



ICHOR

UNKNOWN

by Jerry Pacht

She plodded slowly down the ruddy road that led to the cemetery. It didn't seem like Vienna. It was raining. The few remaining leaves on the dead trees gave up their weak struggle and fell listlessly into the mud.

The gentle but maddenly incessant wind bit at her face. It bit at her heart, also, and at what remained of her nerve. It was difficult, keeping up your nerve through three days of rain, especially when they had taken him away and you didn't know where.

The City Authorities couldn't tell you. Why should they keep track of a grave in Potter's Field?

She felt that she had to know where the grave was.

And she asked herself why she had to know. Why not leave him in peace? She might forget sooner if she never found out. Still, she was unable to turn back.

The graveyard was even muddier than the road. The only person in the place was the old caretaker who sat huddled behind a small fire of green wood that smoked as it burned. He looked at her, then turned his eyes back to the fire.

She stared anxiously at the long rows of unkept mounds, seeing how the little drops of rainwater collected on the shabby crosses and dropped to the ground. And she saw many fresh graves.

The winter had been a long one. But he shouldn't have been taken. He was too young. Only thirty-six. He was just beginning.

The rain fell a little harder.

"Where have they put him?" she asked. "They took him away three days ago, in my absence, and I must know where he is. He would want me to know."

The face of the old man softened as he saw the grief and the bewilderment on her face. "They have no reason to tell me whom the cart

brings, Fraulein. The poor seldom have anyone come here to search for them. I cannot tell you."

"But they can't put him away with no mark, no sign."

"The City sees to the burial of the body and protects it from desecration. It can do no more."

"It's inhuman!" she cried. "He can't lie here forever, nameless for all time!"

"The names of those who lie here are not likely to be remembered for long by posterity," he reminded her gently.

"He might be remembered," she answered. "He might be, somehow."

"I am sorry that I cannot help you, Fraulein. But you could tell me his name. What was his name?"

A clap of thunder almost drowned her reply.

"Mozart," she said. "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

THE END

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A MAN ONCE DEAD

A man once dead does not arise.
We close his light-tormented eyes
And take the blood that made him one
With living trees and breeding sun.

A dream once dead is not so still.
Strip it for burial as we will,
None drains the sly quicksilver stream
That fills the arteries of a dream.

----THELMA PHLEGAR.

From ANADYOMENE,
by Robert-Peter Aby:

"We dare not drift in flowers as we would
But seek them in a book and find them writ
In a dead latin; all the windswept wit
Of this green earth is blunted and misunderstood."

THE CHILD

By Lau H. Barbusse*

"Be a good child," said the mother when her boy went to school.

"Yes, Mama," he replied as he jumped from her arms.

The boy had to walk a long way because there was no school in the little village in which he lived.

The sun shone pleasantly although the wind was still cold, but because of the carefulness of the mother, who dressed her beloved child in the warmest clothes, the boy was very comfortable.

Kiki is the name of our hero, and he enjoyed the love of his parents. They were very happy, not only because Kiki was their child but chiefly because he was such a good child.

Whistling, Kiki went on his way. Suddenly he noticed a beautiful bird on a fence. What a chance! He threw a stone at the bird and it flew away fearfully.

A little later he saw something move at the edge of the road. Oh! What a beautiful beetle. He caught it and was scratched slightly by the mandibles. The pain was not bad but Kiki was afraid of pain. Angrily he threw the creature to the ground and pressed his foot on its little body. It became a formless mass, and pleasant feelings of vengeance replaced his chagrin.

Then he passed the little house of Mrs. Jacques, whom he hated so much. She was a malicious old hag. Didn't she throw him out not long ago when he wanted to watch the killing of a pig at the Labouige's?

Kiki hated her. Therefore, he and several small friends had built a fire to kill her walnut tree. Every morning he tore off part of the bark of the dead tree. Now, though, he did not have time.

He just had time to throw a stone at her cat, which appeared to be as old as Mrs. Jacques herself.

By this time, Kiki was late, so he had to run. He found the door of the school closed. He was terribly embarrassed. This late arrival would cause him to lose the Merit for Good Conduct.

He wept when the teacher opened the door. He lied to the glaring teacher. Breathlessly, he told that his mother was ill; that he had to help her, and was late for this reason.

The teacher believed him because he was an agreeable child and made good marks. The teacher did not know that Kiki learned very little and that the other students always helped him.

On Saturday, Kiki again received the Merit Cross. And, on Sunday, the good priest smiled pleasantly at him when church was out. He had just confessed his sins of the week: he cheated at ball, he spotted Rouhier's place with ink because Rouhier was smarter than he, and he wrote a nasty word on the wall of the playroom. The priest immediately gave him absolution.

At home, after dinner, Kiki's father was reading the paper when he exclaimed loudly. He read that in Paris they had arrested a young murderer only sixteen years old---still almost a child.

The parents looked at Kiki fondly, seeing his modesty and his Merit Cross. And they thanked God who had blessed them with such a noble child.

(Translated from the Esperanto by Myrtle R. Douglas*)

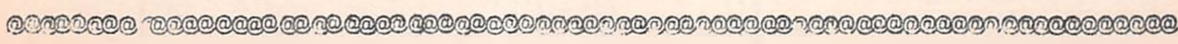
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SPIROGYRA

Strange little ribbon of curving green,
Winding your crystal cell,
You store your food in the day, unseen,
But night reveals your spell;
For when the sun in his flaming strength
Crimsons the western cloud,
You shine the buttons on all your length
To make your sweetheart proud;
And then, at night, in the moon's white light,
The fairies dance your stair,
And pond elves come, in their elfish spite,
To pull the fairies' hair.

If I could once in a pond abide,
An elf, instead of man,
I'd climb your smooth green edge, and slide,
And slide, and slide again!

---SIDNEY JOHNSTON.



AMBITION: A PARABLE

By Dale Hart

A certain peacock was very ambitious. Being the lord of a barnyard was gratifying to a degree, but he felt that he was created for better things.

Who cared for the adulation of cackling hens, quacking ducks, and gobbling turkeys? He wanted to be admired by the world and to do great deeds; so, he ran away to seek his fortune.

The peacock wandered far and wide for many, many days---but there seemed to be no recognition in the world for him. In strange barnyards, he was snubbed by the most elderly of hens and the young cocks pecked him unmercifully.

His fortunes waned and waned, until a very hot day found him in the most dire of straits. His plumage was beautiful no more, he was quite exhausted, and all about him was the burning sands of a desert.

Stopping to rest in the shade of a cactus, he noticed a loathsome beast known as the Gila Monster. It was regarding him without enmity or even curiosity.

Under ordinary circumstances, the proud peacock never would have spoken to the homely creature. However, he now felt humbled and in need of some friendly conversation. Accordingly, he unbent a bit.

"I have been seeing the world," he declared, with a slight trace of his old boastfulness.

"From your appearance, seeing the world is an arduous task instead of a glorious adventure," replied the Monster.

Ignoring the dryness of this observation, the peacock continued: "Have you never wanted to travel? Are you content to stay here forever?"

"Why should I travel?" asked the Beast of the former Beauty. "From wayfarers such as you, I learn all that I need to know about the world. I am not equipped naturally for life outside the desert, just as you are unfit for existence outside a barnyard."

The unlovely being paused a moment in reflection and then concluded with this philosophy: "Ambition is a consuming passion, and only the most cunning of the strong should set themselves against the whole world. Creatures such as you and I must be content with a small portion. Go to your home, foolish one, and seek no more!"

BRONZE BOY

Bronze Boy with the lava eyes,
Keep away from me.
Your blue, tawny lips like two heavy sheaths
Gape on glaze ivories.
Red jasper flecked with foam
Gleams behind them.
The sweats of your body
Are potent and acrid
Like the scent of ocean-weeds
That murmur of serpentine mysteries.
Your quick breaths swing me
With the blood of your island seas
By which you were born.
Swarthy savage,
Your darkness frees me.
It beats in my breast, seeking.
Remove not your body, Bronze Boy.
Our dreams are filled with its cry.
Come, let us silently together
Into the perfect stillness.

----RUPERT REYNOLDS.

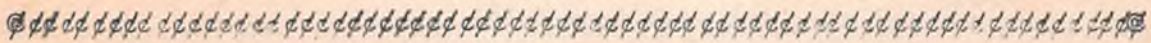


From ANADYOMENE

It is not oxygen we breathe, but time.
Like fishes in their fluid element,
We gulp the bubbling hours, are spent

With battle in the rolling tides of years;
We drink the tender nectar of our tears
And slumber in self-pity's quickened lime.

----Robert-Peter Aby.



Two Short Requiem

I: For A Scientist

The iron in your blood shall be accrued
To the coffin nails,
And your nitrogen shall feed the bacteria
That live on the roots of grass.

The chemicals which bubbled
In the retorts of your body
Shall be disassociated,
Then blended into the exact measures
Of explosive---
And you shall explode with a violence
To shake the stars
So that they swing like gibbeted corpses
In a midnight wind.

II: For A Naturalist

I shall look beneath small rocks
And on the inner side of leaves:
It is a custom to leave messages there.
I shall look for messages
Among the rocks and leaves.

Though you are dead,
These things remain:
Do not forget
The rocks and leaves.

----DALE HART.

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* I-C-H-O-R PAGE TEN *
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LYRIC OF DOUBT

She walks with stately grace.
Her grave, grey eyes a beauty hide
That has no counterpart in lands of time
Or space;
And in her movements, languid charms abide.

A grey dusk mists the air,
But never changes, never fades,
And neither dawn nor darkness shades her clime.
No glare
Of sun illumines the mouldy balustrades.

There are no eyes to see,
No voice to tell of days that were,
No ears to hear her footsteps die away.
The three
Old prophecies alone accompany her.

She walks with dust and dreams.
All else is still the realm around,
And she alone has beauty, grave and grey.
She seems
A phantom of a kingdom of no sound.

----DONALD WANDREI.

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