Take thought:
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.
—Ezra Pound
Contributors

ANDRÉ WINANDY, senior French and German major, who graduated from the Lycée de Garsons d’Esch-sur-Alzette in Luxembourg, where he founded, edited and contributed to two student magazines, one literary, one critical, appears for the first time in EXILE. Editor DENNIS TRUDELL, junior, English major and treasurer of Franco-Calliopean society, contributes three poems to this issue. The story by JULIA SANTUCCI marks her first publication. She is a junior English major from Etna, New Hampshire, and is now in a writing seminar at Denison. LAURETTA MULLIKIN is a senior, majoring in literature. Two sophomore contributors are MARILYN RUFF, an English major from Clarendon Hills, Illinois, who is published for the first time, and CAROL ANN SCHREIER, who contributes her second poem to Exile. WILLIAM BENNETT, who submitted the prize winning short story, a psychology major, is associate editor of the Denisonian. This appearance marks the first poetic publication of freshman CHRISTINE CONDIT who has won the second award in the National Scholastic essay contest and third place in the New York University short story contest. Editor JOSEPH ARNOLD is a senior history major who has previously appeared in EXILE.

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Any student of Denison may submit manuscripts of poems, short stories and essays to the editors or deposit them in the Exile box in Doane Administration Building.
EDITORIAL

Most of the stories and poems were born of necessity, the ones who wrote them feeling compelled to come up with something to hand into class. There are other, perhaps more desirable approaches, but it can happen that what begins as an assignment somehow turns into something resembling a work of art. Many writers had to force themselves to make a beginning, having discovered that the celebrated brilliant flashes of inspiration apparently happened only to other people. But then as they worked on what was hardly even an idea at the start, shaping it into the stubborn and limited words, the writing began to be quite important to them. You cannot work really hard with anything unless it matters, and by now their creations mattered a good deal to these writers. They began to think that a reading by the professor, and a brief pencil-turn in his grade book weren't enough, weren't worthy of their efforts, that in some vague way things would never again be the same because of what they were doing. Some of them felt this way, and they hoped their manuscripts would be read to the class, and what would be written in the margins became more important to them than whatever grade the piece of writing would receive. Some of them still weren't satisfied, so they turned them in to be considered for publication. Then the few who had written the best poems and stories had to do the rewriting and face again the limitations of the same words. By this time the whole thing was way out of proportion; they were spending much more time and effort than they could afford on what, after all, only counted as one assignment.

All of the writing, then, represents some degree of sacrifice. All of it was done at the expense of doing something else, instead of going out on a date or going to a movie or drinking beer or watching television or sleeping or something. Why the sacrifices were made is not exactly clear, and would be difficult to verbalize if it were. It is what tells a person working late at night the excited lies about his work, how good it is and how it may change the very concept of writing. It is what causes him to lose all sense of perspective, to feel as William Faulkner when he said, "I like to think

of the world I created as being a kind of keystone in the universe; that, small as the keystone is, if it were taken away the universe itself would collapse."

The simplest and perhaps the only honest thing to say is that the ones who did the writing wanted to, whatever their individual reasons for wanting to might have been. That is the only way writing, or painting or anything in art gets done, because somebody wants to do it badly enough to sit down and do it. Professional writers are often criticized for being lazy, because they sit while they work and often will take years to produce a single book. They are not lazy, the good ones, and if they don't write as much as we think they should, it is because of what it sometimes costs them. We are right in speaking of an author's "work"—it is exactly that. And it is not something you do well once and then forget about. It is like getting up in the morning, doing the hard thing day after day, book after book.

Writing, being an art, is at its finest an effort to hold, to arrest life. Living is something that everybody participates in; anyone can stare, for example, at a scene which we call beautiful. However, it quickly fades, something replaces it and it is gone and we are left with blurred memories, nothing else. Beauty by definition is elusive. The writer, in trying to capture the scene into words, is claiming it as his. And if he writes well enough, if he works hard enough, he may feel a part ownership in what the rest of us could only marvel at. His hold on it is never complete, never very firm—for nobody writes that well, but nonetheless he can come close, and he leads the rest of us by the hand.

There is no end of things to be written about, and that is what this editorial really wants to say. No one who is awake can live for five minutes without discovering something worth holding for examination, worth capturing within the printed page. The stories and poems that follow deal with a number of different subjects: a little boy's innocence, a girl's discovery, a society's values. But there ought to be an even great variety here. Somebody ought to have written a play, or something humorous. Young men and women should be seeing things freshly, and they should be doing writing that sings of this. These people ought to be trying new things, and this means perhaps making fools of themselves. (Be a fool often, if that is what they will call it, or the chances are that you will be nothing.) They ought to be aware of their countless daily emotions, the stream of sensations reaching them, and they should feel a need
to in some way order and so master them. Writing is a way. A million books are waiting to be written, for the human experience has only begun to be understood, much less recorded. The editors of this magazine should be seeing more writing. We should have received so much good material that we would have been forced to make an issue twice this size.

Anyone writing about writing is in a sense wasting his time, for in the end the stories and poems still have to stand for themselves. It is never the ones who talk about a thing, for instance about a lack of originality, of freshness in a culture—it is not they who matter. For afterward it is learned that a few quiet ones were at work proving them wrong. Read, then, what some sensitive people have discovered and felt to be worth preserving.—D.T.

Not A Care in the World

BY LAURETTA MULLIKIN

It was long after the conventional cocktail hour, but the couple in the booth nearest the piano were still drinking daiquiris. The girl had long, dark hair which seemed a perfect frame for her young, doll-like face. Her eyes were large and serious as she looked at the boy across the table. He had an athlete’s build and a juvenile pink-and-whiteness; but, despite his blond crew-cut and youthful appearance, his expression indicated a depth and maturity which seemed beyond his years. They sat in an atmosphere of intensity. Their heads were close together, and though their conversation was too low to be overheard, it was evident that they were engrossed in each other and oblivious to anyone else.

"Funny," she said, "I've been dreading this for over a year, and now that it's happened I can't believe it. Let's have another drink; I can't have a crying jag here."

"I've always said, 'They don't take guys like me out of school... it can't happen to me,' and it never has—until now. I go for my physical Wednesday. We've put off getting married too long, and now it's too late."

"Why can't we? Why do we have to wait for the right time when there isn't any right time? I know I said I wouldn't want to, but suppose... I mean..."

"Yeah, I know," he replied gravely, "but I couldn't do that to you; no church wedding and all that. That's what every woman wants; you wouldn't feel married without it. And I'd be leaving you in such a short time. I might be away for God knows how long; might never come back."

"Oh, please let's not think about that now! I couldn't stand that whether we were married or not. Why can't we have what we can while there's still time?"
“Look, if we did get married now I don’t have a damn thing. You know that. All I have is a few hundred from cashed-in war bonds. What would you do after I’m gone?”

“I don’t know. I wish you weren’t so rational about some things.”

“But I’m thinking only of you,” he said, giving her hand a squeeze. “For my part, I’d marry you this minute.”

The waiter brought two new drinks and took away their empty glasses. He eyed the girl speculatively, wondering whether he should ask her age; she certainly didn’t look twenty-one. But something about her expression and the atmosphere which surrounded them prevented his intrusion. He dumped the littered ash-tray onto his tray, polished it with a damp cloth, and walked back to the bar, where he exchanged disinterested small talk with the bartender.

Business was slow tonight; only that young couple in the circular booth and the middle-aged man and women eating dinner at a table near the bar. The woman was wearing a corsage... a bottle of champagne decorated their table. The waiter looked at his watch. Hell, only eight-thirty; five more hours to go—five hours of taking orders and complaints, asking ages, wiping tables and maneuvering precariously balanced trays of glasses through the crowd, which would filter in about ten o’clock. And the worst part of it all—always standing. The boy in the booth signalled for two more. Must be nice to have that kind of money, he thought bitterly, and throw it away on liquor and women.

When the waiter brought their last drinks, the young couple toasted and then sat staring abstractly into their glasses. The girl gripped the stem of her glass tightly as if her whole future were contained in its depths, and suddenly drank the rest of it with a stilt, unbecoming motion. The boy looked at her sharply.

“Look, if you’re game, I am. I want to do the best I can for you, but if you’re serious... Will you marry me tonight?”

“Yes, I will,” she replied decisively.

“You know what it’s going to mean, and you won’t be sorry?”

“No, I won’t; I’d be sorry if I didn’t.”

“I want you to be sure you’re doing the right thing.”

“I was never so sure of anything else in my life.”

As a door swung open admitting several newcomers to the lounge, there was a snatch of a song from a party in the banquet room of the club. “... tomorrow may bring sorrow, So tonight let’s all be gay...” The door shut and the voices stopped.
Youth-Song

BY CHRISTINE CONDIT

sweet umbrella of the maple bloom
that foretells the leaf grow not old and away

you know sun you know wind and rain
I suppose you know more than man suspects

I too know much
I know love I know slight hate
I know desire I know ambition I once knew peace
and I think that my knowledge will last longer
than yours

bitter growing leaf i see you now!
you cannot fool me you are here and with you
comes maturity old age death
sweet umbrella of maple bloom do not leave me
i am so afraid of age of death
of anything that is not Youth

The Other Side of Light

BY WILLIAM BENNETT

Julie put down the book and stood up before the big front window, running her finger over the buff woodwork. She looked disdainfully at the teddy bear on the bed—its head cocked a little sideways, its glass-button eyes staring admonishingly at her.

"OK teddy," she whispered suddenly, "I'll tell you." And she laughed at the funny round face—half black and half yellow.

She leaned over the bear and giggled something in the big floppy ear, butting it comradishly on its yellow shoulder.

"That's right," she said with a musical lilt to her voice, "I'm going to do something really big, something to make everybody wise up—everybody's such a fool, teddy."

But the bear stuck tenaciously to the silly grin; the big eyes seemed to sparkle at the thought of what wondrous thing Julie might do.

"Oh, teddy," her voice changed, "It would be nice to stay here with you for always, it's so easy to be sweet and innocent, to be just what everyone wants, with you." The sound of her own voice frightened her for she was speaking loudly in the empty room.

But it was all wrong, somehow. The pale, placid room bored her as well as comforted her. And she could faintly hear her mother's singing downstairs. She grabbed the little bear.

"How do you do it," she said, "everything's the same to you; you in your two colors."

She laughed and wrote the word "phoney" with her lipstick in big scrawling letters over the all-white dressing table. She took a step back and the unchanging smile from the bear told her that he approved.

She chucked the little bear under the chin and said "goodby" to him, her attitude became intentionally melodramatic: "At least
you'll never care what they say about me, will you?"

She looked at him a little doubtfully, but the old smile of torn stitches and ragged wool reassured her, and she had to laugh as she pulled on her great baggy sweater.

"No excuses to a teddy bear," she murmured.

She had the usual hopeless feeling at the top of the stair. Certainly someone had told her mother something about the party at Hauser's, the scene in the school parking lot, or something. It was always something. But when she got down everything had the appearance of peace and quiet; her mother was simply sitting in the den staring out the window at the retreating fall day.

"Where are you going tonight, dear?" she asked automatically.

"Nowhere in particular," she answered.

She looked at her mother's tired eyes with the tiny pink streak in the corners. Her mother was dressed very similarly to Julie except that her skirt was tighter. Too, they both had that same emerald-like withdrawn quality that somehow struck people as carriage or poise. Only the whiteness of her mother's eyes and her caked, masqueish complexion gave any immediate notion as to their ages.

"I really wish you would stay home tonight, Julie," her mother said. "The Dolbeys are coming over, you know, Councilman Dolbey and his wife, and a few other people. I'm sure they would like to see you. I thought it was so sweet the way Martha stayed around with her date when we were over at the Bigalow's the other week. Just like one of the crowd."

"Mother, please . . ."

"Oh, of course they left after a little while."

Julie merely stared at the ceiling, her eyes blinking thoughtfully. Over and over again, she thought, every argument just a rehash of the last.

"But I've somewhere to go."

"Where—to meet Chuck?" she snapped as a lawyer might snap his piece de resistance at a jury. "Oh God help us."

"Why must you believe everything you hear," the words flew back at her mother. "I can't say it again . . . we're just friends. Friends—that's all." The words sputtered into existence and then trailed off into a lie. There was so much that needed to be said, and yet the appearance of her mother's horror gave her only a frantic desire to run, lash out and then run.

"Your father is quite upset with me about this whole thing and . . ."

"That's right, take it from both sides," Julie mimicked, "you beautiful martyr."

"Julie, why Julie."

"You bastard."

"Julie!" Her mother was frightened.

And here we go again, Julie thought, all over some word that wasn't really any different from any other word except that it was one of the few words that would rescue her for a few moments from her mother's tired voice. But it was typical, another sign, another symbol. Life had become just a conglomeration of plus and minus signs.

"Julie, you'll be sorry Julie. Why must you always destroy things. You know only you can . . . well, keep your father and I together. But you must turn this house into a turmoil or . . . or . . . something."

Julie said nothing; there was never anything to say. She looked momentarily into the empty eyes that leaped around the room futilely in an uncertain attempt at control. It was the same look that in her childhood had constantly frightened Julie into behaving, with the threat of leaving forever, of walking out the front door, hat and coat in hand, and then returning to the house in condescension to the frightened screams of the child.

As they faced each other now the same consciousness welled up and Julie wanted suddenly to apologize.

"Oh there just isn't room, Mother," she said, interrupting her own thought with words, "not here among this Danish furniture and white coffee tables and rose upholstering and ash wood and . . .". The pitch of her voice rose steadily. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Father would understand, I know he would."

The whole thing was like a mad dream where for all her efforts she could only run in place, never getting anywhere because the whole dream was always against her.

"Oh please, don't just sit there ready to cry. It . . . it depresses me."

The fresh newness of the crinolines gave the faintest notion of her trembling. Her mother, like an old mannequin, was now standing firmly by the rose covered chair. They swayed in the lists like two emasculated knights ready to fight with all the meanness of modern conflict. Her mother's eyes were bright with astonishment.

"Good night, good night mother. No, we can't talk, we can't even look at each other." She turned on her small pointed heels and pinching the bridge of her nose with her fingers she ran out into
the hall.

"Wait Julie . . . wait."

But Julie was gone then, the sharp ring on the richly waxed hardwood in the hall and finally the slam of the front door was all that remained.

There was a great stillness in the fall night and traces of fires still glowed and smoldered in the gutters—a fine smoke rose from them, was caught on one side by a street light, and then faded off into the darkness. She stood for only a minute, her girlish face screwed up into a comical—a tragi-comical—expression, and then pushed on around the side of the house to her old car parked behind her father's and mother's in the driveway. The sparkle of the street light on the cars' new finish winked slyly at her as she climbed into her own. She pulled her skirts clumsily about her in the tiny front seat and backed out of the driveway with a grass-ripping rush, leaving a long ugly rut in the lawn. The shadow of her mother's face was in the front window.

The smell of smoldering leaves even hung to the inside of the car, but she didn't mind so much as it was remote and reminded her sweetly of something dying, something rising up to join the impersonal, elemental night sky.

"Damn you," she yelled automatically at a man driving slowly along the boulevard smoking a pipe. He took the pipe from his lips and started to call something back as her old car swung past him and raced on down the dark street, but realizing that it was only a young girl, he braked his automobile in surprise.

She could observe his empty face in the mirror and it sent her face into a frown, for she hated, and feared too, the disapproving set of his blurred features.

"Why do I keep going against a whole world of faces like that," she whispered into the mirror. But the car and the man only disappeared in the haze giving no answer, as if none had ever been expected.

The night slowly enveloped her as corner after corner fled by, filled with drug stores and gasoline stations and more of that false whiteness which makes a mockery of dark. She repeated some and some were new, as she wound in and out along the periphery of the city. The lights were first thick and bunched. All the corners seemed crowded with high schoolers after the usual football games or old men leaning back in old chairs or young couples waiting for a trolley.
were rough and the several breaks in the flooring were uncertainly reinforced with metal, while the tables were merely old kitchen furniture—square and plain. The bar itself was dull and cried out for paint. The stools were nondescript; some covered in green, some in red, and some were not covered at all. Too, some were ripped and seeped stuffing, long globs hanging down from the torn bottoms. The room was warm and sweaty. The dark skins began to exude slowly from the walls and the sounds of low throaty conversations, dark and African, gave to the whole scene an almost indefinable rhythm. The only lights in the room were the two blueish white tubes over the mirror. The warm voices and the clink of bottles made her feel better, although it was still not quite right being alone, lacking the easy humor of her friends.

"Hello Miss," the rich voice called out from behind the bar, the big yellow eyes emitting a light of their own, "how's you be?"

"Is Chuck here?"

"Chuck who?" He went on wiping out a glass with his big soft hands. The pinkish nails caught the underground light. His lips moved very slowly; but then again there was no hurry, none at all.

"You know, Chuck."

"Chuck, nows le'me see is he one of your friends?"

"Chuck Bronson."

"Oh, Chuckie, yes, but . . . uh, but he's a colored boy."

The soft vowels just sort of slipped out over the worn planks of the bar.

"Yes, I know," she said, and she felt silly, almost naked, standing there in her four crinolines and fluffy sweater.

"You's a strange bunch all right. Oh I guess he's in the back dere. You be careful now Miss, I don't want no trouble."

But then he smiled at her big and golden putting the glass down between them, and they both laughed. The old negro's voice rolling and falling like deep, disturbed water.

"Thank you," she said finally, "thank you."

"Why tha's all right, right in back there," he said, the voice rolling again like water.

She turned around suddenly and went on toward the back of the rude store. Passing the dark whispering wall she heard some one singing a hollow rock-and-roll tune under his breath. Men and women's voices hung together in a humid constriction drawing up into one soft vowel that was both despair and happiness; and al-
this their playing was reassuring, as it muffled speech and seemed to isolate the couple in their own dark world behind the vines: related to the world only by the distant murmur of waterous words. After a while they danced and while they were dancing his dark eyes never left her own. They wound round and round to the coarse music: each body slowly finding the other out. Things seemed long way from St. John’s Blvd. His breath was loamy and sweet on her ear. The truth of the matter was somehow amazingly clear, differences were as foreign as the flickering glow of the high apartment windows high above the vines and the fence, the radio tower off across the shallow buildings of the town’s basin area.

“Is it only because you’re different,” she asked.

His animal eyes intimated yes, but he said merely: “Am I so different? Am I really so much different, now?”

She could only answer, “No, no.” His intensity had overcome her and the truth was impossible to explain. There was no easy retreat, no rationale.

They danced over and over again, and still said very little. She only watched his wool shirt flop hopelessly behind the rhythm of his quick body. And before she knew it, it had begun. The tiny bulbs and the black strong faces of the band, her own night injected body, his shirt, the glistening gold neck that moved his head slowly back and forth began to reach her sense of reality and pull her inward and upward to the dark secrets that she had been on the verge of for weeks. The trumpet blazed from her eyes to the back of her head and the call wailed in the night over, about, around his soft Negroid voice—polite, mysterious and above all dark.

“What can we do, please,” he said when the band was finally packing up their instruments. “There’ll be some place that we can go.”

“OK, please,” she mimicked him happily. “I guess we can always pull the dashboard up about our knees.”

It recalled a half forgotten line of poetry to them both, and they laughed, as the rarest trace of dawn filtered into the sky over the apartments in the distance. It gave a hint of lightness to his hand resting on her shoulder.

But as they rushed out of the silent bar into the battered streets of dark town and headed toward her car, they passed several young white men waiting on the corner for the next bus—the last relay in their cross town journey to a drawing board or draperies counter.

Those modern Ulysses in their white collars and grey suits seemed like so many zoo-fed penguins loose in a fog bound morning. She looked into their astonished, white-repressed faces and suddenly— it was quite a new feeling—had to laugh.

One of the men started to speak, but she cut him off.

“Man,” she said, and she really hated the hip talk but it was a good touch, “don’t sweat it; don’t sweat it, man.”

The silence as they swept by was monumental.

And suddenly a word came into her mind. “Prism,” she whispered, and liking its sound she pulled his face down to hers and said it round and circular into his ear. “You know,” she said, “that’s what the world is, a prism. We’re just broken like so many silly colors into little camps of self-consciousness. Christ, Chuck, we’re just different sides of the same light.” She said it short and hurriedly as if she were afraid she would forget it.

He turned and pressed her to his strong thinness and for the moment the chalk-line faces of the forlorn group on the corner were erased by a rush of mist and wonder.

The Tide Sweeps Sand

BY KIP SCHREIER

The tide sweeps sand
in soft toe-tickling ripples
clear and cold
until the evening sea
reclaims its own.
The silken seaweeds cling
to naked ankles
with a shivering caress
then slip and slither
back
into the ocean world
and leave thin squiggle-tracings on the shore.
1865

BY DENNIS TRUDELL

The sound of footfalls late at night—
Passing late in the summer night,
Was strange no longer to the hills—
Not even the backroads of the hills,
Not that particular summer.

And one there was who heard them all—
She lay and waited, hearing all,
At first the hoof-sounds passing—
Now the hollow foot-sounds passing,
Now were the tired ones.

Sometimes the footfalls slower came—
Shuffling as they slowly came,
Then she recalled the other sounds—
They had been the young, the eager sounds,
And going the other way.

Metaphysics

BY JOSEPH ARNOLD

Kilroy was here!
Oh he was, was he?
Oh yes, we can say he was indeed here.
He was where?
Here, of course.
Well, where is here?
Aw go to hell!
Where?
Etc.

Petit Aquarium

BY ANDRE WINANDY

J'ai un tout petit aquarium chez moi
Un aquarium avec des poissons
Ce matin il y avait une chose étrange
Mes poissons chantaient
Ils chantaient
Et l'eau chantait et mélodieux
Faisait trembler les eaux
Je me suis arrêté un instant
Et j'ai écouté
Alors
Alors quelque chose de doux
Quelque chose de merveilleux m'est arrivé
J'ai pleuré
Et dans le soleil qui révait
Mes poissons chantaient . . .
One Summer Morning  

BY MARILYN RUFF

It was one of those beautiful early mornings in Northern Michigan that one seems to be able to find only on a vacation. The small lake, encompassed by leaning verdure, was only a pinpoint on any map; only a dot labeled Clearwater about 50 miles north of Traverse City. But to the vacationing families, it was a luxurious little pinpoint, a small paradise for the lazy summer months. Many of these summer people owned their own cottages and some had taken the trouble to winterize them and now lived in Clearwater for the entire year, surviving the snow storms and enjoying the beauty of the lake during the winter too. The Andrews were such people, for they had lived here for sixteen years, ever since the children had grown up and left home and Mr. Andrews had retired. His wife stood on the porch of the house now, with her dressing robe drawn tightly around her ample figure, for it was cool and damp this early in the morning. She hardly ever got up so soon, for her husband slept late and she had no need to, but today she had been awakened by the sun streaming across her wrinkled eyes through the blind she had forgotten to draw the night before. And now she stood, shivering, on the shaded, screened-in porch and watched the small boats, occupied by hopeful fishermen, drift around the lake.

A little boy, with the sun shining brightly through his blond hair, attracted her attention by skipping along the dock which extended almost 100 feet out into the calm lake. His small feet, clad in dirty, torn, navy-blue sneakers, hit each board with a resounding thud, so that small sparkling ripples circled out from the supporting posts.

A smile crossed Mrs. Andrews' pale, round face when she noticed the boy cavorting along the pier which belonged to the house next door. He reminded her of her own son, Gordon, when he had been young. When she was reminiscing like this, an unguarded look occupied her sometimes sarcastic eyes, and for a glimpse of it, any observer would generously have disregarded the small, rubber curlers into which her greyish-brown hair was twisted, the crumpled robe she wore, and the bland look of her moon-shaped face when her features weren't defined with cosmetics.

She watched with closer attention as the child's footsteps ceased and he stopped at the end of the dock. He raised his arm to shade his eyes and peered out over the lake at the boats. In a second, his arm came down and with both hands joined together, megaphone-style, he placed them to his mouth and yelled across the water, "Dad! Da-ad! DADDY!" The heads of most of the occupants of the boats turned toward him, but there was no answer. Mrs. Andrews grimaced to herself, thinking of her sleeping husband, but she winced inwardly at the rage she imagined the fishers to have for this bellowing little boy who had shattered their calm and perhaps their luck. The boy was gesturing now and waving wildly. A small, limp, grey object was clutched in his hand. When he noticed an uncomfortable, feeble little motion in return from his father, he called again, but still no verbal answer. However, from the disapproving shakes of his father's head he could tell that he was supposed to be quiet. Slowly he turned around and with his head lowered, he started to return to the house, scuffing his toes across the boards, so that it was easy to see how his shoes came to be so torn and dirty. He was wearing a brightly clean tee shirt, however, its red and yellow stripes blazing across his narrow chest. And his pair of khaki pants, cut off at bermuda length, were clean and pressed in a sharp crease above skinny, well tanned calves. Even his short, blond crew-cut had just been brushed up in front, for tell-tale drops of water still remained glistening, on his forehead. It was obvious that he had dressed himself and left without the regular inspection by his mother. His shirt was untidily tucked in and the front of his shorts wasn't zipped clear up. Nevertheless, he did look quite presentable, considering the fact that his eight year old countenance was usually far from clean.

At this moment he halted his slow pace along the dock and scrutinized the greyish object he had so recently wanted to show his father. It was probably some type of small animal, Mrs. Andrews imagined, from her knowledge of the interests of small boys. He held it in one cupped hand and poked at it with the index finger of the other. The pout on his mouth necessarily passed when his freckled
With the official beginning of morning came the sound of a whirring boat engine and its preliminary put-put's as it took its first turn around the lake. From then on, activity flowed, warmed by the ever increasing power of the rising sun. The boy and the dog were behind the house, near a crude little unpainted building called a tool house, with their heads together in silence. Before them was a small mound marked by an amateurish cross. It was at this that the boy stared and the dog patiently gazed until a suitable period of time has elapsed. Then the boy rose, wiped his grimy hands on his quickly blackening shorts and responded to the wagging of the dog's tail by racing with him across the grass to the back door of the house.

The smells and noises from within announced that it was breakfast time. He knew his mother wouldn't want Fritzy inside, so he gently told the dog to wait for him. With questioning eyes, the dog yielded to the rough treatment of having his stiff front legs pulled out from under him and his rear end pushed crudely down. He adjusted his reclining position as the boy ran inside. Here the day was completely changed and the child's expression changed too, to suit the cool, dark interior. His walk slowed as he heard his mother call to him from the kitchen, and as he approached, he replaced his eager look with one of wonderment to indicate that this was the first he had heard about the breakfast which was now drawing to a close without him. He clambered up onto his chair, but instead of being greeted by the expected reproofs for being late, he received merely a distracted nod from his mother. She was intent on his father's description of the morning's catch and was already planning to serve the fish to tonight's company.

Remembering the early morning brought a glow of delight to the boy's eyes. His father was finally in a position to have related to him those important things which he had unsuccessfully attempted to communicate from the dock. "Daddy, guess what I found this morning? A dead mouse floating in the water! And I could see his eyes, 'cause they were open, but he was so stiff I couldn't even bend his legs very well. Fritzy and I buried him."

The entire family turned to the bright-eyed little boy with dismay in their own eyes. But the father was the first to speak, and in an annoyed tone he sharply said, "Just a minute, Jimmy, it's not polite to interrupt like that. Your mother and I are trying to figure..."
After he had fled from the kitchen, his mother cleaned up the pools of milk from the table, the chair and the floor, thinking, and accurately, to herself that this was going to be a hectic day. Already the humidity had distributed little drops of perspiration across her upper lip and forehead and out loud she said to no one in particular, "It's going to be a real scorcher." Her daughter, who was anxiously helping her, trying to recompense for her so-far unnoticed part in the accident, nodded agreement.

The rest of that morning, everyone went about their doings as unobtrusively as possible, for the sun, which had dawned so brightly, had waylaid any pleasant hopes and disclosed its disagreeable nature early, leaving the members of the family happy only as long as they were able to keep out of each other's way. The sultry heat continued to increase, for the day had not yet reached its height, and all understood the danger of breaking unexpectedly into another's unguarded solitude—all except the small boy.

In late morning, his mother sat on the porch reading yesterday's paper. Mrs. Andrews, who had come to chat a few minutes earlier, had understood the common feeling in that house this morning, and after a few remarks about the unquestionable beauty of the lake under the torpid sun, she too lapsed into silence and into the rhythm of the knitting she was doing. A comment or two sufficed to keep the bond of understanding strong between the two women as they sat enduring the heat.

Now, nearly at noon, the dread promise of suffocation having almost been reached, the boy, who had forgotten his previous grudge against his mother, stole up behind her and ran his fingers along her shoulder and down her arm, making her start from her listless reverie. "What can I do, Ma?" he whined and his hand trailed maddeningly up and down her already hot and itchy arm. "There isn't anything to do here." With annoyance, she brushed away his complaining hand and told him to go out and play with Fritz. He lagged dejectedly into the house, his childish mind not comprehending that the heat which affected him also produced annoyance in his mother. Fritz plodded resignedly behind him, nails clicking on the linoleum floor. With disgust, his mother watched the huge animal follow him into the house, then amended her thoughts quickly when Mrs. Andrews mentioned wistfully the memories recalled to her by the sight of Jimmy and Fritz together.

The thought slipped over her, and without bothering to reflect upon all the implied sentiment of her neighbor's words, she let herself become enveloped by the fearful lethargy which had, before her son's interruption, surrounded her. A few minutes later, when she heard the door slam, she was aware only of the plaid blur of a bathing suit as Jimmy's slight form emerged from the house. She and Mrs. Andrews both vaguely noted with surprise the new enthusiasm apparent in him as he sped toward the lake, the faithful dog always following.

He really was more excited now, for even though there were none of the conventional, habitual things to do, he had recalled some clams which he had seen gleaming through the clear water on the bottom of the lake. They would make good decorations for the grave he had so carefully dug and in which he had seemed to bury his most pleasant dreams of the day ahead. When he reached the lake, after passing the screen of tall pine trees which partially hid it from the house, he stepped gingerly out onto the rocks that ran along the shore and then into the shockingly cold water. Wading around in ankle deep water, he urged Fritz who stood on the dock to come in. When the dog didn't respond, he became absorbed with the stones and small shells that glittered under the bright surface. He
walked further out into the lake, but always near the dock, keeping his eyes focused on the bottom. The dog followed his progress first with his eyes, then walked along the dock too, satisfying the boy's insistences to come in by paying the minutest attention to his every motion. By now, though, the sun was at its fiercest height and caused the dog's tongue to hang out and his dark coat to be almost burning to the touch.

The boy advanced ever further into the shallow lake, beyond the end of the dock. When the dog had followed him to the extreme end, he stood and seemingly strained to watch him as he ducked under the water every now and then to retrieve a shiny shell. Fritz's ears were pricked forward and the hair on his back was standing on end as he tensely watched the boy abandon his shell search. In the water that by now came almost to his chin, he gave up his careful, methodical explorations. With childish impulsiveness he suddenly started diving and splashing around, waving his arms and laughing as the drops of water sprayed above his head and glimmered in the noonday sun, to which he was now impervious.

A low growl had started in the dog's throat as he stood on the blistering hot boards and an element of fear seemed to engulf him as he watched the boy flounder playfully. Soon it seemed he could either control himself no longer, or the sun had scorched the boards to such an extent that he could no longer endure their fire beneath his tender feet, for he flung himself into the water and began to swim desperately toward the splashing boy. His matted hair and dark body appeared suddenly, startlingly, to Jimmy through curtains of water. Then the pleased young voice victoriously shouted, "Fritzy!" But the hairy mass was now upon him and not playfully; it was blinding him, forcing him under the water. Above him, the bubbles appeared as clear, bright marbles floating along the surface, which one had to work tremendously hard to attain. When he finally did gain the surface, choking, he tried to free himself from the heavy animal, but felt a grooping claw being dragged down his back with as much panic as he expressed with his own failure arms. The terror at this moment reached into his throat which loyalty and disbelief had until now kept closed and he opened his mouth and screamed and shouted in wild alarm.

To the women on the porch, in their mid-day torpor, the shouts seemed insignificant at first. But that faint uneasiness which had been rising all morning with the sun and had until now manifested itself in trivial irritations, came to a head with the sense of this final misadventure of the morning. They were both on their feet now, and out and across the lawn. Now their feet trampled down the dock, shaking it violently and making a small, thunderous roar.

His mother was the first to reach the end where so recently the dog had been undecidedly perched. Fully dressed, but thinking only of Jimmy under the weight of the huge dog, she flung her arms forward spasmodically, half running, half swimming toward the struggling pair. With no more concern for the dog who had seemed so vicious, than a slight shove to get him out of the way, she leaned down in the water and picked up the limp body of her son. His hair was now too wet for the sun to shine through. Holding him high in her arms, she stumbled back to the dock where the elder woman was sobbing and wringing her hands. Oblivious to all else, his mother laid him gently down on a forgotten towel to protect his back from the sun's heat, hidden maliciously in the wooden planks. She leaned over him desolately and shivered in her wet clothes in spite of the heat. Her voice babbled continuously, frenziedly, and cold fear usurped the place of the previous hot anger.

But he did not answer her. He did not even open his eyes.

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**Forgetting**

**By William Bennett**

The leaves are sunny in aluminum sunlight,
Shaking history from the Christ-like air,
Gliding to earth as dust drops
In light, weaving fantastic patterns
Across nature's crisp and naked chest;

Mad love, gather beside me, so that I
Can see gold ribbings in a chapel
Twilight, as October sinks in me.
November Morning

BY JOSEPH ARNOLD

Then cry the cock of the morning winds
and steal the light from stars afire
Blunt their burning blue-white wink
and spill gray dawn from the eastern rim

Turn the grinding engines over
and open doors to the misty morning
The scolding hags will rattle cans
and fog their way on dew drenched streets

Yes, raise the dust of yesterday's work
and plan the pattern of this dingy day

Curse and fumble—struggle, fall
Winter is the end of all
Technicolor Days

BY DENNIS TRUDELL

Age ten, in close boy-dream communion with destiny,
Knew for sure I'd be different when I grew up—
(no everyday nine-to-five indoors and dull)
Different and somehow great, with:
Barefeet and summer vacation and adventure and explore,
Raft on the river, Huck Finn around the bend and beyond,
upstream sky high and far.
Along the sidewalk, through the backyards, over fences,
and in the classroom—"deportment unsatisfactory."
Fast, running and calling, laughing and running,
to the ballfield Saturday mornings,
Somewhere to go, running and shouting and two on a bike,
nine on a side.
Popsicle sunshine and hurryup and running,
and all the time boy-dream knowing—
So easy adventure and greatness, just take it;
and why can't grownups see how easy, I must be special.
And golly, hurryup you slowpokes, gonna be famous,
Huck Finn and write a book.
And oh, boy, so much, so much . . .
And played the boy-games and wore out bluejeans,
and thought I'd be different when I grew up.

Kiddie Cocktails

BY JULIA SANTUCCI

"Miss, oh Miss—where's the hostess, where is Edna?" The
waitress rearranged her nylon apron and stepped from the silverware
stand, only to dodge back, as the large woman spread her fleshy
arms and swooped down the expanse of gray and white tiles. As
she pushed between the round yellow tables, the hind foot of her
silver mink trailed lightly behind her, knocking a napkin over here,
and pulling a fork askew there. Approaching the hostess with a
feline smoothness, she took an extra supply of air into her cheeks,
and pounced. "EDNA!"
Edna, with a dozen menus under her arm, turned from check-
ing through the paper-bound engagement book.
"Oh yes, Miz' Levy—the arrangements for your party are all
right—did you notice the lovely spot we gave you, and don't the
flowers look nice? The girls are polishing the glasses now, gave you
some lovely girls, real nice—sure to be a fine party—my, you look
good tonight—new hairdo?" Edna had placed her arm on the wom-
an's shoulder and the furs were not rising and falling so fast any-
more. It was professional etiquette not to interrupt, though such
control defied most laws of human endurance. But suddenly the
mink leaped into the air, as Mrs. Levy broke Edna's grip.
"Edna, what a stupid thing to do. Why did you put my table
next to Sadie's? I will not allow it! Please have it removed at once—
ever there, down here, somewhere! Whose table is this?" She flung
her bracelets toward the door. "Why can't I be here? Edna, you know
Sadie makes my parties look cheap."
And she was pouting now. "And I just won't take it anymore. Besides, I'm very disappointed in my
flowers. You'd think, for the money . . . oh, well, you can't get any-
thing done right these days."
Edna murmured caressingly during the whole speech. "Yes,
Miz' Levy, certainly Miz' Levy, I understand, ma'am—we'll see what we can do. Now you just go keep Mr. Levy company—I'll take care of everything.

The last bit of orange sun was coming over the golf course through the glass of the dining-room walls. A piece of crystal on the table captured a rainbow of the deepest shades which played from rim to rim. The mink's toenail shattered the glass as Mrs. Levy swung in preparation for a haughty exit. The sun lay in tiny pieces over the linen cloth.

"Oops," said Mrs. Levy, looking down. "So sorry, Edna," And she swept off towards the bar. "Oh, I forgot." She turned back. "Ed is bringing his son to show off, so have a high chair fixed."

Edna slammed the menus on the table.

"Now, for the luvmupete, wouldn't you think she'd show a little appreciation." Glancing down at the broken glass, she yelled in a high trilled voice, "Oh, Tony, Tony deah. Come ovah and clean this up like a good boy."

Tony, in his faded blue working suit, came silently from a doorway. He was nearing his sixty-fifth birthday, but he swore he'd never retire. His moustache rose thickly from his upper lip, and his pinkish face was always stamped with a smile of greeting, even when he was saying good-bye.

"Edna?" His voice rose an octave in the one word. "Are you wanting old Tony? Ees a light burning out? Here, I got you a brand new one." He unsheathed a large bulb from its cardboard cover. "Ja, ja, here we are—now tell me, where ees thees light, plees?"

"No, Tony. The light's all right. Go." With her left hand she pushed him back, and with her right she almost curtseyed before Sadie. Marcia's foot was in the way, and Edna tripped instead. She caught her balance against the table and laughed. But her eyes cursed clumsy Marcia, as she sang:

"Sadie, good evening. Isn't it a perfect Saturday night? Now we have everything all fixed up for you. Miz' Levy will be down at the other end of the room—do hope you don't mind. She won't bother you. Musha will be your waitress. Musha, come take Sadie's bags. Aren't the flowers lovely, my deah? Yes, they go so well with the yellow cloth."
Her white chiffon dress hid her slimness, and swung from gather to
gather, while her casual hairdo told a simple tale of current taste.
If one did not look critically, the face was young. But Sadie’s eyes
were beginning to sink backwards, pulling the inelastic skin with
them, and leaving sharp cheekbones to prove their years. As she
moved from one side of the table to the other, she held her elbows
bent in preparation for some imaginative activity—for Sadie nev-
really touched things.

She glanced at the placecards in her hand. Small, white-sheen
rectangles, they had her initials embossed in silver—S.I.B. The figures
were almost intertwined to obscurity, but the “S” separated itself suf-
ficiently to give a leading clue to the other figures. Beneath this grand
seal, rather incongruously, were names of the guests in tiny blue ink
script. This was Sadie’s own touch.

Now she gracefully jerked herself from place to place, distribut-
ing these tiny symbols of herself appropriately, informing each guest
of his position in relation to her. Man, woman, man, woman, man,
woman—impeccably correct, impeccably memorized. Mrs. Crown
must not sit next to Dirk Walters. They always argued about his
nephew’s school, which was Princeton. Marian Lipsey must not be
anywhere Duke Sacter, for she always challenged his engagement to
the Calhoun child. So Sadie went, sifting old quarrels, establishing
new ones, and pretending oblivion to both.

“Mahsha, dahling, come here sweet. There’s a water spot on that
fork, and we wouldn’t want that, would we? Now, we have the
candy, and the nuts—oh yes, sweetheart, do be a dahling and bring
me some cigarettes.”

“Yas’m,” growled Marcia. “What kind, ma’am? Everything?”

“Three packs of filters, and three of the regular, deah. But none
of those fancy French things. They are vile.”

Marcia lumbered off on her errand, twirling her side-towel
around her left wrist. Sadie beat out the rhythm to a tune on her
lips. The enamel nails of her fingers looked like a skillful butcher
had dropped the meat cleaver across the ends of those long, knuckled
fingers. Indeed, Sadie’s face bore some hint of such a tragedy. At
least with her mouth covered thus.

“Aren’t these better, deah?” Edna rushed up with a pair of
bilious yellow candles, dropped her menus, and twisted the new
decorations into their silver sockets.

But Sadie was rushing to the door, to greet a grey-suited figure.
Mrs. Levy's guests, destined to the far end of the dining room, entered from right behind Sadie's table, and lingered to gaze and slap backs. Mrs. Levy, watching the ice around the crabmeat appetizer trickle to form puddles of colored water, cursed the fate which had allowed the two parties to occur simultaneously. Her open mouth carried it off well. Her closed fists did not. In a passion to excel, she ordered two bottles of imported champagne. She was damned if her guests would be underprivileged.

"Isn't it unfortunate about Sadie's flowers," she purred to the man beside her, forgetting the state of her own.

Sadie reigned. At the point where her flower arrangement reached undue height, the circle parted, Dirk Walters and Marian Lipsey being obliged to lean sideways in their chairs.

"Oh, yes, she is such a darling girl. Dresses marvelously. Dating your nephew, Dirk? How interesting. He is a junior at Princeton. Have another drink, Miz Lipsey. Mahcia, Mahcia, deah, another round of drinks." Sadie turned to her company. "The steak is marvelous here—I do recommend it. Hasn't Miz' Levy got a poor shade of red on—and that mink. It is three seasons old, and beginning to look so. Poor woman, her party looks quite unhappy. We'll have to go down to cheer them up later. And whose is that precious itty bitty baby? My, my, what a sweetums." Sadie's voice came low and husky.

"Mahcia dear, get some champagne. The best you have. I see Miz' Levy's got some." She turned to the table. "I want you to have the very best, for you are our friends." She reached up and splashed her pink lips on her husband's cheek. "Right, dahling?" T.J. grunted.

Mrs. Levy shed her mink, which fell to the floor. The baby was patting his mashed potato. The cherry from his last kiddie cocktail was imbedded in the white mush. Mrs. Levy had a successful party after all. The women giggled, the man grinned, and more drinks were in order—also, another round for baby who had assumed the role of mascot.

"Yup, she said that right in front of his face—right in front of his goddam face . . ."

"He teed off like a pro, but, ohgod what a swing."

The noise of Mrs. Levy's guests was annoying Tony. He was circling the room, looking at the ceiling. The baby burped.

"What dat?"

"No one, dearie."
out long ago—their heat had been uncomfortable. Now the only light came from the glass-bound chandelier.

But eyes were turned from the spectacle of flame to one of action. The baby had escaped and was following Tony around in circles, laughing, playing, pulling at his blue cotton trousers.

"Wha chu doin'? You gonna' fix 'em?"

"Ja, ja," said Tony. "You watch. I'm gonna fix 'em. Wait he" Without breaking pace he headed for the door.

"Here, itty bitty diddums. Come to Sadie. What a precious little boy." She clutched him in her lap, ignoring his struggles to descend, glaring at him through steeled eyes. He began to whimper.

"All right, go then. Unfriendly brat, isn't he? Parents do spoil kids nowadays. Our baby was never like that!" She brushed his dress of his bits of mashed potato.

Tony had re-entered the room, trailing a large ladder, and the child rushed to him.

Edna strode from the side of the hall, distrust overcoming her carefully ordered features.

"What are you doing? You are more stupid than I thought." Tony squinted and pointed a stubby finger to a spot directly above Sadie’s centerpiece.


Putting the ladder on the floor, he tiptoed up to Sadie.

"Madame, a light will burn out please. I must fix 'em. You will have to be kind and move." He gave her chair a slight tug.

"Well, did you ever," breathed Sadie. She addressed the group.

"Now, whose son is he? Mine, ain't he? Well, mind yer own stinkin’ party." Ed slipped on a piece of asparagus.

"Goddam." He grabbed his offspring and tucked the boy under his left arm.

T.J.’s face was getting blotchy, and his nose was the brightest blotch of all.

"Call my party lousy, huh? Well, kid, you just see who’s boss.” Ed caught his hand on the tablecloth as he pushed his chair back, and his steak knife clattered to the floor.

"Goddam," he muttered. "Gimme that goddam kid." He swung off towards the ladder, as his wife's voice flew after him.

"Honey, be careful with teensy weensy." Ed moved faster.

"C’mom buster," Ed growled at the child.

"No, Daddy, no." The child balanced precariously on his stomach over the first rung.

"Aw," said T.J. "Leave him be. He's having fun, too."

"Listen, whose son is he? Mine, ain't he? Well, mind yer own stinkin’ party." Ed slapped a piece of asparagus.

Sadie began to scream, and Mrs. Levy came running, the two united in their excitement.

"Ed, are you O.K.?" asked Mrs. Levy. She had not seen it happen. She had been untwining her mink from the chair legs.

"Yeah," said Ed, "but it ain't his fault." He pointed at T.J., who was filling a water glass with champagne.

Edna arrived.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry, Sadie darling. I told Tony to keep away." Ed turned to Sadie. "Look, he ruined two parties with his assinine behavior. And he's probably
dead, though I do hope not. People take the damndest times to die.
That's what I told Mom when Dad died. I was in Paris and had to come home."

“We'll get it all cleaned up,” purred Edna. “Does the baby want another kiddie cocktail? Sure, he does.” She stroked his curls with a firm hand.

“He fix 'em,” said baby, watching the motionless Tony. “He fix 'em.”

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**San Joaquin Valley**

**BY DENNIS TRUDELL**

Across a long land,
At the end of a scheme dreamed in shade
Is my place, is a soft meadow's green
And a sky lifted high, painted blue.
Outdoors there is a morning air,
Caressing the day and wakening a soul
In the boy in the scenes of my dream.

There's a stir in the field
And another inside—things are growing,
Ripening in meadow and me.
It waits over the hills, beyond reaches at sunset,
This green growing place by the sea.
Then dark, and I dream and often I seem
To feel the night-winds urge Go,
Go now. Cross the long land.