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EXPERIMENTALIST

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S.U.N.Y. - GENESEO

EXPERIMENTALIST

EDITED BY ROBERT M. HARRIS

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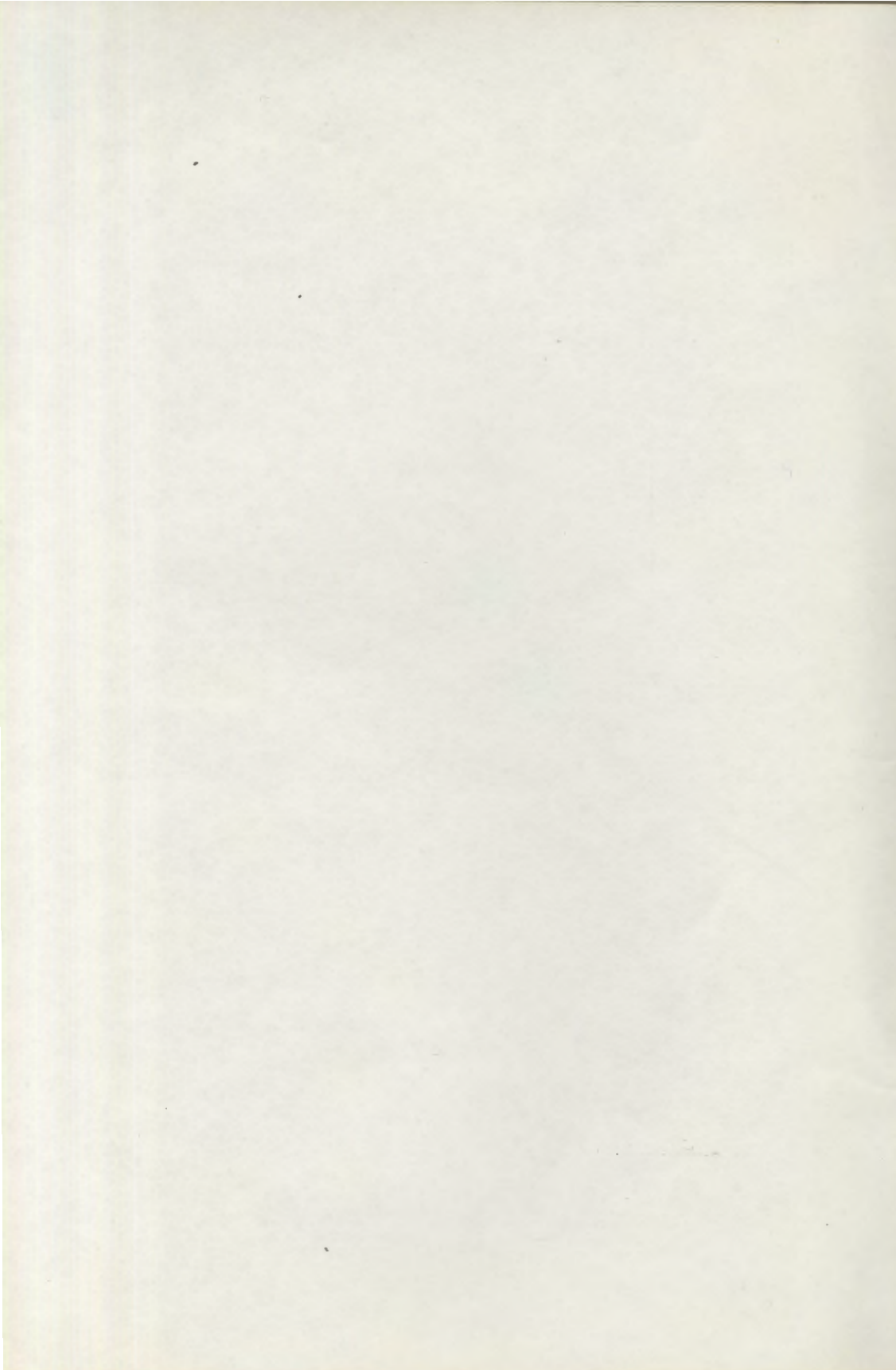
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SPRING 1958

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EXPERIMENTALIST

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AWARDS — 1958

To encourage creative writing on campus, and to honor faculty members who have given long service and made contributions in a specific field, the "Experimentalist" is offering annual awards in the fields of criticism, poetry, playwriting, and fiction. In future years, as new areas of writing are attempted, we hope new awards will be established. Again this year, judges off-campus were asked to select the award winning manuscripts.

The John H. Parry Award was established in criticism. The Reverend Mr. Parry received his A. B. and M.A. from Hamilton College, his A.M. from Columbia. He came to Geneseo in 1921 and served as chairman of the English Department for thirty-four years. He is now serving in St. John's Episcopal Church, Honeoye Falls. The judge for this award was Father Robert H. Flood, C.S.B., librarian and acting head of the English Department, St. John Fisher College, Rochester, New York. The winner of the John H. Parry Award in Criticism for 1958 is Mrs. Barbara Parry Druschel of Avon, New York, for "William Faulkner's Women."

The Mary A. Thomas Award was established in honor of Miss Thomas in the field of poetry. While at Geneseo, she instilled the love of poetry in her students. Because of her we have a fine collection of Keats in our library. She received an A.B. from Vassar, a Pd.B. from State University Teachers College at Albany, and an A.M. from Teachers College, Columbia. She came to Geneseo in 1913 and retired from teaching in 1950. She now is employed in the Genesee Valley National Bank and Trust Company of Geneseo. The winner of the Mary A. Thomas Award was selected by Father Daniel Berigan of LeMoyne University at Syracuse. He has published a book of poetry, "Time Without Wonder", and received the Lamont Award. He selected Karen Kahkonen's "Grandfather Speaks" as most worthy of the Mary A. Thomas Award.

The C. Agnes Rigney Award in Playwriting honors a woman we all know. Miss Rigney came here in 1916 after attending Geneseo Normal School and Teachers College, Columbia. In 1939 she was the one woman staff of the speech department. At her departure in 1956, after forty years service, she left a staff of five, and ninety students enrolled in the Speech Department. She is now Alumni Co-ordinator, here at Geneseo. Professor Norbert O'Donnell, Bowling Green State University, who teaches and writes in the field of drama, selected a one act play, "Time Unknown," by Ann Wydman, to receive the C. Agnes Rigney Award in Playwriting.

Doctor Lucy Harmon, known for her special interests in the short story and the novel, was selected for our award in fiction. She received her B. S. at Teachers College, Pittsburg, Kansas, her A.M. at the University of Chicago, and her Ph.D. at the New York University. She came to Geneseo in 1934. From 1943 to 1950, she was dean of women, while still teaching in the English Department. Miss Helen Drusella Lockwood, recently retired head of the English Department of Vassar, acted as judge. She selected "Across the Quad and Into the River," by John J. Carney, Jr., to receive the Lucy Harmon Award in Fiction.

Congratulations and continued success to our award winners.

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THE LUCY HARMON AWARD

ACROSS THE QUAD AND INTO THE RIVER

by John J. Carney, Jr.

Just Joe stood looking out the window, waiting. This was the hardest part. It had always been—the waiting. But that had been a different college, when he was young, unsure. Today was different. He was confident, with the sure confidence born of learning his job well, and knowing it was right. He was ready.

He heard footfalls in the corridor. He turned, his massive bulk framed in the window—and the professor of the Science of Speech entered. He carried a skull under his arm.

"Hello" said Just Joe to the professor.

"Howdy" said the professor.

"Hello" said Just Joe to the skull.

The skull did not answer, it just leered back at Just Joe.

"Are you prepared?"

"I'm ready."

"Then let's proceed."

The professor turned and led the way down the small corridor to the small testing room.

"You know the procedure?" He wiped his hands slowly on the blood splattered apron he wore to protect his brown double breasted suit.

Just Joe's tired sharp eyes took in the equipment. The skeleton dangling at the front of the room, the bottles of blood, the skin covering, the disorderly pile of muscles and organs placed on the large table to his right. He nodded to his assistant "Smokey" who was already present in the room; a nod of good fellowship, of trust, of mutual respect and confidence; a long nod. Then with eyes straight ahead, his head high, he outlined the task briefly, concisely. The words came easily. It was as he knew it would be. As if he had done it a thousand and one times before.

"In the next few hours I must assemble the various parts before me on the skeleton to form the corpse of a human as it would be in its natural state immediately after death. I may perform whatever surgery necessary to make the parts fit, as long as I have no distortions in the final product. My assistant may do all my bidding, but may offer no advice or suggestions."

"Good, you may proceed when ready." He took a stopwatch from his pocket.

Just Joe accepted the white gown and cap, the rubber gloves from Smokey. Smokey who was called Smokey because he smoked, not cigars or cigarettes, but with a grayish blue haze rising sullenly from his ears. Just Joe felt a twitch in an old wound. He had been hit in the leg with a book during a student uprising at a previous college. That was a long time ago, but every once in a while that twitch came back. And the memories came back with it. And for a moment, just an instant, a cold stabbing fear in his stomach as he remembered the cries of his dying fellow students. He caught himself looking at the skeleton and wondering, but he shook it off. He was ready, confident. He reached into the pile of human insides before him and the stopwatch clicked.

The first hour passed smoothly, without incident. He untangled the mass and lay the parts in orderly groupings. Only twice did he call for the scalpel, in order to separate the large and small intestines from the jumbled mass. His strokes were clean, quick and sharp. Once separated, he sewed the pieces back properly with deftness and skill. He felt good. He had forgotten the old wounds now. Here was a new battle—and he was winning. A faint smile of determination showed through the furrows of concentration.

As the second hour started Just Joe began to assemble the corpse. First the skin hung loosely over the skeleton. Then methodically from the bottom up, the placement of muscles, organs, cartilaginous materials. He worked quickly, carefully, surely and at the end of two hours he knew he was well more than half through.

It was getting dark outside. Smokey snapped the lights on. Just Joe was perspiring now. He had not had to resort to surgery, but the concentration was intense. Each part must fit exactly, no bulges, no airspace. Smokey mopped his brow deftly, slapped the parts in his hand as he pointed to them. The room crackled with the slap of muscle on rubber glove as one after another the parts fell into place; as the body filled out.

And then suddenly—with a full forty minutes left—he was finished except for one last group; the group containing the speech mechanism. The skin had been zipped up the chest. There were no distortions. The body was perfect.

Carefully, delicately, he removed the pharynx, the larynx, the vocal folds and the related parts from the table. He took a deep breath. Carefully now, plenty of time. He started to place the group—and—IMPOSSIBLE, they did not fit.

Calmly at first he turned them . . . this way . . . and then that way, pressing, pushing. The zipper would not close. He was perspiring more now and he began to hear the ticking of the clock. He was sure he had made no mistakes up to this point. Smokey's posture and eyes had signalled agreement with every placement, and old Smokey would have been one of the greatest if he hadn't lost his hand in that prep school revolution so many years before.

Precious minutes slipped by as he thought. He could not possibly disassemble and reassemble in the 30 minutes left. Smokey's face showed concern, anguish. It was impossible, it could not be. Sweat poured down over the taunt lines of his face. His muscles tensed. The corpse danced in abandon as he tried to force the voice mechanism into place with all of his great strength. And then—PANIC!

"Scalpel."

He cut, he sliced, great slashes. Fifteen minutes. He sewed and fitted, roughly, harshly. Ten minutes. His vision was cloudy with sweat even as Smokey mopped and remopped. The ticking of the clock became a hammering in his brain. Five minutes.

His movements became jerky, uncoordinated, nothing worked, the zipper would not close. And then . . . the click of the stopwatch.

A huge animal groan wrenched itself from his throat, the scalpel clattered to the floor. The massive shoulders sagged. Smokey rushed to support

him. And as the open throated dangling corpse turned slowly, first to the right, then to the left—these words came to his ears.

"You could have passed this exam forty minutes ago. All you had to do was tell me what was perfectly evident at that point, that this man in life had had no voice mechanism, that he had been born without it. The mechanism which was on the table was placed there purposely to mislead you. It was the voice mechanism of a sheep. It came from Kless' Market. You have failed the exam."

With a great effort Just Joe turned. He saw the smile of superiority flicker and curl across the professor's face. He felt no hate, nothing, nothing but an overpowering sadness. He stared off into space. There would be other battles, but somehow he didn't think he would be around to fight them. He tried to recall the sweet feeling of victory to balance the weight which was crushing his soul. He thought of the classroom rebellion of '45, the abolishment of the death penalty for cutting in '49, the recognition of the student as a human in '32. It brought him no comfort.

He stripped off his soiled gown, the gloves, the rest. They dropped noiselessly to the floor. He walked slowly from the room, from the building, into the cool evening rain. He did not look back.

The cry of a baby was heard somewhere in the distance, a voice cried in the wilderness, the backfire of a car echoed in the valley, a dog barked on Second Street. From the Wadsworth meadows rose the faint bleating of a sheep.

DREAMS ARE STILLED

by EMS

Dreams are stilled, silent.
What of all the time; spent.
Footprints in the snow
Melt, mingle, go,
And what's to show,
What's to show.

IN THE DARK REGION

by EMS

In the dark region,
Where conscious fears to go,
Sub prowls, a hungry cat
Feasting on little birds,
Silver-winged.

ON CONFORMITY

by Al Richmond

- 1 Perplexing as a puzzle
Today it is yes,
Tomorrow awaits an answer
Tension, tautness
Relaxation—Relinquishment
The individual must be supreme
The fight is on, the war begins

Conform, conform, conform
Create, Create, Create

C
o
n
f
o
r
m
i
t
y

- 11 How do you know what to do
How do you know what to do
How? Huh?
Colloquialisms, yes! Intellectualisms, no!

Degrade yourself for the carrot head
Never parade yourself as the egghead.

- 111 Psychosomatic, psychosomatic, psychosomatic
Perhaps a new song
Perhaps a new era
A new found individuality
The egghead is born
Hurray, Hurrah, Hurrah
The Psycho has created a new somatic.

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S WOMEN

by Barbara Parry Druschel

Among the many characters in the novels of William Faulkner some of the strongest and most sharply defined are the women. In any discussion of the women in Faulkner's novels, however, one must differentiate between those of the older or pre-Civil War generations, and those of the modern generation. One cannot help but feel Faulkner's admiration for the indomitable old ladies such as Aunt Jenny DuPre in "Sartoris" and Miss Rosa Millard of "The Unvanquished" who, in spite of war and the ensuing destruction of the very basis of their way of life, emerge undefeated and almost indestructible. They are the true realists as they pick up the pieces of their shattered world and meet life on its own terms.

This is often in direct contrast to the men who prefer to live in the shadow of past glories, seemingly unable or unwilling to deal with life under the new order of things. Miss Jenny, in her care of both Bayards, comes through as a much stronger character than either of the men and she seems to express Faulkner's own feeling when she comments, "I'll declare, men can't seem to stand anything," and after discussing the improbability of men ever having been able to cope with all that she endured during the war, "Don't talk to me about men suffering in the war." This is the Miss Jenny who as a young widow after the war made the long trip from Carolina to Mississippi bringing with her "the clothing in which she stood and a wicker hamper filled with colored glass", the window panes which were all that remained of the house in Carolina. It is Aunt Jenny who comforts and cossets the men as after young Bayard's homecoming and his accidents, both equine and automotive, albeit dispensing her crisp no-nonsense comments. She is the one who forces old Bayard to see the doctor and Faulkner gives us a vivid picture of her during the trip:

"But she got him up with cold implacability and led him, still grumbling, down the street where merchants and others spoke to her as to a martial queen, old Bayard stalking along beside her with sullen reluctance."

Aunt Jenny knows that "those damn Sartorises" are bent on self-destruction and accepts each disaster with an almost fatalistic calm. Faulkner calls Aunt Jenny a "true optimist—that is, expecting the worst at all times and so being daily agreeably surprised." Even at the end of "Sartoris" when Miss Jenny, having witnessed the destruction of four generations of Sartoris men, is left alone with young Bayard's widow and son, she is undefeated as she turns her attention to the child.

This same straight-backed, strong-willed, yet always ladylike quality is imbred in the character of Miss Rosa Millard of "The Unvanquished." Her cool demeanor and dignified calm while hiding the two boys under her skirts and confronting the Yankee colonel stamps her as the personification of Southern womanhood whose word could not possibly be questioned. After the war when everything is lost, Granny Millard turns to claiming mules and selling them back to the Yankee conquerors. We are given a graphic description of her during one such encounter:

"Granny, straight and still with her sunbonnet on and the shawl drawn tight over her shoulders where she had her arms folded in it so that she

looked littler than anyone I could remember, like during the four years she hadn't got any older or weaker but just littler and littler and straighter and straighter and more and more indomitable."

Miss Eunice Habersham in "Intruder In The Dust" is another example of Faulkner's wonderful old ladies. A descendant of one of Jefferson's first settlers, she has been reduced through poverty to raising chickens and vegetables and peddling them about town from a pickup truck, "Miss Habersham at the wheel in cotton stockings and the round black hat which she had been wearing for at least forty years and the clean print dresses which you could see in the Sears Roebuck catalogues for two dollars and ninety-eight cents with the neat, small gold watch pinned to the flat, unmammary front and the gloves which . . . were made to her measure in a New York shop and cost thirty and forty dollars a pair for the one and fifteen and twenty for the other."

Miss Eunice is the one adult who believes strongly enough in Lucas Beauchamp's innocence to go with the boy Chick to dig up the grave and it is in this novel that Faulkner reiterates one of his recurring beliefs when old Ephraim says to the boy, "young folks and womens, they ain't cluttered. They can listen If you ever needs to get anything done outside of the common run, don't waste yo' time on the menfolks; get the womens and children to working on it."

After spending the entire night digging up and replacing the corpse, there is Miss Habersham placidly catching up on her mending as she sits in the open doorway of the jail to prevent a lynching, knowing that the presence of a seventy-year-old, ladylike spinster might prove a deterrent to the mob while that of an armed man might not. It is in just such situations of crisis that we sense most keenly Faulkner's admiration and affection for these indomitable old ladies of the South and recognize the irony in the boy Chick's thought that "women couldn't really stand anything except tragedy and poverty and physical pain."

Faulkner's women of the modern generation completely lack the fire and steel of the older women and we see in them a consequent decline in character, in morals and in strength. It is almost as if Faulkner is trying to show us a decline of society and of the ideals of womanhood in the younger generation. Temple Drake of "Sanctuary" and "Requiem For A Nun" exemplifies shallow, promiscuous womanhood in her thoughtless pleasure-seeking while Caddie Compson in "The Sound and the Fury" seems driven by sex, unhappy but unable to take positive action. We feel that the old code of ethics no longer binds them but, having abandoned it, they sense the lack and yet can find nothing to take its place. Gone is the feeling there are things a lady does or does not do and even things a lady can do and get away with because first, last and always she is "quality." It is only in some of the less complicated more earthy younger women such as Lena Grove in "Light In August" that we find again that quality of endurance and calm acceptance of life. But Lena is placid and almost bovine in comparison to Miss Jenny and Miss Rosa, content more to drift with life than to deal with it. She is primarily the symbol of renewing life and lacks the character and intelligence which makes Faulkner's old ladies so interesting.

C. AGNES RIGNEY AWARD

TIME, UNKNOWN

by Ann Wydman

For theme purposes, the characters will be referred to as One and Two.

1. "There is not much time left, is there"

2. "No."

1. "How much?"

2. "Only a short while."

(There is tension from the very first words . . . pauses which denote uneasiness. One can sense the restless attitude of One.)

1. "Tell me something. . How can you be so calm . . Have you no feelings for these humans? How can you stand there with the knowledge that soon it will all come to an end . . . What's wrong . . ?"

2. "You forget, I have seen this happen before . . . many times. One gets used to these things, after awhile."

1. "But this is not as before, not this time. This is the final step. And it all seems so senseless, such a waste. How helpless I feel. There must be something that can be done . . . something I can do."

2. "You tried once, remember, and they wouldn't listen. They never even knew you existed!"

1. "But the people didn't hear me. I didn't speak loudly enough. I could try again, perhaps"

2. "It is too late, they have come too far. Now man hears only the echo of the mass, not the murmur of the individual. His eyes have been closed to all except the peals of vengeance. My friend, you are yesterday's idealist. Don't you realize that this is repetition, this destruction. I have watched man destroy the very earth he has trod upon and rend his own image to pieces. There has been a constant conflict. Oh, it started out with only combat with the sword and each battle was to be the last. Now Man has created the ultimate weapon, the final cycle has been reached. How could you hope to make them hear you, when their very intelligence is blotted out by suspicion and fear?"

(One, as if weary of the mental strain, reaches a state of momentary composure . . change of tempo here.)

1. "Do you think when it comes they'll be afraid? Will it hurt so much?"

2. "Does it hurt a flower to wilt . . . to lose its fragrance and beauty to the wind? Will it hurt it to be pulled from the earth where the roots have clung; where it has tasted the sweetness of rain and felt the smoothness of the sun I do not know. I believe, that will depend upon how much life means to each one of them."

1. "If there were only some way to suspend time!"

2. "Tell me, why does this mean so much to you . . . so much that you would try again to make them understand?"

1. "If you had walked among them as I have, then you would not ask such a question. Why because I have felt the very pulse of Man; I have shared his joy and pain; his pleasure and his sorrow. I have seen his body throb with emotion, his mind spin with ideas. But most of all, I remember the child. Oh, the wonderful vibrations of a child's laughter;

the sparkle of the eyes when the things of life please him. What other being possesses such confidence and trust; such impulsiveness and softness. How I marvel at the unchained enthusiasm with which he meets life . . . ”

2. “These beings that you know are all merely empty shells. They live not in freedom, but conformity. Eventually this child that you prize, also becomes a follower.”
1. “Yes, I have seen this conformity that you speak of, but I have also known the individual. He walks with many faces; in many different directions . . . sometimes he gets lost . . . but I offer no excuses or apologies, I only believe in him. And this same creature, who is capable of creating great things, is being condemned without even a trial . . . all is to be taken away.”
2. “Man has been on trial ever since time began. He has misused his capabilities. The world began in fire and it shall end in such. The verdict is GUILTY.”
1. “No . . . no. How can Man be guilty, when through his very ability he has advanced himself, improved his civilization, his culture. Is it his fault that some unknown element has crept into his structure? Are his mistakes his only jury? This could be the greatest age Man will ever know. If I could speak to them for only a moment . . . at least to warn them . . . at least to protect the child.”
2. “If you go back, you can never return . . . If you fail . . . there is not much time. What will you say to them?”
1. “I am not sure, I do not know . . . but when I see them . . . I will not fail. May I know how much time I have?”
2. “Time? You must hurry before
(There is a brilliant flash of light, which seems to come from all around).
1. “No . . . please . . . , I didn’t need much time. I could have made them listen. (stunned silence) They are gone?”
2. “They are gone.”
1. “All of them?”
(exchange of looks, One turns away)
2. “The wind whipped the black, endless soot into fine lacy patterns; finally releasing the fragments to drop upon the parched, cracked, surface of earth. There is no sound . . . only the untouched silence of time unknown.”

Curtain

PINE TREE

by EMS

Pine tree, bare, dead,
High above the misty valley,
Facing the high, mantled mountains . . .
I know you.

"THY WILL BE DONE"

by Frances Wayland

Mrs. Packard, who sold Father the rabbits, became a friend of Mother's. In the course of their "over the back fence" visits she revealed to Mother that she had been married before, and that she had had a son, named Jack, by her first husband. This son, she confided, was now in the penitentiary of a neighboring state, serving a sentence for a crime which his mother felt certain he had not committed. One morning she begged of Mother, "Mrs. Powell, you're a great believer in prayer. I wish you'd pray that my son, Jack, would be sent home to me."

Mother felt so sorry for the grief-ridden mother, that she made an impulsive promise, "Mrs. Packard, I'll come over to your house for a few minutes every morning, and you and I will pray together for your son's release." Somehow, Mother forgot, in the intensity of the woman's plea, her conviction that all requests should be made with the provision, "If it by Thy will, O Lord."

Several weeks later, late in the evening, after all of us had gone to bed except Mother, she heard a timid knock at the front door. Opening the door, she greeted Mrs. Packard's excited and breathless daughter, Linda, her only child by her second husband. "Mrs. Powell, Mother would like you to come right over. My brother Jack just came home. He's got another man with him, and they're both drunk, and Mother's afraid my Daddy'll wake up and hear them. If he does, he'll throw them both out, and you know how long Mother's waited to see Jack."

Mother, shocked and yet excited, had gone into the living room closet for her coat before Linda had barely finished the first sentence, and quickly joined her. Together they ran back over to the Packards', slipping in through the kitchen door. Mrs. Packard came out to the kitchen, crying. "Oh, Mrs. Powell, I'm so glad you've come; you know I've wanted my son to come home for so long, but I didn't want it to be like this. He's brought some friend with him—they're both drunk—and they're demanding money. He says he got out on parole this morning for good behavior. They've got a big car parked out front; I don't know where they ever got it. "What am I going to do?" she concluded with a moan, wringing her hands.

Mother patted her comfortingly on the shoulder, "Now Mrs. Packard, you just make some real strong coffee, and I'll go in and try to talk to them until you get it made," Mother said with assurance. But even Mother, with all her self-confidence, was not prepared for this experience. Walking through the dining room and into the living room, hand extended, she said cheerily, "Hello, Jack; I'm your mother's neighbor, Mrs. Powell." Facing her were two tall men, one young and handsome, with a dissipated expression, the other heavy and burly with a sly look to his countenance. Both were obviously very drunk. Ignoring Mother's proffered hand, Jack weaved toward her and attempted to take her in his arms.

"Well, hello, gorgeous! You're the kind a'neighbor a man wants!" he said, slurring his words together. Slightly taken aback, Mother escaped from his outstretched arms, moving quickly behind a large chair. "Say, you're not being very neighborly," Jack pouted.

Mother tried to master the situation by changing the subject. "Jack, is this your friend?"

"Oh, yeah, this's my pal, Bozo. He'n I were cellmates till he got out three months ago. When they let me out today, good ol' Bozo was righ' there ta meet me," Jack explained, attempting to circle the chair.

Mother crossed over to Bozo, again with her hand extended, hoping to elude Jack with protection from his friend. But Bozo was even more ardent than Jack had been—and stronger. For with one swift movement, he grabbed Mother and pulled her against him. Mother emitted a little scream and shoved with her all her might. This sent Bozo, whose balance was precarious, at best, crashing backward into a table, overturning a lamp. The noise brought Mrs. Packard rushing from the kitchen. "Goodness, what's going on?" You'll surely wake up Mr. Packard, now," she said, greatly agitated. But somehow he slept on through the confusion.

Mother moved over behind Mrs. Packard, far less confidently than when she had first arrived. "Do you have the coffee made?" she asked urgently.

It should be about ready now," said Mrs. Packard as she moved over to pick up the lamp and table.

"I'll get it," Mother quickly offered. Before Mrs. Packard had a chance to protest, Mother went out to the kitchen, where she saw Linda cringing back in the corner of the breakfast nook. "Linda, why don't you slip up the back stairs and get to bed. After all, you have to go to school tomorrow. I'll stay here with your mother until the boys either go to bed or leave," Mother assured her. "And, honey, if you have a lock on your door, maybe you'd better turn it just to be safe," she added, as Linda smiled at her gratefully and started up the stairs.

Mother then turned to the stove where she poured the coffee into cups Mrs. Packard had already set out. Ignoring the sugar and cream, she carried the two cups of strong black coffee into the living room. Murmuring a little prayer that went something like, "Father, if you get us out of this, I'll never again pray for something without asking your will," she walked into the living room and graciously offered the coffee to the two men. They had seated themselves on the davenport, and Mother placed the coffee on the table before them.

"Thanks," said Jack. "This'll hel' keep us awake tonight when we're drivin'."

"Oh, are you leaving tonight?" Mother asked as she heard Mrs. Packard give a distressed gasp.

"We sure are—Can't get out of this damn town fast enough," Jack said as he sipped his coffee.

"But not til the ol' lady gives 's a grand," Bozo quickly interpolated in hard, meaningful tones.

Mrs. Packard gave a little moan as Mother said, amazed, "A grand—? That's a thousand dollars, isn't it?"

"It sure is, lady. And we sure as hell ain't gonna let no church dame like you talk us outta it," Bozo said confidently.

"But I don't have a thousand dollars—" cried Mrs. Packard.

"Then you better get it from the ol' Man, Mom. Bozo here means business. Ol' Man Packard'll be glad to give you a grand to get me outta town—" jocularly Jack elaborated, the coffee beginning to show its effect on his speech and thought processes.

Mrs. Packard knelt down beside Jack at the davenport and attempted to put her arms around him. "Jack, darling, if you'll just stay until morning, I'll explain everything to Mr. Packard. I'm sure he can get you both good jobs out on the range. If you only knew how much I've prayed for your return—and Mrs. Powell has, too," she added, looking thankfully in Mother's direction.

"Oh, Mom, you know I'd never make a cowboy. Besides, I can't stand the 'wide open spaces.' It's the big city for me. I know you been prayin' for my return. You wrote me all that—So now I'm back. Isn't that enough? Now get us the money. Bozo 'nd I gotta be far gone from here by mornin'," Jack said good-humoredly but yet firmly, to his mother.

Mrs. Packard grew desperate. "Jack, can't I make you realize we just don't have that kind of money? We've got some money in the bank, yes, but we're saving that for Linda's college education. Why I doubt if we've got more than fifty dollars in the whole house that I could put my fingers on. Let me give that to your friend, and you stay here till we figure something out," she pleaded.

Bozo finished his coffee, slapped the cup resoundingly into the saucer, and stood up, looking very determined and very tough. "That's enough, Mrs. Packard. Jack 'n me don't have no more time to fool aroun'. Now you git yure hands on that money we need, righ' now, 'n there won't be no trouble," he said meaningfully.

Mother tried to do what little she could to salvage the situation. Ignoring Bozo, she addressed her appeal to Jack, who, she could see, was still fond of his mother. "Jack, are you trying to break your mother's heart all over again?" she pleaded. "She's waited and prayed for this night for months. Why don't you listen to her? You know she's right. At least stay until morning when you can talk things over sensibly—"

Jack wavered, and Mother might have won the tussle, but Bozo took command. "Look, pal, you're not welchin' out on ol' Bozo now," he said roughly. "Cut out the petticoat stuff, git the dough, like ya said ya would, 'n let's git goin'. We don't have all night, ya know."

Looking at his friend, Jack sensed the undertone in his words. Giving his head a shake, as though he would toss off the tentacles of his mother's love which still held him, he stiffened himself and said firmly to his mother, "Sorry, Mom, we've wasted 'too much time already. Give us the money. Give us all ya got in the house."

Weeping, Mrs. Packard rose to her feet, and started blindly for the living room closet. Mother went over and put her arm across her shoulders. Taking her purse from the shelf in the closet, Mrs. Packard opened it and drew out a wad of bills. "Here," she said, holding it out to Jack. "Take it. It's all I have—"

But Bozo stepped in front of Jack and grabbed the money. "Lessee," he said. Counting aloud, he shuffled through the bills until he had found

their total. "There's only thirty-six bucks here," he said sneeringly. "Haf to do better than that—"

Mrs. Packard looked pleadingly at her son, but he merely shrugged. "I'll go upstairs and see what Mr. Packard has in his wallet," she said tearfully.

Mother followed her upstairs, rather than remain alone in the room with the two ex-convicts. She waited outside the bedroom door while Mrs. Packard tip-toed in and looked for her husband's wallet. Bringing it out in the hall, she emptied it of its contents, and then followed Mother back down the stairs. "Here's the rest," she said tearfully. "There's not another penny in the house."

Bozo again grabbed the money and counted it. "Twenty-nine bucks!" he said scornfully. He turned angrily on Jack, "Thought ya tole me yore ma's old man was loaded? Why ya—" He raised his arm as if to strike Jack. "After all the trouble I went to, fer ya—Fer peanuts; Well, ya listen to me, my fine-mannered friend, or ya'll be right back where I got ya from—Now get some REAL dough—or else—" he added threateningly.

"Or else what?" Mrs. Packard asked, terribly frightened.

Bozo seemed to consider. After a moment, he said, "We-e-e-l-l, 'or else' I just might make a telephone call ta certain parties," he intimated slyly. "'Or else,'" he continued, "We jist might invite Linda to tag along with us—"

"You wouldn't!" gasped Mrs. Packard, horrified.

"Mom," Jack cautioned, "Do as Bozo says and let's not have any trouble. Come on, Mom; dig up some more dough, or else write us a check."

"I've told you, Jack, that there isn't any money in the house. You know I've never lied to you," his mother agonized. "I can't write a check, either, because the account's not in my name."

"Don't worry about whose name it's in, Mom. Just write us a nice little old check for a grand, and you can worry about whose name the account's in later," Jack demanded.

With a last despairing look, his mother went to the living room desk and drew out a check book and a fountain pen. While Bozo watched over her shoulder, she, sobbing, wrote out the check, then turned and handed it, this time, directly to Bozo.

"Here—now you've got what you wanted, take it and get out of here. But leave Jack with me," she pleaded.

Jack looked questioningly at Bozo, who shook his head. "Oh, no you don't" he derided. "Ole Bozo's not stupid, ya know. Ya don't just hand me a bum check 'n' then wait till I'm outta the house ta call the police, or stop the check or somethin'. Good ole Jack's comin' with me. Ain't ya, Jack?"

Jack looked at his mother half-ashamedly, it almost seemed to Mother. Then, with a grin, and a return of his old bravado, he gave his mother a peck on the cheek, while she unsuccessfully attempted to detain him, and turned to Bozo. "Sure I'm going with you, pal. Isn't everything working out just like I told you it would? Let's get going. Thanks for the coffee, Mom." And with a reflection of his childhood training, he turned to Mother and said, "Nice to have met you, Mrs. Powell. Keep up the good praying."

Opening the front door, the two of them stepped nonchalantly out on the porch, and with a wave of the hand, ran, like two errant school boys, down the front steps to the waiting car. Closing the front door gently behind her, Mother went over to Mrs. Packard who had collapsed on theavenport, sobbing uncontrollably.

Finally, as she gained control of her voice, she demanded bitterly, "What kind of God would let a thing like this happen?"

Mother chided gently, "We mustn't blame God, my dear; *we* made the mistakes." After a moment's pause, she went on. "I think you and I should pray that God's Will take over all of our lives. I certainly should have learned by now that His ways are far greater than ours."

"Oh, Mrs. Powell, what am I ever going to do now?" cried Mrs. Packard distraughtly.

"We're not going to worry about tomorrow, right now. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'. Right now we're going to seek together the 'Kingdom of God and His righteousness'. Shall we pray together the Lord's Prayer?"

Softly they repeated the familiar lines, "Our Father, which art in Heaven; Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; (with overwhelming and newly realized conviction) Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven."

When they had finished, Mrs. Packard seemed strangely comforted. Mother leaned over and kissed her. "Why don't you go upstairs and crawl into bed beside your husband? We can't solve anything tonight, anyway. I'll turn out your lights and go on home."

Mother waited until she heard Mrs. Packard settled down in the bed upstairs; then she turned out the lights, snapped the lock on the front door, and hurried home. Quickly she undressed and climbed into her own place in bed beside Father. But it was a long time before she slept.

I LET MYSELF BUILD

by John J. Carney, Jr.

I let myself build a dream
Of tenderness and hope,
And place it about me,
As a cloak.
And felt happy in the comfort of it;
Smiled at its warmth.
But it was not reasonable.
It existed only to answer my need,
So it shattered in harsh bitterness,
To remind me I was presumptuous,
And did not deserve it.
No matter my innocence.

THE MARY A. THOMAS AWARD

GRANDFATHER SPEAKS

by Karen Kahkonen

Tonight I feel like reminiscing,
Before the embers—crackling, hissing;
Scenes in the dying flames arise,
Old joys once more delight my eyes:
The old barn roof I used to slide,
The ancient horse I used to ride;
The millstream tumbling over the rocks,
The pile of baby's building blocks;
Warm sunlight like honey pouring over the floor,
"Pictures" in pine knots on ceiling and door.

The whisper of wind through the summer trees,
The hum of industrious bumble bees;
The sweet warmth of my young Love's first tender kiss,
The organ, the flowers, and new-wedded bliss;
Baby's sounds echoing through every room,
Smooth, supple hands aptly plying a broom;
Laughter of children, vital and young,
A mother's soft lullaby, love-gently sung;
Organs and flowers, new daughters and sons,
Soon bringing to us many new little ones.
And the quiet old house lived too, it seems,
Infused with our love—our memories and dreams;
For it shared sorrow with me when my Love died,
And shielded me safely when I silently cried;
The creaking boards, crying doors, and rattling panes,
Bring memories vibrant pulsing back through my veins.
If I ramble on, then please forgive—
Let an old man's memories once again live;
For when embers lie dying, crackling and hissing,
An old man often falls to sweet reminiscing.

DEATH INVITES

by John J. Carney, Jr.

Death invites
Continually.
Once done,
Never undone.
Easily found
By those who look
In honesty.
Easily gained.
But dishonored
As easily,
By those who
Jest.
But death can wait an eternity
To make good the dishonor.
And those who also wait . . .
Are tainted thus.

THE MAN

by Ann Conklin

During one bright day in the month of May
I met a nice chap, though odd in his way.
His skin was brown as the bark of a tree
And a huge black patch was stitched on his knee.
T'was in the station of smoky, black trains
That his clear wisdom poured forth like the rains.
On a stocky build sat a huge dark head—
The bright porter's cap was done in deep red.
In the lobby he'd chat with whoever'd listen—
And when he smiled, pearly teeth would glisten.
As the train pulled in he'd shout every stop,
Then flourish a kerchief, his face start to mop.
This man was great, for his heart showed each day
His true love of life in the grand old way.
An artist at living tho his easel revealed
A hurt, cut so deep it will ne'er be concealed.
As the train pulls in, his voice rises and swells
Instantly. In words sharp-clear as bells
He warns—"Stand back, watch out, give heed,
Or tomorrow you'll be the newspaper's lead!"

STILL THE WIND BLOWS

by EMS

Still the wind blows;
No sound in motionless trees.
Eternal waiting;
Sleeping vigilance.
We, risen to our knees,
Crouch upon mountains,
Reaching for suns.
Burned by coldness
We fall back into oceans—
Pretending we are home.

PERSPECTIVE

by EMS

Red eyed buildings facing west,
Watch the sun go down.
The children scream to evening rest;
Bells begin to sound.
Mauve through blues beats black,
One star guards the moon.
The wind comes up to seek,
To tear the grasping gloom,
And I, sit solitary, sane,
Within one twisted room.

BAT'S EYES OPEN

by EMS

Bat's eyes open,
The Light has passed.
Life has come
In silence, laughed.
Black the cave,
Black the night.
Now begins
Endless flight.
Chase the sun round the world.
Prick the globe, claws uncurled.
Break his ears with soundless sound;
Who's to hunt, and who's to hound?

THE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT BOOK OF EDUCATION OR HOW TO TRANSLATE EDUCATIONEESE PAINLESSLY

Sometime in the middle of one's freshman year, it dawns upon one that Educators and Education Professors are not as other men. Furthermore, books on Education are seldom written in the national idiom. The sooner the beginning student understands this, the better his grades will be. Never feel, however, that your Education courses are a waste of time. Several positive benefits can be derived from them. They are in the first place an excellent place to catch up on last night's sleep. If you sit far enough away from the professor you can even snore lightly. This will be taken as a sign of concentration. If, however, your class should be arranged in a circle, all is lost. Consider it in the light of basic training. Anyone who can sit through four years of Education courses can stand anything.

There are certain principles which, if applied judiciously will insure a passing grade even to the Jukes and Kallikaks. First, always remember Keltner's first principle; Any work in Education is valued in direct proportion to its redundancy. Secondly, the grade a student receives is in direct proportion to the number and length of polysyllabic words used. Do not be alarmed by this. It is not necessary to use them properly. Thirdly, if you get out on a limb with a wild guess, never give up. If you can't find an "expert" to agree with you, invent one. Fourthly, never make the mistake so common to the neophyte, never expect the things you hear in class to be consistent in the world as you know it. If the professor says that the world is flat, it is flat; at least for the duration of the course. Further, do not be alarmed if the professor's ideals of TRUTH vary with the state of his digestion. You may doubt me, but Professors, despite their two heads, are human. Sometimes. Fifthly, learn the language and use it on all occasions within the hearing of the Education Department. A study in progress as this goes to press will detail fully the vocabulary, grammar and syntax of Educators and Sociologists. Until this Fifteen Volume work becomes available, it seems that some helpful hints in translation might be of use.

In reading Education books, always remember Keltner's first principle. Thus, when you discover that "it is eminently desirable to circumambulate the pedagogical edifice during the postprandium" do not panic; they only want (for) you to walk around the school building in the afternoon. Do not be alarmed when you discover no meaning in Education books. Chances are, there isn't any. Nor should you be alarmed if you discover what seem to be gross errors in grammar, syntax and style. This is not, remember, English, but Education, and this is their way of using language "humanely". Because of some similarities, the neophyte often believes that he can understand Education texts without a guide. It is true that similarities exist, but similarities exist also between English and German, and consider the plight of the lass who confidently walked through the door marked *Herrn*. Thus, never translate "meaningful" as "having meaning". Should you ever be in doubt about the proper adjectives to use, use all of them, adding "in a democratic manner" to the sentence. If you should ever be asked the reason for doing anything, the best of all possible answers in this, the best of all

possible worlds, is "to promote the concept of democratic living". This can cover anything from a trip to the zoo to a course in applied use of burglar tools.

If you follow these instructions, you will arrive at a point in your "professional" training at which you will be required to take part in discussions on problems of education. For this purpose, I can quote no better authority than Florence Sytz of Tulane University:

1. Profess not to have the answer. This lets you out of having any.
2. Say that we must not move too rapidly. This avoids the necessity of getting started.
3. Say that the problem can't be separated from all the other problems. Therefore it can't be solved until all the other problems have been solved.
4. For every proposal, set up an opposite one and conclude that the "middle ground" (no motion whatever) represents the wisest course of action.
5. Discover that there will be all kinds of "dangers" in any specific formulation or conclusion.
6. Appoint a committee.
7. Wait until an expert can be consulted.
8. State in conclusion that you have all clarified your thinking. This obscures the fact that nothing has been done.
9. Point out that the deepest minds have struggled with the same problem. This implies that it does you credit even to have thought of it.
10. In closing the discussion, thank the problem. It has stimulated discussion, opened new vistas, and shown us the way.

If you remember these points, you should have no trouble at all in graduating with honors. Above all, remember you are here to learn. Always feel perfectly free to agree with your professors. That is what they are here for.

Note: This manuscript was delivered in the dark of night by a furtive looking individual. The author did not have time to finish it for she found that for reasons of health the climate in lower Slobovia was greatly desirable, and wished to leave before the lynch mob arrived.

CONTRAST OF REALISM AND IDEALISM IN "THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES"

by Jean Delfs

The works of James Fenimore Cooper are worthy of a deeper, more analytical study than is often given them for several reasons. Cooper is generally regarded as the first historical novelist and can therefore be credited with starting a trend which has continued to modern writing. Even more interesting to the student of American literature is Cooper's position as a bridge between the realism of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and the romantic idealism of the middle nineteenth century. In his books, one can find evidences of both philosophies and the ways in which one led to the other. Since the period of time in which "The Leatherstocking Tales" were written coincides with the entire span of Cooper's writing, they are an exceptionally good place in which to trace this development of philosophy.

The central theme of "The Leatherstocking Tales" is the progress of civilization across the United States and its effect upon the natives and the earliest settlers. Throughout the series, Cooper tries to show that the frontiersman who lives close to nature, while using the reasoning ability of a white man, avoids the evil inherent in community life. The series tells of the life of Natty Bumppo, variously called Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Leatherstocking, Cooper's ideal frontiersman, "simple, unlettered, even ignorant. . . but he has a heart that could atone for a thousand faults." His career is traced from his youth in the forests of New York State, through the French and Indian Wars, the settlement of central New York, the westward migration after the Revolutionary war, to his death on the Great Plains.

In all books, the author is greatly concerned with historical and geographical accuracy, adding to the realism of the story. He devotes the Preface to "The Prairie" to a description of the Great Plains, telling of the geology and early history of the region, the geography of the western United States, and the Indians who lived there at the time of the story. In the Preface to "The Pioneers", Cooper gives the history of Otsego County and tells of his own connections in that area. In "Last of the Mohicans", there is a description of the Massacre of Fort William Henry, and Cooper comments on its place in history.

Perhaps some of this desire to have the reader fully aware of the background of the novels is due to the popularity of Cooper's works in Europe and the lack of knowledge there of conditions in America.

In contrast to these similarities of general theme, central character, and background, there is a change of emphasis between the novels, ranging from a realistic, adventurous treatment of life in the wilderness and early settlements to an idealistic, moral viewpoint of the characters. In order to follow this change through the series, the reader must be aware that the novels were not written in the historical sequence. "The Pioneers", fourth of the series, followed shortly by "Last of the Mohicans", was published in 1823. In 1826, Cooper and his family went to England and Europe for a protracted stay, and "The Prairie", last of the tales, was finished during

his first year there. After returning to the United States, he again took up the story of Natty Bumppo, writing first "The Pathfinder" and finally "The Deerslayer", which tells of the hero's youth. Thus, if one reads the series in sequence—the story, the changes in philosophy shift from novel to novel.

"The Pioneers" has perhaps the most emphasis on a realistic treatment of the manners and mores of the era. It contains precise accounts of the living conditions, work, and social activities of the early settlers in New York State. Cooper describes the main room of a wealthy landowner's house in some detail, and gives a complete history of the education and practice of a doctor of that time. The description of the "sugaring-off" operation and the pigeon shoot gives us a clear picture of the lives of the early settlers. If the characters of Elizabeth, Judge Temple, and Oliver Effingham seem stiff and trite to us, they show what Cooper conceived to be the characteristics of the aristocrats of his day. The doctor, lawyer, sheriff, and Hiram Doolittle are much more real to the reader and seem to have been taken from the residents of Cooperstown whom the author knew well.

Perhaps it is in the character of Natty Bumppo, or Leatherstocking, that we can most easily trace the realistic philosophy of the book. Here he has little interest in religion, saying, "I never knowed preaching come into a settlement but it made game scarce and raised the price of gunpowder." His chief concern is in keeping the country as it always has been: "It was comfortable hunting-ground, lad, and would have been so to this day, but for the money of Marmaduke Temple, and the twisty ways of the law." Leatherstocking has a certain ruthlessness about him in "The Pioneers": "If he harbors too much about the cabin, lad, I'll shoot the creature", he says, concerning one of the villagers. He certainly spends no time in moralizing or discussing religion.

"Last of the Mohicans" carries the realistic theme into the forests of northern New York during the French and Indian wars. This is the most exciting novel of the series, with swift action and a taut plot throughout. Cooper goes into considerable detail about the physical features of the region, describing a beaver dam, and giving us an excellent description of the burial rites of the Mohicans. The references to the siege of the fort by Montcalm are also most precise. Again we find the traditional heroines and hero, though these are perhaps more believable than the ones in the first book. The Indians are divided into "good" Mohicans and "bad" Mingoes, but they too are quite realistic in their language and attitudes.

Hawkeye is described as a man "who imbibed his faith from the lights of nature" and in discussing religion says, "It is what I would wish to practice myself. . . though it is not always easy to deal with an Indian as you would with a fellow Christian." he has little concern for the morality of killing: "the honest but implacable scout made the circuit of the dead, into whose soulless bosoms he thrust his long knife, with as much coolness as though they had been so many brute carcasses." His philosophy is "to outwit the knaves it is lawful to practice things that may not be naturally the gift of the white man." The Hawkeye of "Last of the Mohicans" is a man of action who depends on his wit and woodsmanship to protect himself and his friends.

"The Prairie" seems to be the halfway point in Cooper's swing from realism to idealism. There is adventure in the novel, but it is subordinate to the characters, and the plot is often sacrificed to philosophy. Realism is still strong, especially in descriptions of the life and mores of the pioneers and Indians. The pictures Cooper draws of the squatter family and the camp of the Sioux Indians are quite detailed. The characters of Ishmael and Esther Bush and Ellen Wade are most realistic in their combination of good and bad qualities.

However, for the first time we find Natty Bumppo indulging in moralizing, especially during his arguments with the pseudo-scientist, Dr. Bat. He still bemoans the encroachments of civilization: "I have seen, in my day, the chief who, in his time, had beheld the first Christian that placed his wicked foot in the region of York! How much has the beauty of the wilderness been defamed in two short lives." He keeps his viewpoint of the good of nature compared to civilization, saying, "'It is long sin' I took my leave of the waste and wickedness of the settlements and villages . . .'" but he now shows an interest in religion though it is a non-sectarian religion, tolerant of other people. He tells the Pawnee Indians, "'You believe in the blessed prairies, and I have faith in the sayings of my fathers . . . There is much to be said in favor of both religions, for each seems suited to its own people . . .'". His attitude is no longer ruthless, perhaps because of his age: "'I have seen too much mortal blood poured out in empty quarrels, to ever wish to hear an angry rifle again . . .'" So we find the character of Natty Bumppo changing, still a man opposed to civilization, but now more concerned with moral philosophy.

In "The Pathfinder" we find the first real idealism in the series. Realism seems to be confined mostly to descriptions of the area around Oswego and Lake Ontario, as in the details of the Oswego Rift; and historical data of the French and Indian war in that region, such as the fight on the island. We now find such idealized characters as Mabel, "so sincere and natural, so pure of heart and so much disposed to ingenuousness", and Cap, who is the typical bluff, God-fearing seaman. The villain, Muir, is described as an immoral person: "'He held a commission from God to act right and to deal fairly with his fellow creatures, and he has failed awfully in his duty.'"

Natty Bumppo, or the Pathfinder, falls in love for the first time and the effect of this is described:

The desire of rising above his present situation never disturbed the tranquility of Pathfinder; nor had he ever known an ambitious thought, as ambition usually betrays itself, until he became acquainted with Mabel. Since then, indeed, distrust of himself, reverence for her, and the wish to place her in a situation above that which he then filled, had caused him some uneasy moments; but the directness and simplicity of his character had early afforded the required relief.

Again we find that his attitude toward killing has changed, for he says,

"I do not seek blood without a cause . . . I love no Mingo . . . but I never pull trigger on one of the miscreants unless it be plain that his death will lead to some good end." Perhaps we find our best clue to Cooper's later view of his hero in "The Pathfinder".

Ever the same, simple-minder, faithful, utterly without fear, and yet prudent . . . never engaged in anything to call a blush to his cheek or censure on his acts, it was not possible to live much with this being and not feel a respect and admiration for him which had no reference to his position in life . . . the most striking feature about the moral organization of Pathfinder was his beautiful and unerring sense of justice.

This is far from the hunter and Indian fighter whom we met in the earlier books.

"The Deerslayer" brings us to the climax of morality in the Leatherstocking series. This novel sacrifices adventure to moralizing, reality of characters to complete idealization. The contrast of the two sisters brings out the moral tone of the book. Hetty is described as a girl with little intelligence or beauty, but "it has often been remarked of this girl . . . that her perception of the right seemed almost intuitive, while her aversion to the wrong formed so distinctive a feature of her mind, as to surround her with an atmosphere of pure morality . . .". Judith, on the contrary, is beautiful and intelligent, yet she has little of the love of truth and religion that her sister shows: ". . . she would willingly have given worlds, at such moments, to be able to exchange her present sensations for that confiding faith, those pure aspirations and the gentle hope." Hurry Harry and Tom March are portrayed as immoral in their attitudes towards the Indians, since they planned to take scalps for bounty, and are punished for it. "There are moments of vivid consciousness, when the stern justice of God stands forth . . . such was now the fact with Judith and Hetty, who had perceived the decrees of the retributive Providence, in the manner of their father's suffering, as a punishment for his own recent attempts on the Iroquois."

Natty Bumppo, or Deerslayer, avoids killing whenever possible: "Nothing would have been easier than to spring forward and decide the affair by a close assault on his unprepared foe; but every feeling of Deerslayer revolted at such a step," and when it cannot be avoided, he apologizes: "I didn't wish your life, redskin . . . but you left me no choice between killing or being killed . . . It's slaying a human, although he was a savage." Cooper portrays him as the ideal frontiersman, just, modest, truthful and pure, testing his actions and those of other people against God's laws: "'God made us all, white, black and red . . . he made us, in the main, much the same in feelin's; though I'll not deny he gave each race its gifts.'" His faith is simple and firm: "'Each spirit answers for its own backslidings; though a hearty repentance will satisfy God's laws.'" Perhaps one of his most revealing statements is made when he discusses the scalp bounties:

Laws don't all come from the same quarter . . . When the colony's laws, or even the King's laws, run ag'in the laws of God, they get to be unlawful and ought not to be obeyed

In the first Preface to "The Deerslayer", the author comments on the hero: . . . he is loved by one full of art, vanity, and weakness, and loved principally for his sincerity, modesty, and his unerring truth and probity. The preference he gives to the high qualities named, over beauty, delirious passion, and sin, it is hoped, will offer a lesson that can injure none.

Cooper himself realized and noted his change in viewpoint. In the Preface to "The Leatherstocking Tales", reprinted in a later issue of "The Deerslayer", he wrote:

In a moral point of view, it was the intention to illustrate the effect of seed scattered by the wayside . . . It is the privilege of all writers of fiction, more particularly when their works aspire to the elevation of romances, to present the 'beau ideal' of their character to the readers.

He wrote to his wife, concerning "The Deerslayer", "I hardly think it as good as "Pathfinder", but sufficiently different. It has a strong moral, and some capital scenes."

Since this change in emphasis from realism to idealism occurred at the same time that Cooper was in Europe, one might assume that he was affected by his contact with European writers. At this period they were becoming concerned with moral issues and the moral responsibilities of authors, and Cooper began to take this responsibility very seriously. In addition to this influence, Cooper's detachment from current American attitudes led him to idealize life in that growing country. When he was criticized by authors and newspapers of his native land, he became very bitter, and this attitude lasted after his return from Europe. He wrote to Samuel Morse, "The humiliation comes from home. It is biting to find that accident has given me a country which has not manliness and pride to maintain its own opinions, while it is overflowing with conceit." To Mrs. Cooper he complained, "Every hour I stay at home convinces me more and more that society has had a summerset, and that the elite is at the bottom." Cooper's chagrin may have led him to emphasize the morality of the natural man and to idealize the frontiersman, while criticizing the inhabitants of American communities more than he otherwise would have.

If one reads "The Leatherstocking Tales" in the usual order, it is disconcerting to have the emphasis change from book to book. After the excitement and rapid movement of "Last of the Mohicans," it is difficult to keep one's attention on the moralizing of the "The Pathfinder". However, as a source of information concerning the growth of American literature, the series is most valuable. It is not often that one can follow the development of a literary philosophy through the novels of one author, particularly a series of novels with the same main character and central theme. Therefore, "The Leatherstocking Tales" are not only worth reading for their historical and social information, but as a study of the development of American novels from the realistic, factual type to the idealistic romance concerned with moral values.

THE LIGHT

by Joseph Just

As the curtain rises, the three men are lying unconscious. First one and then the other moves, as each regains his senses.

ALLAN: You all right?

PHIL: I guess so, how about you?

ALLAN: I'm O.K., I guess. (*Turns to Loren*) How about you, Pal?

LOREN: Just shook a little, thanks.

PHIL: Do you think its alright to go out, I mean would it be safe?

ALLAN: Maybe we'd better wait awhile. It might still be radioactive.

LOREN: That wait might be longer than you think, mister.

ALLAN: Why? What do you mean?

LOREN: Take a look for yourself, the only door is caved in, and I suspect that it'll take more than we have to get it moved.

(At this Phil runs to downstage left and looks offstage where the door had been. He stares for awhile, and then comes back to where the other two stand.)

PHIL: Isn't there any way out but that way?

LOREN: No, and I should know, I've been working here for ten years.

ALLAN: Well, I guess we'll just have to wait for someone to come and dig us out, that's all.

PHIL: Sure, they'll miss us, and in no time there will be someone out looking for us. I guess there's nothing to worry about then, we might as well make ourselves to home for a while. My name's Phil Langdon. (*The other two give their names and exchange somewhat cool greetings with one another.*) Strange we should all end up down here, but I guess the sudden warning made us all think of going underground.

(The others nod.)

ALLAN: (*He walks downstage center and looks at the floor. His gaze raises from the floor and finally he is standing facing directly up.*) Hey! Come here.

(The others come forward and stare upward at the light that shines down at them.)

PHIL: A hole. Light! We're saved!

ALLAN: Wait a minute Phil. (*turns to Loren*) How far down are we?

LOREN: Oh, about twenty-five feet below the first floor I guess.

PHIL: What has that got to do with it, can't you see, this might be the answer, we can get out now.

ALLAN: Maybe, but with a building fifteen stories high above us, why should there be any light shining down in here.

PHIL: I don't know what you mean.

LOREN: There shouldn't be any light, unless most of the building that was above us is gone.

PHIL: Gone? You mean --?

ALLAN: Probably an A-bomb. It might be a long time before anyone comes looking around here, the radiation must be too high.

PHIL: Then why aren't we dead?

ALLAN: It might be that radiation is blocked from getting down here because of this place being underground.

LOREN: And if it does get in here?

(Allan humps his shoulders and looks at the two in dismay.)

PHIL: *(Walks backstage and sits down)* They'll come, you wait and see.

ALLAN: Sure Phil, sure. Maybe we better get some rest. Sleep never hurt anything, and it'll make the time go quicker.

(Phil stretches out where he sits, Allan walks to center stage right, Loren stares up at the light for awhile, and then walks near Allan and lays down.)

BLACKOUT

AS THE LIGHTS COME BACK UP - - -

PHIL: Get up, get up.

ALLAN: What's the matter?

PHIL: I thought I heard something.

LOREN: You're nuts. You couldn't have heard anything from down here, you crazy - -

ALLAN: Shut up both of you. It isn't going to help matters any if we fight with each other.

LOREN: Why not? It might make thing interesting. I never did think I'd like to die bored.

PHIL: *(lunges at Loren, but is stopped by Allan)* Shut your filthy rotten mouth you dumb bastard or I'll kill you.

ALLAN: Maybe you'd better rest for a while, Phil, you've been up all night. Come on, that's right.

ALLAN: *(Turns and motions Loren to downstairs right)* You've got to lay off him for awhile, Loren, I think he's pretty bad off. You're not helping anything by your attitude you know.

LOREN: So what? *(Moves to spot of light)* You really don't think we'll see any more but that patch of light, do you?

ALLAN: We might, at least I pray we do.

LOREN: While you're praying to get out, why don't you see if you can get the Almighty to drop some manna.

ALLAN: Listen you sacriligious bastard, I don't like it down here any more than you do, but I like to believe we still have a chance.

LOREN: I can't see the bother.

ALLAN: Oh go to Hell! *(Turns to go, but is stopped by Loren who grabs his arm.)*

LOREN: Wait.

ALLAN: What for, so you can tell me we're going to die?

LOREN: Take it easy, Allan. I know how you feel, but, well maybe it might be easier if we didn't bother ourselves with thinking of escape.

ALLAN: Why?

LOREN: Maybe we're lucky being here instead of up there *(Points up)* Who knows, this might be the best thing that could have happened.

ALLAN: You're getting as nutty as him. *(Points to Phil)*

LOREN: Maybe, but think of it this way - - -

ALLAN: Oh leave me alone. *(He turns and walks to where Phil sleeps. Stands for awhile staring down and then speaks again to Loren.)* How long do you think he can last?

LOREN: Not long I'm afraid. Neither will any of us if we worry about it like he does. *(Sits on the floor, stares up at the roof and then begins to talk, directing his words to no one.)* Facing death is hard for you, isn't it? I suppose the fear of finality or fear of some superstition is the cause for it all.

ALLAN: What are you mumbling about? Some more of your happy philosophy?

(Phil rolls over, sits up and looks from Allan to Loren and back again. He stands and asks how long he has slept. Allan tells him "not long." Loren says "awhile.")

PHIL: I dreamt we dug our way out of here.

LOREN: With what, our fingers?

PHIL: No, with a shovel. It seemed so real, I almost believed it.

ALLAN: Well, we haven't got a shovel, and if we did we wouldn't be able to dig out with it.

PHIL: Why not?

ALLAN: There's probably tons of steel and cement over us. It would take a miracle to get us out with heavy machinery, let alone a shovel.

LOREN: Is that what you're praying for, a miracle?

(Allan ignores this and watches Phil as he moves forward and stares up at the light).

PHIL: If we could only get up there, maybe we could enlarge the hole or cry for help. Somebody should hear us. Maybe if we all shout someone will hear us.

Loren: I doubt it. In the first place, whatever it was they dropped on us must have been awfully big to collapse this building. It must have been an A-bomb or bigger, and if it was, there must be radiation. So that lets out the possibility of a lot of people wandering around up there.

PHIL: But if there was - - - -

ALLAN: It's no use, Phil. They would have to be right over the hole to even hear us, and if there is radiation the cleanup crew will probably be wearing protective suits and wouldn't be able to hear us if they were right on top of us.

PHIL: But it's so close. That hole can't be more than - - - -

LOREN: About 30 feet up.

PHIL: Stop it, you make it sound so matter of fact.

LOREN: *(Moves to light and looks up)* Last night I woke up and looked through that hole. There was a star shining through, and it looked as if it were centered right in the hole, just 30 feet away. That's when I realized it would be as hard to get out of here as it would be to get to that star.

ALLAN: I don't get what you mean.

LOREN: 30 feet, 30,000 light years, what's the difference? We can't reach either from down here.

PHIL: We can try.

LOREN: Why wear ourselves out? Digging takes too much energy. Energy that we can't afford without food and water, which we don't have.

ALLAN: But it would be something to do, instead of just sitting here.

PHIL: That's the thing I can't stand, just sitting here. Let's at least try to dig out. (*Moves about looking for something to dig with.*)

LOREN: Don't be a fool, Phil, you'll only kill yourself in no time.

ALLAN: Maybe he's right. At least we'll die trying.

LOREN: Yes, and cheat yourself of the thing you most value.

PHIL: What are you talking about?

ALLAN: What now, some ingenious plan for denying ourselves hope?

LOREN: Not exactly, but look at it this way. All of our lives we worked and planned for something. Homes, wives, or money. Then, every now and then someone we knew dies, or we read about or saw death all around us. We thought about dying and what it would be like, but often as not we pushed the thought of death out of our minds.

ALLAN: Yes, that's all true, but now what?

LOREN: Don't you see? Each man tries to live as if he expects to live forever, when he knows he won't. He wants to die with his boots on, so to speak, working right to the last minute. And then when death comes it comes so fast you never see it hit. Not many men have the time to really look back on their life or prepare for death, and so they die without making the most of the last little time before finality. In a way I guess I'm lucky. Now I've got the chance to die, so that I know it's coming. Each minute from now on I want to relax and make the best of it.

PHIL: Maybe I'm making the most of it by wanting to dig out. Or maybe Allan is doing what he wants by praying for escape.

LOREN: But as long as you try to convince yourself that we can get out you're trying to look away from reality. Deep down inside we all know we'll never get out, so why frustrate ourselves and make what little time we have left even shorter?

ALLAN: That's all very nice, but what about after death?

LOREN: You've prayed and you believe in Heaven, so I don't think God will punish you for trying to make the best of what time you have left. You've prayed all your life, a few days less makes a very little dent in eternity.

PHIL: You're not going to give up without a fight; that's insane.

LOREN: But I'll die knowing I lived every last minute to the utmost.

ALLAN: You are insane, man. Just shut up. I don't want to hear any more of your babblings.

PHIL: We might all die, but at least I'll go down fighting.

(*Both move away from Loren. Loren sits and stares up at the hole.*)

LOREN: (*softly*) You're not a big hole, are you? Not much bigger than my fist, still you're an awful problem. You gloat and tantalize in your superior position, but I suppose you're still a friend. It will be a hard job for death to squeeze in here through such a tiny opening.

CURTAIN

REVERBERATION

by Frank Nasca

I hear the void
Unquestioned but answering.
Man screeches as he declaims
"Fair to middling, fair to middling."
And or but because
"I am a contented anonymity."
FAIR TO MIDDLE—fair to middling.
"I am sated!" My physique at best.

My soul, my spirit, my mind?
"What are they?"
Entities which entreat! plead! beg!?
Release! Open! Allow!

Simple? "Yes."
Reasonable? "Yes yes."
Extreme? "Yes yes yes."

Remote? "Yes."

Out of the question!
Preposterous!!
Unheard of!!!

Noooooooooooooooooooo

"I am fair to middling."
Content——
Anonymous——

The tedium of suburbia is trite
stifling
murderous.

"Escape, escape, escape, escape
escape TEDIUM—BOREDOM."

Yes
yes
yes
yes.
how

how how how
Live? yes
Love? yes
Laugh? yes
Happiness? yes yes yes

"But I can . . I can . . .

I CAN NOT.

I feel security.
I am in step
I am fair to middling.
All about me are as I:
My mirror brothers
We are fair to middling.

We live and are dead.
fair to middling.

We are trapped
We are victims
We are children
lead by the tempo
victims of the rhythm
victims of the pulse
Victimized children—
of suburbia, trite trite suburbia
of ourselves.

Our parent vaguely answers
"FAIR to middling."

Our birth-right
"FAIR to middling."

Our legacy
The middle Mind.
The mediocre
The suspended existence.
Live! No I refuse, I can not suffer pain.
Laugh! Yes and crack and echo the emptiness of my idiocy.
Love! No I can not share my mediocrity.
Happiness! Yes with the alcoholic anesthesia which numbs my being.
I exist

Yes

I am
fair to
middling.

unacc.

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LD

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NONCIRCULATING

