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Portfolio Vol. VI N 2

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Portfolio Vol. VI N 2

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Mrs. Brannon's Bathtub

John Wyman

The Brannon Lodging house’s bathtub was very popular on Saturday nights. It had been the favorite spot in the house ever since 1894 when the house had been built. The bathtub’s classic lines had not been changed since that time except for occasional new washers and rubber plugs—otherwise, it retained its hallowed place in the greying bathroom undisturbed. It lay, as most bathtubs do, against the wall, the northeast wall in this case, and had as its most redeeming feature, its length. Stretching for six feet across the greenish linoleum, the tub fitted and pleased everyone from the lankiest to the shortest bather in the house. Without knowing what day it was, the delicious sound of hot water filling the tub automatically set the date for the Brannon household. Everyone took baths on Saturday night, and Jennerton was no exception.

Jennerton was a part of the Granville State Bank. His work consisted of stamping checks, then carefully filing them away in proper alphabetical order—his sole working companion being a rubber stamp with the word ‘PAID’ on it. His job was of rather menial nature but he never grew tired of it or aspired for better work. Jennerton cared little for achieving fame or fortune, or for beautiful, big women like the other boys living at Brannon’s. Instead he wanted to be a bachelor, free from the matter, the less comprehensible it became. At this time he even thought of entering the Yogi cult to display his prowess in mind over matter, but had given this up due to his natural modesty. He was satisfied by his own triumphs, however. The water was eddying around him and by now covered his feet. He reached up to a shelf above the tub and pulled down one of his books. His practice of reading while soaking was another source of his pleasure—to date, he had read three-hundred and five works while in this state. The book he had chosen was Durant’s “Life of Greece”. But that is not important. Jennerton propped himself against the back of the tub and began reading Chapter Two.

It was not without some surprise that Jennerton felt himself floating. Yet the hot water usually made his body feel a little numb. But when he had tried to concentrate on his book, it seemed ally made his body feel a little numb. But when he had tried to concentrate on his book, it seemed...—to date, he had read three-hundred and five works while in this state. The book he had chosen was Durant’s “Life of Greece”. But that is not important. Jennerton propped himself against the back of the tub and began reading Chapter Two.

It was not without some surprise that Jennerton felt himself floating. Yet the hot water usually made his body feel a little numb. But when he had tried to concentrate on his book, it seemed to be written in a foreign language. The more he studied the matter, the less comprehensible it became. At about this time, the book flew out of his fingers onto the floor, and he began to float.
He could feel the bathtub sink awkwardly from northeast to northwest. He shut his eyes tightly, trying to blot out the weird effects, but he still felt the motion. When he opened his eyes again, he and the bathtub full of water were hanging, balanced in space. There was nothing around him but tub and water. Jennerton grabbed the sides of his boat and tried to stand up. He couldn’t. It was as if the whole welt had turned about on itself and slammed itself shut, and he felt strangely bloated. Suddenly the tub tipped up its back end and started a zooming flight downwards. The tab had the appearance of a beautiful new novoid. Far behind the tab and Jennerton hung the bathtub and Jennerton’s book shelf, apparently fastened to space. The travelers. Jennerton was unaccustomed to power and felt the suction at his feet. He made up his mind to enjoy it all. ‘Just what I needed,’ he thought, ‘adventure!’

As so it was that Jennerton began to observe the things going on about him.

There was a route sign hanging in mid-air pointing in the same direction that they were going. There was that route sign hanging in mid-air—it was the same fog that made Durant’s book so hard to read. The sign looked exactly like a page from the book. Jennerton scrutinized the man to pacify his vanity. ‘Peculiar,’ he thought. Just then, the little man turned around.

“Tall!” exploded Jennerton. “Do I have to grow a tail to stay here?”

“Tail!” exploded Jennerton. “Do I have to grow a tail to stay here?”

“No—they give you one.” He added, “Free.”

“Tall!” exploded Jennerton. “Do I have to grow a tail to stay here?”

“Hey! Will you look at me?” hooted the man. Jennerton turned to see his tormentor. The man was smaller than Jennerton and had a hopped goatee. He was dressed in a red suit of close-fitting nature, and had matching pointed shoes. Jennerton thought of the reddleman, Digory Venn.

“Could you please tell me where I am?” asked Jennerton tolerably.

“Nothing here but gates—anyone wanting to get out just walk around them.”

This evidently had not occurred to the man. He was startled by the statement on fact. But after all, this was not his department, and so the man turned to the gates and lifting a pudgy fore-finger, began an address to a hidden being of the gates: “Hail ye keeper of souls in darkness, heartken and list to me. Here have I, oh, I beg your indulgence only-dead mortal wishing to be admitted to the—”

“Elysian field?” suggested Jennerton.

“No,” said Jennerton firmly. “I’m not budging from this tub.”

“Bosh—” said the man.

“Nice,” said Jennerton.

“Everyone is naked when he first comes here.”

“What kind of a place is this—where am I?” asked Jennerton, visibly upset.

“You’re repeating yourself. Now come with me.”

The man turned and strode rather pompously away. Jennerton sat up straight in the tub, trying to stand up. He missed and hit the hard enamel side. ‘Ouch’, he said, and so saying swallowed a good quart of the water. The man walked back and started a zooming flight downwards. Jennerton felt uneasy about his nudeness and so slipped back into the tub.

There was a simple man wanting nothing more than a meal three times a day, and a hot bath on Saturday nights. And just now he’d been declared dead. At this point, there ensued a great grinding of gears and a hissing of steam. The sound was like that of ten thousand deputos with engines roaring, and bellowed and grunted again and again to the beat of the rhythm of the sound. To say it was deafening would be understatement, but this is what Jennerton said—then he waited for the great gates to open. A small door opened at the side of the gate and Jennerton laughed. ‘So the gates of Hell are only for the damned!’

He climbed the stairs and entered through a swinging door.

“Hello,” said Jennerton to the robed man sitting behind a desk. ‘He must be a clerk of some kind. The ‘clerk’ looked down at Jennerton with an appraising glance.

“Hello, sir,” said the clerk.

“Please refrain from using that word—”

“Well, I can’t stop you.”

“Stop!” The clerk held up his hand dramatically. ‘For obvious reasons,’ he said meticulously, ‘we never use any word here that is either derived from or declined from the step “b-ol-it” It is good for the morale of our city.”

“Hello,” questioned Jennerton, “what do you call this place—?”

“PLACE. It is a colloquial term for the place you are now in—”

“This is Hades,” was the prompt answer.

“Oh,” said Jennerton.

“Now, you would expect a man, ordered the clerk notioning indefinitely behind him. Out from behind the clerk stepped Jennerton’s nemesis, the little man with a goatee.

“Come,” said Jennerton followed. The two went through another door into a smallish room. Jennerton noticed the room was neatly categorized in their show-cases. The man pulled one suit off the racks and handed it to Jennerton.

“Try this one on for size,” he said.

“And I was just going to be nonchalant about nature—” laughed Jennerton. He slipped into
The suit and admired himself in a full-length mirror while the goat-faced men zipped him up the back.

"Look quite natty, don't I?" said Jennerton. "But isn't something missing?"

"What size tail would you prefer?"

"That's it—a tail. A nice, long, curved one," said the man in a serious tone.

"Oh—pardon me," he said earnestly this time. "I've an appointment to meet—"

"I wish I had an appointment—I don't know a living soul here—except you." He waited her next words.

"It's a new color—ver—ver—" stammered Jennerton.

"What size tail would you prefer?"

"Must you go?" he said.

"I'm mighty sorry," said Jennerton. "My appointment—"

"I'm going to stamp the name of your suit and admired himself in a full-length mirror while the goat-faced men zipped him up the back.

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It was a liquid fire that they were shooting up into the building. Out of the hose came a smoking stream of searing flame to lambaste the smoking stream of searing flame to lambaste the burning building. Jennerton pointed to the second fireman who still stood in the tub.

"Go back?" Jennerton thought. "Would Mrs. Brannon's tub return him to earth if he got into it? He did like Hades but the bath looked inviting—and he did have an obligation to Mrs. Brannon.

"Ha—" said a voice Jennerton recognized. Again he faced his goateed tormentor—the second fireman now. "It was you who stole my tub—" accused Jennerton. The man danced gleefully around Jennerton. "Now you're masquerading as a fireman. Stop bouncing around me!"

"Stop bouncing around me!" shouted Jennerton. "You get up out of my bathtub!"

"No," said the man. Jennerton noticed that the man stood by the hydrant, dropped his wrench and dashed madly into the burning building. Jennerton pointed to the insame man.

"That's all right," yelled Jerry. "He wants to get something in there, I suppose—"

Jerry incredulously.

"Well—on earth, we usually—" began Jennerton triumphantly.

"It's grand," said Jennerton. "But why pour more fire on fire?"


"How do you like the fire?" said Jerry triumphantly.

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NOVEMBER, 1942
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EDITOR         LINDSEY E. YOXALL
BUSINESS MANAGER  JACK ELLOR
ASSISTANT EDITOR  VIRGINIA BENSON
CIRCULATION MANAGER  DEANE BROWNE
STAFF            MARILYN KOONS

* * *

N.B.

You are now holding the first number of the Portfolio's sixth volume. In common with all the first numbers it contains the prize-winning entries in the English prize contests. Portions of John Wyman's essay on Browning and some of Thelma Willet's poetry are published.

Allison Phillips won first place in the Ray Stanford English contest for prose composition with a novelette on Mexico. We are unable to publish this however due to its length. In its place we are using John Wyman's story "Mrs. Brannon's Bath Tub" which won the second award.

In spite of a very crowded schedule, Dr. Merrimon Cuninggim was able to find time to describe a fraternal order to which he belonged and also to criticize our love for secret organizations in every field of endeavor.

Something new has been added to Portfolio. Due to action taken by the Board of Control of Publications last year all school publications may now use smoking advertisements. This addition and difficulty in rounding up material and mid-semester tests have delayed publication.

We were able to go to press because we had material from last year's contests. But very little new material has come in. This is your publication and you pay for it. We cannot make it a successful one without interested support from the student body.

The staff cannot get in touch with every Desiderium to urge him to submit his work. Instead every student who does any writing should contact a staff member (see the other column on this page) and give his work in for consideration. Only in this way will we get any selection from which to make a good magazine.

So let's all get to work and write something good to contribute.

Thanks,

The Editor

* * *

SHORT STORIES

Mrs. Brannon's Bath Tub  John Wyman
- to one I have known and loved  Albert Miller
The Man Who Ate Cheesecake  Richard Harvey
Torch-Light  Donald Dodd

* * *

ARTICLES

Lambda Pi Beta Mu  Dr. Merrimon Cuninggim
Browning the Artist  John Wyman

* * *

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* * *

Portfolio
Published by and for Persons Interested in the Literary Activity of Denison University

Lambda Pi Beta Mu
A character sketch of a familiar racket by one who was once guilty

DR. MERRIMON CUNINGGIM

There were only six men in the fraternity, but it was a noble organization. "Lambda Pi Beta Mu" they called themselves, and the words had mystic meaning. The letters stood for "Lady, please buy a magazine," the secret motto of our organization. The sign of greeting was an outstretched palm. A tentative handshake, with the left hand stuck deep into the trousers pocket, jingling change, was the secret grip. They never got so far as working out a ritual, but they didn't need any. The motto was enough.

Of course the magazine company recognized them only as a team. Team No. 24, headquarters in Indianapolis, territory throughout central Indiana. The company didn't expect much of No. 24, for all its members were neophytes, with the exception of the captain, Bob Bartlett. Team they may have been in the company's records, but to themselves they were a fraternity.

There was Bob himself, the team captain, but more important, the Grand High Extractor of Lambda Pi Beta Mu. He had sold $40 subscriptions the previous summer and was definitely smooth. The others remembered with admiration the day he got into the office of the factory in Anderson, Ind. He faked a personal letter from the president of the business, giving him permission to sell tickets to a charity ball, and that's how he got by the girl at the information desk. Confronted with a huge file full of giggly ste-nogs, he approached the first one and shot her the works. She signed on the dotted line and gave him a dollar. The rest were like sheep; and in a little over an hour he had sold thirty-four subscrip-tions. Of course they finally caught up with him and kicked him out, but he had done more than a day's work. Yes, "the Bart," as they called him, was good!

The other five were all "Master Extractors". Why have a lot of titles and officers? Each in his own way had his points, his special tricks of the trade. Blake Clark was the Greek God of the outfit. He'd turn on his best movie mask, give 'em a shot of that profile, and let 'em swoon. And when they had come out of the swoon, they'd be less to the good!

Dick and Rich were a pair. The trouble was, both had the same first name, Richard Alton and Richard Duncan. At college both were Dick, but they had to distinguish in the L-P-Bees, as they called themselves, and so Duncan became Rich. They were both hard enough, but in a way apart then. Not that they looked alike, for Dick was just ordinary, while Rich was short and fat and wore huge horn-rims. But they always worked together, different sides of the same street. And always helping each other out, throwing a double-barreled line of gab at some poor defenseless woman. Most of the time it was Dick helping Rich, for he'd finish his side first and come over to find him. Rich always argued he was slower because he couldn't walk as fast, but the truth was he had conversa-tional ways and once started, couldn't be torn away from the door with a crowbar.

Then there was Francis. They never called him Frank, only Francis. He was always naive and surprised by what would happen to him. And the mostest things happened to him. It was he of all people, who had to spend that night in jail because he was innocently poking around an empty house trying to find someone at home. Then there was the mad dog episode—but that'll come later.

"Savvy" was the sixth man, but not the least. He got his name, not because it had anything to do with his real monicker of John Trotwood Tolliver, but because he was from Savannah. Or rather, Sa-van-nah-nah. "Jawja" was written all over him—he'd let loose with a heavy deep-south accent and the women would go crazy. Fact was, he taught it to the rest of the fraternity, and they'd all go around saying, "Yes, Ah'm fum Jawja. Yes'm my papa's crops has failed." Why, they told ten thousand women their papa's crops had failed!

And not one of them needed the money! The Bart had sold the mags the summer before for a lark, and he convinced the others that a good time would be had by all. The summer had to be spent some way, and so here they were, "working their way through college."

The fraternity was an invention of mid-summer, when everybody was rolling in the sub-scriptions, which they called "votes." But it was different at first, for everybody but the Bart.
A tough racket! That first dismal day not a one of the other five got a single vote, with the exception of Dick, who happened to have known his sister at Vassar. Worse, every single one had had a door slammed in his face. They wanted to go home, but somehow they all stuck it out for a while.

And then they began to get oily. "Good morning, have you heard about the scholarship contest here in town? Well, I'm a junior down at Indiana (which wasn't so, but Indiana was the closest college), and (with lots of spirit) I'm trying to win a scholarship so I can go back to school."

Or something like that. Nothing about the magazine, which was Good Housekeeping. They soon discovered the less they mentioned the magazine the better. Little by little they'd get around to the subject, but not until they had first sold their victims on themselves. "It's only six cents a week, just enough for postage and wrapping. That won't take the roof off your house!"

When some poor little working girl had already given her dollar deposit and received the receipt, she would ask, "And what am I going to get?" Didn't even know what she had bought! And when that finally happened to every one of them, they knew they had become super-salesmen. Yes, oily was the only name for them—oily tongues, oily manners. When they went back to their college fraternities in the fall, their brothers got them locked up from the freshmen, for they had got so slick and glib that they could talk straight stuff any more. But that's another story.

It was after the five beginners had got some confidence and the Bart had polished them up that they formed the noble fraternity of Lambda Pi Beta Mu. From then on the rest of the summer was a breeze. Riding the street cars and busses to and from "location" was always good for at least one vote. You simply picked out a likely customer when you got on, sat down beside her, and could go around knocking on other apartment doors, until the janitor finally caught up with him and ejected him.

The janitor always did catch up with them, of course. But it was amazing how polite janitors always were. Anything short of forcible bodily ejection was considered politeness by the fraternity, and on only one occasion was the code not kept. It happened to Rich who got back into the apartment a second time, and the janitor lost his temper. But when Rich landed literally in the gutter, there was Dick waiting for him to bind up his wounds and pour in the oil of sympathy.

The most stirring occurrence of the summer was the mad-dog episode. It happened, of course, to Francis. Now Francis was too honest to make any effort to outdistance him. On this particular afternoon he was hawking "signs and locked doors. But the Bart found a way, and soon all of them were crashing the gates gleefully. If a likely name on the mail boxes, punch the button and yell up the house phone that he was Wesley Union. Being admitted he'd dash up and say:

"I'm Wesley Union, one of the boys on the scholarship drive."

"Oh, I thought you said Western Union," would come the answer.

"No, Wesley Union;" and he'd be in. Maybe he's unsuspecting host would be amused and buy a magazine. Or again, maybe he would get sore and kick him out. At any rate, he was inside the building then, and could go around knocking on other apartment doors, until the janitor finally caught up with him and ejected him.

The junior always did catch up with them, of course. But it was amazing how polite janitors always were. Anything short of forcible bodily ejection was considered politeness by the fraternity, and on only one occasion was the code not kept. It happened to Rich who got back into the apartment a second time, and the janitor lost his temper. But when Rich landed literally in the gutter, there was Dick waiting for him to bind up his wounds and pour in the oil of sympathy.

The most stirring occurrence of the summer was the mad-dog episode. It happened, of course, to Francis. Now Francis was too honest to make any effort to outdistance him. On this particular afternoon —it was in the little town of Franklin outside of Indianapolis—he had been to a house and not had any luck. As he was leaving a dog rushed up and bit his arm. He went back, therefore, and got some iodine put on it. Incidentally, he sold the woman a subscription this time, probably because she was sorry that her dog had maltreated the poor, hardworking boy.

Then he cried out and forgot about it. The team were going from town to town around the state, and were soon far away from the place of Francis' mishap. In the meantime, the dog had bitten two or three other people and definitely gone mad. The woman remembered the pitiful college boy and began to try to find him. Indianapolis newspapers, radio-stations and the State police all began looking for a team of six magazine salesmen, had been heard, in order to take the shots against rabies. Finally, the day before the time would expire when the shots would have done any good, the Bart had located, in another little town, and Francis was rushed to a doctor's office to begin treatments.

(Continued on page 17)
...to one I have known and loved

Albert Miller

"...the State wants and needs soldiers, soldiers to fight for the Reich. The Feuhrer's enemies are our enemies; they wish to destroy Germany. We must and will eliminate them. You are old enough now to have children for the Fatherland. For the glory of the Reich. Become acquainted with the soldiers on leave as they come to rest at the Hitler Youth Camp. Welcome their greetings, shake their hands. The Feuhrer has performed the minute as she thought of Hans driving his tank through murderous French fire. Of course, she was proud of his especially as she remembered the story of how he had killed a hundred cavalrymen as they charged down the street. The Feuhrer, and urged the tank on horses! Every time she thought of it, she laughed. Yet, now for Hans' life, the laugh caught in her throat.

She was ushered into Frau Wagner's office at seven sharp, with an air of great solemnity. It was not unusual, but she knew that the tonight no routine business was to be discussed.

"H-Hans . . .?", she asked, her eyes full of fear.

"Hans has had the honor of giving his life on the field of battle for our Feuhrer. Heil Hitler! Naturally, in your bereavement you will be excused from classes and work in the fields; however, this news must not interfere with the entertainment of men on leave. I should be very happy if you left once again for the Girls' Home in a reasonable time. Heil Hitler!"

With a weak "Heil Hitler!" Frieda turned and stumbled toward the door. Outside, the cool air of early twilight the next evening, so that the other girls would not see the small group, she followed the two men who carried the tiny coffin, holding in her trembling hands the small wreath of flowers she had fashioned to place on the grave. Suddenly, they were high on the mountain.

"As he came to his feet, Wilhelm uttered an audible grunt, but it was enough to bring Frieda to her feet. "Hello," said, timidly, as though she were in the presence of a great personality. Perhaps, in the awe, she felt that this man, who was so well acquainted with Hans, was great.

"Good afternoon, feinlein," said Wilhelm with a touch of half-intentional irony in his voice.
Browning the Artist

John Wyman

Recently a bittie spirit arose from some remote corner of the speaker’s platform and addressed the chairman of the Browning Society. Briefly she expressed in a courteous but patronizing manner that she had attended every meeting of the Society since its inception. She then walked from the platform as if she were the chairman of the Browning Society.

The chairman of the Browning Society was dumbfounded. He could not understand what had happened. He had certainly laughed at this monumental statement, or we can picture him leaving the room. Yet there is reason for the chairman’s astonishment. Browning had been, he would have certainly understood his spirit to be of the bittie type; on her non too substantial back. Browning’s interest in all forms of man’s mental activity, especially in art and science, justifies, to my way of thinking, the use of that magnanimous name—his poetic house has been sketched so as to bring both elements, decorative and functional, into the aesthetic impulse: the first belonging to the cold, scientific realism which Browning’s knowledge of art is most recognisable in Andrea’s painting, the portion of the poem which served two masters.

The Urbinate who died five years ago.

John Wyman

The three typical painters in the poems Pictor Ignatius, Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto show three aspects of the artistic and aesthetic impulse: the first belonging to the early Renaissance period when the imitative painter was stirred to weep or pray while he drew; the second to the period of the Florentine realist art, when the godlike poetical spirit in Andrea’s painting had invaded the sanctuary of the religious mind; and the third, that aspect where the painter had been forced, rumbling, to serve two masters.

Andrea del Sarto, the poem in which this failure is shown, has been the poem through which Browning has shown his sympathy for Andrea’s fate, being tied to a theological excellence but denied imaginative reach, becomes so resigned that one is ready to shrink from his aptitude in that early Renaissance period when the imitative painter was stirred to weep or pray while he drew; the second to the period of the Florentine realist art, when the godlike poetical spirit in Andrea’s painting had invaded the sanctuary of the religious mind; and the third, that aspect where the painter had been forced, rumbling, to serve two masters.

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"Or say there's beauty with no soul—
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul
That's nature to want to paint at all times naturally;
If we are to feel our attainment, music composed when starved,
And that Lippi is another of the world's
Sorrows or joys won't beauty go with these?
What, man of music, you grown gray
You, great sculptor, years to Art,
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who never have turned a rhyme?
What, man of music, you grown gray

(Continued from page 10)
Well, the others were green-eyed! They went back to their new school and got the shots every day regularly. But he also got a lot more—reams of newspaper publicity. And since the shots didn't hurt, he couldn't resist the sight of so many men and women of all sorts and conditions. But they sometimes wonder a bit about the other dog, too. In the two weeks that Francis was taking his story, and sold the mags like hot cakes. All everybody had won a scholarship to college! And then the others wanted to go out and get bit by a mad dog, too. In the two weeks that Francis was taking his story, and sold the mags like hot cakes. All
Behind the starving hags from Paris,
Against a sanctimonious palace royal
Behind their tattered dresses,
Cower shaggy ghouls of freedom
Wrestling breadstuffs for their babies
Starving mothers bare their bosoms
Dismal shriekings rise behind them
From the gory ghouls of freedom
But he weakly hopes his menials
Faintly hears the grisly chorus
Complacent Bourbon Louis,
Though the maddened ghouls of freedom
Your eyes have bled with horror
Your heart has burst with pity
Their only crime was plenty

Who lead the howling mob's advance
Watching women fight for bread.
Shivering from heel to head,
In which there dwells a king of France;
On gleaming bayonet,
Borne on waves of fetid breath—
Howling not for food, but death.
Above the beldames' noisome bed
—Courtesy of Columbus Art Gallery

I wanted someone to understand,
To place her gentle, tender hand
Upon my weary, troubled head,
And kneel beside my lonely bed;
To soothe away with each caress
Sad thoughts of pain and bitterness.
Oh, God, I needed mother love
To raise my sorrow for above
The well of turbulent despair
Of which I felt I'd drawn my share!
But no one came; I was alone.
No one cared if my heart were stone.
Life went along at its steady pace,
And I met my own soul face to face.

—Courtesy of Columbus Art Gallery

FATE'S FURY

The melancholy din of two o'clock echoed from the church steeple through the dark mist. The tall figure of a man emerged from a narrow alley and walked down the street. From his rapid pace he seemed to show his anxiety to escape the bleak, marrow-chilling dreaminess of the silent night. Through the dim outline of a street light, dissolving into haziness in a fine drizzling mist, he was silhouetted against the blackness. At intervals he faded into the night to return under the faint glimmer of the next light ahead.

All about him the world was sleeping in stillness. He seemed to be a lone survivor of the living and the moving. With nervous energy, he instinctively quickened his pace, the magnified tread of his steps echoing through the quiet.

Not far behind, three sinister shadows crept cautiously in his former footsteps. Steadfastly and stealthily they pressed forward, yet always remaining carefully out of the street light's radius. Drawing nearer and nearer, they soon were only a block behind the walking figure, whom they were obviously following. They began mumbling among themselves.

"Supposing he ain't the right guy?" one whispered to the other two.

"Of course he's the right guy. We saw him come out, didn't we?"

"Yeah, but we can't be too sure—it was awful dark and we couldn't see him very well."

"Aw, don't be a sap. You're always thinking up stuff like that to ruin things."

"Shut up, you two," growled the third. "Are you tryin' to bungle this thing before it's even started? Pipe down and listen. Now, get this straight. One of you—it might as well be you, Charley—you're to hit the guy with this black jack. You, Joe gag him and put this sack over his head. Now, remember, don't do it 'til he gets to that car up there. Slug'll be there with the car. We'll tie the guy with this rope and sling him in that car up there. Slug'll be there with the car. We'll tie the guy with this rope and sling him in the back, and then scram out of here. I'll give the orders from there. Now—get goin', and for God's sake, be quiet, or you'll have the whole damn town on our necks!"

The victim-to-be, who was walking ahead, now rounded the corner to the street where the car was waiting. Suddenly, three forms sprang at him.

"Jeeze, Joe, it's after four already. We didn't. Remember what he did last week to Garson..."

"Yeah... That was the first and last job he ever fumbled."

"This place out here gives me the creeps. There's somethin' mighty peculiar about all the things that go on around here."

They were now in an isolated, hilly, rocky section of the country. The already misty, dark atmosphere seemed suddenly to grow even more penetrating. The men shivered and dropped their voices to whispers, as if compelled by some strange
A total stranger! They had kidnapped the wrong man!

Flat clay, where, panting, they threw down their baggage and the gag. And there was revealed to them a ground pool.

He pressed his fingers to his aching head. Desperately he tried to reason and to recall.

"Why can't I see? Why am I tied?" he shouted. To his horror his voice came ringing back to him.

"What is that voice? Where am I?" he shrieked.

His voice shrieked back. Then there was nothing but blackness and stillness.

The shouting had caused the aching in his head to increase. His body burned from physical discomfort and his mind from heated confusion.

"What am I doing here?"

Again that horrible voice shouted back at him.

He sank to the ground and remained there motionless, afraid to move, almost lost his balance. Suddenly he was supported by something hard and solid. Again he felt his fingers to his aching head. Desperately he tried to reason and to recall.

"I can't see them! Let me see! Let me see!" he whispered. "I'm going to have light. I'm going to have light—yes, that's it. Then I'll wake up and it'll all be a dream."

But I can feel the wall!" his voice grew louder—hysterical. "I can feel the cold, dripping water! I can feel my bruised body! It's not a dream. It's a horrible nightmare."

Suddenly his hand touched something slimy and cold. He recoiled in fright and horror. He stood petrified. His heart almost stopped beating. Visions of writhing shadows, weird forms, and ghastly faces appeared dizzily.

"They're gone! They're gone! Now I'm alone—"

...nothing but a wide expanse of blackness and stillness.

"They're all around me, coming at me, and I can do nothing to avoid them. I am trapped and I am screaming. Nothing but that hollow voice and darkness.

"My feet were wet and cold. Several times he almost lost his balance. Suddenly he was supported by something hard and solid. At first he started in fear. Then he began to feel up and down the slimy rope."

"It's a wall!" he exclaimed in surprise. "I must be in a cage!"

This sudden realization made him desperate with fear. Stories of people lost and left for days, waiting for the gates of hell to open. Waiting—waiting to die—waiting to die—waiting to die—echoed through the cavern.

The dripping continued. Nothing but dripping—dripping, voices, and darkness and voices, and voices..."

"I'm coming to that. The barkeep was a young guy who introduced himself as a "drunken Delta" from Wisconsin. He lived in a two-room, two-story house, and we got to talking. He saw our fraternity pins and asked us where we went to school. We told him Denslow, and then we had to explain why we were there and what Denslow was, but it was fun. We were both kind of homesick for the place."

"No, that's why we told him. Then he told us about Wisconsin. He was a Delt at Wisconsin. We got to talking about the respective fraternities and sororities at those places and found we had many of the same. Then he told us about the Fiddler-de-thet's at Wisconsin."

"You know, Phi Delta Theta? They have such a large chapter there that the men don't even know each other. Once Wisconsin played Michigan, and two men who were both complete strangers found themselves both cheer- ing for Wisconsin. One turned to the other and asked, "Who are you cheering for?" When the other answered, "Wisconsin" the two yelled, "What frat?" The first replied, 'Fiddler-de-thet.' You are? What floor? asked the other. We both had to laugh."

"No wonder I didn't know you. I live on the second floor, the first man said."

"What about the cheesecake?"

"I don't know. That's the end of the story. Did you ever walk down Times Square in the rain eating cheesecake?"

"No, but I have had cheesecake.

"We had a couple more beers, and then we paid the bill and left. It was raining; so we stopped under a marquee for a few minutes. There were a lot of sailors under it. One of them was cursing up and down because it was raining. He had on his last clean uniform and didn't want to get it wet. I could hardly get a raincoat myself, so I just laughed at him."

"So then you had some cheesecake?"

"No, we stood under the marquee for a while watching the sailors, and then we went on our way."

"What about the cheesecake?"

"We had a lot of fun walking along looking in windows and watching people薪水 past."

"(Continued on page 23)
Reflections

MECHANIKOS

Cog? I will be no Cog!
Man is not Metal, smooth, cold, nor can he be.
Man has Breath, has Life, Man is not meant for Calculation.
I am not uniform with other men—
Nature is in Me.
Two trees stand twin on the side of a hill,
One frosted and russet and orange-brown,
One still defiant and deep folds of green,
So Man.
Cog? I can be no Cog!
Friction and Resistance, tooth against tooth, progress in machinery,
Union and joint Pressure, shoulder against shoulder, progress in man.
All the poetry inside me protests,
All those inner tissues that say I am individual
Cry, "You are not a Machine!"

Still from afar off, greater than inner poetry and vague feelings of being, comes a Voice, Duty or Country or Group or Social Pressure, still it comes—
At least cogs move, dead men decay
At least cogs create, restricted mankind only flutters,
At least metal is impenetrable, organic life is but film.
You will either be a Cog or but the shadow of a dream
That happened on a particularly bright night years ago.

And the Wheels whirl, and the Metal shines
And the Teeth dig deeper into Teeth
And the Oil and Water hisses its spray.
Precision is the God and Scientific Destruction the Prayer Wheel.
Voices from Out must be Heard
Silence that Radical Within
I am a Cog!

Robert Spike

—Courtesy of Columbus Art Gallery

ANODYNE

O, God, who gave to me the silvery still
Of night with all its hushed and elfin symbols
Of the true and perfect peace,
O, God, who showed to me the golden sun
Arise across the patterned fields of earth and green,
Substance of eternity,
O, God, who led me to the pounding shore
Of timeless sea, and in my trembling heart
Proclaimed, "I AM" . . .
Take my racing, earth-molded heart with all its lost desires,
And leave me night, and sun, and seas,
Unmarred by vain humanity.

Patrick Stoddhill

Torch-Light

The voices of the crowd were raised to a high pitch and now their volume increased, sending up a roaring cheer into the stillness of the night. The moon was overcast but the spot was sufficiently illuminated by the sputtering flames of the torches, held by four or five persons mingled here and there in the circle. The tumult died abruptly and people began to wander away as the hour was now late.

"Not bad for a night's work, what say?"
"Not bad. "tall."
"Damn good."
"Lo thar Judge."
"Why do you do Samuel. How's your crop?"
"Some nhuh."
"That's unfortunate. I wish you luck."

"Be at the church supper tomorrow?"
"Nah, wife sick."
"Too bad."
"Good night, come on over to dinner sometime."
"I've been amecin' to but you know howritz."
"Sentences fluttered about and small groups strolled off.

"Not goin' home Mista Bob?"
"Yes, I have a big day ahead of me at the bank tomorrow.""
"That's too bad, we aims t'do some more huntin'."
"Hope you have a nice time."
"We will."

"That's George."
"I guess he'll take the 'lecshun all right."
"Howdeedo George."
"Evenin' folks."
"Three cheers for the next governor!"

"Looks like rain t'morrow."
"Yup."
"Hear Rob's boy done tinted."
"Zoltar?"
"Fell right on his face."
"Hum."

"How's the new kid Lem."
"O.K."
"Look like you?"
"Little."

"Hello there Mr. Mayor."
"Why Jim, how are you?"
"Fine. How's politics?"
"Same as ever."

(Continued from page 21)

Donald Ladd
(Continued from page 13)

"God bless you, fraulein," said Wilhelm. "I have waited years for such a kind word, even though, fool that I am, I should not deserve it."

"You, a fool?"

"Yes, fraulein, a fool."

"But how can you think yourself a fool? Can you think yourself a fool for caring for these crocuses?"

"I am no fool for that, for these flowers have been my life for long years and will be until I die. Perhaps their story will explain why I brand myself thus."

"When I was a young man in Vienna, the son of a baker, I was engaged to marry Elizabeth, the pig-tailed daughter of the tailor across the street. It was 1880. I was happy loving Elizabeth until I became infatuated with a beautiful woman, a customer in my father's shop. Deserting Elizabeth, I finally persuaded this woman, by many gifts and promises, to be my wife. Disowned by my father, I prepared to leave home."

"But what of Elizabeth? Did you think this other woman could take her place in your heart?"

"Heaven knows what I thought. . . . I knew only that I desired this woman, and Elizabeth's undemonstrative, unassuming love could not hold me."

"The day I left home for the last time, I took one last look at the tailor shop, and there, up in the second story window, was Elizabeth coaxing a window box of white crocuses into blooming another day. She would not fight, and I know now that her only thought was for my happiness, that her love was unselfish beyond words. I could see that she was weeping, and I could not even wave goodbye. . . . Within the year, my wife died in childbirth.

"Free, and realizing at last that I loved only Elizabeth, I went back to the tailor shop. There, an embittered father told me that she had been killed in a car accident a short time after I had left home. Grief stricken, I visited her grave that night; on the mound, white in the moonlight, were the white crocuses from her window box. . . .

"Can't you see what a fool I'd been? I threw away the most precious thing I ever possessed, Elizabeth's love; when I found the truth in my heart, it was too late. I left Austria and came to Germany, where I obtained the position of care-taker on this great estate. After I had been here a few years, I found a great field of white crocuses high up on the mountain. Remembering the grave in the moonlight, I began bringing them down to plant about this lodge and about my own small home. For over fifty years they have bloomed here, the symbol of a perfect love, strong, sweet, sacrificing, enduring. . . ."

". . . such as few find here in the Reich," thought Frieda. "Chad's love must have been like that. It failed not because there was no real love, but because I failed to recognize in our friendship the depth and significance which was love. . . . I remember the day he told me for the first time that he loved me. Having come far out into the country on bicycles, we stopped at a small inn for tea and muffins with jam.

"As we sat in the garden, Chad seemed very quiet. Suddenly, he took my hands in his and said simply, 'I love you, Frieda...' After that, I guess I said something about loving him, but all was a lovely blur of tears. We parted for the summer, promising to meet again in September, but the war came and I never saw him again. I came to Germany, made Wilhelm's mistake, and now regret it."

(Continued from page 21)

Times Square had certainly changed since the last time I was there. Only one big sign was left, and that was just a billboard advertising 'Camels'. The main feature was a man who blew smoke rings. It wasn't a real man, but it was just a picture of one. Dick explained how it worked, but I didn't want to know; so I just didn't listen. I'd rather just look at it."

"Was it still raining?"

"Yes. After a while we walked up past the Astor and looked at a statue of Father Duffy. I met a guy this summer whose name was Bernard Duffy; so I called him 'Father Duffy' all the time."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He just laughed. I sang the song about 'Paddy Murphy', but I always sang it 'the night that Father Duffy died'."

"Did he like that?"

"He always asked me what came next. One day I told him. Say, did you ever eat cheesecake walking down Times Square in the rain?"

"No, I never did."

"Dick and I did once. After we left Father Duffy's statue, we came to a restaurant, and Dick said, 'Want some cheesecake?' 'All right,' I said. 'My father doesn't like for me to eat in public', Dick said. 'You mean on the street?' I asked. 'Yes, one time I met him in Newark, and I was eating an ice cream cone. He gave me hell for eating in public,' Dick replied. 'Oh,' I said. 'Well, let's have some cheesecake,' said Dick. 'OK,' I said. So we bought some cheesecake, left the restaurant, and walked down Times Square eating cheesecake in the rain."

"Was it good?"

"I didn't like it myself. They charged us forty cents for a small piece, and then it was all soggy and lumpy. We ate it in the rain as we walked down Times Square."

"Cheesecake is supposed to be soggy and lumpy."

"Is it? Did you ever walk down Times Square in the rain eating cheesecakes?"