about it."

She turned away from the window and back toward Joey.

"We moved to Cincinnati to get away from Boston mainly. I mean, don't get me wrong. Jim's parents are wonderful people and I . . . and I like them very much."

Her voice trailed off at the end of the sentence. She started to return to the window but decided against it.

"Yeh, we escaped Boston all right," she laughed strangely. "I'll bet you didn't know that the whole world is a bunch of Bostons. Each town has a different name, of course, but they're all Bostons."

They rode in silence for several minutes. Then, as the bus stopped for a red light, both Joey and the girl realized for the first time that they were in a town. The driver announced that there would be a fifteen-minute break at the station.

"'*The sedge is withered from the lake and no birds sing*'," the girl said suddenly.

This time it was Joey who didn't hear.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing," she answered. "Just some silly high school poem by Shelly or somebody like that. It's kinda sad but nice. This is where we get off."

The bus pulled into the depot and stopped, and Joey helped the girl carry her luggage. It was cold outside and the rain still fell steadily.

She carefully balanced the child on one arm and picked up her suitcase with the other.

"Are you sure you can manage?" Joey asked.

"Yes. Thank you."

For the first time in several minutes he looked at her. She was crying.

"Hey, why are you crying?"

"Me? Crying? No," she laughed bitterly. "You're absolutely right, about the rain I mean. It is lousy."

She turned and ran across the wet parking area. An elderly man and woman stood beside a grey automobile. Both embraced the girl and the child, and the old man helped them inside.

Joey stood watching for a moment, ignoring the rain which hammered at his clothing. He looked down at the cigarette he had lit when he first got off the bus. It was soaked. He dropped it into a stream which had formed alongside the pavement and watched it float into the gutter and disappear.

He pulled up the collar of his raincoat, turned and walked into the terminal. A 'Vacation in Florida' poster stood beside the door and the smell of fresh coffee from the cafeteria filled the room.

Standing at the ticket window, the Kentucky soldier was repeating a story which, by now, Joey knew by heart.

"Jesus, man. I got to get me another bus. I'm gonna get a court-martial unless I git back."

Over by the bookrack, the Negro boy stood leafing through a comic book. He glanced in the direction of the ticket counter, scratched his ear and grinned.

—Jerry Bowles

VIA

a poem must be compact
tight, efficient
portable
and small, streamlined
sleek
quick to move
faster than man
to catch and pierce
his heart
in flight

—Victor M. Depta

THE DEBT

My grandmother was neither venerable nor wise. I cannot recall having admired her or having learned lessons from her or having wanted to be like her. Yet, I do remember that I loved her and that she gave love unselfishly and effortlessly.

Full of years and worn and withered by hard work, by the weariness of childbirth and the mourning for lost ones, by wars and depressions and poverty, she had become a suspicious, insecure and pessimistic old woman. Pride was her chief sin. Divorce, the death of all — save one — of her children, and battling all the social evils that prey upon the poor and unschooled had masked her insecurity in a fiery independence, a tenacity for life and had covered her reserve with an open hostility toward "nosey neighbors" and "politicians," the enemies of her soul. "I don't trust nobody but the Lord," she would say, and "I don't like Ike," and "I ain't got no use for McCoys." But as fiercely as she hated, she loved, and that frugal, egoistic nature was always forgotten in her generosity and selflessness toward those who were important to her.

From the first days of my recollection she was the center of our lives. When we visited the little farm with the two big draft horses and the red chickens I remember I wanted to stay there forever. My grandmother made the fluffiest mashed potatoes and the best chocolate pie in the world! "A woman should be able to work well with her hands," she would say, and her patchwork quilts and feather pillows and embroidered pillow cases evidenced the fact that she lived by her rules. And she would take me in her big, strong arms with their folds of wrinkled skin and would kiss me and tell me that I was her life. She loved my brother equally well, and Mama, her only child, and my father who she said was the finest man that walked the earth; but I will always think that there was a special bond between us, a kinship that went beyond the physical.

I could talk with her freely. She would answer all my questions about sex without embarrassment and would open her heart to me about her lasting love for my grandfather. Her faults were legion and mine were legion, and we quar-

relled and said things we did not mean, but we always made up and were friends again.

She whom I loved, she, with her antagonism toward her neighbors and her wariness of "big shots" and her intolerance of Negroes and foreigners, was soft and warm and gentle. And she, that seat of uniqueness, that world of strange contrasts, is dead.

It all seemed to come like floods in the spring, quick, unrelenting, gushing in upon us before we could get to higher ground.

"Are you afraid to die?" asked my father as she lay there waiting for her heart to rest after so many years of work. "No," she said quietly and confidently. Then he took her Bible from the chest and read, " 'I go to prepare a place for you. And . . . I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' " And she believed the words.

We waited, but for what I know not. We could not believe that she would die. She, who was so much a part of us, who had given and asked nothing in return, whom no one really knew but those who loved her; she, who had been my second mother, my confidante, my friend, could not be and then not be.

But she died.

I can now no longer reach out and touch her, and I want to very much right now.

How can one lose before one has gained? Can one owe all one's debts to time and pay them in years? Or does one die from the burden of them? I think I died, for that day I seemed not to be changed, but to be reborn, made new. The day of death brought me no sorrow, no emptiness, only the pains of birth and growth.

—Sharon K. Rife

You are only the stairs
A torn shade
Condensation on the pane
An empty courtyard.

—Joseph Hughes

EVE

I am Eve, mother of life and born of man
Cradled in Eden I wandered unthinking—
Accepting unquestioned a wonderous world.
My joyous garden, gracias and giving
Held only now, the present suspended,
Pregnant and poised as a shimmering pearl
On a slender branch in a springtime wood.

Who are you Eve? and how are you come?
Why are you here Eve? and whither away?
The garden is gentle but what will remain
When winds wail high and the soft grounds change?
Where is your home Eve? and where do you go?
Open your eyes Eve, the garden has grown!

The change makes me tremble in hot, sudden fear
I am lost in Eden; my own gentle garden
Grown to a giant looms foreign and strange.
Eden is lost. I will leave this place;
But my body is hollow, empty, and dead
Away from the forest, though foreign and strange
It calls in a whisper that roars like the sea
Like a gale It whistles in the new grown trees.
Irresistably summoned I am drawn to return
And rejoin my soul that dwells in the wood
Where this life was conceived, was nurtured, and born
Was there twice delivered—with ease in the first—
But I scream with the second, in this my rebirth.

I am tied to the soul that is tied to the wood,
Made from the blood that courses alive
Through a garden tall but no longer unknown
For I too am tall and see not the change
Eden is found. I know who I am—
I am Eve, mother of life and born of man.

—Linda Hoover

NEW-GLEAMING MORNING

1

In the new-gleaming but unwarmed morning
Creep out peering through these small glittering eyes for the Unseen that lurks not far off,
Creep out from beneath the roof of mayapple,
Creep hastily by the trail in the long grass,
Scurry across the great open
(Yet being careful not to make even a small patter across the crisped-black persimmon leaves),
Plunge under the bent brier into a dark, green sanctuary.
Wait for it to pass.

2

Hanging, the black-purple berries,
Washed in dew and cool on the tongue, blackberries
Dangling on the red brier overhead,
Wild berry-brier framing a piece of the sun-streaked sky. . .
Try to still the quivering senses.

3

. . . Stepping softly into this Place comforting, friendly sun
To shine on and warm the sleek fur.
Sleep—half awake to the Unseen—sleep for a while,
Half in the friendly sun and half in the shade of the blackberry leaves . . .

4

But wake,
Quick to the awareness of the Unseen.
Strain to hear the warning footfalls.
Make ready. It is time.

5

Run.
Run, in fear of seeing the face of fear,
Fear strangling a small cry in the throat.
Only hear the Unseen leaping greenbrier and crashing through the honeysuckle.
Run against the inevitable.

6

Close the small glittering eyes against the Presence.
Life-stream severed, feel life oozing away.
Sink upon the dead leaves! feel the flesh torn.

7

The end in a glistening ivory bone
And the rank odor of death.

—*Arline Roush*

GOLDEN GATE PARK

Pine cones swell and spread in the heat.
They make popping sounds and fall to the grass.
White children play in the shade
With large toy balls.
A child tingles her belly
With a pine needle.
Fathers and mothers lie
On their blankets and drink beer.
The first bewildered cry
Of a wounded child
Rings through the eucalyptus leaves.
Butterflies chase over the camellias.
Bees hum in the clover
Oblivious of bare feet.
Young boys play soft ball
And tossed haired girls
Watch and giggle.
The sun, slanting on the benches,
Falls upon the first chill arms
Of afternoon
And puts its day
Carefully in picnic baskets.
Those who linger
Wade through the shadows
To gather their possessions.

—*Victor M. Depta*

GRASS AND HONEY

The grass was g r e e n e r that year. The honey was sweeter. It was smooth that year, too, not much comb. The rains were softer and not so frequent. There was only one wash-out that year and it was at the end of January and it lasted five days. At the end of those five days was the end of that year, so the wash-out was right appropriate after all. The spring was short but the summer lasted and lasted. The fall just didn't come out in the open. If it was at all, it was just a shadow, but I never did see it. The winter started with that five day wash-out. But it didn't end with the end of that wash-out. It went on and on. The tobacco was heartier that year and laughing came a lot easier. Salt tears just didn't come and tennis courts were faster.

The world was tremendously smaller that year. Or so mine was. Hearts were lighter and loving more. Or so mine was. Life was precious as always, but that was realized more. Bonds and vows were stronger.

Angels walked that year. But sometimes they kept company with devils. The devils transported them a lot, what with their omnipotent speed and all. At least one angel walked, I know, but not much. He just lived mostly and spent quite a bit of time with a devil. I happened upon him on the very beginning day of that year. Coincidence? That's doubtful. He became a man that year. The grass was greener that year. And the honey was smoother.

Loneliness was dead that year. All my life that's how it had been. People were kind. Family all loved me. But still loneliness had always been around. Then he came. He killed it. Now people were kinder, family was dearer. I became a woman. Laughter rang through my soul. I sang a lot that year. I had reason and a song. We were going to live forever — together. The grass was greener that year. The honey was sweeter.

The summer that year was strange. It was conceived in our meeting. It was born at our wedding. It lived in our lives, fed by our ecstacy, nourished by our plans, sheltered by our dreams, and kept alive by our love. The sun was

warmer that year. The fishing was good. The scream of the blue-jay seemed melodious. Still nights came more often.

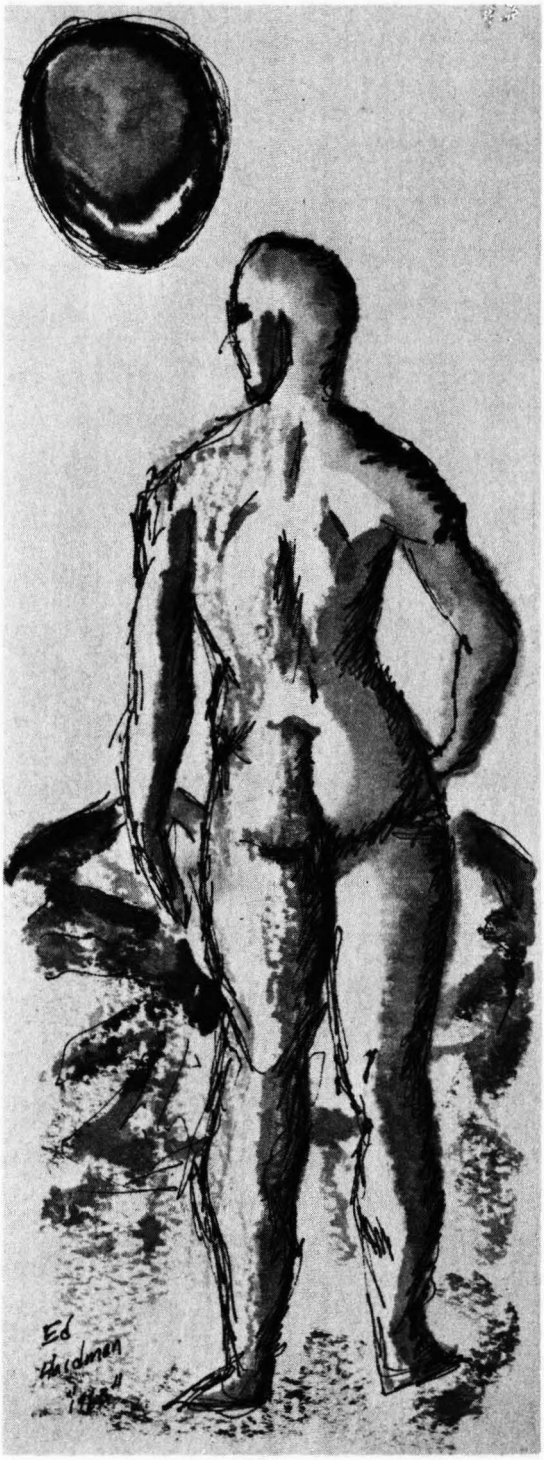
The angel remained with his devil. He gave it some love. It was an innocent looking being, but so hypocritical. He teased me a lot that year. He would say we looked alike, his devil and me. He loved us alike, me no more, the devil no less. Both were slender and slinky and full of desire and loud. But, too, we were bulky and could be so quiet, almost serene. He said we were both tools — needed him to prod us to life. He laughed as he said it — so did I. He was joking, of course. The devil was just his sports car. I was his wife.

We played a lot that year. He played a lot — alone. Alone with his devil. But I didn't mind — I was his wife. He liked to race that white devil. He did it so often. I wasn't afraid of it — for a while. His thrills were mine. I never watched him though. I was funny about that. This was still the summer that year. The races were faster. The thrills were oftener. The grass was greener. The tobacco heartier.

The fall that year didn't come. All God allowed was a lurking shadow. We never saw it. I guess I always felt it though. I guess the first time I was ever aware of dread of that devil was the first time I ever watched him drive it. Really drive it, that is. A hundred and thirty-five was a cruise to his kind. When I watched them my stomach sort of turned over. And I prayed. I prayed a lot that year. I guess we both did. We were so lucky we had to thank Somebody. There was a lot of luck that year. My eyes blurred over a little that day, but not for long. It was a funny blur. It wasn't anger, just worship. There was a lot of worship around that year. The chalk didn't squeak as much. You didn't see any mad dogs either. Or so I didn't. The grass was greener that year. The hearts were lighter.

I cried a lot that night. I guess I slept a little. What time I wasn't praying. I had never had a nightmare, so I thought this might be one. Or I tried to think so. When I had to go pick out the casket, I looked for a simple one. His monument — granite. Smooth and hard and strong. But dignified. And a thing to admire. A lot like he was. The winter had come to that year. A lot like a wash-out. Came uninvited and sudden. That was the only wash-out


Paige


Ed
Friedman

that year. And it lasted five days. The rains had been softer that year and less frequent. The grass had been greener that year. The honey sweeter.

A preacher talked about family and sorrow and Heaven and all. His mother cried and mine fainted. I guess they thought I was numb. They led me around but sort of left me alone. I was glad. I guess Daddy understood. He always could do that. Like when I was nineteen and wrecked his car and almost killed a woman's baby. He was like that then. Such a good man. Men were good that year. Or so mine was. The world was smaller that year. Or so mine was.

I slipped back later and watched them shovel the dirt back over him. It left a big hump in the earth. The earth was a lot richer that day. The world a lot poorer. Or so mine was. Those two old men just shoveled and patted the dirt and wiped the sweat with the back of their hands. But they looked sorry. Maybe they knew. One of those devils had overpowered an angel that walked. Who didn't walk much, but lived mostly. But he didn't overpower that angel's God. I know he didn't. He had prayed a lot I said, and he had believed even more. Believers believed more that year. And earthworms were fatter.

We went and sort of kneeled down at his head then. After the old men left. And we talked to him. He didn't hear us of course. But his God did. I know. Then we were quiet a while. I guess a few tears watered the graveyard grass. I felt his baby move inside me. Then it moved stronger. I'd never felt it move like that. It kicked pretty hard. It's going to be like it's father. God, let it be. I started to ask God not to let any of those devils find it, but I knew that wouldn't be right. And I wanted things right. I wanted a lot that year. And there wasn't much honey-comb.

We went home — me and his baby. It was getting dark. That was the fifth day. The wash-out lasted five days. Then it was another year. That was right appropriate after all. I knew a lot about that new year. I looked clear to the end of it and saw some things.

The grass got browner that year. There wasn't much green. Tobacco worms thrived that year. Poor farmers almost starved. Rains came harder that year. There were

probably scores of storms. But not one wash-out. There wasn't really a spring. And I didn't even see a summer. Fall seemed King. Winter his handmaiden. Laughter was the court jester. The world got bigger that year. And hate leaked out. Garbage cans were frequent and odors were bad. Tears were pretty common that year. But only in private. Or so mine was. Babies were still being born. They kept alive the threads of hope. They were more precious that year. Their eyes were bluer. Or so mine was.

The earth had a dirty gray mist that year. Angels were scarce.

And there was an awfully lot of honey-comb.

—Brenda Faulkner

AUTUMN

Everything moves at autumn,
because everything is trying to decide;
even the wind suddenly has more room
than it knows how to enjoy.
And when the dance begins
it is paid for by the flying leaves,
who ride easily on their colors
and rustle against the dry air.

The expense, it is felt, is worth it;
besides, the decision was not their's.

Finally, the rain and its powers of resistence
disturb the wind, which fails to express
its intentions to the damp leaves;
they are too heavy for sincerity—
It is easier to be quiet and think.
The wind, calmed of its rage,
is forced to submit to this,
for a while.

—Raymond F. Warren

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG 'UN

When I was a young 'un, my pap would say if I wasn't careful about this education I would start getting too big for my britches. I had went to the eighth grade. But Pap said, "A man don't really need no more education than reading, and writing his name, and figgering." He never had no hard feelings against school-teachers and preachers. But he did not want his children being them. "They might up and start acting better than the folks that raised them," he would always say.

I know one school-teacher who liked to say, "The educated man has a better perception of things in this world." (That means *understand.*) That school-teacher would not think Pap was an educated man. But now I look back on it, Pap could *understand* sometimes better than I ever knew up to now. He remembered how things was, when he was a boy, you see, and how he felt sometimes.

One day me and Pap took a old cow to the stock sale. In the hardware store in town we looked at the prettiest little twelve-gauge shotgun I had ever saw. I reckon Pap saw my eyes shine, and he said, "Sure is pretty, ain't she, boy?" But I knew it wasn't any use atall to set my mind on having her, because times was hard.

But come Christmas morning there she was.

When I knew Pap was looking, I hefted it, and run my hand over that polished walnut stock, and looked down the long smooth black barrel, and admired her. If I hadn't I knew Pap's feeling would be hurt, but they wasn't any worry about that. I admired her sure enough. Pap did not say anything, but I knew he was proud and pleased fit to bust.

Pap was like that. He had a little rabbit-dog, a Beagle, that he would show off every time we had company it seemed. Well, no, he didn't really show her off I guess; but when Uncle Oscar and Uncle Ben and Grandpa and Pap got together they would sooner or later get to talking hounds. Then they would decide to go out and look at Spot. And sometimes they would even take her out in the brush to watch her run, so then the women would have to keep

dinner waiting. Well, Uncle Ben he would rub his chin and lean with his arms folded on top of the fence post and remark how good Spot run; and Grandpa would say, "Right smart of a little dog there, Charley." And Uncle Oscar would spit 'backy like he was amazed, and would shake his head real appreciating. Pap would maybe chuckle real quiet, the way he had, and you knew right off he was awful proud of that dog.

Next day after Christmas, I thought I would try out my new gun. It was after dinner, and the fire was a-hissing and crackling away, and Pap was dozing. I told him, to be polite, that me and him ought to bring in some rabbits for this evening's supper. But he said no, he thought he would stay in the house; it was too cold today to go traipsing over the country; he knew I wanted to go by myself. Mama was in the kitchen rattling the dishes, but she heard. "If I was you, boy, I'd wear another pair of socks, and if your feet gets wet, come right in to the house. And you be careful, too." So Pap stuck up his finger like he was going to wag it and said, "You might freeze your toes and when you went to knock the snow off of your boots them toes just might break off." He said did I want to I could take Spot; she would like to get out and run.

I was feeling pretty warm and happy when I set off up the holler. I guess Spot was, too; she must a run up rabbit trails that was three weeks old. It was spitting snow, and when I got to the brush-field the wind was right mean. It felt like ice-water all over. They was some oak leaves that had hung on all since October and now they was just scattered up in the sky. By and by my overalls legs was wet from wading in some piled up snow and the snow had got down inside my boots and now my feet was wet. Now I was some cold alright, but I kept poking around the brush until I thought I never would find anything to shoot at. I looked down at my gun, cradled there in my arms like a baby, and I thought what a shame it was not to be able to use it. Then I thought how I would be kidded when I got back to the house about all the rabbits I was going to shoot for supper.

After a while the sky seemed like it got lower and darker, and it seemed like it was so cold it had stopped the

wind from blowing, and my feet got a little numb. Well, I kind of dragged along slow and felt sorry for myself and I was thinking that somehow if I felt bad enough about it maybe some miracle would happen and I would stumble onto a rabbit somewhere. But I was kicking along and thinking so hard about feeling bad that I didn't notice much around about until I heard a rustle in this little clump of blackberry briers and hedge.

Pap had told me a hundred times before not to shoot before I was sure. Well, I was sure this was the rabbit the Lord sent me. So I put my gun to my shoulder and shot where I saw the rabbit.

I was so surprised at what happened I just stood there it seemed like for five minutes, and my scalp was prickling and I could hear my heart apumping. That rabbit ran out, and Spot gave a real sharp, short yelp. It was so queer I didn't know what happened.

But there was Spot laying in the snow, laying there with a big hole blew in her side. She panted hard and then sighed deep and quit breathing.

I just felt sick. Pap was prouder of Spot than any other thing he ever owned. He always said she was going to be the finest dog he ever had, and when he said it his face would light up proud as anything.

I was glad there wasn't anybody else with me because I was too old to cry. I knew it didn't help things none, but I had done something awful and there was no undoing it and I didn't know what to tell Pap.

When I got back to the house they was eating supper. I reckon I was shivering from the cold, but I was shaking more from what I had to tell.

"I uh . . . I just killed Spot. I know I should a seen her. I was shooting at a rabbit and she was there where I thought it was. Shot right in the vitals . . . Didn't mean to. I didn't mean to."

Pap laid down his fork and knife and looked up at me. He didn't hold with swearing or I reckon he would a swore. "What'd you say, boy?"

I couldn't say nothing only, "I didn't mean to, Pap."

"Oughta wale the tar outa you."

"Guess . . . you better take it back." I had stood up my gun against the wall next to Pap's chair. It wasn't mine any more.

Pap was looking hard at Mama. I went and got the milk pail and didn't wait for Pap to go do the milking. When I was out on the back porch putting my boots back on, I heard them talking. Mama said, "I told you . . ."

Pap said, "I know, I know . . . His grandpap used ta take a bean pole big round as a pitchfork handle and tan our hides good . . . But did you see him standing there."

That didn't make much sense to me.

It had started to get dark earlier because of clouds piling up in the sky. I couldn't hardly more than just barely see to put some feed in the boxes and fasten the two milk cows in the stanchions. I was milking Daisy and by and by Pap came down—I could hear his boots crunching on the snow. And even if I couldn't see him—the barn door was closed—I could imagine he was outside standing with his arms folded and his head cocked up and looking at the weather. He said all the time he was looking at the weather but really he would be thinking a thing over; it was like the sky put him in a mood for it. Then he came in the barn and started milking Jerse. In the barn, it was warm. And you could hear the milk squirting and spurging and see it steam, kind of, and sometimes Daisy or Jerse would snuff out real loud or toss a head and make her bell clang.

Pap talked quiet and easy about how when he was a boy what all him and Uncle Oscar and Uncle Ben used ta do and how good it was back then. I could almost imagine him grinning, he was talking so friendly. Then he would tell how Grandpa wasn't none to spare the rod and how sometimes they got lickings they would never forget, and he sounded like he almost thought they was good times too.

But he said when he thought back on it he wondered if them lickings ever did what they was supposed to—he could remember how it felt, but he forgot 'most what they was for.

We finished up with the milking.

Then he said how I wasn't by a long sight too big to whip. Not that it would do any good to make me remember

what I done, he would give me a whipping anyway. He did want me to look back and remember him like he did Grandpa and have some respect and this was as good excuse as any.

When I was going to bed that night I was smarting—but it wasn't so much I hurt. I kept thinking about that gun. Well, in the morning when I woke up and I could stand the cold enough to stick my nose out from under the covers, I seen my gun leaning at the foot of my bed.

—*Arline Roush*

Happiness dresses as:
a Sailboat in the moonlight
a Mudpie on the hot cement sidewalk
Sheets on the March clothes line
Happiness is a fragrance of:
Smoke from a meershaum pipe
Early morning coffee
Wet leaves in the woods
A new book
Happiness is the ability to remember and forget skillfully.

—*Mary Hutt*

WINTER NIGHT

Virgin flakes fall
White, purifying all,
Confuse definite shape
And overburden the pliant bough.
The Snow moon glistens on the crystal
While wintry winds toss and throw
The virgin snow.
Cotton clouds come and go
Like phantom schooners across the sea of night
Guided by beacons and bouys of stars.

—*Bill Jack*

THE RELIGION OF JAMES JOYCE

Like many other twentieth century artists, James Joyce found it necessary to ascertain his own religion. It is in his method of dealing with the problem that Joyce differs most distinctly from his colleagues. The majority of them either work through their art to discover a religion, or reject religion in favor of art. To Joyce, art is religion. His attitude can be approached with some *a priori* understanding if the premise is accepted that both art and religion bring structure to experience; both impose an order onto chaos. D. H. Lawrence, as many of his contemporaries, could attach his faith only to a preconscious natural order. Joyce devoted his life, in a magnificent example of religious self-dedication, to the tremendous task of imposing order from outside himself to the chaos within.

In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* Joyce portrays the development of the artistic consciousness in a form which has come to be called the "artist's novel." The *Portrait* takes its place alongside other modern British examples of the same mode, Wells' *Tono Bungay* and Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers.* In the *Portrait,* however, we understand not only the development of Joyce the artist, but we are also able to decipher how he differs from his peers and why he wrote as he did. In enabling us to do so, Joyce displays an artistic faculty of the highest order. He lays open his flank of craft for the audience to examine delicately and minutely, without fear of having his art weakened by the critical process.

We begin to understand how Joyce is able to do this when we examine the man himself. We must study him in relation to and opposition to his immediate environment, nationalistic Roman Catholic Ireland at the turn of the twentieth century. "The hindrances to the artist in [this] Ireland," said Joyce, were "Language, Nationality, and Religion." Joyce speaks in the personage of Stephen Dedalus and uses the metaphor of the Dedalus myth, the falcon-headed bird. He says that he will "fly by" these hindrances. But it is clear that he will do so only by *using* them, for in combatting the hindrances with his avowed tools of "silence,

exile, and cunning," Joyce in reality uses the three hindrances. He utilizes a language but it is a language so special (at least in his final work) that for most men he is silent. He exiles himself from Ireland, but he uses his island home as the primary motif of his subject matter. He opposes religion with cunning, but he dedicates himself to an art of such omniscience that it gives a structure to the chaos of his experience and becomes a religion.

Joyce's position, then, is the double posture of the rebel. "My mind is that of a doubting monk," he has said. He thus becomes an archetype of the serious modern artist, alienated from a society which would oppress him because he is totally dedicated to a new and strange creed. He will not pay homage to the false gods of society. His words are those of Milton's Lucifer: *non serviam*: I will not serve.

A Portrait of the Artist shows this step-by-step growth of an artistic consciousness. Dedalus finds himself in an environment, rejects the environment, becomes loyal to a new creed. Yet Stephen Dedalus (and James Joyce) betrays his objective rejection of his hindering environment. He insists that he will not be Irish; he will be only European. Joyce scoffed at the Irish National movement, at Yeats and the Irish National Theatre. Yet Ireland was always the core of his subject matter, and that Ireland of the National movement, which he knew best. Joyce insists that he will throw away his early Jesuit educational training, and yet his art is formed by that training. It is disciplined and has the same "scholastic stink." He insists that he will do away with the Irish Language, and yet the core of his style is still the spoken Irish word. It is clear, then, that Joyce's desire is not to turn his back upon his environment, to negate it. Rather, he wishes to plumb its depths, to transcend it, to manifest its universality. As he explains in the famous final passage of the *Portrait*:

> I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience, and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

As Joyce thus goes forward he experiences a definite sense of special calling. He feels dedicated, as did Milton, to a decreed purpose, a "holy task," and the duty becomes

all-embracing and religious. His task as an artist is to bring the chalice of art to a public which is thirsty for artistic nourishment. Joyce's life itself is a religious testimony of endurance for the Holy Art alone. He expresses his dedication coldly and with arrogance, for in such absolute dedication he has no fear. Psychologically, such arrogance can only be maintained in this religious way, through zealous religious dedication.

Stephen Hero was written as the first draft of *Portrait,* although it was published after Joyce's death. It is only in part similar to its successor, but it shows, possibly more clearly than the latter version, the phenomenon of Art as Epiphany. The connotation of the word Epiphany as used by Stephen is that of its Christian usage which refers to the celebration of the occasion upon which Christ revealed himself to the Magi. The Epiphany, then, is the Holy Revelation in which moments of experience are revealed in their full significance. The beauty revealed is the everlasting, is God. Stephen, as the *literateur,* felt it was his duty to complete a book of these epiphanies, these sudden spiritual manifestations. Joyce, Stephen's acting governor, did just that as he wrote *The Dubliners.* The work is an attempt to look at the surface of lives so completely, so thoroughly, that at the moment of Epiphany, the real soul of each is revealed. Later Joyce was to accomplish the same end in succeeding works with ever-increasing complexity of means.

In so examining and presenting life, Joyce thought of himself in completely religious terms, as " a priest of the eternal imagination transmitting the bread of daily experience into a radiant body of everlasting life." The artistic life is thus the Holy Eucharst; Joyce calls upon and worships his own craftsmanship. In conceiving of Art as Religion, he provides the break-water of order and elegance against chaos. Joyce sacrifices the Church to his craft, becomes a priest to art and God to himself. His heresy is absolute.

—Joseph Hughes

IMPRESSIONS OF ONCE

There were once two small wine glasses,
wine they were and small, from which we drank.
Setting two small wine glasses on tables our
lips touching small wine glasses broke one day.

Tiredwearytiredness
and the wind making nightwounds
sleeping deep deep sleep

Tragedy is eggshells breaking,
Music boxes running out of time
Saying words so loudly that
They go unheard.

You are not like loving anyone else.

small wine glasses and
the rain endlesslycontinuously
falling I can never remember it
raining so somehow.

Gayhappywonder day
that day of glad when the sun shone
on the fountain spray
making myriads of mounting rainbows

Will I sing of your leaving
of blood walking steps on the carpet.

There was a pain
as though the rain
had not minded passing.

Into the night darkdeep and peering
the melodious dropping of sound upon sound.

(there are many ways to tell a thing
other than by its name.

—Jean Battlo

THIS LITTLE PIGGY

(Editor's note—This is an excerpt from the one-act play "This Little Piggy" by Michael A. Woodford.)

The Players:

Blackford	Young negro male (23 yrs.) who has just been admitted to the mental institution.
Dr. Corwin Matthews	Head Psychologist of the Sanatorium who has recently been graduated from a northeastern Ivy League school.
Dr. Robert Leeburg	Director of Woodhearst Sanatorium. Middle age, short and physically powerful. Was awarded his doctorate in Physical Education.
Janis	Head Orderly: About 30 yrs., balding, with a blank, youthful face.

Narration:

Woodhearst Sanatorium is an institution for the mentally unbalanced. A little world not unlike our own. Full of the unknowing and incompetent. Those people whose only joy in life is to help others help themselves. Here man can only survive by lowering his mentality to the standards of a child. But even this at times is not enough.

Scene I, Set 3

(Blackford's room. He is sitting on the bed, cutting out paper dolls from a newspaper.)

BLACKFORD

One little piggy went to market. One little piggy went to— (Knock on door.) —Someone beatin' on mah do'. Bother, bother, if I don't finish these, Momma won't get

nothin' fo Lincoln's Birthday! (Holds up cut-outs, knocking repeats.) Yozzah, yozzah, I'se a comin'. I be right theah. (Crosses room, opens door.)

MATTHEWS

(In surprise—) Oh! You're the new pa- . . . I mean, visitor. I . . . ah . . . just stopped by to pay you a little visit. I just live down the hall, and I thought—

BLACKFORD

I'se offel busy, sir. Maybe sometimes else.

MATTHEWS

Busy— Busy at what, pray tell.

BLACKFORD

These, suh. (Holds up paper-dolls.)

MATTHEWS

Oh. Nice, nice. Fine. Mind if I join you? Why, when I was a kid I could cut more paper-dolls in an hour than any other kid on the block. Of course, I haven't cut any recently, but why not.

BLACKFORD

If you sez so, suh. (Both begin to cut out paper-dolls.) Here's a razor blade. I don't have no mo' scissors.

MATTHEWS

(Aside to audience—) What! Razor blade!? The man's off his nut, and they give him this?
(To Blackford—) What's your name?

BLACKFORD

Charles No-Middle-Name Blackford

MATTHEWS

No-Middle-Name?

BLACKFORD

No, suh! That's what the Navy calls me.

MATTHEWS

When'd you get out?

BLACKFORD

Not long ago.

MATTHEWS

How many years?

BLACKFORD

Couple.

MATTHEWS

Got out early . . .

BLACKFORD

Uh-huh.

MATTHEWS

How come?

BLACKFORD

They thinks I'm nuts. Yezzah! They tol' me I really off my rocker.

MATTHEWS

Kicked you out, eh?

BLACKFORD

Oh, no, suh. I was discharged honorable. But I ain't crazy. Anyone can see that. I'se as harmless as one of these. (Holds up dolls.) I wouldn't hurt a flea.

MATTHEWS

I see. Not crazy, eh.

BLACKFORD

No, suh. Nevah.

MATTHEWS

(Stands, walks to door.) Come here to the door, Blackford. (Blackford rises, walks to door.) I want you to look out this door and tell me what you see.

(Matthews opens door, lights shift to Janis, playing jacks in the hall.)

BLACKFORD

Well, suh. There's a man out dere playin' jacks.

MATTHEWS

They're jacks. You're positive.

BLACKFORD

Oh, Yezzah!

MATTHEWS
Not ants.

BLACKFORD
Not ants, oh Nozzah.

MATTHEWS
Then all you see is a man bouncing a little red ball and picking up jacks off the floor.

BLACKFORD
No. suh. Not 'zactly.

MATTHEWS
What do you mean?

BLACKFORD
Them's jacks, allright. But that's not a li'l red ball. It's a watermelon.

MATTHEWS
A what?!

BLACKFORD
A watermelon.

MATTHEWS
A watermelon. How could it be a watermelon. Watermelons are green.

BLACKFORD
It is green, suh.

MATTHEWS
You're nuts!

BLACKFORD
That's what they tells me. But I know a watermelon when I sees one. Yezzuh, I sure does.

Scene I, Set 4

(Janis with a yo-yo is pacing up and down the hall. Dr. Leeburg enters.)

JANIS
Oh! Hello, sir.

LEEBURG

(Starts to walk by, then stops.) (With emphasis—) Is that a yo-yo?

JANIS

Yes, sir.

LEEBURG

Yo-yo's went out with the fourth grade. *Fourth grade!* You're a grown man— If you want to yo-yo get a job as a day camp instructor!

JANIS

Yes, sir.

LEEBURG

And Janis— if anyone wants me I'm outside giving evening calisthenics.

(Exit Leeburg, Enter Matthews.)

MATTHEWS

(Pointing to Blackford's Room) Janis, I think that man's nuts.

JANIS

That's why he's here, sir.

MATTHEWS

Yes. Sometimes I forget this is Woodhearst Sanatorium and not someplace else.

JANIS

Someplace else?

MATTHEWS

Well, you know . . . Not like school. Not like reading about these things. It's real, like, like . . .

JANIS

Like this yo-yo, sir.

MATTHEWS

Yo-yo?

JANIS

Yes, sir.

MATTHEWS
Mind if I try?

JANIS
No, sir.

MATTHEWS
(Takes the yo-yo and begins to play.) Haven't used one of these since I was the Seventh Grade Yo-Yo Champ in '48. Great year, '48. Walked the doggie for 32 seconds. State record. Never been beaten.
(Enter Leeburg—)

LEEBURG
What! You too?

MATTHEWS
"You too" what . . .?

LEEBURG
The yo-yo, goddammit, the yo-yo!

MATTHEWS
You want to try?

LEEBURG
No! No, I don't want to try.

MATTHEWS
Then what do you want?

LEEBURG
Full attendance at evening calisthenics! That's what I want! Full attendance. No one missing.

MATTHEWS
What's wrong?

LEEBURG
It's Mr. Prichard. He locked himself in his room and won't come out.

MATTHEWS
Why, sir?

LEEBURG
He says he's too old for push-ups.

MATTHEWS
Too old? Push-ups?
LEEBURG
Yes. Last time he could only get thirty. I told him by the end of the week I wanted a hundred.
MATTHEWS
How old is he sir?
LEEBURG
Eighty six. Already a physical wreck.
MATTHEWS
But, sir . . .
LEEBURG
No "but, sirs" about it! 100% attendance or else!
JANIS
Or else what, sir?
LEEBURG
None of your goddammed business. Take your yo-yo and walk down the hall someplace. Go find 342C and yo-yo with him. He's having tea with Teddy Roosevelt today. Maybe Teddy wants to yo-yo, too.
(Janis leaves—)
Damned fools.
MATTHEWS
Who!
LEEBURG
Him, and you, and that damned yo-yo. And *me* for putting up with you and him and the damned yo-yo. And the state for ever having appointed me director of this Institution. Sometimes I think we belong behind the doors and they belong out here running things.

(Both exit, lights fade out—)

—*Michael A. Woodford*