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# INKSTONE

*Preview*

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## Bowling Green State University

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INKSTONE is a preview issue of what we hope will become the Literary Magazine of Bowling Green State University. The material was produced by students. It was selected on the basis of originality, validity, good taste, and literary quality. Because of space limitations, we were not able to include as many pieces as we might have wanted. However, we have attempted to offer a wide variety of material with the idea that the magazine will appeal to a large number of students.

The title is a tentative selection. We invite the readers to submit suggestions for a permanent title to: Editor, INKSTONE, c/o English Department, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio.

INKSTONE, though published by members of Sigma Tau Delta, in cooperation with the Publications Committee, is not connected with any particular group on the campus. Any student is free to submit his expressions whether in art, in music, or in literature, to the editors for their consideration.

*Fifty cents the copy*

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## *The Bellringer of Tractor Flat.*

Clint Preslan

Truckstop. Dawn. Cloudy and damp. The clang of a metal door and a crunch of gears. The hulking tractor-trailer began to move . . . snorting, throbbing, moaning of air brakes, and reeking of diesel fumes. Thick-treaded tires rolled slowly across the mud-spattered pavement near the gasoline pumps. A dark mass of twinkling, tiny red and amber lights followed two white-pencil beams onto the wet, four-lane highway, and crawled off into the morning. The tires sang. Mist curled back from the rear of the trailer. There was a slight swish as the rumbling outfit passed a small black and white sign. Muddy spray slopped over it and trickled down the luminous white letters. "TRACTOR FLAT," the sign said, "POPULATION 10,903." Tractor Flat—"HOME OF TRACTOR FLAT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE."

The starting truck had awakened Rolf Feldkamp four minutes before his alarm was to go off. Four minutes to six on a rainy, September morning of a foul and truculent fall. Rolf rubbed his white-haired head, and swung his feet over the edge of the mattress. He was a sixty-four-year-old dwarf, and he worked at the college. Every morning at six o'clock, Rolf would awaken in his tiny garret above the Dixie Marathon Lunch, dress and shave to the noise of truck engines, go downstairs into the hot lunchroom for a plate of eggs and potatoes, and then walk the three-quarters of a mile to the Tractor Flat campus. Rolf hated his job. He loathed it. He was the bellringer of Tractor Flat. But Rolf was strangely happy this morning . . . his elf-like face wore a grin because he knew that this was the last time he was going to get up at six o'clock—ever. As of twelve o'clock that night, Rolf Feldkamp, twenty years a bellringer at Tractor Flat, would be retired. No more work . . . no more bells. How he hated the bells, their monotony. Some screwy guy wrote a poem about bells once. Rolf remembered parts of it . . .

Oh, the bells bells bells bells—  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour . . .  
Goddam bells.

Aww, it went something like that, thought Rolf. The writer sure knew what he was talking about. He probably rang 'em for a while . . . no wonder he was nuts.



The air smelled fresh and clean as Rolf trudged down Tractor Flat's main street—the air was fresh and clean—suddenly, he smelled something. Burnt tomatoes. It was the incinerator of the Heinrich Chili Works. But twenty years in Tractor Flat had toughened Rolf to the smell. He was even beginning to like it.

Soon Rolf could see a tan brick rectangle jutting above the tops of the trees. It always reminded him of the Texaco Building in Fort Wayne, where his brother, Herthel, worked as head custodian. The only thing that made this building different was that it lacked the red, white, and green neon sign that first blinked TEXACO, and then stated in smaller letters—MARFAK CHASSIS LUBRICATION.

The tan building was the tallest in Wormwood County. On the top floor was a self-service souvenir stand and snack bar. There were many shiny telescopes, also. If you put a dime into a slot on one of the telescopes you could see all over Wormwood County. On clear days, you could even see the smoke of Glass City, twenty-five miles to the north. It was an edifice to be proud of, indeed.

When Rolf reached the campus, he headed for the Men's Gymnasium. That was where the bells were.

The College Confederation and Candy Store suddenly appeared on his left. Men, dressed in gray uniforms like himself, were running out flags on the metal staffs that jutted over the main entrance—The Stars and Stripes, the triangular state flag, and the flag of the College Confederation itself—a brown knife and fork crossed over a steaming hamburger against a white background. Beneath the hamburger was a laurel wreath with the script letters TFSNC—Tractor Flat State Normal College.

Rolf noticed with joy that a few snapdragons were still blooming on the large weed-grown mound in front of the College Confederation. Several professors' dogs and cats were buried there. Rolf liked animals. He was glad the flowers were still in bloom.

The Men's Gymnasium loomed before him. Wet, yellow brick. Rolf slowly began to climb the steep, stone stairs. He swung the large metal door open. Sweat, sour T-shirts, and chloride disinfectant assailed his nostrils.

He climbed the stairs at the far end of the building, and emerged on the second floor. Halfway down the hall of dark, dusty, tarnished trophy cases, he came to a halt. Against the inside wall, a black metal ladder descended from the ceiling. There was a trap door above. Rolf muttered an oath, and hoisted himself onto the ladder. Metal clanked and vibrated as he clambered up the rungs. He twisted a latch on the trapdoor, and it swung back and open. No man of ordinary height could have stood up in the cramped space Rolf entered. The chamber was small, square, less than five feet high.

A window-slit with a rusted iron grate looked out onto the green in front of the College Confederation. A 150-watt lightbulb was screwed into a socket in the center of the faded yellow ceiling. The walls were the same color, and had names and sayings scrawled on them. There was a scarred, wood desk and chair beneath the window, and on the desk was a huge, gun-metal-grey phonograph bristling with knobs, switches, and dials. A pair of earphones hung on a hook above the phonograph. Rolf slammed the trap door behind him, and hooked the latch. Swearing, he walked to the desk, and sat down. His quick, small hand opened the narrow middle drawer, and drew out a chamois record cover. Gingerly, Rolf's fingers took the shiny black record out of the cover, and placed it on the turntable. The purple and white label stared up at him. *Decca. Lionel Hampton Plays Old Ivy Bell Chimes*. Rolf flicked a shiny toggle switch. There was a whirr, a hum, and the turntable began to revolve.

Rolf flicked more switches. Little green and amber lights began to wink. The hum grew louder. The tiny dial needles wavered, plunged. Rolf snapped the earphones onto his head, and adjusted the tension clamp. He glanced at his watch. Five minutes to eight. The first bells he had to ring were the eight o'clock ones. When the huge spun-aluminum clock in the College Confederation registered eight, electric clicks would sound in Rolf's earphones. They would continue to sound for fifteen seconds. Before they ended, Rolf was to have begun ringing the bells. He did this every fifteen minutes for twelve hours, seven days a week. Rolf Feldkamp, professional bellringer, Tractor Flat State Normal College. This was his job. It was fun.

Rolf glanced at his watch again. Eight o'clock. But he could not ring the bells until the signal came from the Confederation. Sweat beads began to break out on his forehead. The first bells always affected him this way. His hand could wobble and he might scratch the record. The Confederation authorities had warned him that he was not to scratch the record. It made a bad noise over the loudspeaker. Nevertheless, Rolf noticed that his hands were trembling slightly.

Suddenly, a series of rattling clicks reverberated against his eardrums. Time! Time!

Rolf's right hand snatched up the needle arm, and swiftly but carefully lowered it onto the eighth groove cluster. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes. The clicks were still coming. A crackle of static. "There it goes . . . there it goes." "*Bing Bong Bing Bonggg*," boomed the loudspeaker, "*Bing Bong Bing Bonggg . . . Bonggg Bonggg*."

Rolf listened to the bells peal over the campus. The bells, the god-dam bells. After the eighth long bong, Rolf nervously lifted the arm from the record, and slumped into his chair. He was soaked with sweat. Bell-ringing at Tractor Flat was not easy. He was glad it was his last



day. Well, at least now he could rest for fifteen minutes. He stared out the barred window. Through the white smoke that was plumbing from the kitchen stack of the College Confederation, he could see the square outlines of Gallantnell Hall, the dormitory for undergraduate women. Gallantnell Hall. He remembered it well. Gallantnell Hall had a ruling body called CRAW . . . short for Centralized Republican Association of Women. Rolf had seen CRAW in action . . .

It was a late snowy evening in February. Rolf was helping some of the boys from the electrical department install an exit sign above Gallantnell's main doors. Mrs. Krantz, Gallantnell's Head Resident, and Christabel Cosmic, head counselor, were conversing in the brick lobby. Christabel seemed breathless with excitement.

"Can I lock the doors now, Mrs. Krantz? Can I, huh? Can I?" Mrs. Krantz shot a furtive look at the polished aluminum clock on the far wall. It was six minutes to eleven. Her eyes narrowed, and a thin smile came over her lips.

"No, but you may flash the lights, Christabel."

"Oh boy, neatsie!" squeaked Christabel. She loved to flash the lights.

Christabel's sneakers thumped across the tile floor to the switchboard counter. The switchboard operator looked up with a smile as Christabel darted for the high-tension, dual-contact switch on the brick wall. Christabel's love for the light switch was almost a dormitory tradition.

Up, down . . . up, down, went the switch. Blink went the lights around the entrance, blink, blink. Up down. Up down. This was fun. Up down.

"Christabel," called Mrs. Krantz, "that's enough, honey; you'll blow a fuse."

"Oh, okay," said Christabel. She loosened her grip on the switch. No . . . one more time . . . one for the road. Up, down.

"Christabel . . ."

Hearing Mrs. Krantz's voice once more, Christabel reluctantly jammed the switch into the "on" position. Then she glanced at the clock: 11 p. m. It was time for the key! The key was even more fun than the light switch. It was time for the key.

Christabel clenched the small rhodium-plated key in her left hand. There would be a liquid click as the key turned in the lock . . . the tumblers would drop into their correct spaces, there would be a rattle of glass and aluminum, and Gallantnell Hall would be secure for the night. No one could get in or out until she unlocked the door in the morning. But wait—something was wrong. There were men in the lobby, three men working on a light fixture . . .

"Hey, you guys'll hafta come back tomorrow. It's after eleven. Men's visiting hours are over."

Jackson, the head electrician, shifted his perch on the stepladder, screwdriver in hand, and looked down at Christabel.

"Look, Miss, we're only trying to put up an exit sign. We're not visiting."

Christabel stood her ground. "You gotta get out," she said. "I'm gonna lock the door." Undaunted, Jackson went back to work. Christabel's face flamed red.

"Mrs. Krantz! Mrs. Krantz!" Mrs. Krantz peered out from her open office door.

"These guys won't let me lock the door, Mrs. Krantz."

"Nonsense, Christabel. Lock the door. You can let these gentlemen out later."

"Oh, okay," said Christabel. Still, she did not like the idea of men in the lobby after visiting hours. *Rules were rules.*

While Christabel locked the door, Rolf, tired of passing tools to Jackson, took a Chuckles bar out of his pocket and began to munch it. Suddenly, he heard a voice behind him.

"Ah ha!" exclaimed the voice. "Gotcha!"

Rolf swung around. It was Christabel.

"What are you doing?" she smiled. Her eyes gleamed. She rocked back and forth slightly. Rolf glanced down at the wrapper in his hand.

"I'm eatin' a candy bar."

"Not in here," said Christabel smugly. "You don't drink in here . . . you don't eat in here. Not in here."

Rolf was foolish enough to ask why not.

"Why not?" shrieked Christabel. "Just look around you! You might smear licorice on our Ming cigarette can . . ." She pointed to a cylindrical, black object with silver arrows running up the sides. "Or on our genuine plastic palms. We can't have you throwing wrappers on our oriental rugs, or messing up our nice tile floors. Put that candy bar away!"

Yes, thought Rolf, Gallantnell Hall was quite a place.

It was time for the noon bells. The clicks were coming. In return, the loudspeakers clanged twelve strokes.

As Rolf lifted the needle, he glanced out the window at the milling throng of students around the entrance of the College Confederation. It was a busy time there. They all wanted to use the recreational facilities of the Chocolate Catnip Suite.

The Chocolate Catnip Suite was divided into four partitioned chambers. By far the most popular partition was the All Rite Room.



Students wishing to use this room would leave twenty-five cents and their activity card with the gray-uniformed man at the door. Basically, the All Rite Room was a soundproofed echo chamber. When students of Tractor Flat wanted to relieve tension, they merely entered this room, stood before the silver microphone, and yelled the words, "All Rite," into it as loud as they dared. The words would bounce back, down, up and around the chamber in a frenzy of sound . . . "Awwlll rite awe rite, rite . . . AWWWLLL RIIITTE!!!!" The students loved it.

The next room was the Labor Hall. Many students of Tractor Flat found unusual release here. Rolf had watched them many times. The Labor Hall was stocked with numerous picks, shovels, axes, saws, and scythes for the use of college students who wanted to do jobs.

"Do a job! Do a job!" yelled the crew-cut youth in the blue sweat shirt. "Gotta do a job!" He dug his green and white activity card out of his wallet and flashed it before the man behind the tool counter.

"Whattya want?" asked the counterman. "Axe, pick, saw, shovel, what?"

"Gimme a shovel," exclaimed the youth. "Gimme a big one, quick!" The man tossed him a well-used coal scoop.

"Thanks!"

The youth rushed through the tiled lobby, shoved the glass doors aside. "Do a job! Do a job!" The shovel waved madly in the air.

Once outside, he began to dig furiously in the manured flower bed surrounding the main entrance. He was relieving tension. He was doing a job.

The third section was called the Bouncing Ballroom. It was for the use of those who did not want to yell "All Rite" or to do jobs. By the door was a large brown and orange sign: "COME HERE AND GET HIGH!" Inside, there were three motorized hydraulic lifts, many telescoping ladders, stepladders, stools, and mechanical jacks . . . all for those who wanted to elevate themselves in their spare time. Use of the instruments were limited to twenty minutes each, however.

The fourth room was taken up by a huge red tank of hydrogen gas. It was for students who wanted to take gas. No smoking was allowed, of course. There was no limit on the amount of gas students could take. Occasionally, a student would take too much gas, and could be found lying prostrate on the campus. Since the students of Tractor Flat were not particular about what sort of gas they took, just as long as it was gas, Rudolph's Propane and Butane Service was kept busy ferrying its red, flat-bed trucks to and from the campus.

Yes, thought Rolf, it was wonderful—the sort of things young people had nowadays, yes, indeed. Tractor Flat may have had a

backward bell system, but no one could say its Confederation was backward . . . no sir.

It was beginning to get dark, and a drizzle had started. Much to his surprise, Rolf had been told that he could shut the bells down at six-thirty instead of the usual eight o'clock. Rolf lost no time in turning off the phonograph, and putting the record away. He had inquired about his replacement, and had been told that another dwarf, this time a former wild man with the Al Sirat Grotto Circus, was to take his job. This pleased Rolf. Anybody who had been with the circus certainly would enjoy the surroundings of Tractor Flat.

Rolf took one last look at the cubicle where he had spent most of the last twenty years, blew his nose on his hand, and descended the metal ladder. He was not sorry to leave, yet in a way, he was. Tractor Flat's bells, as much as he hated them, had become a part of his life. Now that part was over. Well, a new part had begun . . . onward! Rolf glanced at the trap door, as he always did, to see if it was closed, and trudged on down the stairs. As he was about to leave the building, a stout man in a double-breasted suit came up to him.

"Are you Rolf Feldkamp?"

"Yes, I am."

"Why, I have a little something for you Rolf; it's your gold watch."

"A gold watch? For me?"

"Yep. Twenty years service as a faithful bellringer entitles you to it." The stout man handed Rolf a small, gold pocket watch. At least it looked like gold.

"Gee, thanks."

"Think nothing of it."

"Say, I want to thank you—Mr. uh, er . . ."

"Just call me the Field Marshal, boy, just call me the Field Marshal." And with that the stout man walked away.

Rolf studied his new watch carefully. There was a little blue steam locomotive printed on the white face, and below that were the words "CHOO-CHOO."

"Not bad," thought Rolf "Probably a fifty-dollar watch."

It was raining out now, and Rolf had no umbrella. At first, he didn't mind it. The rain felt cool and fresh after the stuffiness of the bell-room. He would be glad to get back to the Dixie Marathon Lunch and eat his supper. He would be there soon.

Rolf was soaked to the skin when he reached Main Street. It was raining harder. He began to whistle to take his mind off his uncomfortable condition. Then he saw the sign. It was the same sign he had passed every morning and every evening for as long as



he could remember. The luminous words, "TRACTOR FLAT," glowed dully in the dim light. Suddenly, Rolf felt a tremendous urge to kick the sign. There was a clanging clash as Rolf's size six work oxford banged into the sign's metal post. Rolf swore and limped on-ward, painfully. He'd kicked the post too hard and twisted his foot. The sign rattled back and forth in the pouring rain, ringing slightly. It sounded like bells . . . goddam bells.

#### ADMIRATION

*Libby Steele*

A poem  
Is like a  
Girl with sturdy shoulders  
Submerged to the chin  
In  
Dappled dancing waters

And on  
The waters' surface a  
Bright balloon  
Boozedly bounces but  
Securely attached  
To the poem's  
Neck.

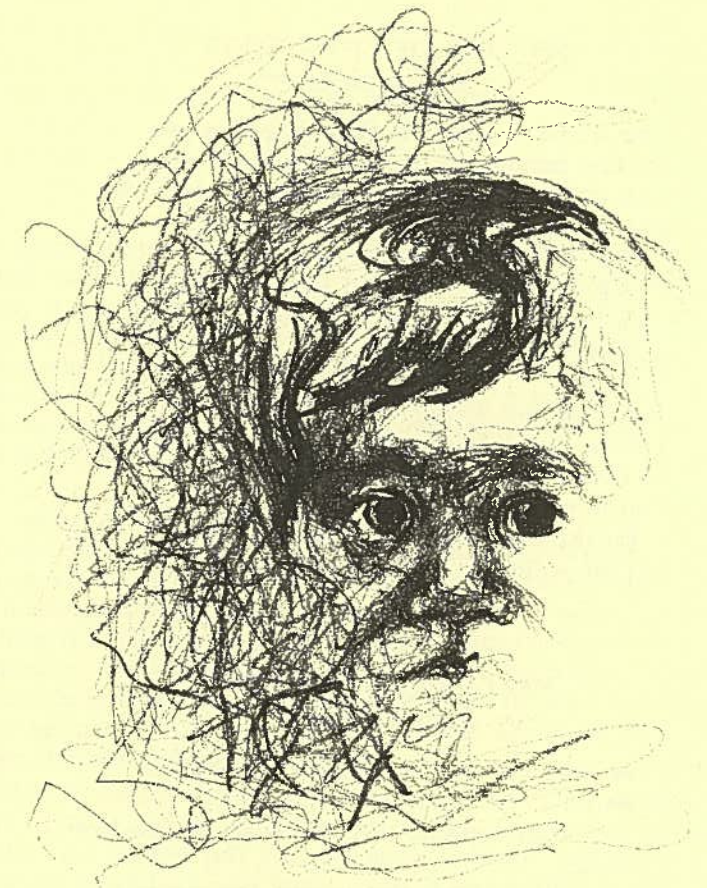
#### DEAD FISH DON'T SWIM

*Sandra Lesley Jones*

With white upturned bellies  
Wide open to the will of the sea,  
Sending forth a stench strong enough to nauseate,  
Taciturn waves slap them against logs.

Sand and seaweed coat them.  
They are thus breaded almost  
Beyond recognition—but the bones . . .  
Yes, the torn bones, give clue to their species.

The clashing of bones and raw flesh—  
Thump! Into the trap!  
God provides. Supper is here,  
Start the fire, my son.



*Barbara Krans*

#### DEPARTURE

*Marcia J. Montie*

I am hiding behind dark blue shadows  
so you won't see my sadness, world:  
for you are green and golden, flowing 'neath the sun's warmth,  
for you are strong and vibrant, laughing in your summer joy.  
And I? — I am shadowed in whirring blue,  
I am lost in the long lonely black,  
A small child crying in the night.



## MY LOSS OF CHILDHOOD

Sharon Barba

The willow brushed its light fingers across  
my face between the ropes holding the swing,  
and, pleased, I gave my wind-filled curls a toss  
and rode the breezes on a wooden wing.  
A field of daisies danced upon my eye;  
I picked enough to make a nymphic chain,  
then lay my body against the earth . . . a sigh  
of thrill that only children can contain.

But I am not a child now, innocent;  
I know that I must spend, less joy, decades  
in useless being, as all life is meant,  
that forces me to have no worth, degrades.  
I was the virgin child who, raped by life,  
left the willow to be frustration's wife.

## PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Robert S. Burger

To close one's eyes and see, before the darkness  
closes in,  
A human priest accusing with his finger drawn like  
a sword,  
And his mouth askew with a tongue like a corpse  
withered and wet,

To lie in bed and smell the heavy musk that grows  
to a stench after death.  
To kiss the painted lips of life and feel the color  
coming off,

*(Besar la vida sin amor es nada.)*

To go forever gasping for an unperfumed breath,  
To rend the petals from the rose in search of beauty,  
To stand outside the house of a friend in the rain,  
To die in a Godless bed that sings of nothing expected,

These brackish actions are part of that which visits  
fleetingly in the night,  
And leaves as a reminder, pillows crumpled on the floor.

## The Artist

Michael Denison

Amrah dipped his feather-brush once more into the clay pot and dabbed the animal blood at just a certain spot on the wall of his cave. There, it was finished. It didn't look bad, either. True, the horns weren't quite even and the legs were in a rather awkward position, but anyone who looked at it would know what it was. He stepped back and viewed his work. Yes, it did look like a boar. A big, dark-colored one, running, sort of. No, no it didn't. It looked like it was lying on its belly with its legs stretched out. But boars don't lie that way . . . or run that way.

Amrah carefully hid his painting utensils in a niche in the cave wall and covered his new painting with a skin. He walked to the nearest untended cooking fire and darted his hand into the flames. It came out holding a still-smoldering piece of charcoal. Tossing the stick and catching it as he ran, to avoid burning his hands, Amrah dashed back to his cave. At his cave he stooped and, with a sharp flint, began slowly and carefully to scrape the black powder from the stick into a clay pot. Then he spat several times into the pot and mixed the mess with his finger. He returned to the painting.

Amrah smiled with final satisfaction. Now, the painting looked right. The back legs were still out at an unnatural angle, but the middle ones looked just right. Amrah squinted at the picture and shook his head back and forth. Now it looked like it was running, really running. In real life, of course, boars didn't have six legs, but when they were running they looked like they had many more legs. Amrah smiled again. The blurry trees and ferns behind the running animal looked good, too. Everything looks blurry when you're running, like after an animal.

For a long time, Amrah just crouched on the floor of his dusty cave and admired his new masterpiece. He compared it with other paintings on the walls, his earlier attempts. He laughed at the old pictures now. The other animals looked like they had tree stumps for legs. But the boar! Amrah seemed to be in sheer ecstasy. Yes, this was his finest work. This far outshone his earlier accomplishments. The clumsiness that appeared in his other paintings was now gone. This animal looked alive, moving. Amrah suddenly jumped up in excitement! If he could paint a boar that actually looked like it was running, why not try to paint a bird that looked like it was actually flying! In his imagination he saw the walls, even the ceiling of the cave covered



with paintings of the flying creatures. If he could only capture the beautiful motion, the swift and easy gliding movements of the birds! It would put even his beautiful boar to shame. He grinned once more at his precious painting and started out the door of his cave. But Amrah suddenly stopped. No, he'd better not do anything else on it today. Some members of the tribe were already suspicious of him. They wanted to know why he spent all of his time in his cave instead of out hunting with the rest of the men. They disliked him. Amrah shuddered a little to think what might happen to him if the tribesmen found out that he was painting.

Painting animal pictures was the duty of the tribal chieftain. It was he who was supposed to paint the magic symbols on the backs of hides. It was he who was supposed to perform the magic rites before all the hunters threw their weapons at the symbols. The chief's painting was for a purpose, to bring good hunting. Amrah had painted his pictures only because he liked to watch the animals. Amrah painted because at night he could not see the animals or the forest they lived in. During the days, he used to separate himself from the other hunters and just go off and look at things. He watched the animals, the grassy plains as the wind made waves on its vast surface, the sky, the lakes, the thick rain forests, the marshes. But the other men, the hunters, smashed plants and killed animals, just for the sake of destroying. He would rather just sit and *watch* the plants and animals. Amrah even saw beauty in the thunderstorms. He would stare and stare at the violent flashes of lightning that split the darkness of the air and lighted up the whole world below.

Amrah painted the beautiful animals because he could not stand to stare only at blank walls. Now he welcomed the nights almost as much as he did the days. Now at night he could admire his handiwork and dream easier of the things they represented. He had thought a long while before he had painted them. He had wanted to own one of the chief's paintings, just to admire, but they were magic. Nobody could even touch them or the Gods would become angry and take away the animals. After he had finally painted his first animal, he had thought that maybe his pictures were magic too. If that were true, he might be causing much evil and misfortune to come upon the tribe. But nothing had happened, so Amrah had painted more. Now, Amrah dared to think, he could paint even better than the chief. True, his pictures weren't magic, but they looked more real and . . . they looked like they moved. At least, one of them did.

Amrah picked up his spear and sought after the hunters. He did not stop to look at the scenery this time. He had been thinking too much about what people would think of him if they knew he was painting sacrilegious pictures. They were suspicious. They would think he was revolting against the chief or even the gods. They would think he was trying to bring bad fortune upon the tribe. They would destroy

his paintings and maybe even him. Amrah hurried his steps to find the hunters. He must prove his value as a hunter and remain in good standing with the tribe. But Amrah did not find the hunters. He did not even see them until the next day when they, too, returned to the camp empty-handed. Cursingly, they related the story of their so-called hunt. The tribe had camped at this particular spot because of the caves that could easily be made into homes and because of the readily available water supply and wonderful abundance of game. The nearby lake had fish, the fields held grain of all sorts, and the forests were overflowing with game. The men had always returned from their short, easy hunts with more than enough game to feed the tribe. But this time they had been out for two full days and had come home with only a few small animals. That night, the men sat around the fires and raged. Disappointment fed by suspicion caused tempers to flare. The men did not relish being hungry. They had beaten Amrah for not being with them during the hunt, and that night Amrah wept and cursed his pictures. They were beautiful, and they were his own making, but they had caused him to be beaten, and now everyone would be hungry.

When Amrah awoke the next morning, the chief was painting his magic symbols. The whole tribe had gathered around him in hope and anticipation. When the chief had finished his rites all the hunters, including and especially Amrah, had hurled their spears at the paintings of tapirs, tigers, and horses, and had set out once more to hunt the animals.

They found no game then or for many days to come. If they had not been men, they might have known ahead of time, but being men, they were sadly lacking in the acute sense of smell that the very animals they sought possessed. The animals smelled the escaping gases that foreshadowed earthquakes and volcanoes, but the men did not. The men returned once more to camp, this time even more heartsick and disappointed. They talked and pleaded with their chief, finally haranguing him into repeating the magic rites again the next day.

Amrah, too, had returned to his cave unhappily. As he entered the door, suddenly his eyes opened wide in disbelief and dismay. His paints, his equipment, were scattered carelessly over the floor and, there on the wall were childish scribbles defacing his precious works. His first feelings were of anger, but, then fright. Now someone knew and soon others would know. He saw the small child's footprints. After all the care he had taken to make sure that no one entered the cave, after he had even isolated himself from the tribe so that he might paint more of his forbidden pictures, after all this, one small, prying child had betrayed him, or would.

Amrah turned quickly towards the village and just as quickly turned back. They were coming, all of the hunters, the women, the chief, led by a small boy who was pointing toward the cave and yelling.



Amrah met them calmly and tried to the best of his ability to explain why he had painted the pictures. He explained how carefully he had watched the chief paint his symbols and of the improvements that had now been made. But they did not listen. As expected, the suspicious lot accused Amrah of conspiring with evil spirits to scare the game away from the village. They had been kind, though. They had given Amrah two nights to live, if game was not found.

On the following day, after the chief had once more performed his useless ceremonies, Amrah led the hunting party into the forest. For several hours the members of the party combed every possible place of concealment in a large area. Then, just before sunset, they found what they were looking for, or rather, it found them. A huge tusked boar, like the one Amrah had painted on the walls of his cave, suddenly charged the tired and unwary group from a thicket. With a squeal of savage ferocity, the boar tore into the pack of men. The first man went down bawling with rage and pain, kicking with the shattered stump that had been his left leg. The other men defended themselves with bravery and finally managed to drive the massive beast off, but it had done its damage. Four men were laid out in impossible positions with shreds of bloody tissue hanging from their broken and shattered bones. One man, who had been disemboweled but not killed, screamed in outrageous agony as he held his hands vainly over his torn-open abdomen. The chief lay propped against a tree, bleeding profusely from a gash running the length of his arm. And Amrah? He had emerged unscathed. Had the men been paying any attention at all to him during the fight, they would have seen Amrah hacking in fury at the beast. Then, they would have seen him gaze with tear-filled eyes at the scene of fresh destruction and rush blindly back toward his cave.

The survivors of the hunting party reached the village early the next morning carrying the dead bodies of their comrades. The bodies were interred with what little pomp and ceremony the tribe could afford them and the mourning for them began and ended. Then came the day of reckoning.

When Amrah had stumbled headlong into his cave immediately after his blind retreat from the scene of the attack, he was hysterical. He screamed to the heavens a cry of knowing pain and internal suffering. With clenched teeth and tear-streamed eyes, he swore at the sun that had supposedly been his protector and benefactor. Later, he only sobbed with childish helplessness and beat his hands and forehead to a rawness against the painted walls of his cave. He gazed a last time at those paintings which had been his downfall. For all that they had cost him, even soon his life, he still loved them and could not see any evil in them. They were still beautiful. Then, when his soul had been completely crushed by the remembrance of the tragedy and the thought of his connection with it, he squatted calmly in the middle of the floor of his cave and waited for them to come after him.

## SONNET XXXV (TO NANCY S.)

*Steve Schmidt*

Though childhood hides the manly wants in me,  
Deny me not the right to keep them still;  
Though elders master love's philosophy,  
Blind youth enjoy it—they have stronger will.  
Yes! I am young—too young, if that you wish—  
To know what techniques best suffice in love,  
But in my greenness I can more accomplish  
The thrills that age is insufficient of.  
Then why suggest that you desire the old  
When youthful lust and thrills are dearly wanted?  
What satisfaction can be found in cold,  
Impotent men whose seeds have long been planted?  
If still you think my youth forbids your granting,  
Go have your aged men—and happy planting!

## AUTUMN LYRIC

*Janet Yerby*

Rising, descending—

I've heard the melody before—

The brittle song

Of autumn's crackling voice,

And one fragile peak;

Apples must be caught in crescendo,

Before frost touches flame,

Or the brittle song

Will be too harsh to bear.

Complete, near splitting—

A crisis in burnt hues—

April's fruit tree

Is through with hoping—

I know the feeling—

Climbing, over-reaching,

A pitch too high,

Rising with too much speed,

Music beyond the point of ripeness—

I've heard the melody before

And had to wait for another season.



## *Anniversary Dinner: One Week*

Judith Exline Keesbury

### I

She blushed with pride from one, blond-curl-covered ear to the other as she sprinkled the last bit of sieved egg yolk around a crimson, radish-rose in her salad. It looked even more appetizing than the cook-book picture, because she'd doubled the number of anchovies and placed them in the curly, green endive in a starfish pattern. The clear oil dressing, oozing among the purple pickled-onion circles and fat, black olives, was only noticeable because of the colored specks of spices it contained—a generous amount of red oregano, black pepper, and yellowish-brown sage.

The filet mignon snuggled into its bacon wrappings so that only the top surface showed. Since it didn't look quite perfect to her, she ladled more of the reddish wine marinade over it to make it juicy and tempting. Beside the steak's place of honor at the front of the glowing china plate, a cluster of pearly new potatoes boasted delicate bits of chopped parsley. Along the back of the plate lay softly green-colored asparagus spears laced with a thick, tangy Hollandaise sauce.

Her anniversary dinner was beautiful! Even the rose-tinted water goblets that Uncle Jim had given them matched her color scheme. She blushed again, as she saw the front door begin to open.

### II

The oregano in the salad dressing burned his tongue and made his eyes water. Remembering bland, baked halibut, he thought the little fish in the salad would absorb the painful taste. But the anchovy was poisonously salty, and when this sensation spread to the back corners of his mouth, he desperately splashed down some water.

The top of the filet mignon was tender and juicy, but when he started chewing it, he discovered a tough, brittle crust on the bottom. Marinating the steak in what tasted like turpentine would surely have made it soft as butter—if the bride had not forgotten it under the broiler.

To relieve these acrid, smoky tastes, he tried one of the tiny whole potatoes. It snapped in half when he bit down hard enough, and as the crisp, rough surface fell on his tongue, the starchiness of the nearly-raw vegetable began to taste like cotton filling his mouth.

He usually didn't eat slimy, indecisive asparagus, but for some reason, those were the very qualities that appealed to him now; and he

had always liked Hollandaise sauce . . . . The inside of his mouth and throat constricted into a hard, lemony ache when he tasted the too-highly flavored sauce. Coughing convulsively, he choked down more water, and finally flooded the bitter sourness away.

He heaved a sigh and looked apologetically at the bride; but the first salty, heart-broken tear had already fallen.



*Barbara Krans*



## Damn You, Mr. Salinger

Steve Schmidt

I just finished reading Mr. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* today, and it depressed hell out of me. I mean it *depressed* me. Not because the novel was crummy—I'm not saying that—because it wasn't, if you want to know. No kidding, I'm depressed for other reasons. For one thing, it's just that that stupid *Holden* was *me*. The whole time I read the book I wasn't really *reading* it. I was looking in the damn mirror, watching *my* face staring hell out of my own rotten face. I really was. I shouldn't have even read the book, because now I think *I'll* end up where that madman Holden did. You've got to be careful when you read novels. They'll *try* to depress you. That's why you've got to *really* watch them damn novels, boy. Look at me. I'm a *reck*. No kidding. I mean I'm really a *reck* or something. I'll probably *rot* in some old ditch somewhere, all depressed and everything. I mean it. I should have *stopped* reading it, if you really want to know. But I couldn't. I was afraid. I mean I was afraid to *stop* reading. I'm a damned chicken when it comes to stopping something I've already started. I'm even afraid to stop writing what I'm now writing—even if I do catch hell for copying off of old Salinger. He'll probably *sue* me for every penny I've *got*. No kidding, he really will. But he'll be wasting his old crummy time. I don't even *have* a penny. I'm a poor intellectual. I mean *basically* I'm really a poor intellectual and stuff. But he depressed me so much that I'm *impressed*. I can't help it. That's how damn *dumb* I am. I can't even *help* it or anything. I mean, like Bowling Green beat old Loyola by seventeen points and I almost care. I really almost *care*.

Like I said, old Salinger really impressed me, boy. Now I want to write a novel just like his. Only with *my* experiences. You know, telling why *I'm* Holden and all that autobiographical crap. But I can't. It's already been done. It really has, no kidding. That damn Salinger did it before I was old enough to. I could say, "*Damn* you, Mr. Salinger!" I really could—if I weren't a puny chicken. Even if I *did* say it, though, I wouldn't mean it. No kidding, that's how dumb I am. I'd come right out and *yell* it and all, and I wouldn't even *mean* it. How phony can you get? Don't say as phony as a theater major, because that's not quite possible. I swear to God, you're wrong as hell if you tried to say that about *me* and some old theater major. Not that I'm jealous of them because they get to show off all over hell and act like the opposite sex, because I'm *not*. I do like to show

off, but I don't even *like* feminine males or anything. Pimpy people make me puke. I mean they really make me throw up and everything.

Anyway, I said I'd *like* to write a novel, but it'll never work *now*. I mean as far as novels go, I'm really messed up. No kidding. I'm positively *messed* up as far as *novels* go.

And I can't write a play instead, because *I'm* no Henrik Ibsen. Honest. Besides, if I *were* to write a play, and it *did* turn out to be a triteless American tragedy or something, how am I to know that some damned theater major might not act the old tragic thing out? That would be even *more* phony. I'd have to die right there in the audience if I were to watch it. I'd just *sit* right there like a real chicken—afraid to leave—and die my old head off. No kidding, can you really picture a dead head rolling down the aisle? So a play is out of the question.

And a poem is too. *I'm* no Frost. And *he's* dead anyway. Even if I tried to write a poem like he did, I'd just start thinking about how *good* he was, and *that* would make me go crazy, because *I* sure am sorry he kicked his old poetical bucket. Other people are trying to forget him, if you really want to know. Forget him as a *person*, I mean. People sure are stupid and depressing, boy. They'll forget you *just* like that when you *konk* out. You've got to watch it when you die. You really do. People will even *try* to forget you.

Anyway, if I did try to write a Frost-type poem, I'd really get messed up. I'd probably end up being an old depressed Edgar Allan *Poe* or something.

I wish to hell Mr. Frost *weren't* dead. I don't mean to say that I *think* he's in Hell. He's probably in some fancy coffin freezing his old poetical fingers off. And I can't *tell* anyone I'm sorry he's dead. They'd just look at me and laugh until they went crazy. They'd tell me to be realistic. That's one word I hate, sometimes. Not all the time—I'm not saying *that*. The only time I really *hate* it is when someone uses it to cover up for their own cold-hearted self. Take the example of old Mr. Frost's dying, for example. If I were to ask some intellectual-type person if he cared about him dying and everything, he'd say yes. But then if I were to ask him if he cried or anything when he heard the news, he'd say, *No*, for God's sake. And if I asked him *why* he didn't cry, he'd say it was because he was trying to be *realistic*. Boy, what a lying intellectual *he* would be. He really would. People will *try* to be realistic, as they call it, if you let them. They'll just sit there and watch their own mother die and *cry* like hell—and then go to some sophisticated party right after the funeral and *laugh* their butts off while they're cornering their best friend's wife in the kitchen or something. So a poem is really *out* of the question.



And anyway, I want to tell about this girl I had a date with several weeks ago. Just for the hell of it, I'll say her name is Nickie. And that's a slimy lie. It really *is*. I'm really a slimy liar sometimes. No kidding, I don't even *know* a girl named Nickie. Except that I had a cat by that name once—but my old man shot him because he said the stupid cat was wild. I can still see old Nickie leap through the air and over the goldenrods like a leaping *madman* when the old bullet hit him. My brother Don and I buried him. I mean we buried *Nickie*. But that kind of stuff drives me crazy, so I'll forget it ever happened. I mean I'll just *forget* it or something. No kidding, I'll be real realistic about my mercy-loving old man killing a cat that was probably waging war or something on the whole world. Hell, now I don't even *like* stupid cats.

Anyway, I got a date with this Nickie girl because I was as bored as a Lawrence novel in a Catholic grade school, and my semester vacation was almost over. I knew we wouldn't do anything *sexy* or anything, because she was going with some maniac in the Navy on some rotten island somewhere. I can't even *remember* where he is. I don't even know if he *is* in the Navy. He might even be a five-hundred-pound *Marine*. And that *really* depresses me, because if he knew I had been with *his* true love, he'd get on some scroungie *boat* or something and paddle like a fool a million miles to Bowling Green. I can really see myself when he gets finished—laying in some depressed gutter with my faculties all over the whole city. I'd look like an old beat up prune or something. I really *would*. And I wouldn't even move. No kidding, I'd just lay there and let somebody's dish-water wash off my pruny, depressing body.

Well, I didn't have much money, so my sister lent me some, since Nickie is her friend. I picked her up in my sister's car, *too*, of all welching things. I'm really a welcher when you get right down to it, I swear to God. Anyway, we saw the last days of a couple silly cities called *Sodom and Gomorrah*. The show was all right—I'm not saying *that*. There were these female slaves who could really twitch their faculties around. I even forgot I was with the wife of a Marine or something. All I could think about were those innocent little twitchers who were trying to make everyone hot. I think they were *doing* it too, because the whole theater was silent. People will *do* that when they get hot in a theater. They'll just *sit* there real suave and silent, suffering their old heads off. And then in all that too-silent silence some old woman about a hundred and twenty will clear her throat or something, along with a bunch of old men. That's what really *kills* me about people getting hot in the movies. It's them silly *old* people clearing their throats as if they've lost something they can't get back. Honest to God, it's depressing as hell to listen to all those old people clearing their old regretful throats, all at the *same*

time. But it *still* kills me. I must be a *sadist* or something, because old people clearing their throats in a sexy movie tear *hell* out of me. They really do.

Well, finally Nickie grabbed my hand and squeezed the damn thing until she broke all the bones. Here was this Nickie—with one foot almost going down some stupid aisle to marry some old Marine on some rotten island—sitting in this air-conditioned theater, squeezing hell out of my hand, just like a not-undersexed vise. But I soon forgot she was almost a mother and everything, so I started working on *her* hand. But she *still* got the best of me. It's embarrassing, but she really did.

Eventually, Nickie got bored with breaking my hand, so she started *tiptoeing* her fingers back and forth across my neck, squeezing it when she was in the mood. Girls will do that, boy. They'll really sit right there in some stupid *Sodom and Gomorrah* show and try like *madmen* to get you shook. And so that's what old Nickie was doing. She was especially interested in my ear lobes, if you really want to hear about it. And I never *said* anything. No kidding, just *sat* there and let myself get a little shook. And I really *was* getting shook and everything as far as *she* was concerned. I moved my leg, and she said, "What the heck's the matter, dear? You *hot* or something?" *Heck*. That killed me. She meant hell. Girls really kill me. They'll sit there and tickle you crazy until they think they've got you good and wild—and then they'll *ask* you if you're hot. So she said, "What the heck's the matter, dear? You *hot* or something?" And I answered her real suave as hell, "Yes, honey, I'm hot as a rusty old left-handed monkey wrench. No *kidding*, I mean I really am. No kiddin!" And after I said *that*, she giggled in some silly triumphant way and began again where she had left off: my ear lobes. That's how *dumb* she was. She didn't even know I was kidding her. I mean, she didn't even *know* that monkey wrenches are sexless and right-handed and everything.

Well, this is really a very good time to *end* my story. It really is a good time, because the things we did *after* the show have been said again and again and again by other people, so they're boring. Besides, I'm not in the mood to talk about them. But if you really want to know, we did such things as pet and have infinite relations and all that crap. And they're not fun to write about because they sound real vomity and embarrassing and everything; but they're fun to think about. They really are. Anyway, she nearly molested me. But I guess that's pretty trite: girls molesting boys and everything. I guess girls that are almost married to maniacs overseas, and all, will really *try* to molest guys at home. I mean they'll really get lonely and depraved and everything when they are separated from their *true* love and things like that. Anyway, I *could* tell you about all the sexy things we did,



but people would read what we did, and they'd yell *trite* just as loud as they could, and that would depress me. I swear to God, they'd really scream *trite, trite, trite* until they got pretty trite themselves, yelling it so much—and then they'd probably start shouting *banal, banal, banal*, which would really be a clever manipulation of words. I mean it really would be quite clever and intellectual and everything. People really dislike things that are trite and banal and all. Like, if I were in the war and a bomb landed in the middle of my head, I couldn't really go to my commanding officer and say, "Hey, Captain Sir, I've been hurt. No kidding, Sir. I really have." He would probably say this: "Look, *private*, don't be so damned *banal*, will you? People are getting bombs dropped on their heads every day. So, if you *can't* tell me in a more original way than, 'Hey, Sir, I've been *hurt*,' you might as well forget it—or try to be *original*, for *chrissake!*" So before too many people hemorrhage all their blood vessels yelling *trite*, I'm going to end my story. No kidding, I *really* am.

#### HAIKU SKETCH

Gwendolyn Rosemond

Bold fearless warrior,  
No weapon can destroy you,  
Heinz Company fly.

#### FOR NOTHING

Marjorie R. Cowen

I killed a man once, no reason why  
I just had an urge that this man should die.  
So knife in hand, my face a grin  
I took that tool and put it in—  
For nothing more than blood and gore  
And a love that was there once before.

## A Sketch

Eleanor M. McDonald

With the shining row of products laid in rigid order, the salesman had only to follow neatly along, the products giving him his cues. Picking up the next can, he felt a twinge of embarrassed reluctance within himself, even as he held out the can to the prospect and asked the question.

Around him, the room, even at nine o'clock on a sunny morning, was in semi-gloom. Dark, embossed wallpaper hung off the walls in ragged spots, soaked off by a moisture that was internal to the house—an all pervasive damp that you could smell as a dirty mustiness, slightly ammoniac, like urine, as if too many unwashed diapers had been dried before the oil stove and reused—the feeling was a slimy stifling sensation on the exposed portions of your skin.

The floor, cheap softwood many years ago, had fulfilled its early promise. It had warped and the knots had fallen out, leaving holes here and there. The damp cellar effluvium seeped out to intermingle with that of the upper part of the house, and animal life of all sorts—mice, spiders, ants and roaches, and others which moved too quickly to be identified—crept in and out of the holes, leaving the clean-looking young man desperately hoping in some remote and separate part of his mind that he wouldn't carry some of this native life away with him in the sample case.

A broken lamp cord trailed halfway out into the room and stopped, forgotten. Many of the windows were cracked, many had lost their putty and had simply fallen out. Window shades, no longer under the restraint of the stiffening bottom rods, were torn and yellowed as far up as they could be seen. Holes in the ceiling adjacent to one of the walls of this room had allowed a slight but steady sifting of yellowish dirt, leaving two powdery-looking yellow streaks on the dark paper, and adding their peculiar smell of attic dust to the already rich compound below.

He wondered if anyone had ever tried to repair any of the things wrong with this house, so like many he visited in his job, but even as he did he realized the foolishness of that question. Certainly the present mistress of the house, like the mistresses of all such houses, wouldn't have attempted any improvements. Festoons of clothes—mostly dirty clothes—hung from every chair and doorknob. A pile of clothing mixed with broken toys and torn books lay at the end of the sofa where the salesman sat. The toys and books belonged, perhaps,



to the crowd of dirty and disheveled children who sat idly about the doorstep, sucking their bottles of pop and passing the bag of potato chips from one to the other. Breakfast was being served, and he clutched his senses grimly under the onslaught of the smells coming from the nearest pile of dirty clothes.

The woman opposite him was sallow with the sallowness of poor food, lack of fresh air, and lack of bathing. Her hair was greasily dark, limp and foul-looking, imprisoned at the moment in metal curlers which hung around her face. Around the edges of her lips, were the dark and caked remains of the lipstick which she had bravely applied several days ago, leaving the inner portion of her lips showing their sickly, blue color. A smear of grease had run from one corner of her mouth and had been arrested at the end of her chin by the back of her hand. Both the chin and the hand offered testimony to this process.

She wasn't fat. Dumpy would be the word. Hips broad, short thick legs, feet shapeless in old, broken-down shoes which had been strategically cut to allow for her swelling bunions, she sat limply and looked at him out of distant, dull eyes. She hadn't known the sheer, feminine joy of a good bra and girdle for many years; and her breasts sagged to her waist, lying softly on the curve of her belly as it strained against the dirty pink of her cheap, straight skirt. Even in the warmth of this summer day, she wore a torn and faded sweater which revealed and emphasized her sagging shape. Even sadder than what it revealed of the front of her was what it revealed of her back, seemingly the essence of this woman. In polite society, it might be said that she had a "dowager's hump." The neck and head were held tiredly forward. All of her fat seemed to have settled in an ungainly and unsightly pad which straddled her shoulders, the displacement causing the sweater to rise up above her waist by several inches at mid-back. She had a hunched, disfigured look without actually being hunched and disfigured; she had a tired defeated look, an uncared for and an uncaring look, an unwashed look, the look of despair, defeat and a worse-than-death look.

A puff of breeze flapped the torn shade of the kitchen, lifted it up high to reveal by the sudden burst of light an incredibly dirty and dark room, then as quickly and mercifully, fell away, allowing the shade to fall again. But before it died, the wind did a terrible thing. It drove before it, instead of the smell of the greenly burgeoning fields of corn and hay, the real smell of the house. The cast-off odors of by-gone meals had been lurking in the kitchen, waiting the chance of a stiff breeze to pounce out and grab you by the throat with an all but suffocating grip of stale cooking, rancid grease, sour milk, and spoiled food, an unwashed heaviness that was as solid as a wall.

The young man offered her his product.

"This is our newest product," he said proudly. "It comes in four fragrances: Cedar-Pine, Fresh Air, Lavender, and Citrus. Which one of the new room-deodorizers would you like to try?"

"Why, I don't believe I could use one," was the soft reply.

## CAMUS AND I

*Donald Pollock*

Enlightenment!  
Like thundering—water  
annihilates the dam.  
gone . . .  
the bliss of darkness.

Being . . .  
emerges . . .  
created—deadened,  
vitalized—distilled.  
foaming in infinite sands,  
frothing amidst the chasm . . .  
Boiling newness  
vaporizing in "?"

Absurdity!  
Joy and Horror!

Rebellion!  
Value . . .  
transcends—permeates.  
solitude . . . is and is-not.  
I, the infinite, the infinitesimal belong . . .  
to each other.

## TODAY

*Dennis Szilak*

Today is the day: Today I don't care if I am fat and ugly  
Anymore.

Ceasing to care; and I cannot dance.  
Still taking a bath, a shave, every other day.  
But only because I itch.



## *Nature: Ominous Symbols of Control* *A Critical Analysis*

Barbara A. Germann

Reading William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* is an experience in terror, awe, and imagination. The reader finds that throughout the book he becomes personally involved in the boys' plight and receives vivid impressions which defy the fact that the images are printed—the tale, fictional. Golding's remarkable skill carries the reader to the island, where he loses his identity, finding among the boys a reminiscent image of his own childhood. This identification heightens the effect of the novel and facilitates the communication of the numerous symbolic sense impressions, many of which are related to nature. This strong emphasis on nature contributes to the universality of the situation and the plausibility of the events by so often dealing with that common to all man.

The setting is in the South Seas, an area traditionally associated with passion and nature. The elements play major roles in the novel, parts of which dwarf the actions of man and imply the omnipotence of Nature. Warring man, having deposited a band of small boys on an uninhabited island, apparently has displeased Nature, for the elements seem to be lurking in the background, ominously controlling that which threatens the peaceful existence of the boys. This is illustrated by examining the symbolic implications of the elements as they appear in the novel.

On the day the boys confirmed that they were on an island, the atmosphere was such that "the view was not robbed of sharpness by mirage," thereby removing all hope of leaving the island by their own means. Mirages, which reappear throughout the novel, reflecting the distortion of life, are comparable to Ralph's ideas concerning the island society, in that neither is a true representation of reality.

The sun, which created the mirages, offered days which were "a sunbath under a blue dome." Golding more frequently refers to it, however, as "an angry eye" which "pelted down . . . arrows of sun" on the boys. Although Jack is frequently protected from the sun as he spends his time hunting in the "semidarkness of the undergrowth," Ralph seems never to be spared the punishment of its rays. Jack and his party first appear as they "step from a mirage on to (sic.) clear sand," clad in the caps and cloaks which shielded them from the sun but did not prevent their being "sun-blind," a term which anticipates

their later attitude toward existence on the island. Ralph, on the other hand, toils in the sun, building the shelters; and he experiences his most serious moments at dawn and dusk when the sun's rays are obvious. He calls a meeting to "put things straight" at dusk, and acknowledges his responsibility to deal with the beast at a dawn assembly. Ralph becomes a bit philosophic at one moment when "he fell into that strange mood of speculation that was so foreign to him." If faces were different when lit from above or below—what was a face? What was anything?" In his flight from the hunters at the end of the novel, "bars and splashes of sunlight flitted over him" as the light and heat from the fire tortured his body. He himself was fair complexioned and lightly clothed, while Jack and his followers were clad in either dark cloaks or wore the dark clay paint. Roger, a member of Jack's party, was dark in temperament as well as appearance. Light, heat, and the sun are associated with Ralph, opposing his efforts to retain order and rationality.

The island itself, ordinarily thought of as a paradise which should provide comfort and satisfy the needs of the boys, actually is responsible for numerous barriers to their well-being. It is located in an area in which the climate makes the days unbearably hot, and the storms are preceded by an electric tension. The mountain, an ideal place for the signal fire, provides no wood for fuel, so the boys keep a signal going only by constant effort. The tendrils found on the trees, providing an almost opaque covering from the sun, frighten the small boys who dream of "fighting with those twisty things in the trees." The necessities of carrying water, establishing a lavatory area, building shelters, and keeping the fire burning are all inconveniences to living on the island and promote the opposition to Ralph's attempts at maintaining a "normal" civilization. The island produced the clay for the masks which Jack's group hides behind and gives the boys weapons with which to war. The sticks, rocks, and fuel for fire used for destructive efforts are supplied by Nature to the hostile band led by Jack.

The wind first appears as responsible for spreading the fire from the first attempt at sending a signal, the fire which kills the little boy with the scarred face. The wind also brings the "beast from the air" as described in the following passage:

There was a speck above the island, a figure that hung with dangling limbs. The changing winds of various altitudes took the figure where they would. Then, three miles up, the wind steadied and bore it in a descending curve round the sky and swept it in a great slant across the reef and the lagoon toward the mountain. . . . Yard by yard, puff by puff, the breeze hauled the figure through the blue flowers, over the boulders and red stones, till it lay huddled among the shattered rocks of the mountain-top.



Early the next morning, the guards at the signal fire hear the parachute blowing; then the fire illuminates the figure, terrifying Sam 'n Eric:

Far beneath them, the trees of the forest sighed, then roared.

The hair on their foreheads fluttered and flames blew out sideways from the fire. Fifteen yards away from them came the plopping noise of fabric blown open.

The wind at last carries the body to the sea in a final construction of horror as the body passes over the boys, sending them "screaming into the darkness."

Fire, closely related to the wind symbol, presents a concise representation of the degeneration of activities on the island. It is first used as a means for obtaining help, with full faith in whoever would see the signal, then as a source of comfort and warmth. Later, the fire is used to cook meat, and finally as a lethal weapon. It is the smoke from the island fire which attracts the attention of the cutter that rescues the boys. Because of this last fire, the reader is made aware of an extension of the situation existing on the island. Here boys were merely toying with fire, a phenomenon of Nature, but the cruiser identifies a situation in which men are toying with applications of another force, atomic energy, which they have immediately put to use in a function of destruction. On the island, the fire rages beyond control, threatening to destroy all life. The analogy is obvious.

The sea is quickly identified as responsible for the isolation of the boys:

Wave after wave, Ralph followed the rise and fall until something of the remoteness of the sea numbed his brain. Then gradually the almost infinite size of this water forced itself on his attention. This was the divider, the barrier . . . here, faced by the brute obtuseness of the ocean, the miles of division, one was clamped down, one was helpless, one was condemned, one was . . .

The sea not only isolates them from contact with civilization, it also prevents their escape from each other, from the "beast of the air," and is the lair of the imagined "beast from water." Other creatures, not imaginary this time, occupy the waters around the island. They are the "tiny transparencies which like a myriad of tiny teeth in a buzz saw came scavenging over the beach," fascinating Henry in the early days on the island. Later, the sea sends the transparencies to the body of Simon, where "the strange attendant creatures, with their fiery eyes and trailing vapors, busied themselves round his head." At last, "softly surrounded by a fringe of inquisitive bright creatures, itself a silvered shape beneath the steadfast (sic.) constellations, Simon's dead body moved out to sea." The body is carried by "the great wave of the tide" which Golding effectively describes as a manifestation of the entire

stellar system. This again magnifies the powers of Nature, at the same time accenting the precarious position of the island society as the reader realizes that this powerful force has some to claim as its own the bodies of Simon and his "dead man on a hill," mistakes of the crippled society of island children and an "advanced" outside civilization.

From the sea also comes the conch, at first a symbol of authority, which later becomes a mockery of the attempt at fair and rational government. Tracing the role the conch plays in the society, and marking the steps of regression in forms of rule, is a lengthy and enlightening process which clearly defines Golding's thoughts on man and his attempts and methods of government. Golding's thesis on the evil nature of man is illuminated by the last act of the sea, transporting the cruiser which "rescues" the boys, actually affording the opportunity for Golding's man to display on a larger scale his inability to escape from his evil nature.

The sea sets the pace for what is perhaps the most extensive pattern of symbols, one which in some degree structures the book. Through the tide, the waves, and the "breathing" of the sea, a pattern of pulses or rhythms is established which permeates all other parts of the novel.

Jack had gone right down to the water on the other side. Now he saw the landsman's view of the sea and it seemed like the breathing of some stupendous creature. Slowly the waters sank among the rocks . . . down, down, the waters went, whispering like the wind among the heads of the forest . . . Then the sleeping leviathan breathed out, the waters rose, the weed streamed, and the water boiled over the table rock with a roar. There was no sense of the passage of waves; only this minute-long fall and rise and fall.

The ancient association of the tide with man's pulse is made as Simon looks at the pig's head and experiences "an inescapable recognition," as in his "right temple a pulse began to beat on the brain." Fear is usually identified as a "quickening of the heartbeat" and is frequently experienced as such by Ralph.

A second obvious rhythm pattern is that of day and night, described early in the novel: "The first rhythm that they became used to was the slow swing from dawn to quick dusk." The rhythmic lifting of the parachuter by the wind, the repeated building up of the fire, the step-by-step degeneration in forms of rule and society, and the terror and savagery which advance in waves over the island are all evidences of the cyclic nature of their existence. The climate itself is patterned, with periods of dry heat resolved in tropical storms. After days of clear weather, the approaching storm sent "a wave of restlessness" which "sends the boys swaying and moving endlessly."

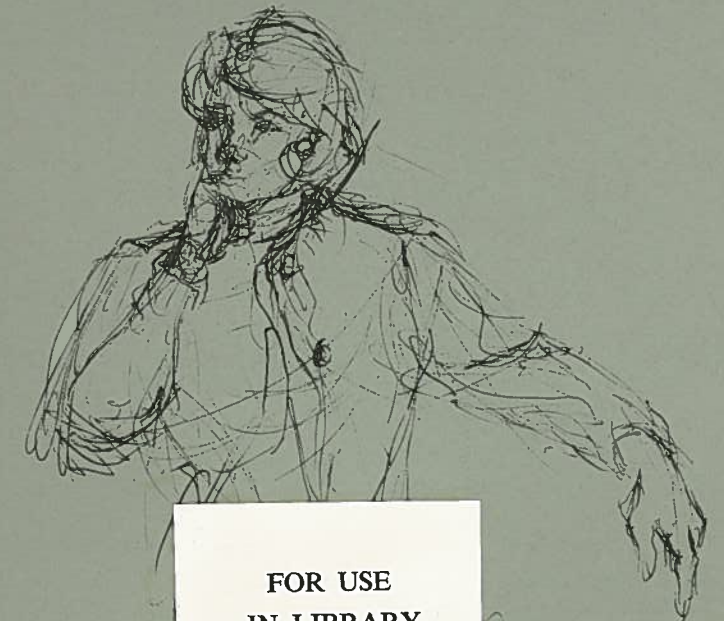


Chants and rhythms are repeatedly associated with Jack and his followers, supporting the idea that Nature scorns that which Ralph represents. The choir first appears "marching approximately in step in two parallel lines." They return from the first successful hunt chanting "Kill the pig. Cut her throat. Spill her blood." After the feast the hunting party, joined by the rest of the boys, dance and revive the chant, which appears again and again until their games become hunts, and the "chant rises ritually" in their play. At the feast which ends in Simon's murder, the hunters begin to dance and chant until "the movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse," until "there was the throb of a single organism" with the frenzy reaching a pitch of uncontrollable intensity. The "electric tension" preceding the storm contributed to the intensity of this rite, allowing Nature to be instrumental toward another step in the regression to primitive savagery. This uncontrollable pulse appears again just before Roger pushes the rock which kills Piggy: "Some source of power began to pulse in his body," compelling him to push the boulder off Castle Rock.

Simon leads a cyclic life, regulated by "his times." Ralph, increasingly bothered by the "curtain or shutter" which blocks his mind, thus becomes more and more like Simon. And in the established pattern of death for Simon, predicted by the Lord of the Flies as it warned that the boys were going to "do" him, Sam 'n Eric warn Ralph that "the chief and Roger hate you. They're going to do you." In the hunt for Ralph, "far off the ululation of the pursuers" is heard, setting the pace for another pattern of oral pulses. "The desperate ululation rose behind him, advanced like a jagged fringe of menace and was almost overhead" when Ralph fell at the feet of the naval officer. The treatment of the characters here as "little boys with pointed sticks," in contrast with the age of the officer, illuminates the phases or cycles of childhood and of life.

Just as the officer is older in years and larger in size than the boys, so the war-hunt in which he participates is proportionately greater than the "hunt" for Ralph. This contrast accents the magnitude of the war game of which the officer is a part. He carries the boys away from their game of tag in which Ralph was "it" to include them in his larger game. This suggested return of the officer and the cruiser to hunt for their enemy, sketches a higher, wider spiral of the tragic cycle into which civilization has fallen with the implication of stranger, more dangerous "uncontrollable pulses of power" beating in "the right temples" of grown-up, modern man. Although the officer sensed something of what had occurred on the island, he was ignorant of the actual horror of the activity he interrupted. We sense the impending doom which will conclude the game the officer represents; who will interrupt it? Must we believe, as Golding implies, that man, the officer,

was not only blind to the boys' activities, thinking them in harmless play, but that he is equally oblivious to the folly of his own actions? Much has been said and written in answer to questions such as this. Some people form groups and publish material promoting peace; others picket state houses or write letters to the government. Golding chooses to comment on this subject through *Lord of the Flies*. Although he presents his ideas subtly, enclosing them in what some term an exciting adventure story, let us hope that the readers of this popular novel think seriously about the ideas Golding offers in addition to enjoying the skill of the writer.



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