

HELICON

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE
LITERARY MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1964

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What can be said of loss
So great all nations mourn?
It's not for one to cry;
A world the grief has borne.
Rage comes at last to naught;
The sorrow is too strong,
And many words unsaid
Bring silence to the throng.

Where once in marble halls
The power and the word
In fine, majestic prose
To echo wide were heard
A stillness now pervades
And swells to fill the air;
All through the vaulted rooms
Reverberating there.

Phil Hiron



Antidote for Anguish

Lingering by the water's edge, in the midst of
swaying high grass and soaring gray gulls.
Knowing solace and inner peace which is its companion,
remembering that Whitman wrote, "that the powerful
play goes on and you may contribute a verse."

Walking on, the sounds of gentle waves jostling
on smooth rocks, sunlight reflecting from
white soft sands
And solitude pervading a spent youth.

George M. Sako

Join You? No!

World what's happened?
Where are your people?
No, World I don't see
You mean those copies
They're not people
Not real people
They're stereotypes
Is man extinct?
No longer here?
Once each man was different
No more you say
Now they are copies and fakes
Frauds to themselves and their Maker
You say they are copies!
But copies of who of what?
Each Other?
No beginning, No end
But a chain, a circle
Of never ending frauds
Join You? No.
I'll go back to my cave
Where my soul and mind are
Free

Bob Murray



I Am a Somebody

Ever since I was a babe
In little steps I trod
I was and am important
For I'm the breath of God.
How can I be a nobody
When I am something great
I have a soul that is my own
And is God's very trait.

If one finds love in such a world as this,
He's found what few have got and most will miss.

Sharon A. Ferris

How Wise Are You?

Of the four seasons the glowing one is here
Autumn
The elder age of the year.
From green to red, from red to gold
Colors change as you and I change
From pliant green youth to crisp
mellowed old.

Paul Hathaway



Autumn Scene

Far across the treeless moor,
Stand ancient oaks, decaying bark to core;
Windsweep buttes and corroded hills,
Flowerless stalks surround ramshackled windmills.

The ocean gales have died and the air is still.
The dangling tentacles have stopped swinging on the old windmill.
The majestic waves have lost their foamy caps,
And between the rocks salty streams find tranquil gaps.

Hoary seagulls lazily circle overhead,
And small rodents scurry to find their winter bed.
Red oak leaves softly glide to the ground,
And the sudden stillness of the season prevails all around.

Autumn lingers for such a short time,
Bringing sad beauty to nature's most favored clime.

Autumn is here and gone in a trice,
And winter returns with frigid winds and ice.

Shannon Fleming

Remembrance

From unimaginable spheres of treadmill centuries;
Once upon a yesterday ago,
When Time was much more young and agile,
There was a wisp of girl, a fragrant bud,
Who caught his endless fancy
In a tiny web of years too small
To hold his fervor and his passion.
Being master of the Fates' relentless spinning,
He seized the chance to hold her back
From unimaginable spheres of treadmill centuries;
Today, tomorrow, and a thousand yesterdays
Were all to him the same and equally too short
For proper adoration of his chosen one in full,
And so the happy thought did come to him
Of how to give his sweetheart timeless gift,
And so to throne her as the queen
Of all his vast domain Eternity,
She became his memory.

Phil Hiron



WHEN I WAS YOUNG, NOT OF AGE BUT LIFE,
AND SHE WAS YOUNG, NOT OF LIFE BUT AGE
I grew up fast.

Lionel Archaubeault

A Lover's Lament

The sad sullen love song is quenched of glow.
My heart laments its pain of starved gold;
For He that is divine forbids to sow
That wealth which seems for mortal men too bold.

I hope by day and pray by night for my
True love's light-fingered touch that might awake
That dawn which lies so cold — alas, I cry!
So cold, so cold my love I fear my dreams forsake.

Marcel Duhamel



How One Keeps From Being Lopsided!

But don't presume to change its need to do
The plant was slanted to one side;
I turned it so
It faced in the direction best
For it to grow.

In reaching for the bright sunlight
Both leaf and stem
Have an instinctive knowledge of
What's good for them.

By changing its position I've enlarged
Its point of view
But don't presume to change its need to do
What it must do.

Polly Keene

huv and all hip-hugging gestures
wear tight pants
ride sky horses
and comment on life
like the elbow of death.
i keep wanting that,

hard syllables flowing

because one kiss
is only a tell-tale "honey" or "baby" or
anything you've got to give me when
it isn't huv and all hip-hugging gestures.

Anne Walsh



Thoughts After Dying

Hate, Derision, Fear,
Love, Welcome, Peace,
All are yours.

Fight, succumb, Stay, abandon,
Infamous plague, Famous horseman,
Opposites all.

The roof needs fixing.
Forgive me Lord, for I have sinned.
Confusion prevalent.

Doctor, something for the pain.
Father, your blessing.
Dilemma of the world.

Affliction of the body — pain.
Disease of the soul — pain.
Apart and alike.

Dying is diversion.
Death is unity.
Ubiquity just between.

Joseph M. Lenihan

Oh! que la nuit est noire depuis ton départ!
La lune et les étoiles ne sont qu'un triste voile
Qui de notre amour cache les souvenirs.

La noirceur m'enveloppe et ne cesse de m'étouffer,
Je ne connais plus rien de tout ce qui était.
Et la plage et la rive, et même les rochers,
Enfin rien n'est capable de me consoler.

Ma vie est donc finie, et qu'en le Créateur
Puis-je retrouver l'espoir? Dis-moi si tu le peux:
Pourquoi t'a-t-il créé? C'est pour me tourmenter?

Denise Garneau



Fantasia No. 8

With the dragon finally slain,
The day passes into day-night
And you must face it.
Yes you, that disheveled
Hulk of Is!
Sure you've had your flights
And fancies, But now
With the dragon finally slain . . .

W. J. McQuade

Pepere

Parfois il est bon de s'arrêter et de renouveler les souvenirs du passé. On vit trop vite, on travaille trop fort; ce n'est pas mal de penser à ce qui était mais qui n'est plus.

Souvent je souris quand je pense aux jours passés, il n'y a pas trop longtemps, quand ma mère m'amenait voir mon grand-père. J'étais tout petit. Ça ne manquait pas; je le trouvais, fumant sa pipe, toujours assis dans sa grosse chaise bercuse auprès du gros poêle noir qui servait non seulement à préparer les repas, mais aussi à chauffer la maison.

J'étais petit gars de quatre ou cinq ans et mon grand-père m'était bien cher. Je saluais et baisais ma grand-mère et ensuite je me retournais vers mon grand-père. Il ne bougeait pas de sa chaise mais un doux sourire s'effaçait de sa figure benévole. C'était mon signal. Je m'avançais vers lui et je montais sur ses vieux genoux en exclamant: "Un conte, pépère, un conte, pépère, un conte, un conte!" C'est ici, sur les genoux de mon cher pépère, que mon éducation commença. Toutes les belles histoires de la Sainte Bible m'ont été introduites ici; c'est vrai peut-être qu'elles ont subi une espèce de révision afin de mieux plaire à un enfant d'un âge si tendre, mais c'était la Bible néanmoins. Par exemple, je n'oublierai jamais le conte de Jonas dans la baleine.

C'était une journée comme toutes les autres journées quand j'allais voir pépère. Avec sa pipe à la bouche, la fumée bleue montant toujours tranquillement, et son

petit-gars bien à son aise sur ses genoux, il commença:

"Un jour, l'Bon Dieu a dit à Jonas, 'Mon Vieux, y faut que t'aïlle dire aux gars l'autre côté d'la mer qu'y vivent pas comme J'ai ordonné.' Donc Jonas est parti sur l'prochain bateau pour sa destination, mais malheureusement, ç'n'était pas un homme brave. Jonas a décidé d'aller ailleurs où les habitants n'étaient pas si mauvais. Mais l'Bon Dieu voulait pas ça, Lui. Y a fait venir une tempête puis l'vent était si fort, puis les vagues étaient si hautes que notre copain Jonas tombé en dehors du bateau. Ensuite l'Bon Dieu a envoyé une grosse baleine qui a avalé Jonas tout rond. Bon, tu peux croire mon 'prit, que ç'n'était pas au goût d'Jonas d'être dans l'estomac d'une baleine! Ça sentait mauvais, là-dedans, tu comprends bien. Y s'est mis à marcher d'un bout à l'autre dans l'ventre d'la baleine. Puis, sans penser, y s'est mis la main dans la poche et retirait un gros morceau de tabac noir, car comme la plupart des hommes de c'temps-là, Jonas avait l'habitude de chiquer. Ça lui aidait à penser. En marchant, y s'est mis à mâcher et à cracher. Deux pas, puis pffft; deux autres pas puis encore pffft, ainsi de suite. Tu, tu peux bien comprendre qu'un tel jus amer a rendu la baleine bien malade avec un brûlement d'estomac sévère. La baleine s'est approchée au bord d'un quai et ell a renvoyé Jonas. Jonas a remercié l'Bon Dieu et s'est en allé faire c'que l'Bon Dieu lui avait commandé la première fois."

Et c'est comme ceci que j'ai goûté aux histoires de la Sainte Bible pour la première fois. Ce sont de bonnes mémoires, n'est-ce pas?

Marcel Duhamel

Cher Pierre,

Je vais vous dire quelque chose que vous ne croirez pas. Pendant mes vacances, j'ai fait la connaissance de Mme de Rambouillet. Il pleuvait et je faisais une promenade. Un carrosse passait près de moi et il a jeté sur moi de l'eau et de la boue. J'étais furieuse. Le carrosse s'est arrêté et Mme de Rambouillet en est descendue. Elle a dit qu'elle était affligée. Puis elle m'a invitée à faire une visite chez elle pour changer d'habits.

Quand je suis arrivée chez elle, j'ai été étonnée. Il y avait quatre hommes qui avaient mis un homme dans une couverture et ils le lançaient en l'air. Il jetait un cri perçant. Quand j'ai vu ce spectacle, j'ai commencé à rire. Le visage de l'homme dans la couverture était très rouge. Ses sourcils étaient très étranges parce qu'ils étaient joints sur son long nez. Il avait de longs cheveux qui étaient très frisés. Il était aussi un petit homme.

Quand ce spectacle était fini, ce petit homme est venu à moi. Il a dit: "Bonjour, Mademoiselle. Vous avez l'air amusé."

J'ai répondu: Oui, Monsieur, je suis amusée. Pour quelle raison vous lance-t-on en l'air dans la couverture?"

The Train

It was late spring, and the sun was just setting making the railway depot dusky. The old station was empty except for eight or ten people milling around waiting for the New York train to come in. Resignation and boredom marked the expressions of these few people for the train was already thirty minutes late. The tracks and distance showed no signs of ending the monotonous waiting.

In one corner, a man holding his small son in his arms swayed back and forth. He tried to keep his boy amused by talking silliness to the lad. A few, entranced by the rocking motion and meaningless chatter could not help but bear when the boy said to his father, "I won't be scared this time." His smiling father reinforced

Il a répondu: "Ils m'instruisent à voler comme un oiseau!"

Ensuite il a commencé à me flatter et à se flatter aussi. Quand je lui ai demandé s'il était marié, il a ri et a dit: "Non, je ne suis pas marié. Je ne veux pas dépriver toutes les femmes de ma compagnie."

J'ai répondu: "Monsieur, il n'y a pas assez de vous pour toutes les femmes."

Nous avons causé pendant deux heures et j'ai trouvé qu'il était un homme très agréable. Il s'appelait Vincent Voiture, ou Valère. Il avait beaucoup d'imagination. Il était très gai, élégant, galant, charmant mais très vain aussi. Il a parlé tout le temps de sa faiblesse du corps. Il a aimé aussi à faire des plaisanteries. Il m'a dit qu'il aime écrire des lettres. Quand j'étais prête à quitter la maison, il m'a dit qu'il m'écrirait une lettre bientôt.

J'ai déjà reçu trois lettres de lui. Je vais les retenir parce qu'il pourra être fameux un jour. J'espère que vous croyez ce que je vous ai dit. Je vous verrai dans trois semaines. Ecrivez bientôt.

Tout mon amour,
Valérie

Arlene McArdle

the statement by saying he was a big boy, not likely to cry at the approach of the train again.

Softly at first, barely audible, came the train's whispered approach. The pleasant sound generated itself into a loud noise as the train came nearer and nearer, finally reaching a demonic crescendo. One knew it was coming, one knew it could not climb out of the track bed onto the narrow platform, but still when the huge hulk of the engine passed all but a few stepped back.

The man held his large arms around the boy, enveloping him. His big brave boy was shaking visibly, crying quietly against his father's coat.

William Babner

Noah

so happy, and maybe then we can take a vacation."

And soon after, Paul Newbury was sitting in the office of this important man. The man was saying, "Yes, Mr. Newbury, I think there could be a very good chance that your company might get this contract — if we can agree on a percentage of — uh — let's say — five-thousand?"

Paul stared. "You mean you want me to pay you five-thousand dollars? Why, I can't, I haven't got that kind of money. My company is in line to get the contract, isn't it?"

"Why, my boy, you can't be that naïve! Why, I have to go through some trouble to — uh — make sure — that your company gets this job. I don't work for love, you know."

Paul Newbury said not a word. He looked at the man with something like pity, shook his head, and quietly walked out of the room. He walked out of the building, and down the street towards the subway, and out of the city — home. And all the while he was thinking: he passed billboards, and travelling salesmen . . . soft-sell, hard-sell . . . thinking, and then it was decided.

And Paul Newbury called to his wife, "Ann! Pack quickly! We're going away! We're taking our vacation, a long vacation, now! — We're going far away — to — to Australia!"

And so Paul Newbury and his wife Ann went to Australia.

And it came to pass that while they were gone, an enduring affair called the Cold War came to a peak. And there came forth a decree from the Kremlin in a country called Russia that time had come. There was a telephone call made, and a button pushed . . .

And the wrath of God broke loose in a fury of fire and brimstone . . .

Lilian Ruggieri

Putnam Heights

On the north side of Putnam on a sunny and windy knoll, lies an almost forgotten little patch of green called the Putnam Heights Cemetery. Surrounded by an old and weathered stone wall, it plays host to a varied population whose archaic names appear as tributes to generations long past. The rusted gates that will forever be opened are flanked by two towering pines, who stand like guardians to a private world.

Passing through the pines and to the left of an almost hidden path lie several graves whose only monument is the hollowed sunken earth, the contents have long gone to dust. Over these uncared for and forgotten resting places, rabbits scamper and trees rest like ghouls who have no respect for what was beneath.

Further up the hill stands a majestic monument, over-grown with nature's unruly foliage, yet standing proud as a ruler over his domain. The name Weaver is barely legible at the wide base; it triggers a memory of the first settlers in this area, and of a powerful family

who dominated the early beginnings of the state. Yet it stands like the rest, forgotten. Ancestry has no meaning here; we stand as equals in another world.

In a far corner under the shade of a willow stands a pink marble stone, surrounded with wild roses, with the inscription:

Hattie	Nettie
3 months 4 days	3 months 7 days
Together in life; together hereafter	

Twins, no doubt who are to keep each other company for eternity.

Next to this, two handsomely carved hands grasp as in parting, on a stone whose inscription has worn away. Young lovers, whose embrace will outlast the stone.

On a warm June day the hill is drenched in life-giving sunshine, but there are no takers here. It helps only the abundant growth.

Richard Harrington

La Plage

Je savais comme par intuition qu'il s'était produit un changement. La cause de cette étrange impression j'ignorais, mais malgré tout, j'anticipai un résultat. Me tournant vite, peut-être anxieusement, je jetai un coup d'oeil sur la plage.

Le mer, jadis tumultueuse se précipitant vers la rive et puis s'éloignant semblait tout d'un coup calme et menaçante. Le bruit des flots n'était devenu qu'un murmure. Le soleil, d'abord un amas de gas bouillants, devint sombre. Même la petite brise fouettant avec enjouement le long du sable semblait s'être dispersée brusquement.

Tout à coup, mes yeux s'arrêtèrent sur un petit groupe de baigneurs. Quelque chose se passait. Ces

gens-là ne se couchaient pas mollement sur le sable. Ils se tenaient en un petit cercle, la tête courbée, les yeux baissés, et les bras suspendus.

Je m'élançai vers le groupe avec crainte. J'avais presque atteint ces gens quand je regardai distraitemment à travers une petite ouverture dans le cercle. Je m'arrêtai.

Là, étendu sur le sable, reposait le corps d'un petit enfant, les cheveux blonds tombant en boucles humides.

Je m'éloignai lentement. Je regardais pensivement la mer calme. Je vis avec affolement le soleil assombri. Je me demandai si c'était ainsi que la Nature dit: "Je regrette ce que j'ai fait."

Beverly Tremontozzi

The Meaning of a Penny

A hand is extended offering a copper penny to a child. The youngster is a four year old precariously balancing between the desire to grow up and the longing to hold onto the satisfying privileges of babyhood. The penny is the fare for a journey. The penny held tight in the fist makes the fearsome trip down the block a happy trail. The corner store is the doorway to a new world to conquer, and the penny is the magical key. Will the penny be deposited in the gum ball machine or given to the lady for a red lollipop? The gum ball machine is proclaimed the winner by one black gum ball and a prize of a bright pin marked SHERIFF. The trip home is made on flying feet. The shining eyes fail to observe that grandfather has never really been out of sight. Like a conquering hero, home with the spoils and flushed with victory, he greets his benefactor and enthusiastically offers to share his slightly used gum.

The journey down the street soon becomes a well known and familiar trail. One day the feet turn in another direction toward a large imposing brick building structure called a school. The penny (really a magic talisman) is securely tucked into a trouser pocket. A friendly teacher, after awhile, shepherds her charges into a big room called a cafeteria. The contents of lunch boxes are quickly consumed. The ring of the cash register is fascinating and an ice cream bar going by is irresistible. Confident with the success of past spending ventures, the ice cream is picked up from the counter

and the penny offered as payment. Tears of humiliation start to stream when the penny is refused and a dime is demanded. The need for rescue by the teacher, the curious looks of the seven year olds, and the contempt of the third graders are shattering. The penny is hastily passed to the teacher with the hope that it will permanently disappear from the face of the earth.

Day by day the penny continues to lose face. So many are needed for a model airplane that it would take a paper bag to carry them to the store. The knowledge of the comparative value of coins and the desire for material things, far removed from gum balls and model airplanes, relegates the penny to a mere coin among others jingling in a pocket. There are still times when a penny can mean the difference between one coke or two but the need for a penny is slowly declining.

Soon the penny is relieved from active duty and cast into the depths of a discarded tobacco can. There the penny waits silently and uselessly in the company of relatives likewise confined. The reprieve comes at long last when the coins are unceremoniously spilled out in a heap for counting and separating. The penny rolls to the floor and comes to rest under a radiator. A passing glance identifies the coin as a copper penny. The thought of the effort required to retrieve the penny is quickly weighed against the penny's worth. The feet take another direction and the penny is left untouched to be swept up with the dust.

John A. Cassidy

Essay on Flight

You have undoubtedly heard the story of two Greeks, Daedalus and Icarus, who were able to fly by making wings of wax and feathers. The fact that Icarus was killed when he flew too near the sun is of no importance except for its moral significance. My stand here is much more vital. Can man fly? Now I know you are already guffawing, but before you commit yourself to calling me a fool, stop and read this. You may spoof me then if you care to.

The story of Daedalus and Icarus, you say, is a myth. I agree. But the fact remains that myths in many cases have been based upon facts. Let me use two examples. I'm certain you have all heard of both the legendary minotaur and of the Trojan War. The minotaur, half man and half bull, lived in a labyrinth at Minoan and each year devoured young men and maidens which the Athenians had to send. A myth you say? But there was a labyrinth . . . and Athenian youth were sent there as hostages to signify the vassalage of Athens. Also bulls were of some apparent religious significance to the Minoans. Half bull, half man? Was this so far from wrong? One's daughters and sons are taken to people who worship bulls. Mightn't you in disgust call them only half human and half bull?

In the case of the second example of Homer's Trojan War, you undoubtedly think me daft to mention this as a myth. "It has been proven that the ancient Greeks existed . . . that the Trojans did exist!" I agree. But contemplate the fact that until the 1890's, Homer's Trojan War was definitely considered a myth by the vast majority of the educated world.

My purpose in mentioning these myths is to empha-

size that myths can and often do have a factual basis. Possibly man has flown in the past. If you still think this is impossible, let me go on to explain how it might be possible. Birds fly by flapping their wings. Birds have hollow bones and weigh less than human beings. This basically is a bird's flying gear. To imitate a bird, a trained program must be set up which consists of two parts carried out consecutively.

The first part of the program consists of strict dieting. This program has been designed to supply a maximum weight loss while providing the high energy foods needed for flying. Staples are chocolate, a well-known energy food, and bird seed (if it's good enough for birds it's good enough for you). The second part of this program is the key to man's unaided or "free" flight. The theory behind free flight is simply this: man cannot fly like a bird (though he has two appendages comparable to a bird's) because he is merely too heavy (note the solid bones). The answer is so simple I shudder to mention it. Man in addition to losing weight must simply learn to flap his arms faster! The second part of the training program consists solely of arm-building exercises.

Since man can fly simply by flapping his arms, how much more likely it was then that Daedalus and Icarus could fly with the use of wings. The fact that they were of wax and feathers is unimportant. Possibly the athletic Greeks of old were able to do what we cannot, flap their arms fast enough!

Josh Healey and Emo Brewer

Cats

I hate cats. This sentiment has proven to be my one obsession and the cause of my downfall. I've hated them all my life. Now I play the role of a docile patient. I no longer have any reason for hysterics since they kindly keep all cats from my view.

Perhaps I ought to explain I killed the most cruel, vindictive cats I knew, and for my contribution to society they have placed me in a mental institution. Absurd, isn't? Just saying why I am here sounds crazy, doesn't it? The other dwellers are the only ones who believe in my union with sanity, but then that is no consolation because they profess the same annulment as I — and, I know they're insane.

But still I haven't explained anything, so to begin at the beginning this is the basis of my deplorable dilemma. I had been married for ten wonderfully morbid years. If I ever was insane it was at the moment of weakness when I chained myself to a life with one woman. I'm as congenial as the next guy, and wouldn't have minded enjoying the pleasures of the married state — but in the status of bachelorhood. Anyway, to return, my wife loved cats. She had to have at least three in the house at one time. Her obsession towards cats became my obsession too, but with an opposite result: I could not help but grow, day by day, to hate cats more and more. Before each meal, "mumsey" (as my wife constantly called herself in talking to the cats) would make sure her "little darlings" had had their full of whatever they wanted for their supper. Then we would eat. Sometimes I got through a meal without having one of the "darlings" jump onto the table and demand I share my meal with it, but I wasn't that lucky very often. I once made the horrid mistake of slapping one gently off the table, in an effort to see if I could finish a meal by myself. My wife wouldn't speak to me for a week. Finally she realized how much I was

enjoying the peace and decided to really torment me. She began talking again.

One might say this sharing was not too much to put up with. So what's a little cat's hair in your food? Just think of the SPCA and your lifelong membership. But that's not all. Every man likes to see his image duplicated, his name carried through in the next generation. I felt the same way, as any man would. But when my wife named the first born male kitten after me, it was just too much. Every day she'd greet me at the door with something like, "Junior's been a bad boy today dear, you'll have to punish him." This was doubly hard to take, first, because of the absurdity of having a cat named after me, and secondly, because each time I went to punish the damn thing she wouldn't let me.

"Surely you must have been able to live with these idiosyncrasies of your wife," you say. For ten years I lived like this and maintained self-control at the same time. It was difficult at times, I must admit but I managed. But when she began to send out engraved announcements of the arrival of the newest kittens to my business associates, that was it. I had reached my breaking point. One night I bought some poison on the way home and quietly, without emotion or fanfare, fed the cats. I killed every cat, kitten and the like in the house. I then took them all down to the city dump and buried every damn one of those cats, right next to my wife.

So here I am wasting a perfectly sane life in an asylum. They're probably afraid I'd do away with the cat population. They ought to realize I wouldn't do such a thing now because I did get rid of the big one, didn't I?

Shirley Clark

Nightmares

I often have nightmares, oppressing dreams, in which I am the sole person in the world left to fight the double-meaning English language. I am constantly being pursued by "affect" and "effect" both yelling "take me." This does not seem horrifying but believe me when joined by "lose" and "loose," "stationary", "stationary," "cite," "site," and those good old standbys "allusion" and "illusion" it can prove to be quite a harrowing experience. It's their number I fear; they could trample me to death.

Upon awakening from each of these nightmares, I quickly turn on the light and run to my *Perrin-Smith* for comfort. It does wonders to soothe the mind, sort of like a tranquilizer. But these dreams are getting worse as time goes on and I am often confounded by simple choices between "its" and "it's" and "principle" and "principal." Am I alone in my predicament, or is there someone, somewhere who can match my dreams?

These phantoms of the night are worse than those of war or death. Although no physical pain can really be felt in a dream somehow the exertion of the running in an effort to escape these devils manages to be felt along with the mental exercise which I experience.

Sometimes I think that they chase me just as in a game to see which one can run the fastest. I tell myself it's not really me they're after, they're just racing among themselves.

One night I tried to test this theory of mine and in my dream I just stopped, turned around, and faced them squarely as they came head on, "effect" in the lead followed closely by "affect." They nearly trampled me to death, my theory was proven invalid at the cost of many bruises from the inconsiderate words.

I finally came upon a solution to my troubles that works. If you have the same problem, I shall enlighten you as to how to solve it. The answer is very obvious. Every night, to ward off these injurious nightmares, before going to bed read chapter sixteen, section 16.4 of *Perrin-Smith* entitled "Distinguishing Between Similar Forms: Words That Sound Alike" or "Easy Way To Confusion." It should be the last thing done before getting into bed. You find your dreams much more peaceful and enjoyable with Mr. Perrin and Mr. Smith huffing and puffing, tripping and stumbling along side of you, spouting rules.

Shirley Clark



The Daily Shave

Between the hours of six and eight every morning for 365 days of the year, the majority of the male population of America commences with the well rehearsed ritual known as shaving. Steeped in tradition, subject to local beliefs and customs, dictated by long established convention, the curse of removing facial hair has been the plague of the male of the species for thousands of years.

The average adult male would no sooner go without a daily shave, excluding of course, the "beat", unconcerned, or religious dictated, than exclude his trousers to walk on the street. We must exclude also, certain tribes of Indians, some Negroes, Orientals, Aborigines, and a few of the ancient civilizations to which we can attribute the luck of having naturally clean shaven faces. Assuming, of course, that the stubble requires daily removing, and is not of the variety known to the dismay of novice shavers as "peach fuzz," the man can conform to this daily performance in a variety of ways and with a variety of reasons.

One of the most popular shaving utensils, since the decline and fall of the "handle bar" mustache, is the safety razor. Designed to "zoom" through shaving in half the time, this razor supposedly makes a minimum of cuts, nicks, gouges, and scars. If handled properly, one might reduce the amount of blood lost to a pint, that is, if one isn't in a hurry. Kinsey might say that this letting of blood is our subconscious desire for self destruction because of our inadequate sex drive.

Not everyone will take his life in his hands and use a straight edge razor. When handled properly, this razor

can give one of the closest shaves of any implement. It is also a good weapon for committing murder, suicide, and self mutilation. This razor is widely used by the older generation. It probably gives them a sense of accomplishment; they escape death daily. They might also because of family tradition; it might have belonged to a father or grandfather, then again, it might be because they are too cheap to buy a modern razor.

The newest innovation in shaving is the electric razor. This masterpiece of electronics has its value in the time saving element, that is, if one likes to shave twice daily. The pressures on man have demanded that he spend less time on tedious chores, thus making a need of a faster shaver. Of course, he might be using it because his wife gave it to him for Christmas, and wouldn't dream of not using it.

For the wealthy, we have the barber shop. No longer is this establishment a place solely for a shave or haircut; one can get anything from a massage, to a steam treatment, to a pedicure. The social prestige of being seen in one of these parlors is of inestimable value.

Facial hair might be explained in the theory that we are descendants of apes, but regardless of the reason or manner in which we shave, we cannot deny that convention and social custom dictate our shaving habits. We must realize that we do not shave because of necessity, but because we will not take the risk of being labeled "odd" or "beat", and we could not cease if we had the desire.

Richard Harrington

Why Teach?

Do you know what I mean? I know it's gettin' late so I'll leave soon, but do ya' know what I mean?

Just sorta', huh?

Well, I mean a guy just can't go ape over that kinda' stuff in class. Gee, everybody'd think he was some sorta' nut or somethin'.

But I really like some of that stuff you read us. My mother used to read that stuff to me before she died, ya' know.

Pop, I mean my father doesn't go too big for it now though.

Ya know what one I like a lot? The one by that Browning guy, what's the name of it again? No, not that one, the other one. Yeah, that's it.

"May and Death."

Well I mean I know how he feels about never wanting to be happy again with anything him and his cousin used to do together before he died. I kinda think that's why Pop doesn't like those poems anymore.

I know all that stuff about how ya' gotta' go on living and all, but still and all, sometimes, when a guy's all alone and he gets to thinkin' for awhile . . . well you know what I mean, don't cha?

Yeah? Great.

Hey! Ya' know another one a' those guys I like is

that Tennyson. Ya know the one where he's standing around sorta' lookin at nothin' and all of a sudden — bamb — he starts cryin' cause he misses his friends that died.

It's like he wants to see them and talk to them just once more, but he can't. But he's gotta'! I mean he's really gotta'. Ya' know?

Anyway, if it don't look like I'm paying any attention to ya' it's just cause I don't want the other guys to know I really like it and all; ya know what I mean now?

Good!

Well, see ya' Monday.

Stephen Solomon



