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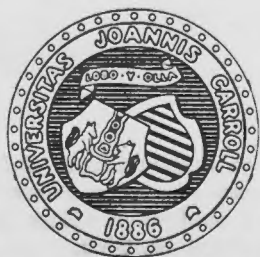
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Contents

The Choirmaster	5
by D. M. Ross	
Cabin Creek	15
by Miss Rose Ann Ellem	
The Statue	21
by Jan Cichowicz	
To Kathy Ann	22
by Chris Bevevino	
Savage	22
by Anton Peter	
Tonight, Tomorrow Night, the Next Night	23
by D. M. Ross	
On the Spirit of Liberty in the Philippines	28
by Jose'- Javier Ortoll	
David and Urias	29
by John Kenny	
Unromantic Sky	39
by Phillip Iannarelli	
Contributors	40

The Choirmaster

by D. M. Ross

AFTER EVENING prayers, Brother Lawrence put on his greatcoat, tucked his music folder under his arm, and went for a walk in the courtyard. First Friday confessions were being heard until nine, and so choir practice would not begin for another half hour; yet he had a great desire to get out of the house and roam about.

An icy wind was hurrying great pieces of cloud across the night sky, their masses reflecting the lights of downtown Boston. The bare trees in the courtyard chattered dryly, and Brother Lawrence shuddered and turned up the collar of his coat. In the month since he had arrived at Saint Cecilia's he had not had an opportunity to tour the courtyard, which, he had heard from the other brothers, was an ideal place to read and meditate. But the freezing weather was making the experience an unpleasant one for Brother Lawrence. He disliked the New England winter; and, though he would admit it to no one, he disliked Saint Cecilia's.

He cupped a hand over a frozen ear and allowed his thoughts to drift back to the time he had spent as choirmaster at St. Basil's in New Orleans. Under his direction for nearly a decade, the Basilian Choir had become famous throughout the South as experts in 18th century choral music, and had frequently recorded with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra.

'Where are my gloves,' Brother Lawrence thought as he stuffed his hands into his coat. The vows were three in number: poverty, chastity, and obedience, and he had quietly accepted his provincial's directive assigning him to the Brother

House in Boston. It was not easy to subordinate your will to that of another, especially after such success. 'All the more merit,' he told himself again, but he could not deny the discouragement and resentment which he suppressed with increasing difficulty.

Brother Lawrence's toes were becoming numb; he turned and hurried across the court to the church and entered by the sacristy door. He walked down the side aisle. Father Gissing was emerging from his confessional, yawning and rolling up his stole.

"Care to stay and listen, Father?" Brother Lawrence asked.

Father Gissing peered at Brother Lawrence's shadowed face, recognized him, and smiled.

"Maybe I will, Brother."

But Brother Lawrence knew that the old priest would be in bed and asleep within the hour.

"Can we get a little more heat, Father?" Brother Lawrence inquired.

"I'll see the janitor on the way out."

"Thank you."

Brother Lawrence walked to the vestibule and climbed the steps to the choir loft. The last penitent left by a side door and the church was quiet. Brother Lawrence stood at the railing looking out into the nave. Saint Cecilia's was a new church of Romanesque architecture. Its austerity made him think of the Byzantine grandeurs of the New Orleans cathedral. After a moment he reached over and turned on the organ and listened to the whine of the pipes. Without turning on the light, he sat down at the instrument, muted it, and blew on his fingers. Above him the large circular window showing Saint Cecilia sitting at an organ was partially illuminated by the street light below.

Almost unconsciously, Brother Lawrence placed his left hand on the key board and began to weave the slim, cold line of Bach's G minor fugue, one of his favorites. The notes were slurred, but Brother Lawrence knew that the feeling would soon return to his numb fingers. He closed his eyes and listened to the theme develop and form itself into a complete

The Choirmaster

circle; one reasoned fact stated again and again for emphasis.

The light in the stairway flashed on and then the entire loft was illuminated; but Brother Lawrence did not open his eyes, for he knew that Harold and Miriam Bennett had arrived.

Mr. Bennett, who possessed an acceptable bass voice, was the oldest member of the choir. He had been one of its founders. Because of this seniority, he had acted as *liaison* between choir and choir-master. His wife Miriam was a better than average alto and the social director of the organization. Now, in their typically proprietary manner, they were moving efficiently about the loft, placing music folders at every place on the risers. More people began to arrive. Mr. Bennett approached Brother Lawrence cautiously.

"Brother?"

Brother Lawrence opened his eyes but he stared blankly before him and continued to play.

"Yes."

"I think that perhaps this Fauré work is a little too ambitious for our choir."

Brother Lawrence ran his tongue over his upper lip. For the last two weeks they had been trying to master the *In Paradisum* from Fauré's Requiem Mass; Brother Lawrence considered it the perfect recessional for Sunday Mass. The piece was not technically complicated, but its quiet lyricism required that refinement which the Saint Cecilia choir definitely lacked.

"Nonsense," Brother Lawrence answered, "my high school choir at Saint Basil's mastered it."

Before he had arrived at Saint Cecilia's, Brother Lawrence had tempered his resentment at his reassignment with the resolution that he would shape this choir into as impressive and accomplished a group as the basilians. He was beginning to realize, however, that this would be quite impossible: the Saint Cecilia choir was made up of middle-aged and older people exclusively, and the foundation for a distinguished organization, an energetic program in the grammar and high school, was ignored completely. It would take ten years to equal the cathedral choir.

To Mr. Bennett he said sharply,

"Take my word for it: by eleven-thirty this evening we will be able to sing the *In Paradisum*.

Brother Lawrence pulled out two stops and Mr. Bennett moved away resignedly.

A group had gathered around the organ. They now stood quietly, listening to the evolving fugue. Out of the corner of his eye, Brother Lawrence saw Elizabeth Townsend standing to his right. She was staring at his hands, a twist of a smile on his lips. He did not know a great deal about her except that she had been widowed four years before at the age of thirty, and that her alto voice was unquestionably the finest in the choir. He could sense from the start that her love of this music was as great as his own.

As the fugue concluded, Brother Lawrence closed his eyes and realized, with some surprise, that Mrs. Townsend was also an attractive woman. Possessing exceptional composure, she wore simple, dark-colored clothes and little jewelry and make-up. Invariably, her hair was pulled back in an austere bun, and this style seemed to accentuate the finely drawn features of her face.

Brother Lawrence opened his eyes, to reach for another stop and he saw that his quiet playing had become an exhibition. He stopped abruptly.

"It's past nine," he said, "shall we begin?"

The practice went badly. Two of the sopranos had head colds, and even the mechanics of the simple Fauré works seemed to elude the company. Brother Lawrence discovered himself glancing frequently at the top right hand corner where Mrs. Townsend was standing. After an hour, he abandoned the French composer and they practiced a *credo*. At ten fifteen he dismissed them.

Mrs. Bennett asked if he was coming down to the activities room for coffee; he told her that he had some work at the house and departed, leaving Mr. Bennett to turn out the lights.

In the courtyard, the wind had stilled, but the repose was broken by the rising noise of conversation coming from an open window in the activities room. Brother Lawrence walked with his hat in his hand. He would not delude himself; Mrs. Townsend was attractive to him. It was not the first time

The Choirmaster

he had been affected in this matter since taking his final vows. Once before he had suffered a very serious temptation. It was at his first assignment, and it had taken two retreats and a year of suffering to conquer it. That year was the darkest of his life; but now, fifteen years later, he could not even remember the woman's name.

In his room, Brother Lawrence removed his coat and hung it on a hook. His room-mate, Brother Raymond, was sleeping on his back again and snoring thunderously. Brother Lawrence pushed the big frame over on its side and walked over to the window. He recalled Elizabeth Townsend's face; the expression on the face was intelligent, attentive, admiring. Her voice, warm, assured of its quality, could be heard distinctly above those of the rest. Or perhaps it only seemed that way to him. Brother Raymond mumbled in his sleep.

"I don't think I can go through that again," Brother Lawrence whispered aloud.

That night he spent a half an hour on his knees praying, and he fell asleep thinking about her.

Every Sunday, the Saint Cecilia mixed choir sang for the 9:05 Mass. The pastor, Father Clarke, was the celebrant. At nine o'clock Mrs. Townsend had not appeared in the choir loft, and Brother Lawrence tried to suppress anxiety. "This is absurd," he said to himself, "you're acting like a schoolboy." Father Clarke entered from the Sanctuary and Brother Lawrence began the *Kyrie*.

Mrs. Townsend arrived at the *Credo*. She threw off her coat; her face was flushed. Brother Lawrence could not tell whether the cause was embarrassment or the cold. He discovered himself looking at her, but she kept her eyes on the altar.

After Mass, he was gathering his music when he saw her approaching. His mouth became dry. She stopped a few feet away, waiting for him to look up. When he did, he saw that her fine, thin brows were contracted with concern.

"I'm sorry about being late, Brother," she said softly, "my car has been very temperamental."

"Well, those things will happen," Brother Lawrence said too stiffly.

Mrs. Townsend smiled slightly.

"Thank you, Brother," she said. She turned to leave. Brother Lawrence put his finger tips to his mouth and then spoke suddenly.

"Mrs. Townsend."

She turned.

"Are you familiar with *The Messiah*?"

"Yes, Brother," she said slowly.

"There is an air for alto voice in it that I think would be perfect for the communion period."

There was a pause. Mrs. Townsend was looking at him, and Brother Lawrence could not understand why. Finally, she asked,

"Well, which one, Brother?"

"Oh," he said self-consciously, "He shall feed His flock."

Mrs. Townsend smiled.

"You're familiar with it, then."

"Yes," she said, "it's very appropriate."

Brother Lawrence could not check a smile of pleasure.

"Would you consent to sing it?"

Mrs. Townsend looked down at his ankles.

"I'd like to very much."

Brother Lawrence simultaneously shifted his weight to his left foot, and his music folder to his left hand. He looked over her head and said,

"We will have to arrange a practice . . ."

Mrs. Townsend sighed thoughtfully.

"I have an engagement Wednesday night."

"And I'm busy Tuesday," Brother Lawrence said. "What about Monday?"

"I think that will be all right."

"And, if all goes well, perhaps we will have it for next Sunday's Mass."

"Thank you, Brother," she said, her voice musical.

Brother Lawrence gave her a copy of his organ arrangement. As he watched her descend the stairs, he began to comprehend his blunder. He sat on the edge of a riser. "What are you doing?" he asked himself. "What an absurd, dangerous thing to do." It was, in effect, welcoming trouble. And though this conscious act was damning, an even greater evil was the

The Choirmaster

pride which he knew would prohibit the only remedy to this deadly situation: to cancel this project, for whatever reason, would also make him appear a capricious idiot.

Miss Kelley, the organist for the ten-fifteen Mass, appeared on the stairway and saw Brother Lawrence sitting alone.

"Good morning, Brother," she said.

Brother Lawrence looked up.

"Good morning."

He stood up and turned toward the altar. The altar boys were extinguishing the candles for high Mass and lighting those for low Mass. There was no doubt in his mind now: he was seriously attracted to this woman. Yet he had overcome a similar temptation before; and though, through his foolishness, he had made it more difficult for himself, he would overcome this temptation also. He slept soundly that night.

On Monday afternoon, Brother Lawrence met Father Clarke as the priest was leaving the brother's chapel. Father Clarke was nursing a sinus infection.

"Father," Brother Lawrence said, "I am wondering if it would be permissible to sing an aria from Handel's *Messiah* during the communion of the Mass."

Father Clarke sniffed.

"Well, as a rule, I don't like to turn our choir loft into a concert stage."

"This selection is particularly appropriate," Brother Lawrence said, "it's 'He shall feed his flock.' I don't know if you're familiar with it."

"No," Father Clarke said, noticing that one of the fluorescent bulbs overhead was ready to go out. Brother Lawrence pursed his lips.

"It would be in the best of taste," he said.

"Well, I'll have to hear it before I pass judgment," Father Clarke said, starting to walk away.

"Of course."

Father Clarke turned.

"Brother, you're going to have to realize that this is not Saint Basil's Cathedral," he lowered his voice discreetly, "nor do we want it to be."

Brother Lawrence said nothing, and the pastor asked more kindly,

"Who've you chosen to sing it?"

"Mrs. Townsend," Brother Lawrence replied.

Father Clarke shook his head.

"Widow, isn't she? Don't know too much about her. Mrs. Bennett usually does our solos."

"Mrs. Townsend has a beautiful voice," Brother Lawrence said a little obstinately.

That evening, Brother Lawrence walked over to the church a half an hour before the scheduled practice, for he felt the need to sit in an empty church and decide on a definite plan of action. One thing was certain: he would deal with this woman in the most business-like manner, and, if more practices were necessary, they would be conducted as part of the regular Thursday evening sessions. There could be no more of this adolescent folly.

Upon reaching the choir loft, however, he found Mrs. Townsend sitting behind the organ, studying her score. Brother Lawrence switched on all of the loft lights; Mrs. Townsend looked up.

"Good evening, Brother."

"Good evening, Mrs. Townsend."

He was going to comment of her earliness, but he thought better of it. He removed his coat and placed it beside hers on a riser. She moved off of the organ stool and he sat down and opened his score. She was standing on the left and he turned to her.

"Have you had a chance to go over it?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "today."

His eyes went up to the glass image of Saint Cecilia, virgin and martyr.

He said, "We cannot fail to appreciate the manner in which Handel captures the spirit of the Biblical text in his music; nowhere is this translation of words to notes more evident than in this particular air. You've probably noted that all the references have rustic denotations, and the music is pastoral, almost idyllic, in nature."

He realized that he sounded like a lecturer conducting a

The Choirmaster

music appreciation class. His eyes descended to the score. He continued, "Perhaps we'd better run through it. I think it should be sung softly. We must remember that people are making thanksgivings.

He played a short introduction and nodded for her to begin. Then he indulged himself in the pure pleasure of watching her sing. She was facing the nave, her head tilted back slightly, her throat swelling. The beautiful, simple words, which never failed to move him, seemed even more effective when she sang them.

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd;
and He shall gather the lambs with His arm,
and carry them in His bosom, and gently
lead those that are with young.

At these last words, she closed her eyes and tilted her head to the left. Brother Lawrence saw that her face was ecstatic. Then he became angry with himself and lifted his hand from the keys suddenly.

"Try it again from the beginning," he said sharply. "And let's not let fervor obstruct phrasing: the words must be distinct."

They began again.

He shall feed His flock . . .

Brother Lawrence noticed that the woman would rise up on her toes slightly for the high notes, and her elbows moved out from her sides. The act of singing seemed to employ every part of her body. Again, he stopped abruptly. He frowned at the score.

"You're having trouble with the high notes. Let me pad them if it's necessary, but please, let's not squawk. Again from the beginning."

Brother Lawrence turned and saw that there were tears in Mrs. Townsend's eyes. He looked down at his hands.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I'm in an irritable mood tonight."

"No," she insisted, "I'm not singing well."

"Your singing is more than adequate."

Brother Lawrence slipped off the organ stool and walked

over to where Mrs. Townsend's coat was lying. He picked it up and opened it. He continued,

"I'm sure that if we go over it again during the regular Thursday rehearsal, it will be ready for Sunday's Mass."

She turned her back to him and slipped her arms into the coat. He noticed that a tuft of her hair had fallen from the bun onto her neck.

"You have a truly beautiful voice, Mrs. Townsend," Brother Lawrence said.

She took out her handkerchief and he followed her down the steps which led to the vestibule. At the bottom, she stopped and turned around. She looked up into his face.

"Would it be permissible for you to address me by my first name?"

Brother Lawrence looked down at the floor. After a moment, "I have, many times," he muttered.

There was a pause.

"And I, yours."

Brother Lawrence met her eyes with his. Her eyes shone expectantly, and he realized that she wanted to be kissed. A tremor shook over his entire body. He turned his face away.

"My God," he breathed.

The stairway was silent. Then he heard Mrs. Townsend walk across the vestibule and the door close behind her.

Brother Lawrence leaned against the wall and looked up the long staircase to the light of the choir loft above. The stone wall was cold against his cheek. He recalled the words of the aria.

On Thursday evening, Brother Lawrence made two announcements to the choir. The first was that Mrs. Townsend had decided that time would not permit her to continue as a member of the choir. He then told Mrs. Bennett that he would like her to sing the aria from *The Messiah*.

Cabin Creek

by Miss Rose Ann Ellem

ONE DAY, early in May, death came to Cabin Creek. He settled in Garland Marmet's house, and in no time his pall had spread up Bethel Road and down White Road where the colored people lived. The white and grey frame houses just sat there, resigned, and let him stake his claim. The railroad tracks that split the town in half offered no resistance; and in his own determined way, he slithered over them and into Totten's Grocery Store, into the Missionary Baptist Church, into the Ronda Full Gospel Tabernacle, and finally, even into the Dixie Inn.

The Cabin Creekers did what their forefathers and those before them had taught them to do. Swelled with self-importance, masked appropriately with solemn faces, dishes in hand, they moved in upon Garland Marmet's house to comfort the widow Dessie.

"He was a fine man, Dessie, a fine man. I brought a cake, a chocolate cake. It's on a blue plate. You'll see I get the plate back, won't you?"

"Oh, for God's sake, Opal, you'll get your dish back."

"That's what I heard the last time, Mabel. Remember, at Jake's funeral?" Spotting the Baptist minister, Opal stepped aside and muttered an irritated "You always beat me to it, Mr. Gibbons."

"Good evening, Mrs. Singer."

"Evening!"

"Salt of the earth, Dessie, salt of the earth."

"Such a young man, such a young man, why it was only yesterday his father . . ."

Carroll Quarterly

"Yes, Harry, and he was like his father, just exactly. His father and my father used to play together. Close family ties, very close! Evenin', Mr. Gibbons."

"Good evening, Mrs. Kayford."

"It's better this way, Dessie, he's happy now. Mr. Gibbons."

"Good evening, Molly. Fine pair of youngsters you have there."

"Thank ya, sir. Say hello to the preacher, children."

"'Lo."

"You got a long life ahead of ya, there'll be another man, honey. Evenin', Preacher."

"It's good to see you here, Herbert, instead of at the Dixie Inn for a change."

"What's a matter, Preacher, think I don't got enough sense to grieve the dead?"

"So . . . sorry, sorry, Dessie . . . Good eve-ning, Mr. Gibbons."

"Good evening, Mr. Kayford. This way, ladies, the deceased is this way."

"My God, they done a fine job!"

"Yeah, Herb, I'm surprised."

"Simmons always fixes them nice."

"That dish was a piece of Fostoria. In-laws gave it to me for a wedding present."

"Too much powder, too much powder on the face."

"It's not sa bad, Abby."

"Used to use it for the kids' birthdays. Last time I saw that dish!"

"She don't seem to be takin' it very hard."

"Harvey, my God, put those back. For God's sake, Mabel, can't you keep that kid in rein!"

"He's your kid too!"

"Little brat, got those dandylion petals all over the floor."

"Those ain't dandylions, Herb, they're redbuds."

"No doubt you grew 'em, Opal."

"That's right. They're the only flowers in the room, ain't they?"

"Damn bitch!"

Cabin Creek

"Dessie don't look like no grievin' widow to me."

"Chelyen, Chelyen, whatta ya doin', honey?"

"Signin' our name."

"Once is enough, lovey."

"Stupid kid, only a dozen families left in town, and she's gotta sign the register."

"She ain't takin' it hard."

"Yeah, I noticed that too, Kayford."

"Where ya goin', honey?"

"Dessie, you can't go out in this weather."

"Better eat something, bet you haven't eaten all day. Go taste those baked beans Mabel brought. Delicious, just delicious."

"Did you hear that?"

"Yeah, that's about all anybody brought."

"They don't put out a big spread like they did in the old days. Why, when my old man passed away we had enough ham and chicken in the house for a week."

"Well, whattaya expect, Herb. People ain't workin' anymore. Hard enough to keep your own family in beans, let alone somebody else's."

"Did ya eat, honey?"

"Leave her alone, Molly."

"What'd ya eat, huh? Hey, where . . ."

"Better talk to 'er, Preacher."

"Leave her alone, ladies."

"Did you ever see the like, Mabel?"

"Opal, ya know she's always been a little peculiar."

"She just don't give a damn!"

"That's what I say, Herb!"

"Remember when old Jeb Harris passed away?"

"Damn it, that was a hell of a wake!"

"Old Bess cried like a fool!"

"Yeah, Kay, and you'da thought the king of England died. Old Jeb used to beat his old woman every time he turned around . . ."

"Won five bucks off ya in poker that night, Willy, remember?"

"Sh . . . for cryin' out loud, Kay, you want Opal ta . . ."

Carroll Quarterly

"Boy, but she cried for him . . ."

"Didn't have a sober bone in his body . . ."

"You ain't one to talk, Herb!"

"Yeah, he was gay all right!"

"Those were the days when you could be gay around here. Mines were operating then. Had plenty of work. Old Shamrock mine was goin' ta full capacity. Wasn't a man in town wasn't workin' in them days. Trux-Traer didn't pay too bad neither, and if your old lady ran outta cash, she could cash script in at the store."

"Nobody cashes anything in now, Willy."

"Don't I know it!"

"Let's all kneel and say a prayer for the deceased, folks."

"He oughta pray for the living, not the dead!"

"Herb!"

"Sorry, sorry."

"Come now, folks."

"Kneel down and keep quiet, Herb."

"Kayford, get off your knees!"

"Ah, get off the kick, Giles. Come on, we can beat it in the other room before he sees us. Lord, between the preacher and Kayford's bitchin about his hard luck . . ."

"No need to bitch anymore, Kennedy's gonna take care of us."

Laughing heartily, he spit into his handkerchief; "Lord, I like you, kid!"

"You know we could live on his wife's spendin' money."

"Damn Catholics!"

"Listen, the money that gal puts on 'er back would take care of me for life!"

"Isn't that the truth!"

"Well, I ain't complainin', just so long as he keeps up those monthly allotments till we get work."

"Ya know, I'm thinkin' about switchin' to the other mine."

"You crazy!"

"Listen, Herb, I can't take it anymore. Sick a' sittin on my end all day and . . ."

"Where else ya gonna sit, Giles?"

"Listen, now seriously, can't sit around the house any-

Cabin Creek

more, kids are driving me nuts . . .”

“Your kids would drive anybody nuts!”

“. . . and Molly gives me dirty looks . . .”

“Yeah, I know, I know . . .”

“Not gonna take up space in the cafe or pool hall without spendin’ . . .”

“I do.”

“And you can’t spend all day talkin’ about rumors of jobs . . .”

“That never come up . . .”

“Or rumors of the mine openin’ again, or rumors that the government’s gonna do something.”

“Yeah, I know, son, but if ya try to switch now you’re gonna ruin your seniority.”

“Hell, I heard that dynamite blast go up this morning and damn near scared . . .”

“Come from the strip mine up the valley.”

“Don’t hear those sounds anymore. This valley used to be noisy with the blastin’ and the Diesels blarin’ . . .”

“It’s too quiet now with just a couple a mines workin’ . . .”

“And only workin’ part time at that.”

“Say, where’d that gal go? The others ain’t prayin’ anymore, neither.”

“I don’t know. Guess she wanted to get away from it all.”

“Huh?”

“In the next room, they’re in the next room, eatin’.”

“Yeah, but what’d you say before that?”

“I don’t know.”

“About wantin’ to get away from it all?”

“Dessie, I said she probably wanted to get away from it all.”

“I should have her troubles!”

“Come on, Herb, she’s lost her husband!”

“Listen, the guy’s better off.”

“Whatta ya mean?”

“Got away, didn’t he — from her and Cabin Creek.”

“What’s wrong with her?”

“Got itchy feet, that’s what wrong with her. He no more’n brought her here than she was ready to go.”

"Yeah, but that's when things were startin' ta get bad."

"Poor fool, promised her all kinds of things. Was gonna build her a house up on the hill. That's probably where she is now, up on Cherokee Hill. Used to go up there all the time in the afternoons, all slicked up in those burmuda shorts like she was goin to a picnic."

"You're bitter, Herb."

"Damn right! Woman oughn't make a man want more than's in his reach . . ."

"But he always . . ."

"Damn near killed the guy when he lost his job. Lived off his unemployment benefits for a while, then they ran out. Damn near killed Dessie to go to the store and pick up their monthly allotment . . ."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know! All ya had to do was look at her. She's a proud one all right . . ."

"Yeah, but so was he."

"Ya know, I kinda liked the kid. Used to get kinda moony at times. Used to say, Herb, this has gotta end, better to die than live this way and . . ."

"There she is now . . ."

"So madam queen came back, huh."

"Don't say anything, Herb!"

"Aw, I won't, but all the same I don't care for her kind."

"Everybody's different."

"All the same, it ain't right, it ain't fittin' for a woman to go gallavanting around when her husband's just passed away and people comin' to pay their respects and all . . ."

"She was only gone a few minutes."

"All the same, it ain't fittin'; it ain't right! Woman's gotta stand by her man, dead or alive. Hasn't even shed a tear for 'em! Don't she know death's come ta her house?"

"No, Herb, not to my house . . ."

"My God, she heard ya!"

"Death's come to Cabin Creek."

The Statue

In a long-tempered city of harbor and mill,
Of pedant brood and diverse clan,
In an only museum on the nape of a hill
Among the collections and cluttered decor,
The centerpiece of any onyx floor,
A statue stands, white and marble,
The figure of a stooping man.
Purchased with afterbirths of a wise man's levy,
This luxuriant carving from hidden hands,
A separate beatific gargoyle, stands
Depicting humanity's back as too heavy;
Poised sportsman-like, crouching in wide open field,
Primeval yet subtle,
Undaunted in search of some mystic yield.
Or perhaps it is walking on smooth black water,
Dumbly suspended with white weightless grace,
And soon, very soon,
Inadvertantly be swallowed leaving only a trace,
Pulsing ripple-pools, of what was before.
But it never moves.
Always it stands in one desolate place,
While fanatics come and stare at its face,
And rap their knuckles on a leg or the base,
But hear no resonance from a hollow core,
From the statue, an islet on that glossy floor,
Among but not touching,
The collections, the life, or the cluttered decor.

— Jan Cichowicz

To Kathy Ann

Love's unarrested fire consumes me still,
As great and greater love cannot be felt.
Who dares to say to whom my love be dealt
But God, my one true Purpose to fulfill,
Since mine for Him through you be His own will
All humble strides dawned worthless when I knelt
If my bare knees were not but will'ly svelte
To cherish Him and you with love's o'erspill.

A love so full cannot be falsely spent
And wasted like the sleepless hours of night.
Yet, hours I am compelled to be content,
And wait in fear of true love's bitter flight.
But wait I must that future incident
When "we" do bind the three of us with might!

— Chris Bevevino

Savage

i saw a dead walking mask of an
old religion burned up staked and
spreadeagled
on screaming rocks and soft haunting
drumthrobs.

bats flit back and forth and flames
dance high in the priest's eyes
the mania of a primitive religion (but
we all were there once our dancing
shadows on the face of rocks.)

— Anton Peter

Tonight, Tomorrow Night, The Next Night

by D. M. Ross

*Evening. Sky dark blue at horizon, rising to black.
Dance music in background
A young man in formal dress wanders on stage
from left. He carries an umbrella and a fur piece.
He calls,*

He: Miss Forsythe? O, Miss For—sythe! Do come back to the club house. It's about to rain. Miss Forsythe?

The light broadens and reveals a girl in an evening gown sitting on a stone bench, downstage right.

He: Miss For . . . Miss Forsythe. Where have you been? Everyone back at the club house has been asking for you.

She: They turned out the lights at Glen Park. I was sitting here and they turned out the lights on me.

He: You're going to catch cold. I brought your wrap with me.

She: It was peculiar. It was as if part of the world rolled off.

He: Well, everyone back at the club house has been wondering where you'd got to. This isn't a night to go wandering. Do you want your wrap?

She: The lights were going from green to red to blue, and then

back again. Then it slumped over. I had the strangest feeling.

He: They close early on nights like this. Who wants to watch colored fountains in the rain?

She: Can't we tell them that someone's watching? To turn them on again?

He: I'm sure it wouldn't do any good. It's going to rain.

She: Green to red to blue, then back again. It was so attractive. It's not raining now.

He: It will—soon. Please put on your wrap.

She: You're such a good boy, Leonard, to bring me my jacket.

He: I have to take care of you. I brought my umbrella, too; in case we can't make it back in time. I couldn't get it open earlier this evening.

He sits beside her and opens the umbrella.

He: Ah! The catch isn't sticking.

One side of the umbrella is bent, and a section is torn away and hangs over the edge. They both look at it. He giggles.

He: I put my foot through it this evening, trying to get it open.

She giggles.

He: Then I had to step on the other side to get my foot out of it.

She: That's funny. *Laughs.*

He: It's kind of a sad umbrella.

He holds the open umbrella over their heads.

She: It's not raining, Leonard.

He: It's going to . . . wait. Let's go back to the club house. Everybody has been asking me where you are . . . I had nothing to tell them.

She: *Sighs.* Tell them someone has turned off the colored fountains.

Tonight

He: I'm afraid they know that, Miss Forsythe.

She: Tell them never to watch colored fountains when it's going to rain.

He: I'll tell them. Listen — they're playing a rhumba. Come on, we'll go back and rhumba.

She: Tell them I'm about to cry.

He: Please don't do that. We can rhumba here.

She: You rhumba so well, Leonard. I don't rhumba well.

He: That's nonsense. I've taught you how to rhumba. Here, hold the umbrella. *Rises.* You remember. Slide, step, step — slide, dip.

She: You're such a good dancer.

He: I look foolish doing it alone. Come on, slide, step, step . . .

She: I don't rhumba well.

He: *Stops.* Damn it, Miss Forsythe! Well, it's stopped.

He sits.

She: Don't be mad.

He: I'm not. You could rhumba if you tried.

She: Not as well as you. I've not had lessons.

He: Well I'm not Vernon Castle or anybody. We really should go back. Give me the umbrella.

She: I'd better hold it. Well, all right. What's that gurgling noise?

He: My flask. I should have brought some glasses.

She: I don't care for a drink.

He: I believe I will.

She: You've had enough to drink.

He takes a great gulp and grimaces.

She: You're going to make yourself ill.

He: I've never become ill in your presence.

She: You've become moss green.

He: That's when I mix. I haven't had much, really.

He takes another pull.

He: Miss Forsythe? Was I as green as the fountain — ever?

Pause.

She: Once . . . perhaps. At the beginning.

He: And now?

She: I'm sorry.

He: It's nothing to be sorry about.

She: Yes it is.

He: Yes, I guess it is.

She: Are the fountain lights going on again, Leonard?

He: It's difficult to say. I suppose so . . . sometime. If the rain stops.

She: I'd like to think so.

He: Do you intend to wait and see?

She: I'm not quite sure. Yes, I will.

He: Look; I really don't think they'll go back on. At best, we'll just have to remember what they looked like. That's not bad, really. I'm the one that knows. Let's go back to the dance. They'll want to know where we are.

She: I'm going to wait.

He: Now I know about this, and I know they're off — and they're going to stay off.

Pause.

Well, I'm going back. Do you want the umbrella?

She: No, of course not.

He: Do you know the way back?

She: Certainly.

He rises and walks left to center stage and then stops. He turns. He shifts the umbrella from his right hand to his left.

He: They'll be playing rhumbas. I'm foolish dancing alone.

She: More than foolish.

He: They're going to be asking me where you are. They'll want to know . . . Let me have it back, Miss Forsythe. I want you to give it back to me.

She: Now you gave it to me, Leonard, you can't ask for it back.

He: Yes I can. This is what I'm doing now.

She: It isn't reasonable, Leonard. I took it only at your en-

Tonight

couragement. It was your idea.

He: If I gave it to you, I can ask for it back.

She: It's not as simple as that. This isn't like a locket or a glove. I accepted this because you sincerely wanted me to. I can't believe now that you've changed your mind.

He: I have; believe me, I have.

She: I don't think so.

He: For God's sake, Miss Forsythe, give it back. You can't have this!

She: Now I won't even talk to you if you're going to yell.

He: But you're making me angry. I must have it. Why won't you give it back?

She: Because you don't want it back.

He: I do too. I have a right to it.

She: Look at me, Leonard. Turn your face and look at me. I am necessary to you. If I am not here, you are not here. You know this. This is why you gave it to me. And unless you've lost your senses, you can't really want it back. I can't see how you expect me to give it back to you.

He: I'm asking for it back right now.

She: *Stands.* What were you before you gave it to me?

He: It doesn't matter. Better than now.

She: Answer me! What were you before?

Pause.

He: I'm too tired to argue now. It's too late.

She: Yes, it is late . . . Leonard, please don't be sad. You're necessary to me, too.

He: Yes, of course. Well, will you come back with me.

She: If you want me to. We'll tell everyone that we were watching the colored fountains at Glen Park.

He: Everyone who doesn't know they were turned out.

She: Listen, they've started to play waltzes. Now, I'm a pretty good waltzer, aren't I Leonard?

He: Yes, you waltz as well as I do. Better.

She: Now that's not true.

She walks past him to left and stops.

Are you coming?

He is facing front. She turns.

He: They've turned on the fountain lights.

She: But they're just white spot lights.

He: It's for the cleaning crews. Some people spit in the fountains during the day.

She: That's horrible. *On exit.* Close your umbrella, Leonard; it's not raining.

He looks up.

He: I think I prefer to leave it open.

Black Out.

On the Spirit of Liberty in the Philippines

Mother nature bestowed upon that land
Her charms and all her utmost vanity.
Magellan came and, with ferocity,
Placed that virgin beneath his foreign hand.
He met his death, upon her coastal sand,
As penance for his great atrocity.
Jose Rizal, her right to liberty
In vain did try to gain and make her stand.
Dewey came with victory in her bay
And broke her bonds, but took her with disdain.
Next, the land of setting sun possessed her.
They tried, to no avail, her mind to tear,
But could not capture it in any way,
Due to its main unconquerable vein.

— Jose'-Javier Ortoll

David and Urias

by John Kenny

I

KING DAVID finished eating and pushed his platter aside. At this signal, a servant rushed to clear away the utensils. "Summon Miphiboseth," he told the servant. Miphiboseth was lame, but somehow, perhaps to compensate for his disability, he had developed the keenest ears in the kingdom. Whenever the young King wanted to know the temper of his subjects, he would consult with Miphiboseth. "What troubles the kingdom tonight, Miphiboseth?" asked the King good naturedly as the cripple was carried in and placed opposite him.

"You will not be pleased with what I say this time, my Lord," he replied slowly.

"If you did not tell me the unpleasant along with the pleasant, I would not trust you as I do," said the King.

"The people are asking why their King remains in Jerusalem amusing himself with concubines and luxurious living while the army is in the field and the Ark remains unhoused."

King David stiffened. "What people ask this?"

"I cannot reveal my sources, even to you, O King, or they would soon dry up. But, may it please my Lord, I add my own voice to theirs: Why do you live in open luxury when times are so difficult and the people look to you for good example? Is it not a scandal?"

The King's face had reddened slightly now, and he spoke

sharply. "Are you the prophet Nathan that you should speak so boldly to your King?"

"I am only telling you the unpleasant along with the pleasant."

"Well, you have told me quite enough for tonight." Motioning for the servants to remove the cripple, David rose, turned, and strode from the room.

That night the King found it difficult to sleep. He kept thinking of Joab commanding the armies in his stead and of his own unfulfilled promise to build a temple for the Ark of God. When finally he did drop off, he slept until after noon. Then he dressed and went up onto the roof of his house for a walk. He loved his noonday walk, and he seldom omitted it, for only in the heat of day were the surrounding rooftops uninhabited; and the King preferred to be alone when he gazed out over the royal city that was newly his.

II

The sun was bright, and a slight breeze fanned the olive trees. A feeling of contentment, marred only by thoughts of Miphiboseh's visit, possessed the King. He had been hard on Miphiboseh, he thought; he would make amends somehow. He walked slowly, delighting in the sunlight and sweeping his eyes over the neighboring buildings. All at once the King stopped and gaped from a parapet. A young and lovely woman had begun to bathe herself on a nearby rooftop. Reddish brown hair fell lavishly over her bare shoulders, which were intensely white in the afternoon glare. Her flesh was like priceless marble, her form like a noble statue, graceful and sensual. She looked up at him suddenly, and he caught his breath. Her eyes were dark and unsettling, her lips were parted slightly, and her face wore an enigmatic expression. Was it a smile? Languorously she gathered her bath articles, and, wrapping herself in a towel, she went down out of view.

The King stood for a moment, thrilled and perplexed. Surely it had been a smile; surely she had remained in view

David and Urias

longer than necessary. Perhaps, if the attentions of beautiful women had not been a new and wonderful thing to the young King, he would not have fallen. But he did fall, and inexperience was not wholly to blame.

He inquired who the woman was and learned that she was Bethsabee, daughter of Eliam and wife of Urias the Hethite. I must see her, he said to himself, but I shall merely tell her that she has found favor with the King, for she is a married woman. He sent for her, but when she arrived, he was tongue-tied, like an ignorant shepherd boy; all he could say was, "You are very beautiful." She blushed and lowered her eyes. King David could see that she was pleased, and passion overcame him. He took her in his arms and she did not resist.

After Bethsabee had left, David was angry with himself, and he feared discovery; especially he feared what Nathan the prophet would say. Consequently, he sent for the messengers who had summoned the woman and charged them severely to tell no one of her visit. In the following weeks the King devoted himself to his kingdom and his people, and Miphiboseth had nothing but good news to report. What is more, he saw no more of Bethsabee, though he longed for her greatly.

One evening at dusk, while King David was walking in his garden, a servant approached and handed him a note, saying that it was from Bethsabee. The King took it and waved the servant away. He held it for a moment in his hand, not wanting to open and read it, for he had been trying to forget the matter. When he did open it, he had to strain his eyes to make it out. It contained only three words: "I have conceived."

All night the King lay awake scouring his mind for a way to avoid exposure, for Urias, who was with the army in Ammon, would know that the child was not his own. Discovery would mean not only David's disgrace before his people; it would mean Bethsabee's death by stoning, and David still loved her. He discarded one solution after another; there were several ways to save himself alone, but he refused to consider them. Toward morning the King sent the following message to Bethsabee: "I am summoning your husband from Ammon so that he may come and sleep with you. In this way I shall protect us both, for Urias will think the child his own."

III

A week elapsed before Urias arrived in Jerusalem. Meanwhile the King was uneasy, wondering what reasons he would give Urias for summoning him. David chided himself for acting impetuously, for not planning in detail, and he feared that something would go wrong. He learned as much as he could about Urias and hoped for the best. Too soon the day arrived, and David was told that Urias awaited him.

Urias approached the King, helmet in hand, and saluted. The formalities over, the King put his hand on Urias' shoulder and spoke heartily. "How is my general, Joab?"

"He is well, my Lord, and sends you his regards," replied Urias.

"Splendid, and how is the army?"

Urias' eyes lit up. "They fight like true sons of Abraham, my Lord. They live only to please the Lord God, and the pagans tremble before them."

"I am proud to hear it," said the King. He had hoped that he would not like Urias; it would have made matters easier. "I have taken an interest in your career, Urias," he began slowly, avoiding the other man's eyes. "I am looking for a man to fill an important post when this campaign is over; and, judging from the reports I have received about you, you may be the man I want. I summoned you so that I could meet you personally." The King realized that he had said this without conviction, and he glanced at Urias for signs of disbelief.

But Urias seemed to believe it. "I am honored that you should consider me, my Lord," he replied. "Am I to rejoin Joab now?"

"No, you have had a long journey. Go to your house and wash your feet."

When Urias had left, the King ordered a fine mess of meat to be prepared and sent after him. The next morning, therefore, David was doubly upset to discover that Urias had not gone to his house but had slept on the ground before the palace. David sent for him.

"Did you not come from a long journey? Why did you not go down to your own house?" David asked.

David and Urias

"The Ark of God and Israel and Judah live in tents; my general, Joab, and his servants sleep on the ground. Shall I stay in my house to eat and drink and to sleep with my wife? I cannot do it, my Lord."

"The King does not let such matters worry him," said David. "Why should you?"

Urias cleared his throat as though to reply; but, apparently, he could find nothing to say, for he began to stare at his sandals. David wished he could retract his last words; they had sounded more like an indictment of himself than an exhortation to Urias. The King assumed a brusque manner and dismissed Urias with the order, "Stay here today, and tomorrow I will send you back."

The King went out and walked the streets of the city. He had walked long and far before he settled on a plan. He would keep Urias in Jerusalem a day longer. He would give a banquet in his honor and fill him with wine. Surely then his spirit of abstinence would be mellowed; surely then he would succumb to the attraction of his wife. And the King so convinced himself that this plan was good that he did not consider what he would do if it failed.

He spent the next day preparing for the banquet; along with the customary instructions, he told his steward to purchase a skin of the strongest wine available and to put it before the place of Urias. And so, when the banquet had begun, David pointed to the skin in front of him and said, "That wine is a special variety, known for its excellence. I shall be disappointed if you do not try it."

Urias smiled and filled his cup. "I am no expert on wines, my Lord," he said, "but, if you recommend it, I am sure I will enjoy it."

Then David wanted to disclaim being an expert himself, for he suspected Urias of considering such knowledge worldly. When he realized the character of his thoughts, he was angry with himself. What has happened to me, he wondered, that I, the King, should feel so inferior to this soldier? "I see that you do not like my wine," he said to Urias when the latter had emptied his cup without refilling it. Urias dutifully picked up the skin and poured.

It grew late and the banquet was nearly over. David looked at the flushed face of Urias and smiled to himself. The King, too, had drunk more than enough, and he felt reckless. Holding out his cup, he said, "I drink to the lovely wife of Urias." He saw Urias staring at him in muddled surprise and knew immediately that he had made a mistake. Urias rose and steadied himself; then he threw out his arm, splashing wine on himself and on those around him. "And I drink," he said loudly, "to our warrior King, who knows so much of strategy — the strategy of the bed chamber!" With this he began to laugh raucously, leaning this way and that. The laughter sounded all the louder because the guests had stopped talking and sat shocked and staring. Urias lost his balance and sat down involuntarily. For a moment he remained in silent befuddlement; then he burst out laughing again. One by one the guests excused themselves and left, until, finally, only the King and his drunken soldier remained. True, the King was offended by the coarse reference to his personal habits; but, as the wine had prompted it, he had only himself to blame. He stood up and directed a servant to assist the still laughing Urias home.

The King awoke with a start the next morning; and, for a moment, he could not recall what was so important about this particular day. Then, remembering that Urias had drunk more than expected, he ordered a servant to inquire about the man's movement the night before. The servant informed him on the spot that Urias had fallen unconscious before leaving the palace and had been put to bed in the servants' quarters.

The King was in a mood to clutch at straws when an idea came to him, an ugly one. He debated it hurriedly. It was either that, he decided, or disgrace for himself and death for Bethsabee. Accordingly, he sat down and wrote a letter to Joab, instructing him to place Urias in the forefront of the battle and to make sure that he was killed. He summoned Urias.

The young soldier stood shamefacedly before the King. David had a sudden impulse to tell him the whole story but fought it down. "I am sending you back to Ammon now. I want you to deliver this letter to Joab." He handed him the letter.

David and Urias

Urias made no move to go. Instead he said, "I am sorry, my Lord, for my drunkenness last night, and for my insulting language. I know now that your stay in Jerusalem has not been wasted on sensuality, that you have ministered well to our people."

"It is nothing," the King replied; "it is no more than many a soldier, fresh from battle, has done."

"And the promotion, my Lord?"

David thought for a moment. "Oh yes, the promotion; it is yours, Urias."

"Thank you, my Lord," Urias said gratefully, and he left. The King hung his head and shuddered.

That night David first had the recurring nightmare which was to make the following weeks unbearable. He would be walking on his rooftop when he would see Bethsabee bathing and stretching her beckoning arms toward him. He would go to leap from his roof onto hers; but, when he landed, he would find himself on a plain before a walled city. He would see, as from a great distance, an army attacking the city; and leading the attack was Urias. Despite the distance, he could see every detail of the next sequence. An Ammonite warrior would cock his arm and let fly a spear. It would sail in a long, slow arc, almost defying nature. Then it would plunge into the heart of Urias. But Urias would not fall; instead he would turn slowly, look straight at David over that great distance, and point his finger at him. Then the face would blur and become the face of Miphiboseh; and again it would blur and become the face of Nathan the prophet; finally, it would be the face of David himself.

Every night the King would have the nightmare. When the face of Miphiboseh showed behind the pointing finger, he would become frightened; when the face of Nathan showed, panic would seize him; and, when he looked into his own accusing eyes, he would awake with a cry and would sleep no more that night.

Three weeks after Urias' departure, David received a messenger from Joab. "We met the Ammonites on the plain before their city," he reported, "and pursued them to their walls. And some of the King's subjects were slain by missiles thrown from

the walls. Among them was Urias the Hethite."

"Tell Joab not to be discouraged by this," said the King, fixing his eyes on a point in space above the messenger's head. "Sometimes one, sometimes another is slain in battle. Let Joab exhort his troops to overthrow the city." He looked at the messenger's face; there was a coarse grin on it. "Why do you smile?" the King bellowed.

"Was I smiling, my Lord? I . . . I did not intend it. I beg your pardon."

"It is nothing," replied the King more quietly. "The King has troublesome things on his mind these days. Go and tell Joab what I have said."

Bethsabee was notified of her husband's death, and she went into mourning for him. When the period of mourning was over, David made her his wife, hoping that the people would believe Urias the father of the child. Shortly after his marriage, the King summoned Miphiboseh. "What do the people say about my marriage?" he asked cautiously.

"It does not surprise them; Bethsabee is beautiful and the King is young," replied Miphiboseh slowly. "And it is good for the child to have a father." David searched the man's expression for some clue to his meaning, but Miphiboseh stared thoughtfully back at him. "Why do you ask, my Lord?"

David paused. "For reasons of my own," he said finally. He saw that this answer had offended the cripple, but he could not bring himself to explain. "That is all, Miphoboseh," he said, and, nodding at the pallet bearers, he left the room before the other could say a word.

IV

As months passed, the King's face grew thin, and shadows appeared below his eyes. He was seldom seen smiling except when he was with the child, a handsome boy whom he loved greatly.

One morning the King sat playing with his boy, bouncing him on his knee. David beamed affectionately, oblivious of the unroyal exhibition he was making, and the baby chuckled

David and Urias

with delight. A servant approached and said self-consciously, "Nathan the prophet has come to see you, my Lord."

David paled, and the child stopped laughing. "Tell him that I am busy, that he must come back later," he said.

"The Lord God's business will not wait until later," said Nathan, who had not even waited for the servant to admit him. The King handed the child to the servant, who departed hurriedly.

Nathan was a small, bony man whose frayed goatskin garment hung limply from his shoulders. Only his eyes distinguished him from ordinary men; they were huge and intense, giving him a continually feverish look. It was rumored that they could read wickedness in the hearts of total strangers. Now they were fixed sternly on David.

"I am honored by your visit," said the King awkwardly.

The prophet kept staring at him. Finally he spoke. "I have a story to tell the King about a certain Israelite. He was a rich man and his neighbor was poor. He had many sheep and oxen, whereas his neighbor had nothing but one little ewe lamb. And the neighbor had raised the ewe lamb himself, loving it as he would a daughter. One day a stranger came to visit the rich man, and, instead of drawing from his own flocks, he took his neighbor's lamb and cooked it for his guest."

During Nathan's story, the King was at first relieved and then angry. "That man is a child of death!" he cried when Nathan was finished. "He shall make fourfold restitution for that heartless act!"

Nathan stepped backward and raised his bony arm until his finger pointed full in David's face. The King felt the horror of his nightmare creep over him; his mouth went dry.

"You," shouted the prophet, "are the man!"

The King stood for a moment trying to stiffen his knees and find his voice. At last he said weakly, "I? How can that be?"

Nathan's voice took on an impersonal tone. "The Lord God of Israel has made you king; He has saved you from Saul and given you Saul's wives. He has given you the kingdoms of Israel and Judah. He is willing to do even greater things for you; yet you have done evil in His sight. You have slain Urias

by the hands of the Ammonites and have taken his wife. Therefore, the Lord God will punish you in this manner: dissension will never depart from your house; evil will rise against you from your own family; and your wives will be defiled by adulterers. Because your crime was secret, the punishment shall be public, and all Israel shall behold it."

David said bitterly, "I have sinned against the Lord."

"The Lord forgives you, but the child must die," the prophet answered and, turning, left abruptly.

V

The King was stunned. He wanted to call Nathan back and plead for the life of his son. But he realized that it was not in Nathan's power to avert the wrath of God. Almost immediately he was told that the child had been stricken.

The King undertook a prodigious fast, lying alone upon the ground and praying that the Lord might spare the boy. For seven days he lay, and no one could persuade him to rise or to eat. Finally, in the evening of the seventh day, he noted that the servants had begun to whisper in his presence. "Is the child dead?" he asked them.

"He is dead," was the answer.

David rose and left the house so that he could be alone. Once more he walked the streets of the city.

At length, David entered the house of God and worshipped. "O Lord, my sins are great in Thy sight," he began, "because I am a King and have acted like a child. Seizing what I desired without accepting the consequences, I compounded my guilt; what was adultery became deception and then murder. For these sins I have deserved to die the death; yet You have spared me. Make of me, then, a good King, one who would give up his throne before he should sin again."

The King left the house of God, and then, for the first time, he visited Miphiboseth in the cripple's own house.

"Miphiboseth, I have sinned, and the Lord has punished me severely," he said.

"I know, my Lord," said Miphiboseth.

David and Urias

"What do you know?"

"That you have committed adultery with Bethsabee, that you have murdered her husband, and that God has stricken your child," replied the cripple.

"And you have known all along?"

"Yes."

"Even when I asked you about my marriage?"

"Yes."

The King recalled his shame and his inability to share it with Miphiboseth. "Do the people know?" he asked quietly.

"There are rumors, but they are not believed."

"It is better so," said the King.

"Yes," said Miphiboseth.

They sat for a few moments, not talking. Then the King rose, placed his hand briefly on the cripple's shoulder, and left. He returned to his house, washed himself, and sat down to eat.

The next day the King departed for Ammon. There he led his armies against Rabbath, the royal city, and God granted him a great victory.

Unromantic Sky

Between a road and ungleaned field,
There lies an egg from unknown bird;
Within the shell no life's concealed,
For no harsh cracking of struggle's heard.

Romantic as some crystal sphere,
The pure blue shell attracts the eye
Which stares at it through wind-caused tear:
No clues to self in hollows lie.

— Phillip Iannarelli

Contributors

CHRIS BEVEVINO, a freshman and prospective English major, makes his first Quarterly contribution with a love sonnet.

JAN CICHOWICZ appears this time with a poem in the contemporary style. He is a graduating senior.

ROSE ANN ELLEM contributes a short story in the dramatic form. She will receive her M.A. from the English department in June.

PHILLIP IANNERELLI, a freshman member of the Carroll News staff, makes his second appearance with a short lyric poem.

JOHN KENNY makes his final contribution as a Carroll student with a study of guilt and repentance in a Biblical setting.

JOSÉ-JANVIER ORTOLL gives us a history of patriotic spirit in the Philippines. The sonnet is his first Quarterly contribution.

ANTON PETER, a junior English major and frequent contributor, provides another terse lyric.

D. M. ROSS receives his A.B. from the English department in June. He makes two contributions: a vignette of complex symbols and a short story treating an important but much neglected theme.

