

Four Poems

Suffer me not to see again
the pearl misted candling of morning
upon the pebble mosaiced crescent
the dove breasted beach

Bell upon white scarved bell beat
rung to praise her name
In the white chrysanthemum garden
walled in the wrought iron night

The black wet brush stroke twigs
rain pocked rims of new grained earth
break through the morning robbed of pearls
fling up the cruel noon day sun

In dawn of wet noon curtained
were set torches to the drowsy owl's nest,
were ribs sanded from the lover's heart,
naively, as death unto love parts sea from land,

... a fable

The Ant Who Said He Hated Spider

By Ann Gerike

Once upon a time an ant lived on the 88rd floor of the Empire State Building. He didn't like to work very well, so he often secretly crawled up to the tower to watch the spiders.

He thought it would be great fun to swing out into space on nothing. But whenever he was with his friends and saw a spider, he told them he thought spiders were the ugliest, most useless things on this earth and he certainly was glad he was an ant.

One August evening after a scorching hot day, one of the ants found a jug of hard cider in a closet on the 88th floor. Pretty soon, the word got around to all the ants from the 75th floor on up, and they gathered in the closet and had a big party.

By the time the jug was almost empty, everyone was feeling pretty good. They began to brag, and the ant who said he didn't like spiders said he could do anything a spider could.

"You're talking through your feelers," challenged one of the ants. "I'll prove it! Lesht's go up the tower," retorted the ant, and they all staggered up the stairs to the tower.

They crawled up on a ledge, the ant spun an imaginary web and everyone laughed. Just as the ant was going to pretend to jump into space, a gust of wind blew him into the blade of a passing helicopter.

MORAL: Do not pretend to be a spider when you are full of hardened cider.

the nebraskan literary



The Literary Review

Today's edition of the Literary Review isn't the first time that The Nebraskan has tried to publish a literary supplement of some kind.

Back in the mid-20's, a four page tabloid, containing creative material written by University students, was distributed at five cents a copy.

Response to the literary publication was poor, however, and the project was disbanded after two editions. Since then, as far as The Nebraskan knows, the University community has been without a campus literary publication.

Today, nearly 30 years after the original venture, The Nebraskan presents the Literary Review—experimentally on a one issue trial basis.

In doing so, The Nebraskan has tried to do two things: (1) provide a necessary outlet for the creative writing talents here at Nebraska, and (2) give the campus community a glimpse of the creative material produced by its own citizens.

If the Nebraskan has been successful, even in a small way, on these two points, it will be satisfied—whether the supplement is accepted or not.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



EMILY... EMILY... EMILY... YOU SAID FRATERNITY BOYS HAD MORE SPENDING MONEY?

How Green— Was My Psyche...

By ANN GERIKE

There is obviously a pessimistic, fatalistic trend in modern writing. A certain group of writers, which could, perhaps, be called the Capote school, specializes in making its fatalism symbolic and almost incomprehensible.

Undoubtedly, such writing is art, just as abstract art is art; but, as I sometimes wonder if some modern artists throw their paint on the canvas with tongue in cheek, I also wonder if some of these symbolic writers may not occasionally write in the same way.

Their symbols are psychological and abundant; they use children, colors, objects, anything within reach and, as Buttercup says in "H. M. S. Pinafore," "Things are seldom what they seem." Their writings are wanderings in a decadent mind; they walk in a world of Freudian unreality.

I sat down at the typewriter and tossed up a Capote salad with malice (any nothing else) aforethought. I threw in repeated symbols, extensive similes, sadism, monosyllabic dialogue, cryptic sentences, a color scheme, a child and a dash of Freud.

I serve it up with my tongue in my cheek; but if anyone wants to take it seriously, I won't mind. Since it's straight from my subconscious, it's probably conclusive evidence of my inhibitions, frustrations and complexes.

"Emily... Emily... Emily..."

He heard the sound from far away; it rose and fell as the tides of the sea, rising and falling with the changes of the moon. It echoed off the walls of his mind and shattered into a million pieces, like a champagne bottle hitting the sidewalk.

He shook his head and opened his eyes. He had been writing at his desk and had just closed his eyes for a moment, but he was certain that he hadn't been asleep.

Where had that voice come from? Walking over to the window, he looked out. A strange child was playing in the sand, drawing meaningless signs in it with her fingers.

"Hello," he said. "Were you calling for Emily?"

The child stared up at him soberly; her eyes seemed to bore into him like a sharp corkscrew into the cork of a champagne bottle.

"No, I wasn't calling Emily," she said, in an oddly mature voice. "I wasn't calling anybody." She smiled at him and shook her blond

hair, so that the long waves shone in the sun.

"Emily," he murmured, looking at her. "Emily." She continued to smile at him, and the screen blurred her smile into a grimace.

"What is your name?" he said. "Rose-Marie," she said, still smiling.

"Where do you live, Rose-Marie," he said.

"Over the hills in grandma's house," she answered, her voice running over the words in the lilt of a rhythmic fairy tale. Her eyes seemed to be laughing at him; sparks leaped from them with the light of an evening campfire.

"What are you drawing in the sand?" "Signs."

"What kind of signs?" "Just signs."

The world outside was green and yellow; the child's fingernails gleamed red. Where are you, Emily? his mind said. Are you Emily, with the blond hair and the red fingernails?

The child drew an "E" in the dirt.

"What does the 'E' stand for?" "Rose-Marie."

"But Rose-Marie starts with an 'R'!"

"I know," she said. She threw back her head, and the laughter bubbled up in her like champagne bubbles in a newly opened bottle.

There is something strange about this child, he thought. She reminded him of something in his pre-natal past, some dim memory which throbbed in his mind with the pain of a hammerstruck thumb.

His eyes turned inward, and he saw long, wavy blond hair being carried with red fingernails. "Emily," a voice said. "Emily."

"Did you say something?" he said to the child.

"No. Did you?" "Did I?" "No."

They both were silent. He turned away from the window and looked at the walls of his room, the corpse-green walls which flashed nauseating purple in the glow of the setting sun. His face stared at him from the mirror—a death-haggard face with eyes darting like pursued gnat. He took the champagne bottle which was standing on the dresser and threw it across the room. It shattered against the wall.

There was a moment of silence following the delicate tinkling of falling glass, the tinkling of crystallized tears. Then, "Why did you throw the bottle?" came the strange voice from outside, under the window.

He did not answer.

Her face was pressed against the window screen, her nose flattened against the dozens of tiny squares. "It's broken," she said, sadly. "Why did you break the bottle?"

"Because I felt like breaking it, Emily," he said.

She smiled an empty smile and said, "But my name isn't Emily." Then night came, and with the blackness he lay on the floor in

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Help From The Skies... a short story...

by Abraham Dash

"I can't see a damn thing!" Waldo turned around. "Damn it, Bob don't you have any idea where we are?"

Bob, who was trying to peer out between the two pilots, shook his head. He didn't look at Waldo or at Ritts, the co-pilot. His face, normally a mirror of good humor, was twisted into a worried pucker; a trace of fear was in his eyes. He was squinting as if he could force the appearance of land out there through the cockpit window.

"Damn, Waldo, we were in the acid for over three hours. I couldn't shoot the sun, I couldn't read drift, the radar and loran isn't worth a damn. I'm not a magician. According to my D.R., we should be over the Island, but, hell, we could be anywhere in the Atlantic."

Waldo shook his head. "What a

One

Your time cut Christ to ribbons of dark (Pitted with Silver and yellow Crushed wetness) sorrow. It came with ice shavings Fritzel's "La soupe seulesment" Reddancing air greyed Blackened hair and eyes Of yourself Now away. All indiscernable. —Wally Simpson

stinking mess. Ritts, can you get anything on the bird dog?" Ritts didn't answer. He was working with the radio-compass. His fingers expertly turned the frequency dial, while his eyes were glued to the small white needle that drifted aimlessly around the compass rose. Every so often he would clamp the ear phones tight to his ears with his free hand, and strain to catch some signal.

Finally he shrugged, took off the ear phones and looked at Waldo. "Not one blessed thing; just static over all ranges. Can't even get that high-powered range from Spain."

Waldo nodded. "O.K. So now we start earning our money." He flicked on the intercom. "Dave?"

"Yes, sir?" "Get on your short-wave set and try to reach somebody. I don't care who. We need radio steers bad. Report back when you get someone."

"Roger, sir." Waldo grunted, then called again on the intercom. "Mac, Mac!" He cursed and turned around. He could see the engineer back at his position writing in the log. His ear phones were on the table.

Waldo shouted at him, and Mac looked up. Waldo pointed at the ear phones, waited until the engineer had put them on, and heard him say, "Yes, sir. Engineer on intercom."

"Look, Mac. Check our fuel; find out our best altitude for consumption. We might need all the time we can get. Report back to me as soon as you can."

"Roger, sir." Waldo took off his ear phones, rubbed his ears, then turned to the navigator. "Bob, get back to your crystal ball and see what you can do." He grinned. "I don't care if you hold a seance back there, but find out something. I ain't too good at swimming. I'm gettin' a little too old for that kind of stuff."

Bob laughed, the strain lifting a little from his eyes. "O.K., grandpop. I'll do my best." He turned and left the cockpit deck.

Waldo, still grinning, turned to the co-pilot. "Well, all we do now is sit and wait."

Ritts shook his head. "You're a cool customer, Waldo. Here we are over the middle of the Atlantic with even odds of being fish food in a couple hours and you grin like an ape! What do we do if Bob can't find us and Dave can't pick up anything? Do we all sit around and try to out-grin each other?"

Waldo looked at him thoughtfully for a few seconds and then said, "Take it easy, fellah. I got many years and many hours behind me in the flying game. I been in many lousy spots, and this kind of spot is the worst kind."

"Lost over water with a couple hour's fuel is everyone's nightmare, but flipping your lid and hitting the panic button isn't going to change anything. We've gone by the book. Chances are on our side that the radio will get somebody or that Bob will pull a heading out of his hat."

"But if they don't, then we will worry about the next step. We still got a couple hours yet before the sunset; so take it easy and keep grinding away at the radio compass. If it doesn't do anything else, it will keep you busy."

Ritts shrugged and turned back to the radio dials.

Waldo watched him, his eyes narrowed ironically. Hell, he thought, Ritts is right. There's nothing to grin about.

He leaned back and looked out the window at the vast expanse of water, disturbed every so often by a white fleecy cloud that passed below. Over six thousand flying hours and over twelve years of flying

could help. Lost like a cadet! Over an ocean. The one thing that you don't let happen. He knew he had made mistakes this time, costly mistakes born of the tedium and confidence gained through dozens of cross-ocean hops.

He could have checked the weather more thoroughly back at Goose Bay. He could have turned back after that first hour in the soup. Yeah, there are a lot of "could haves" behind every accident report.

But, hell, to be lost! That's inexcusable in a kid out of flying school! For him it was a crime. No, a sin. And he very well could pay a helluva lot for it.

He shook his head. No sense getting panicky like Ritts. There was still a lot that could be done. Where the hell was Mac and the fuel report? He grabbed the mike and said roughly, "Mac, what's the hold up? Can't you read your goddamn gauges?"

"Easy, Captain. I was just going to call you. Those consumption charts are designed for a math teacher, not an engineer." "O.K., Mac. I didn't mean to ruffle your professional pride. Can I get the info now, or should I come back with hat in hand?"

Mac's aggravated voice answered. "Al right, goddamn it. What's wrong with everybody? We got one hour and thirty minutes fuel left. Maybe we can stretch fifteen more minutes if we drop to 10,000 feet, that is, if the pilots keep their hands off the throttle and let me set the power."

Waldo laughed. "Mac, I'm sorry. Just a little edgy. You be boss of the power. You know, boy, that we might have to swim for home. How's your back stroke?"

EPILOGUE

(to "Petit's Poems en Prose")

My heart is quiet. Having climbed the hill, I look down on the city where it looms—

Hospital, warehouse, purgatory, hell,

Prison where every evil flower blooms. Satan, saint of my misery, well you know I went, not tearfully to water tembs,

But as old rakes to their old duxies go: For hell's own beauty and drunkenness With hell and all the fire it can show.

Whether you sleep, your aching bones distress Veiled by the morning light, or come and strut Through my heart's alleys in your gilded dress,

I love you, slutamy! The prostitute And handit only know your happiness, That puzzles all the vulgar and astute.

—Charles Baudelaire (Tr. by G. Thomas Fairclough)

"Mine's all right, Captain. It's you old guys who should be worrying."

Waldo laughed again. He glanced at Ritts who was watching him with fear in his eyes.

"Pick up anything, Ritts?" "Nothing. Damn it, Waldo, only an hour and a half! What...?"

"Stow it, Ritts. We ain't through

Album Verse

How well the Japanese understood the word for "going" was "snow" how the absence of one just gone changes the world, as freshly breaks the plum Or news of his return! —Richard Hagelberger

yet. You keep trying at the bird dog." He grabbed the mike again. "Boob, any luck?"

He waited, then heard Dave say, "This is radio, Captain. The navigator is shooting the sun right now."

"Thanks, Dave. How about you, any luck?" Dave sounded puzzled. "Well, I don't know, sir. I been receiving signals, but they don't make sense. They seem to be, 'Hello, Earthmen. Hello, Earthmen.'"

Waldo snarled back. "Let's cut the funny stuff, Dave. This isn't the time or place. Have you or haven't you got to anybody yet?"

"I'm serious, Captain. That's what I been picking up the last ten minutes on all frequencies. It's garbled, and letters are missing, but that's what the dit-dah's say, 'Hello, Earthmen.'"

"Well, I'll be damned," Waldo sighed. "Of all the times to pick up a joker. O.K., Dave, keep trying." He put down the mike and shook his head slowly. Of all the goddamn times to pick up some

ham operator, and he has to be a joker.

He looked at Ritts ruefully. "O.K., let's start losing some altitude, slow like." He reached to turn off the automatic pilot when a hand grabbed his shoulder violently. Bob was yelling in his ear.

"There's a ship out there, Waldo, the craziest damn thing. I saw it from the Astro dome. It's a goddamn flying saucer. I must be nuts!"

Waldo whirled around and looked at Bob. Oh, he thought. The kid has flipped his lid. The strain and all. Suddenly he heard Ritts gasping out, "For Pete's sake, Waldo, look out there at eleven o'clock."

Waldo turned and looked. He blinked his eyes and looked again. His mouth dropped and he stared. Dimly he heard Bob yelling, "Oh, there it is, I ain't nuts! It's there. Will you look at it!"

It was about a hundred yards away, off the nose of the plane. It was a large oval shaped object that glinted silvery in the sunlight. It kept pace with the aircraft without noticeable power. Its lines were slender and beautifully curved. Apparently there was no engine.

Ritts was the first one to speak. Waldo shook his head. "That baby isn't Russian, American or anything. Look at it, for Pete's sake. Do you see an engine, anything for lift?"

Dave and Mac were now up on the cockpit deck staring out.

Dave said excitedly, "Maybe that's what's been sending those queer messages!"

Waldo turned around. "You may be right, Dave. Get back on the radio pronto and see if you can pick up anything."

Dave whirled around and disappeared.

Waldo looked at Mac. "Well, Mac, what do you call that? You're the engineer."

Mac shook his head. "It must be a mirage or an optical illusion." Bob laughed weakly. "Yeah, optical illusion. First time I heard of five people seeing the same optical illusion at the same time."

Mac scowled. "Well, I've heard of it happening. Read it somewhere last year when that big flying-saucer scare was going around."

Dave came running up and fought his way past Bob and Mac. "Let me through, will you, Captain. I just got a message from that thing. It wants to know if we receive them." He passed up a clip of paper to Waldo which had the message on it as received.

Waldo read aloud, "Earthmen,

we have come as close as we dare for your safety. Can you receive us now?"

Waldo looked up. "Dave, get back there and send the following. 'Yes, we receive you. Who are you? What do you want?'"

"Roger, sir," and Dave dashed away.

Ritts looked at Mac. "Well, Einstein, there goes your illusion theory, or did the book you read say that mirages can work the Morse code?"

Mac shrugged. "Look, that ain't any more crazy than saying that we are seeing one of those saucer things from another world. What do you say, captain?"

Waldo shook his head. "One thing is sure, that is a ship out there. That's no illusion. Whether it is from another world or not is another question. It might be a new Russian design and that 'Earthman' stuff could be their poor attempt at humor. Let's wait for what they have to say. Damn it! Wish we could contact some base. Hey, Bob, tell Dave to read anything he gets, over the intercom, and then switch fast to the Azores frequency. We may need help real soon."

Bob frowned. "You don't think it's going to try and shoot us down, do you?"

"I don't know, fellah, but we got to expect anything, no matter who they are. Besides, we are still lost, you know, and the fuel is getting lower and lower. Go on, tell Dave what I said."

Bob looked as if he were going to say something else, then bit his lip and went back. A few minutes later Dave's voice came bubbling through the intercom.

"Listen to this. Those guys want to help us. They know where we are."

Waldo cursed. "Damn it, Dave. Read their message, every word. Don't try and explain it for us."

"Yes, sir... 'Earthmen, we are glad that you can receive our signals. We have heard your distress calls and your request for assistance. Thirty-five degrees to the north, as your direction finder measures it, there is the place we believe you are seeking. At your present rate of speed you should be there in forty of your minutes.' That's it, sir. Nothing else."

Waldo whirled around to Ritts. "O.K., boy, let's see how good these babies are. Take her around."

Ritts banked the big plane around until the compass was pointing thirty-five degrees more to the north.

Waldo called over the intercom,

"Dave, tell them 'thanks' and ask them again who they are. What the...?" There was a brilliant, bright blue glow coming from the apparent rear of the strange craft. Then, while Waldo and Ritts watched, she disappeared. A thin trail of smoke could be dimly seen spiraling upwards.

Ritts whispered in an awed manner, "Did you see that? Did you see that? That guy can really get up and go."

Waldo said weakly, "That was no Russian aircraft."

Dave, Bob and Mac gathered around the front and looked out. There was nothing but the ocean down below and the vastness of sky around them.

Waldo turned wearily around. "O.K., guys, we still got to get ourselves on dry land."

Bob turned with the others and started back to his position when Waldo caught his arm. Bob bent down and Waldo spoke into his ear.

Sex

And the M pushed through to society. Eyes gossiped through unshaded windows. Unwitting desire became the tool of business, and art. And a sacrament— amnesia of the intellect. —Janet Whitson

"What do you think of the heading that...?"—he paused for a word—"that they gave us? Does it look good to you?"

Bob nodded. "I shot the sun a while back. I couldn't get a position from it, but it indicated we were pretty far right of course. I was just going to ask you to make a correction left when I saw that... that thing."

They flew on for about fifteen minutes. Waldo listened to the excited chatter over the inter-phone. Mac was saying that they would be famous once they landed and told their story. Bob said that probably a movie would be made of their experience. All were agreed that they would get shipped back to the States.

Ritts suddenly broke in over the intercom. "Waldo, everybody. I got the Azores on the radio compass, strong as hell. The bird dog is pointing straight ahead. Man, oh, man! We'll be in Washington living like heroes within a week!"

There were yells of delight over the intercom. Waldo grunted and looked at the needle on the radio compass. It had stopped its aimless wandering and pointed, with a little quiver, straight ahead.

Waldo released a laugh of air.

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