

HIKA Literary Magazine

Summer 1964

HIKA - Summer 1964

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digital.kenyon.edu/hika>

Recommended Citation

"HIKA - Summer 1964" (1964). *HIKA Literary Magazine*. 94.
<https://digital.kenyon.edu/hika/94>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in HIKA Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.

HIKAZI



HIKA

*The Undergraduate Literary
Magazine of Kenyon College
Volume XXVI, Number 3
Summer, 1964*

Announcement	3
William H. Schubart	The Waltz Of The Hours 4
Michael O'Brien	The Little Girl With Chinese Eyes 5
John H. Willett	The Rape Of Anni Tvenstrup 6
Michael Bundgaard	Sketch 23
Paul Bates	Cries 24
	(untitled) 26
Perry Lentz	from Look Away: A Novel of The Battle of Port Pillow 27
Michael Berryhill	For A Friend 36
	Memories II 37
	Night Time 37

Contributors

Advertisements

The Cover is by Franklin Pine.

HIKA

Editor

W. H. Webster

Associates

James Branagan
Edward J. Edahl
Warren M. Iwasa
Fred McGavran

Managing Editor

James Fowler Pendexter

Advertising Manager

David P. Land

Staff

Michael Berryhill
Eric Busch
Edgar McGuire
Denis B. Pierce

Published six times yearly at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. Single copy, 75¢. Subscriptions in Gambier, \$3.00; outside Gambier, \$4.00. All rights reserved by the Editor. Printed by The Printing Arts Press, Mount Vernon, Ohio.

The Editors announce

The *Hika* Prizes:

The Denham Sutcliffe Prize

For Criticism

No Award 1964

The Charles Monroe Coffin Prize

For Fiction

25 Dollars

Perry Lentz '64

The Edgar Collins Bogardus Prize

For Poetry

25 Dollars

Paul Bates '67

The Waltz of the Hours

The crippled waltzers try to keep in step
With strains that memory murmurs from their past
And waken aged rhythms that have slept
In vagrant hope of putting off the last.
But decades yellow taffeta and lace
And permeate the time-yoked bones of men.
Diminishing agility and pace
To death where murmurs moulder once again.
The sour strains of coffin-guarded dreams
Will soon escape like humours from the night
And, rising to the surface, change their themes
When wet dawn's fog melts in the warm sunlight
And children prance in garlands made of flowers
Till lovers come and waltz away the hours.

The Little Girl With Chinese Eyes

The little girl with Chinese eyes is dragging an animal
stuffed with laughter:
The too-squeezed hen is ripped and sagging
but remains alive
And listens, in a child's way,
To what the girl with black eyes whispers.
She is singing a happy song to her childish, listening hen,
worn by nights of desperate squeezing.
As she walks across her horizon (past
The house with white shutters and the boy with red hair),
Her Chinese eyes look down and
She is forgetful of her song. Only the hen
Remembers laughing; the too-squeezed hen
Whose eyes were lost
in some long-ago playground.



The Rape of Anni Tvenstrup

For Lynne and Howard

Marco put a sugar lump half into the cup and watched it turn brown as it absorbed the coffee. When it reached the top he let it fall and glanced up into the street. The theaters had just let out; and there was a crowd of people, their faces turned from the cold wind, standing outside the cafe' trying to hail taxis. "April in Paris," he mumbled raising the cup to his lips.

"What?"

"Nothing. I said, 'April in Paris.'"

"Yes, we've had a vile spring."

"I wonder how the tourist offices in their brochures transform two months of cold rain into something appealing. 'Paris by drizzling night.'"

"You're not really a tourist, so you shouldn't care."

"Oh yes, yes I am indeed. Listen Inga, you're either a resident or someone who's come in from the outside. No matter where you go you'll always be one or the other. The more you try to be what you aren't, the more you affirm your own position. It's sad, really. Look at me for example. How long have I been here — ten weeks maybe? A city's nothing more than the people in it, they told me. Know them and you'll know the city. Why I don't even know the damn subway system."

"Now take your time. Ten weeks isn't long. I've been here a half year already, and I'm not much better than you."

"I haven't got time. I'm young. Ah, we'll see." he looked out at

the street again. There were still a few couples waiting for taxis. "We've been here over an hour already. Where the devil is she?"

"You were late you know, over a half hour by the time I'd left to come here. Still I'm worried. You shouldn't have made a rendezvous in the street, at least not after dark. You know she doesn't belong here, she's not so hard as I."

"I hardly know her, or you for that matter. She told me you're from the same town. What's she like?"

"She's had a hard enough time of it. Her father ran off to Copenhagen with some woman; and her mother refuses to let her go out, or even to bring boys into the home. That's why she came here in the first place. But it's not working out, not at all. She ought to go home. She's left two good jobs already because she didn't think she had enough freedom. You know she's spent the last month sleeping on the floor of my room."

"Yes, she told me. She also doesn't eat much more than a *baguette* and some fruit everyday."

"It's true, you know. Sometimes, when I'm able, I steal food from Madame's kitchen. She doesn't belong here. If Madame catches her then I don't know what will happen. I have to sneak her into my room late at night. She should go home."

"Sometimes I think I should too."

"Oh you'll make it," said Inga carelessly. "You're like me, I can tell. In the long run they won't be able to fool you."

"What do you mean?" Marco looked at her closely. The girl had chubby little cheeks and smooth skin. In the front of her hair, cut short in a *bouffée*, was a small green velvet bow that matched the color of the coat she always wore. If the weather were bad, she carried a bright red umbrella that contrasted violently with the coat. Whenever she laughed she put a hand behind her head to fluff up her hair. "I'm not hard, if that's what you mean."

"Well, no one really is. But some people can fool themselves and go for a very long time before they break." She smiled. "And some people never break."

But Marco wasn't listening. He could see her standing on the far corner, holding her collar tightly closed and waiting for the light to change. When she looked up he waved at her through the plate glass, but she did not seem to notice. "Here she comes. What in hell has she been doing?" She looked over at the cafe and he waved again. This time he knew she had seen him; but still she made no gesture. She had a hurt look on her face. Now she was right outside looking in

at them, and he could see shock and, it seemed, a kind of terror in her eyes. She started to walk away, then turned abruptly and pushed open the door. "Something's wrong, Inga. Something's quite wrong." Even edging through the crowded tables she would not look at them; but rather kept her glance turned on the floor, still clutching her coat collar close about her throat. Finally she was there, beside him, quietly staring down at the table. The shock in her eyes he could now see further, in her trembling lip and the pallor of her cheeks. Some people at the nearby tables were watching her curiously. "What is it, Anni. What's the matter?" She sat down slowly. He could see her trying to hold back the tears. When she took her hands away from her throat the collar fell back. Marco noticed a bright red bruise just below her ear, a circular welt that was already beginning to turn purple around the edges. "Anni, for Christ's sake what's happened?" But even as he asked he felt a vague fear in the certainty of what was going to be her answer.

"Where were you, oh where were you? I waited so long. You never came?" It was a desperate reproach, groundwork for the condonation he knew would never be.

"That's not fair. I came as fast as I could." He could not take his eyes off the bruise on her neck, that obscene stigmata which was making her more alive, more vital with every passing second. "I'm going crazy. Look, you've got chalk or something all over your coat."

She started speaking to Inga in Danish. "No, English!" he cried. "Speak in English!"

"Wait," Inga said. "She wants me to explain it all, she's too ashamed. I'll tell you everything when she's finished."

The minutes passed while she talked on. Marco carefully tore his napkin into little shreds, rolled the pieces up into a ball, unrolled them and tore them into even smaller shreds. Now and then Inga would give a little gasp and say "*Jo, jo*"; and each time he would beg them to speak in English. But they both ignored him. Finally Inga sat back in the chair and covered her eyes with her hand. Anni got up and walked quickly to the ladies' room.

"All right, come on tell me. She was attacked, wasn't she?"

Inga took her hand from her eyes and nodded sadly. "Yes, some man. About four blocks from here. I told you she doesn't belong here. When she told me she was going to move in with you I thought she was crazy. But no, that's what she needs. Someone with her all the time. It's good, you'll take care of her."

"But why didn't she wait? Why didn't you stay with her? Oh

my god, I can't believe it."

"I said to you I stayed with her for at least a half hour. Then I got cold and told her that I'd come here and wait until you both arrived. Shortly after I left a man came up and started speaking to her. He asked her where she was from and what she was doing alone on the street. At first Anni ignored him; but when he persisted she told him that she was waiting for somebody and that he'd better go away. So he did; but then he came back a few minutes later and started talking to her again. She decided she'd walk down to the bridge at Alma Marceau, thinking that you'd be coming from that direction. The man walked along with her. He said he was alone in Paris and that he wanted a woman, but that he didn't want to buy a professional . . ."

"Oh Lord! I'm not hearing this. This I wasn't waiting for. I've got to get out of here before I hear any more." There was something about it all, Marco didn't understand quite. He wasn't sure to whom or what he had just lost something; but that seemed to make his defeat all the more humiliating, disrespectful. He jumped up from the table.

"No, sit down, listen to me. It's not what you think."

He fell back into his chair and closed his eyes. After all, a dash of cynical resilience was all he'd need to carry him through. A little softspoken "So, it's like that" when the story would be over, another exotic flower in the endless garden of earthly delights. A shrug, a brave sneer. He listened peacefully as she went on.

"She kept telling him to go away; but when she'd arrived at the bridge and you were nowhere in sight, she began to think that you weren't going to come. It was at the bridge, I think she said, that the man told her he'd give her ten francs if she'd let him kiss her. She thought you'd left her; and she didn't much care about anything any longer. I guess she hasn't eaten all day. She told the man to give her the ten francs and then she'd let him kiss her. He said no, not right there on the street; so they walked for a while, towards Auteuil."

"But how long ago did this happen? I came by the Alma Bridge. How could I have missed her?" The feeling that he'd been compromised returned more strongly than ever.

"I don't know, she didn't say. You can ask her when she comes back. Anyway, at first she wouldn't go into the alley. But the man kept saying that he didn't want to do it where someone might see. So finally she agreed. Once they were inside he attacked her."

"What do you mean 'attacked' her. What does 'attack' mean?"

"I don't know. She didn't say exactly. Here she comes. Look Marco, let's not talk about it now. She's been badly frightened."

When Anni sat down he could see that she'd spread some powder over the welt on her neck. He searched her face for some suggestion of a more sunken, more obscure deceit, a better scapegoat for what he was going to do. But there was nothing, not a sign in her expression that would sophisticate her. She sat there like Magdelene, a sad light in her eyes, suddenly redeemed of her insignificance by the spoilation. He reached towards her and brushed the powder off the mark with his forefinger. She turned on him her pale, questioning face as he wiped the powder off his finger with a napkin.

"And how did that happen? Did he bite you?"

"Please Marco, I don't want to talk about it." The plaintive tone of her native tongue carried over when she spoke English, giving all that she said the expression of a half-sob.

"It certainly looks like a bite. It looks like he bit you." he paused before the sigh. "Oh Anni, how how could you?" But his apparent resignation, calm, like a gothic church at twilight, belied the vague, obscene image that was slowly forming within him, exhilarating him in a way he had never felt before. The minutes passed while they sat quietly around the table, one occasionally meeting the eyes of another then returning sadly to himself. Finally Inga stood up and said that for now there was nothing more to be done, that they should all go home.

"We'll figure out something to do tonight. I don't know. I can't really believe it."

"No. Anni, you're coming with me tonight. I'll find a room for you somewhere."

"Yes," Inga said. "You go with him. And one of you phone me at Madame's tomorrow."

Anni acquiesced without a word, just as he knew she would. And to think he had not yet even kissed her. But he knew just from the way she looked at him when she first arrived, the way she had said, "Oh, where were you?" that she was his. He began to feel the excitement more than ever. "Come on, we've got to rush. The subway's going to close soon. Bye-bye, Inga. We'll see you tomorrow."

He sat beside her in the brightly lit train car examining her reflection in the window opposite them. Yes, she did look like a painting of Magdalene he had seen. Her downcast eyes, tilted head, and sad little mouth; her hands folded peacefully in her lap — all bespoke a saintly patience in the face of suffering, a quiet, noble capacity to

take in stride those misfortunes which were, in the long run, no more her due than another's. "Anni," he said, putting his hand over hers, "I want you to tell me exactly what happened to you tonight."

"No, no I don't want to. I'm too ashamed." There was no tension in her voice, no hysteria; just a calm humility, a complement to her face. The tone of her voice was only an adjective that defined her expression. He tightened his grip on her hand; she could never discern his desperation. And only she could give ultimate form, if not significance, to the images that were spilling over one another in his mind.

"I must know. Tell me."

"But hasn't Inga already told you everything?"

"I don't know. I want to hear it from you. What happened after you got to the Alma Bridge with this pig?"

"He told me he'd give me a hundred francs if I went to his hotel with him."

"Go on."

"When I kept saying no he finally said he'd give me ten francs just to kiss him. I was hungry and cold, and you weren't there. I thought you had left me. We walked for awhile until we came to an alley. That's where it happened in this alley."

Marco was staring at a Dubonet advertisement, his eyes wide and unblinking, as, with every syllable, she defined the dream. "What happened?"

"Marco, please . . ."

"What happened?"

"He was kissing me, and then suddenly he became crazy. I couldn't stop him, I was too frightened. The alley was very dark and empty. I was even to afraid to cry out. He forced me up against the wall and tore off my underpants."

He looked at her face, white and sallow in the false light. "Did he go inside of you?"

"I don't know, I don't know!" she whispered.

"Of course you do."

"Yes, I think he did."

And there it was. Now only the expiation remained. He sat up straight and crossed his legs. "I suppose that's where you got those marks on your coat."

"I suppose so."

The train pulled into Odéon and they got off. He knew the concierge in his own hotel would see them if he tried to bring her there,

so he took her instead to another just around the corner on Rue St.-André des Arts, a holdover from the last century with red carpets and gas spouts. A cleaning man signed them in and gave Marco the key with a tired leer.

The room had nothing but a brass four-poster, some straight-back chairs, and a dresser with a basin and pitcher on it. Anni left immediately to take a bath while Marco sat on the bed and leaned his back against the wall. He drew slowly on his cigarette, letting the smoke sit for a long time in his lungs before he blew it out. Then there he was, standing with them in the alley watching it happen, watching the despair in her great hazel eyes as the man kissed her change suddenly to submissive terror as he shoves her against the wall. Marco bit his lip and squeezed shut his eyes, for there, about her mouth, as the dark figure backed away from her, he saw a wry, care-less smile. Could it be? Oh no, not with a saint. He jumped off the bed and opened the window. A light rain fell through the gleam of the streetlight and disappeared. Far away, miles away it seemed, the bells of St. Germain tolled twice. The dream element of it all begun to supplant the reality of the cold night, transforming the evil of what had happened into a thick soup that he would spoon into his vanity and digest over the weeks and years to follow. Wherein lay the violation? He hadn't time to think of that now; she had come back into the room, wearing a slip, and was laying the rest of her clothes neatly over a chair. She was a big, strong girl, as tall as he, with close cropped hair and wide lips. He waited at the window for a long time after she had crawled into bed, facing the street because he hardly dared look at what awaited him. Finally he closed the shutters against the rain and the streetlight and turned to her.

"Please Marco," she whispered, looking up at him, "not two in one night."

"Annie, I want you to tell me something; and you must be honest. I have to know the truth; but I promise you it will make no difference in anything, in how I feel." For a moment he wavered; there was something so compromising and despicable in the question. But still, there was nothing Anni the Pardoner, ever ready to pardon, and forgive, could not misunderstand or overlook or excuse. "Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh no, oh no! It was so awful!"

I could as easily have asked her of the weather, he thought. Not even a pause before she answered. He pulled her hands above her head and pressed them against the bed. Already it seemed to him the sad

denouement perched on the dresser, like a buzzard waiting for something, for itself, to die.

Marco sat on the window sill and looked down into the street, his street — Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie — right in the very core of the clammy, tragi-comic, poetasting Latin Quarter. Every corner, every building was a sacred font from which flowed history in an everlasting stream of glory. Did not Louis XIV used to drive right by his hotel to go to the theater? Voltaire, Wagner, Modigliani, they had all lived close by. Danton harangued the mob on the corner and Rousseau used to dine in the restaurant across the street. Like a virus Marco had planted himself in their midst; not to destroy — he knew he could not do that — but rather to strengthen himself on a little of the vital matter of their lives. And even now with Sartre only a block away, Bardot dropping in on *La Rhumerie*, and plastic bombs blowing up the newstands every night, Marco felt himself securely in the mainstream of history. He had done it all correctly — not only the locale but also the accoutrements, those quiet, hidden little trap-pings which gave just the right touch to his whole situation. Not enough money, the right cafes, a few groping friends, and then there was the girl, asleep on the bed with her little fists pressed to her cheeks. Sometimes, before his three-o'clock classes, he would rush back to the hotel just for the pleasure of having her in the afternoon. Of course she was always there, writing in her diary or reading or drinking wine with Inga. When he was in the room he could feel her eyes on him wherever he went, absorbing his every gesture with the numb adoration of Beatrice before the godhead. Whenever he addressed her, she lowered her eyes with reflexive obeisance, honored, it seemed, that he had cast a word her way. She smoked when he smoked, laughed when he did; indeed, Marco thought, were she able she would probably adjust her breathing to his. In his arms she was submissive and appreciative, placating when he could not gratify her, more adoring when he did. And what was her reward — why, nothing less, than his child within her warm, fecund womb.

He set a ten franc note on the night table and slipped quietly out of the room. With an hour before work he still had time to see Mr. Diins. Marco had received a letter a few weeks earlier addressed from Diins office on Place Vendôme. "Old friend of your father's, not a typical banker, can I be of any help, come and have dinner etc." Yes,

thought Marco in the Opera bus, perhaps you can be of help, Sir.

The city had received summer like a benediction, with grateful and demonstrative ardor. Marco stood on the open platform at the back of the bus and turned his face to the clean wind that flew off the Tuilleries. Soon it would be time to leave. Already the Americans were arriving; and only last night two of them had had a fight in *Le Cameleon*, his bar. He had managed to save almost two thousand francs, mainly because Anni found a job shortly after they had taken a room together. There was a little town he had picked out on the map where he was going to spend the summer, a cluster of chalets in the mountains about fifty miles southeast of Geneva. Of course she could never come with him; it was time to be alone for awhile, to curl up in the lap of his vanity and doze off to its purling consolations. Mountains, mist, and valley — ah, what sweet, sweet sadness.

He jumped off the bus and walked quickly to place Vendome; this business had to be finished right away.

The secretary announced him, and he heard Dinns ask her to show him in right away. Marco paused on the threshold, like a child who has just unwrapped his very best gift and stands back a moment in mute wonder before plunging in with both hands. He let his eyes take in, absorb, and register the enormous bare room, starting at one end where two deep leather chairs faced the wall before a little round marble table, perhaps in some futile effort to imply intimacy, then travel across the naked expanse of beige carpet, up to the pictureless walls and over the French windows that opened onto little cast iron balconies, and finally let his eyes come to rest on the opposite end of the room, on Mr. Alexander Diins, sitting with a wry smile behind the huge Louis XV table that served as his desk. Walking towards him, Marco had the impression that around himself on all sides stretched endless undulating tundras of carpet, receding into something far away that might be walls, or might be some dark pine forest with its Lorelei promise of rest and peace. Finally there he was, looking over a huge cluster of azaleas, their blossoms, which topped long green stems stuck in a great black alabaster vase on the floor, reaching almost to the shoulders of Marco, looking over, or rather almost through them, into the face of Diins. Framed in the yellow and orange petals of his preposterous plants, his half brutal face still holding the strange smile that now, from only a few feet, appeared rather plaintive and inquisitive than wry, Diins looked more like a stevedore at his daughter's confirmation than he did the Paris representative of First of Boston. He rose slowly and walked around the desk to Marco.

"How do you do; I'm Alex Diins, Froggy. Come let's go to the other side, those chairs are comfortable. Your father's told me much about about you — I'm glad that you finally decided to come and see me. They're worried because you haven't written in so long. Please sit down. Do you smoke, would you care for a cigarette? American."

"No thank you."

"Did you read about that train wreck outside of Milan yesterday evening; there's an astounding account of it in this morning's paper. A woman on the train said that when she looked at one of the over-turned cars at the bottom of an embankment she was reminded of a giant beetle lying on its back. 'Such an unnatural posture,' she said. Are you going to be here during the summer?"

"No. In fact I hope to be —"

"You're so right. No one who can leave would ever spend a summer here, or any city for that matter. Unfortunately I'm obliged to be here most of the time. Ah well, I don't really have it so bad," he gestured largely. "Nice view, fresh air off the park. Paris is a very personal contrivance, more so than any other city I've been in. How long have you been here? I can remember when I first came to study at the Sorbonne; no Junior Year Abroad; I was going for a doctorate in philosophy. I lived right around the corner from where you're living now — Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie isn't it, a beautiful street."

Diins, sitting deep in the chair, his legs beautifully crossed, spoke in a low even tone, broken only by a hardly perceptible gasp — it sounded to Marco almost like a little sigh cut off in the middle—that came whenever he paused for a moment to puff on his long cigarette. A yellow tie jutted perfectly between the lapels of his blue suit jacket, the cuffs of his shirt emerged about half an inch from his sleeves; he had the kind of easy elegance that was smart rather than sleek. He was beginning to look more every minute like a foreign representative until Marco noticed for the first time, probably when Diins turned his head all the way around to motion to an especially large azalea blossom, the scar. It started just at the left corner of his mouth, but was not really noticeable until, having dropped down his chin, it began to follow the underline of his jaw, becoming at once wider and whiter until, on the side of his neck, it finally broadened into a smooth pale delta of skin which dissolved right below his neck. Marco only had time to catch a glimpse. It seemed to be a knife wound, except for the last part which looked more like a burn.

"I hear your teaching at a language school only a few blocks from here. You wouldn't happen to know of a German teacher who

would like to come and give me lessons? I've got to go to Bonn in two months for a Common Market meeting and it would so help if I could speak the language. I'd be glad to pay her anything reasonable for her time. Where did you say you're going this summer?"

"To Switzerland." The scar might have been caused by a hot knife, and yet it was too neat looking, precise almost, to be a slash. He wished Diins would turn so he could see it again.

"Chocolate, fondue and cuckoo clocks. I wonder if they got that fellow off the Eiger Wall yet. Now, are you free to come over for dinner this Sunday? The maid won't be there, but I'll see that something special is prepared the day before."

"May I bring a friend, she and I have been together for a while now; and I'd feel kind of odd not inviting her to come where I —

"Not at all. As a matter of fact I have a house-guest at the moment and four fits a table better than three. About one-thirty, third floor on the right as you get off the elevator. Have you got the address?"

"My father gave it to me."

"I'm sorry I haven't more time to spend with you now; but I must go to a meeting. Can I drop you off at the Opera; it's right on my way."

"Yes, thank you."

Diins had a great grey sports car with a high fidelity radio and a little folding bar in the dashboard. He drove with careful ease, brushing his thinned hair back occasionally and never vexing himself at the mistakes of the other drivers. Behind the wheel his face looked almost brutal again. His cheeks were at once both florrid and hard-set; and his pale eyes, viewed in profile, seemed to narrow in some vague, cruel anticipation. He never looked the same twice; Marco wondered whether it might not be due to alternate amnesty and recollection of his wound. He suddenly felt excited, as if he were in the presence of something dangerous and unknown. He must remember to watch Diins face very carefully when he would tell him of Anni's difficulty.

"Well, here you are. Not much of a ride — but since it was on my way . . ."

"I must say, I'm amazed that you're such a good friend of my father."

"Ha ha, so is your father. See you on Sunday." The big low automobile slid between two busses and disappeared around the corner. Marco stood for a moment looking after it. There was no sense invest-

ing the situation with a dramatic strain that it obviously did not have. There was not going to be any black car tearing through the night to a greasy Montmartre cellar where some warty hag of an abortionist squatted on the table with her sterilized hooks and knives. No — Diins, what did he call himself, Froggy — he would know what to do. Marco turned and walked towards his school. "Nothing ever really goes wrong in good weather," he thought smoothly, turning to look up at the bright sun and sky overhead.

At first Anni did not want to go to the dinner; but Marco convinced her that it had nothing to do with her "late menses" as she called it, and that they were simply going to visit a friend of his family. Walking down the street with her Marco noticed, almost with a kind of anachronistic nostalgia, as if she had already been dispatched, the way others turned to look at her. She was wearing a bright green dress with a wide black belt; and the sun was reflected on the light hair swept back from her forehead. He wondered how soon it would be before he was really wanting her again, coveting her the way he had on that first night. All the way across the park they walked, all the way to Diins', her arm peacefully linked to his, while he thought how terribly simple it was to summarize the cycle of love: desire, satiety, contempt. Had not Marco the imagination to give it all a new twist, a little touch of the unique? No, at least not now. He was tired, the city was hot, and his pupils, with the exception of that girl from the German Embassy, bored him to abstraction. It was certainly time to get away. Even as he rang the doorbell to Diins apartment, Marco was trying to figure how he could bring up the subject of Anni's difficulty today.

"And there you are. Come, come in. You're Marco's friend, aren't you? I'm Mr. Diins."

"How do you, Sir. I'm Anni Tvenstrup."

"A Scandinavian — I should have known just by looking at you. Tvenstrup . . . Danish?"

"Yes Sir."

Marco could see how pleased she was that for once someone had correctly guessed her nationality. She blushed gratefully at Diins, then shot Marco a happy glance from under half lowered eyelids. Diins led them into a huge room which like the office had practically no furniture except for a few tables, a small oriental rug right in the

middle, one sofa and three huge pots of azaleas.

"I only moved in here eight months ago which explains the paucity of furniture. I buy it a little at a time, as I can afford it. Let's go to the study, it's a lot more intimate." They passed into a small room, two walls of which were lined with books. The third contained a low salmon-brick fire place and the fourth had a large French window that gave out on the street. They had been in the room only a second or two when a large panel of the bookcase swung open and in stepped a young man carrying an ice-bucket in one hand and balancing a tray with glasses and bottles on the other. To the amazed expression of Anni and Marco he merely returned an amused smile. Diins laughed loudly. "Harry, this is Miss Anni Tvenstrup and Marco, whom I've already spoken to you about. This is Harry March. Please don't be surprised at that door. If you'll notice, I've shut the one we came through and now you cannot see it. It can only be opened from the other side; after its been pushed shut from in here you have to exit by the door that Harry just came through, which opens, tritely enough, by a false book. I had that done to give me the impression of complete security when I'm in here. Just a whim I suppose, like so many other things. Now, what will you have, whiskey, gin, or Pernod?"

They all sat down before the fireplace and talked about the Americanization of Paris, the last attempt on the General's live, plastic bombs and the situation in Algeria. Then Harry told his story.

"Do you remember the time, Froggy, we both had to leave Venice suddenly to get away from our destitute little friend. You were already at the station and I was smiling on the Piazza having a farewell drink with him. Suddenly a small insect flies right *into* my eye! Well, you can imagine how terrified I was; I could just see this thing, whatever it was, laying eggs in my anterior aqueous chamber, and having swarms of winged beasts flying forth from my eyes. Of course I started to squint and tremble, and water was running down my face. The other fellow insisted on taking me to a pharmacist to have it taken out; and by the time he finished there was only fifteen minutes till the train departure. I raced down to the wharf and got one of those private speedboats, what do you call them, *motoscafo* or something, and off we went. The driver turned on a siren and a great swirling light. We must have shot down the Grand Canal at forty miles an hour, spewing water all over the gaping passengers on the pokey old busboats. I remember standing erect in those white slacks I have, one foot on the stern, the wind rushing through my hair. Ha! No wonder

people stared. Then we slowed down to swing into a side canal and I got a clothes line right across the chest that sent me spinning into the brine. That fool driver didn't even notice I was gone till he got to the far end. We arrived at the station just as the train was pulling out. What a sight it must have been! I could see Froggy leaning out of a compartment window far ahead screaming at me to hurry up; but if you've ever tried to run in wet clothes you know what it's like. Finally I caught up with the last wagon, which turned out to be an empty car, and jumped inside. All the way to Triest, shivering on the gluey floor of that open car. God, what a trip.

What were you trying to get away from this other fellow for?"

"Oh, that's another long story."

Diins got up to change a record. "Harry, why don't you show Anni around the apartment. I'll give Marco that little lecture I'm supposed to."

As soon as they were alone Marco, without giving Diins a chance to speak, started telling him about Anni's bad luck. He spoke quickly so as to be finished before they should return. When he had ended, Diins leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Well, well. There we are. Yes, I think I'll be able to help you. Right now I have a bit of free time on my hands. But let's not discuss it any further today; no sense spoiling dinner. Come in and see me at my office anytime tomorrow between ten and four."

"All right. I'm sorry to bother you with —"

"Ah, no bother at all. It's my pleasure. I'm sure things can be straightened out. Now, why don't we find the other two and go have something to eat."

They had almost three bottles of wine with the dinner and fresh trout and meats and cheeses. It seemed to Marco that Diins had taken a new interest in Anni. He addressed her often, asking questions about her homeland and what she was doing in Paris. Anni, her head bowed like Pietà, answered the questions as briefly as she could while mechanically dipping an artichoke leaf in the mayonnaise or wiping her fingers on a napkin so as not to have to look at anyone. Sometimes Marco noticed Diins squinting at her intently while she did this, as if trying to discover the quiescent aspects of her character behind the apparent ruse of her timidity. Harry kept up a stream of his continental anecdotes; there was an especially long one about some Polish Budhist on Rue d'Aboukir and a new language he was working on. All the while he talked his long, thin hands were moving continually, waving, the fingers folding and unfolding like

the petals of some fantastic flower. He had a self-indulgent smile on his boyish face, as if it mattered little whether anyone beyond himself were amused. The dinner ended with Calvados and chocolate covered mints. They all said good-bye at the elevator, Anni beaming like a nun after confession, with Diins still looking at her in that analytic way he had at the dinner table.

Marco stopped in his office at noon the next day; Diins was very brief and specific.

"Tell her to phone me up here at the office anytime this week. And don't sleep with her anymore, don't touch her. In fact, I think it would be best if you asked her to move out immediately."

"I can't really do that. She's been with me for —"

"All right, all right. But just have her phone me, I'll take care of the whole thing."

For a moment Marco was afraid for her; but he brushed this aside like a gnat and promised to do as Diins asked.

When he told Anni that she was to see Diins, she bowed her head and said, almost passionately, "But I think I want to have it."

"Ridiculous! I shan't listen to this. What do you want to do, throw your life away? Come now, you'll phone him."

Anni the obedient lap dog acquiesced. Three days passed and neither of them spoke any more about it. When Marco returned from his classes Wednesday evening, he found Anni lying face down on the great bed. She had turned off all the lights and closed the windows. Her arms were wrapped around her head, as if to protect herself from a falling bomb.

"Anni," he called. He went to her and shook her arm lightly. "Anni."

"Yes." She answered briskly and clearly, the way people do when they have not been asleep.

"What's the matter, don't you feel well?"

"No." Still hiding her face.

He walked to one of the windows; but as he started to open it she turned suddenly and called out, "No!" Then, more softly. "I saw Mr. Diins today."

Marco kept his back to her; already he felt strangely embarrassed and ill at ease. "Well," he whispered.

"I had to see him at his office; he didn't want me to come to his home."

"What happened?"

"Well, first he kept me waiting almost two hours before I could

see him. Then I went into this huge room. He was sitting behind his desk and I had to stand before him — he didn't even give me a chair — as if I were being tried. There was a man, a lawyer I think, standing on one side of him; and his secretary was standing on the other side taking notes. Please turn, Marco. Will you please look at me."

He did as she asked, and met her face, the same all-yielding, all-forgiving face of a devotee prostrate before its fierce, irrational god; only now all this was almost submerged under her expression of shocked, hurt surprise, like a small child slapped suddenly by an irate parent.

"He asked me about my family life, about what my father did, and all sorts of things like that. Then he asked me how many men I've had since I've been in Paris. Oh Marco, you know there's been only you. He told me that I would get nothing out of you or your family; I never thought of that for a minute . . ." Her voice trailed off. She was shaking her head slowly in disbelief. He kept wishing she would start to cry. Then she gathered up all the frayed ends of her thoughts and bound them together in one final, despairing knot. "He told me he would give me money for an operation. Just standing there, so cold, with these two people on either side staring at me as if I were dirt. Marco, how could you?" Then she was lying before him on the floor, like a trampled flower, one hand reaching out and holding on to his foot. When he tried to raise her she only curled up into a ball. In the perfect quiet he could hear her soft, even breathing. Quickly he left her and walked out the door. He walked for two hours before deciding to pass the night in a brothel on Rue St.-Denis. When he came back to the hotel the next day she was gone, with all her belongings and a large photograph of himself which had stood on the night table.

Sunday morning, before his two-o'clock train to Geneva, he went to High Mass at Notre Dame. Although it was late in June, the air was chilly and low grey clouds overcast the sky. Inside, the dark cathedral was practically deserted. Mass had already begun. He walked silently down the center aisle and took a pew near the front. Before him toward the main altar; and behind it smaller ones receded away into the gloom. There was a long, level floor between the communion rail and the altar itself; it seemed to Marco that were he to start walking towards it, he would never have the strength to arrive. He languished on the hard wooden bench, his legs stretched out before him and his arms resting on the back rest. Enfeebled by

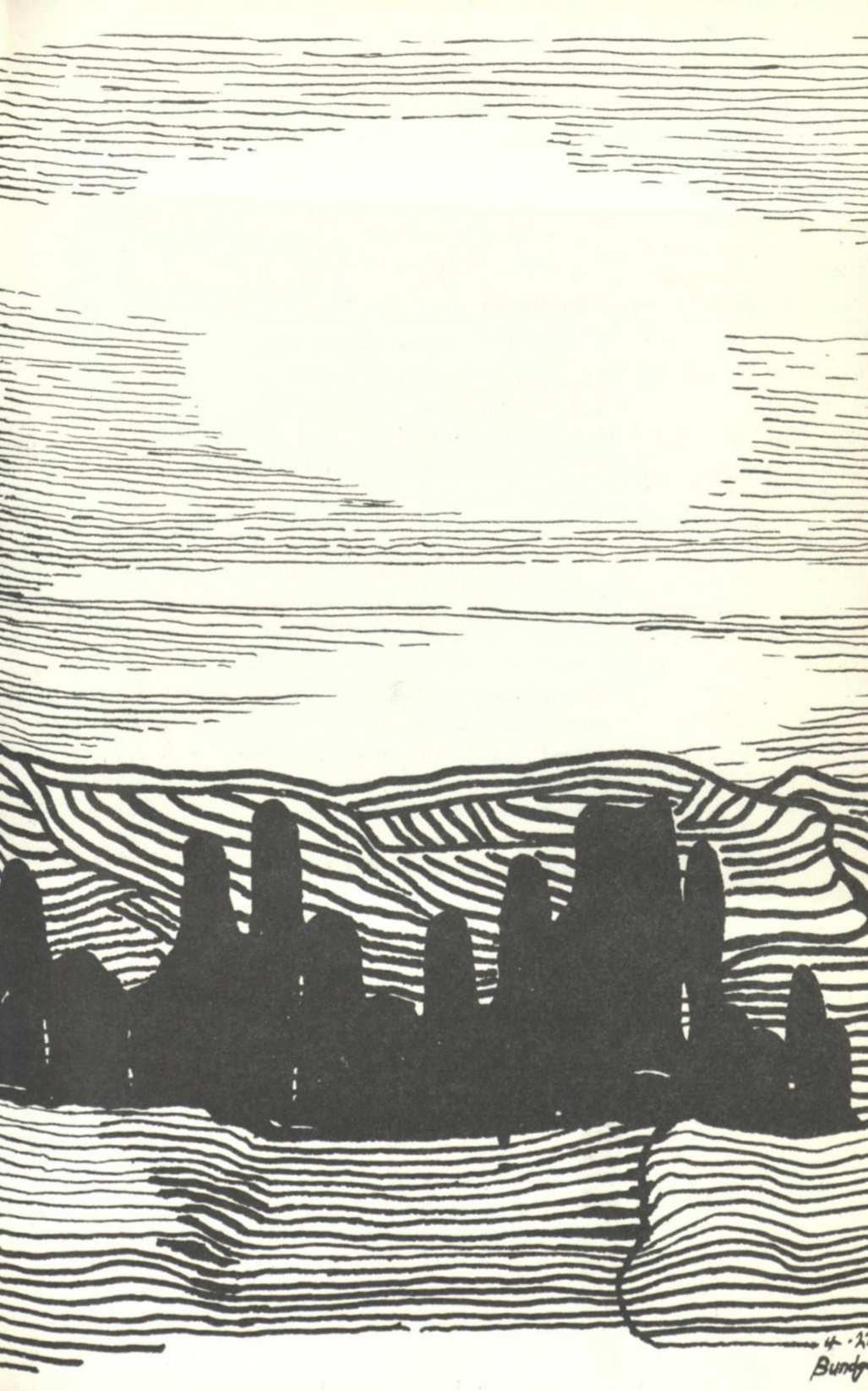
the opiating peace, he watched the smoke rise slowly from the censor. It hung in the air, seeming not to move; but a moment later, when he breathed deeply, the sweet, pungent smell of the incense entered his lungs. From somewhere far behind him the choir, accompanied by a mighty, hidden organ, raised its voice to a crescendo that crashed down the nave, and disappeared among the crypts and vaults. A white-robed spector turned and raised its arms, letting the surplice fall in loose folds to the floor. Then the music stopped and the spector's voice filled the church.

"Kyrie Eleison!"

"Kyrie Eleison!" responded the choir.

Along the walls beside the altar, almost hidden by the partitions that separated their seats, black-hooded canons bowed their heads in whispered prayer. Marco dropped to the kneeling stool and buried his face in his hands. Everywhere the chorus was thundering. For a long time he remained thus, trying to formulate something like a prayer, but nothing came of the confusion except the image of Anni curled up at his feet, her hand on his foot. Hardly realizing what he was doing, he rose and joined others who were filing past his pen toward the railing. He knelt and threw back his head. Again Anni swirled to the foreground of his memory; and he wanted to jump up and flee. But already it was too late; he felt the smooth wafer drop on his tongue and melt away like a piece of sugar. With the sacrilege seemed to come a kind of relief and strength; he was beyond the others now, whoever they were, in a serene vacuousness far above their help.

After mass he sat down on the cathedral steps. A light rain was falling and he lay back to let the drops splash on his face. But they were cold. As soon as he felt them running down his neck he rose and walked back to the hotel to finish his packing.



Cries

(Nightwind)

Nightwind's winterleafing
 dark twisted boughs in air . . .
 its chanting fades
 and — not altogether — disappears.

(Cries of Winter)

I

Fragile sponge of snow
 white, like dead winter sky
 cannot disguise the lone naked tree
 Whose brown scrawny fingers
 reach up toward hidden blue
 where, unseen by it,
 large black birds of prey
 circle, glide, and drop.

II

Green garden brown
 asleep in winter
 long time after
 delicate fingers have plucked
 the tender fruit;
 it lies unnoticed
 as frail snow accumulates
 depriving it of its individuality
 dancing, leaping, drifting.

(Cries of Spring)

I

Whitepaper airship
riding the remnants of
the grey nightwind,
soars from small hands,
gone to the towers
of those songless ants
who scramble over this
their first spring find.

II

Green and yellow faces
in the spring forest underfoot
flee untanned bare feet
that ruthlessly wallow
under large shadows
until all disappear,
a nightly ritual.

(untitled)

Birdnested downed browned leafed tree
(scarcely one shaded, still straight
when perpendicular boughs fell parallel
early in its seasonal green,
soon mossed):
splintered base dotted by
should-be grey pregnant robin
bulging orange,
in whose funny belly are those
every child knows blue eggs.

The Battle of Fort Pillow, like any battle, was composed of incidents. Presented out of context, the following can only be considered as an incident, perhaps representative, perhaps not, of the whole.

This selection describes an actual historical event, the slaying and mutilation of a rebel scout named Bob Perry by negro soldiers. Before the war, Bob Perry had made his living hunting runaway slaves for the plantation owners in Mississippi. Now a cavalry trooper in Forrest's division, his knowledge of the countryside makes him an appropriate choice for scouting duties. This incident occurs in the third winter of the war.

WHW

It was one of those early spring days, cold enough the night before to frost, but warm and glowing in the sunlight, with the earth just beginning to move and stir. In the fields on each of the road winter-browned stubble lay matted over the red earth, and gave, slipping, when his horse pushed down. He had just taken off his overcoat and thrown it across the blanket roll behind him. The sun was warm, and he moved his shoulders inside the blouse, and thought some more about ole Suellen. He was figuring how he could slip off and spend some more time with her, and whistling aimlessly. He got excited thinking about her and shifted in the saddle and just let the horse have its way.

The road dropped down beside a small stream, which was rocky and choked with green ice and red mud. Now he knew exactly where he was, and where the road was going, he knew it would dip once more, down beside the stream, and then it would cross the railroad tracks beside a trestle and a blockhouse. The blockhouse was garrisoned by maybe two platoons, and he figured he would have to cut back into the woods and he even knew just the knoll above the railroad cut where he could lie in a stand of pine and take a long look at the blockhouse. But he got his ground mixed up: for the first time in twenty-one years his sure instinct let him down, not severely but by a distance of perhaps thirty yards. Because in the first place he got his dips mixed up in his aimless prurient driftings beneath the hot winter sun, already thinking about asking Major Perry for another bit of leave, thinking about the next time he would see Suellen and maybe how it would be spring and would be nice outside and how

the tall soft grass in the fields would feel beneath their weight, thinking about nice and soft the air was. In all of this he had miscounted the stretches of the road, and he had already passed the first dip down beside the stream. And in the second place he ordinarily would have sensed the presence of Yankee troops but somehow in the smell of the fields and in the delicious feel of the warm air and the crisp cool breeze, he missed that, too. So naturally, in a moment out of context and unlike any other moment in all of his life, he had abandoned himself to the purely sensual animal enjoyment of everything with absolutely none of the accompanying instinctive caution, and of course he rode right into the back of a group of Yankees.

They were out washing clothes, about ten Yankee nigger soldiers, their rifles slung and they were taking halting short steps with the great baskets of laundry held in front of them, and they were leaning backwards and talking. And he could not have been more than ten paces from them, he saw in one moment of self-accusative clarity and horror and humor the blue uniforms with the sunlight warm off the cloth, and the black shining flesh and the brass button on one of the kepis winking in the sun, and the kinky hair of the nearest one and the musty smell of them and the thick smell of soap, and their bootprints in the mud. They were going back to the blockhouse which was right in front of them.

Fear and the hot need for action rose through him and his hair bristled, but he was grinning too, grinning at his own stupidity and thinking somehow what a story this will be to tell, what a story. He got the horse turned around on the muddy road at the moment the nigger sergeant heard the slopping of the hooves and turned and saw him. His back felt curiously exposed, cold now that the sun was off it and in his face and he was not wearing the overcoat. He twitched, and while the horse gathered its weight on the hind legs for the thrusting first stride, he shoved his fingers past the trigger guard of the rifle across his thighs. And he was laughing. At the sheer humor of the thing: at the irony of having for years done precisely the opposite to runaway niggers, slipping up on them, and how he had to go and ride right into a mess of them. But he was laughing at the horror of it too; much more horrible than having stumbled into an ambush, because he had come across them out of a clear blue sky. Out of warmth and lasciviousness and the innocent pleasure of the flesh, he had ridden right into them and they were there in a close heart-stopping proximity.

He got the horse turned around and there was a field on his right and the creek on his left, so he spurred it to the right straight for a stand of little pine trees about fifty yards down the road at the edge of the field. He turned around in the saddle and swung the rifle, still in his lap, vaguely in the direction of the Yankees. He saw the sergeant with his blouse open and the buttons winking, and there were spilled white baskets of laundry.

He squeezed the trigger of the rifle, and it hurt his wrist when it went off. There was the clear sharp order of the rifle smoke, and then he bent low over the horse's neck and concentrated on making it to the stand of pine. The horse was having trouble in the mud and its hooves tore up clods of it and made pathetic, hollow sound. There were rifle shots and he quivered all over, and things went past him. Twenty yards. Still the clatter and suck of the horse's hooves, and the beat of the warm sun, and shouts behind him. Y God I never felt so damn helpless in all my life. I ain't goen to make it. Then it was ten yards and Yes I am I done made it and O my Lord but won't this make one hell of a story. He was pressing the side of his face against the horse's neck and really flogging it; and he was looking suddenly at a little pillar of ice that had come out of the mud bank on the right side of the road, and was in the shadow of a clump of hedge, pale white and stained with traces of mud. Thinking five yards beyond that and here we go into the woods. And then something went right past his ear and he heard it hit the horse's skull right behind the ears. He heard it hit and he could hear the reverberation inside the skull, and he thought, just like a bullet in a watermelon and then the horse died right under him, in lurching midstride. The ground came up and hit him, all the world spinning up against the left side of him.

He was dazed and he shook his head and it hurt, his face was a few inches from the tiny fragile columns of hoar frost in the road, and the ground was cold and there was blue pain all over his left side. Ol' horse was dead fore it ever hit the ground, he thought. He fished out his revolver and looked over toward the stand of pine trees and thought I'm close enough to make it easy. Then the great weight on his left leg came to him, and he looked down and realized that the horse was pinning him to the ground. Well I be damned.

He turned his head painfully toward the niggers, his neck stretching. One of them fired at him, a fragile burst of blue powder smoke, and all of him jumped into his throat, and then the bullet thudded into the horse. He hefted the revolver, and it felt good and powerful.

Hell, there's a dozen of em. I'm in one pretty ol mess, I am. "All right, all right." He pitched the revolver away from him. The sky was bright and fresh-washed, and the sun was dazzling and he could hear the voices of the negroes and the clicking of the ice-coated pine needles in the woods.

The negroes were standing in the muddy road, their wash spread in bundles and strands and soaking up red stain from the mud. They were loading their rifles and some of them kept on banging away at him. He flinched and yelled "all right goddamit all right, I done give up. Come ahead." The sergeant was yelling at the others. They all stood and stared at Perry. "Come and get this ol dead hoss off me." The segeant pulled out his bayonet and put it on his gun barrel. They all started toward him, walking like on fragile ice. He watched their steam breath rise as they walked. They holding their breath, y God. They're more scared of me than I am of them.

They stopped and stood in a vague semi-circle, ten yards away, holding their rifles still on him. He shifted restlessly. The horse was hurting him, his leg was all afire it seemed and at the same time it was going all numb. "Come on, come on. Get this hoss off me." He sucked in air through his teeth in pain and frustration. Goddam stupid niggers. Glad to be shet of em, yessir. The sergeant was a big ole nigger, with welts across his face and his jacket unbuttoned, the bright buttons hanging loose. Ugliest nigger I ever did see, Perry thought. His leg was really hurting him, cold and numb and yet prickling, and he felt like he couldn't breathe, pressed down against the road, and that was making him angry.

"Well goddamit get over here and get this hoss off me I said!"

They started walking down on him again, still holding their rifles pointed at him and stepping heel-toe heel-toe. He made frustrated pulling motions at his leg. Tears were trickling down his face, but he knew that was the shock more than anything else. Damn it, damn it. Good ole joke on me though. Yessir, ride right into the back of a roadful of niggers, could've smelled em a mile off. Yessir, tracken for a liven and then ride right up to em. They had stopped a few feet away and were looking down at him now. He squinted and started to curse and then thought hell that aint goen to get anything done. "Come on, boys, Come on. Lend a hand." The negro sergeant put the tip of his bayonet into the trigger guard of Perry's pistol, and then tossed it into the grass. Then he stepped forward. Perry was struggling with both hands at his knee, trying to get the leg free, with his

tongue between his teeth.

The negro sergeant with the pale yellow face and the pink welts across it rested one foot on the horse, and Perry looked up suddenly and queruously and then the sergeant touched the bayonet of his rifle against the flesh of Bob Perry's neck. Perry was about to say "How about lenden a hand down here" and then he didn't say anything, he just looked up that shining bright steel blade and the long rifle barrel, up at the Negro's face. And at the mottled hands holding the rifle, and then he saw that the negro was smiling. Not the others standing around open mouthed, but this one was smiling.

"I know you, white boy. I seen you, ain't I?"

His teeth were small and black and his lips were pink, the same color as the welts. "I remember one time you fetched Lonnie Boy back to the ol' Blackford place, I remember that time."

Bob Perry started to grin and nod and say Yes he remembered that too but then the bayonet shoved harder against his throat and he felt he was going to choke on it. He put his left hand up on the blade and frowned, and tried to twist away from it. But the sergeant just pushed harder. Another negro came over, with a wide large nose and a thin mustache across his upper lip. "Yeah, I remember him, too. Name Bob Perry. Ol' Blackford he used to say han's take a notion to run away an ol' Bob Perry he track you down."

All of the negroes had crowded around now, a circle of brown and yellow and black faces, anonymous under blue caps with brass buttons and letters on them. Perry looked down at his leg, still under the horse, cold now and hurting. "Unhh — well now how about given me a han' with this hoss, hunh?" He stopped struggling after a minute, and then looked up and blinked, handsome and blonde and white faced. He ran his tongue over his lips.

But he was only scared for a minute, the minute it took all of his natural reactions to take hold of him again, the minute it took him to forget about his leg and how it hurt, and how heavy the horse was and how the bayonet seemed to be choking him. Hell, these are niggers. Don't know any more than any ol' fiel' han' about killen. Won't kill no white man. No sir. Too smart for that. Nigger ain't gonna kill any white man.

He put his hand on the hard cold steel of the bayonet, and he didn't smile any more. He looked straight up at the sergeant with the flesh colored welts on his yellow face, and pushed the bayonet away, or tried to. "Get that thing out of my throat, nigger. And get this hoss off of my laig."

The negroes were all closed around him, on the road, their shadows blocking out the sunlight, and the sergeant shoved the bayonet right back in his throat and brought a sting of blood. "It ain't that way no mo, white man. It ain't never gonna be hat way no mo. You ain't never gonna run ol' nigger down in the swamps with yo dogs an' shot gun. Ever. I'm goen to kill you, right here."

"Naw you ain't, you know it." He pushed again at the bayonet at his throat, and was about to tell them to quit and to get the horse off and get him to a white man. It no more occurred to him that they would kill him than that his dog might tear out his throat. He was thinking about hiw bad his leg was hurting, and how they could get the horse off it and maybe look him up a doctor. He was also mad because they were clustered around him in the road, and he felt like they were like to smother him to death. If you ain't goen to ge this thing off my laig, at least get somebody that will, he was about to say.

The negro sergeant raised the rifle, and it wasn't in his throat anymore, as he was forming the words. But out of the corner of his eye he saw it, and it was against his ear lobe, and the long length of the rifle barrel was shining in the sunlight. And suddenly he knew he was about to die, and that tickled him, It sure did. In another second the whole goddam thing was so stupid he would have laughed, he knew.

The sergeant with the yellow face pulled the trigger, and in that split second of time amazement and amusement and the continual sensual perception of life — the cold, prickling feeling of his leg, the blue feel of pain, and shadows making him cold across the shoulders after the blaze of sunlight — all of this came to him. So he really died just like he had lived, with an uncaring and unselfconscious feel of the world, and he didn't have any sense of loss or sorrow or even fear, just a series of physical perceptions suddenly cut short by a blow against the side of his head, the last thing coming to his eyes being the hair of his horse's mane where mud had caught in it, and him thinking got to wash that off Jaycee.

His head was blown off, for the most part. The ball-and-buck army issue splattered his brains and his bone fragments and blood and blonde hair all over the ground and across the legs and shoes of the negro soldiers standing around him. A couple of the negroes jumped back, and the others showed shock in their faces for a second, but the sergeant raised his rifle and slung it on his shoulder without hesitating and turned away, and said "Buck and Whitemeat y'all fetch that ol' nigger hunter's body over this way, fo' me."

"Ol nigger hunter, he sho was one fooled man." Buck said.

"Sho was."

They all got the horse off the body of the nigger hunter, shoving at the carcass and then pulling the body free and laughing and talking again, like they had been when they were washing their clothing and blankets in the creek. "Ol white man he sho was su-prised I mean to say."

"Seed he once over at McCollum."

"He was sho not thinken he was goen to die way he come riden up like that."

"Nawsuh he wadn't."

When they got him free, covered with mud and blood and his leg at a funny angle, they carried the body about a mile down the road, in the early morning with the fields tawny and the sky blue. Their breath came in steam, and the yellow-faced sergeant found a tree by the side of the road, a stunted old blackjack oak. Buck and Whitemeat were shiny with sweat from the carrying. They had worked on the Blackford plantation, where the yellow-faced sergeant had been the chief field hand, so they did what he said. Sometimes the others would not. Give a nigger a gun, the yellow-faced sergeant thought, an he don't have no more sense than a ol mule. Git ideas. But he could make Buck and Whitemeat do the work that had to be done at the blockhouse, even if the others were worse than any passel of house niggers.

They put Bob Perry's body up against the stunted gray tree, and spread out the arms, and strapped him down with his own belt and cartridge crossbelt. The body sagged down, and the flesh was white and green. The whole back of the skull had been torn away, and while they were carrying the body blood had splattered out over them and over the ground. "Man, this white man sho do bleed heavy." When the body was in place against the tree, one eyelid closed and the other blue eye staring emptily at the sky, the yellow-faced sergeant opened the blouse and the trousers, and went to work with his bayonet, carving and hacking just like he had carved and hacked up the meat after the hog killen back on the plantation. The other negroes stood around loosely, talking and laughing some. Most of them had known of Bob Perry, the nigger hunter, best in the state of Mississippi.

After the yellow-faced sergeant had finished and had stepped back, so there was more blood on the white, white body and on the ground and on the dried mud, they all looked and one of them, Ben-

man from up the river a ways, kind of whistled and said "He sho is dead. Sergeant, I reckon he sho is dead!" and they all laughed. The sergeant looked up at the body. "Come heah, nigger. Get this hoss off me, nigger. I fetch you back, nigger." He started laughing, his whole chest and shoulders shaking, and saying "heeheehee." Then he said "I'm gone fix me a sign fo you, white man. I be back in a while."

The all turned and walked back down the road, loose and swinging their guns and wrists, and talking. The yellow-faced sergeant walked behind them a ways, moving catlike and wiping the bayonet off on a leaf.

They put the laundry back in the wicker baskets, and went back to the blockhouse. The little blockhouse stood on a cleared spot near a long trestle of fresh-cut wood stretched out in fantastic rectangles and beams and sap-drooling pilings over the stony little creek. The place smelled of the wood, and shavings from the lumber were scattered over the raw dirt, amid the tree stumps. The little blockhouse was so small that they could not live in it, so there were two tents, built up and boarded and furnished with mud and log chimneys next to it. The place was isolated and lonely, and mist still hung in the trees near the creek, and the snow and ice from around Christmas time was white and black below the crests of the hills above it.

Lieutenant Schumacher was waiting for them in the door of the little blockhouse, and he had put the rest of the detail on duty with their rifles balanced in the loopholes. The laundry detail came straggling up the road, carrying the baskets of laundry.

He put the revolver back in the holster. "We heard the shooting, Sergeant. What was it?" He was tall and pinch-faced with big muscles in his jaws and cheeks, and a wide brown mustache. His eyes were pressed, and there were ridges between his eyebrows. He was nervous and mad.

"Jest shooten at some ol jackrabbit, sah."

Schumacher played with his sword hilt. "Well god damn it all, man, we were all ready for a rebel attack after that volley."

"Yes sah."

"Well man you should have told us!"

"Yes sah!" The sergeant was impassive, ugly, his face thick.

The lieutenant prodded with his gloved hands into the basket of laundry. There were red mudstains on a white shirt. Oh Lord he thought, oh Lord are these niggers stupid and dumb as the beasts of

the field. And he thought three more days, three more days out here before they come with the relief. He paced up and down the track next to the blockhouse, listening to the negroes laughing over at one of the cooking fires, hearing the rattle of rifles. God are they worthless creatures he thought. They will surely kill us all! Waste powder on a rabbit. Drop washing in the mud. Y God are they worthless. The smell of the negro tent, musty and thick, came to him. And they smell to high heaven; don't smell like any white man.

The hills closed down on him, and he was nervous and mad because they had scared him to death, with half his men out washing clothes and him hearing all the shooting. He quit pacing after a while, and thought well hell nothing came of it, did it?

He smiled, and walked back into his separate tent, feeling with a keen sensual pleasure the clean, scrubbed board floor and the precision folded blankets, and the play of the clean winter sunlight across the canvas. He sat at his desk to continue to fill out his reports, and he thought he might write a letter his morning to his wife in Indianapolis.

By the fire the negroes were squatting and staring at the coffee pot, and laughing occasionally. "Ol white man, he sho was fooled when ol' sergeant pull thet trigger." And they all laughed, not from vengance or satisfaction but from just the innocent humor of seeing a man that surprised by what had happened. No one felt sorry for Bob Perry. Or even very glad that he was dead. He had been a thing from the times of their slavery, and it was interesting to have seen him up close. In open-mouthed innocence they had watched the sergeant kill him but then the sergeant would do things like that cause he was the overseer, the top nigger, over at the Blackford place. "Ol' ser'geant, he one mean nigger."

"Yeah, white boy he found that out I reckon." And they all laughed.

The yellow-faced sergeant squatted in the winter-thinned trees above the creek, near a patch of unmelted rotten snow. He had a thin shingle, and he wrote on it with a thick piece of charcoal. He finished the sign and knotted some rope to it, and stared with yellow eyes down at the water. Ol' nigger hunter, he thought, ol' nigger hunter brought back my people with dogs and with handcuffs, and with a shot gun. I had to stand there while they came back and got tole off, or got cut with the whip. I didn't have to stand there this mawnin, I reckon. He sho was surprised when I blew his head clean off.

For a Friend

I am reminded by certain
Trees by street-lamp light
Of specific indifferent universes
Which might seem to contend against you,
But friend, I swear by my apricot beard
They hold no more against you
Than against the moles who are eating up our lawns
Or the spotted choirs of butterball wrens
Or the neckless robins.

Nor do I say they particularly favor you —
No, even the heavy morning mist
Does not hesitate to mildew-rot
Your bold bare body
And even the river floods, in spite
Of your desire for quiet spring.

For friend, you must
Caress the flower that sears the finger
And praise the owl that kills the singer,
And though I pay but lip service to
All my profound truths for truly living,
My friend, though it kills you, keep on giving.

Memories II

Well, it's snowing now.
Let's see . . .
What were those images?
I can't remember . . .
Oh yes — dim December
Days and springtime's
Chlorophyll haze.
A reluctant youth
In a summertime fading
Into fall. Yet
All these memories
Bleed together into
A rusty clot
Which I cannot
Recall, but still,
Perhaps my mind will
See it again, but
Those damn snowflakes
Keep falling upward.

Night Time

A thousand million galaxies
And more twinkle up there
As I walk where
The only sound
Is remembrance of the snow
Which dusted in a while ago.

No nocturnal animal rustlings,
No brush of bark and wind —
Only staccato bounce of moonlight
And clattering of the stars.

Contributors

MICHAEL O'BRIEN, a freshman, won the Robert Frost Poetry Prize for his poem, "The Little Girl With Chinese Eyes," also his first publication in *Hika*.

PAUL BATES, still a freshman, paints and writes. (*untitled*) won the Edgar Collins Bogardus Prize for Poetry.

WILLIAM H. SCHUBART makes his second appearance in *Hika* during his freshman year.

MICHAEL BERRYHILL, the last of the four freshmen, hopes to read for Honors in English and still be able to write poetry.

JOHN H. WILLETT, a senior and former editor of *Hika*, makes his valedictory in this issue. He will soon migrate to Lapland. His kind, like traditions, are disappearing at Kenyon, and perhaps we should make an effort to preserve them.

PERRY LENTZ, a senior English Honors candidate novelist, and soccer player makes his first and last appearance in *Hika*. The Bob Perry incident, taken from his second novel has been awarded the Charles Monroe Coffin Prize for Fiction.

MICHAEL BUNDGAARD, a junior, physics student, has studied color under *Hika* advisor Joe Slate.

FRANKLIN PINE, is a senior biology student. This cover marks his last contribution to *Hika*.

"For fine dining in historic Gambier"

THE VILLAGE INN

Phone: 427-3494

Gambier, Ohio

A Restaurant-Bar Fine Food Draft Beer

THE GOLDEN KEG

202 W. Chestnut St. Mt. Vernon

Pizza and Italian Spaghetti—222 S. Main

ANTON'S LOUNGE — "A Good Place to Eat"

Beer and Wine to Carry Out—Phone 23976

The best in photography: portraits, applications, etc.

31 E. Gambier Street **D. Garverick, C.P.P.** EX 2-1057

"Certified Professional Photographer"

Compliments of

The People's Bank

After the Show

THE DONUT HOLE

is the place to go 21 Public Square

Prints, Records, Bestsellers

KENYON COLLEGE BOOKSHOP

A Complete Line of Paperbacks

A Fine Store in a Fine Town

Ringwalt's

"Just a Step from the Flicks"

7 S. Main St.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio

"See Us for All Your Painting Requirements"

The Sherwin-Williams Company

212 S. Main — Mount Vernon, Ohio

Tobacconists to Literati

KENYON COLLEGE SHOP

The best in pipes, cigars, tobaccos

Compliments of
BLACK PUSSY-CAT CAFE

KNOX COUNTY AUTO CLUB

It Pays **AAA** To Belong
Phone 392-4821

Home of the Blue-White Diamond

LEROY'S JEWELRY

117 S. Main Mt. Vernon 393-4946

Compliments of

DOROTHY'S LUNCH

Gambier, Ohio

"Flowers for all occasions"

114 S. Main St. **William's Flower Shop** 392-2076

Musical Instruments and Records

Colonial Music, Inc.

25 West Vine Street