

Four Poems

Suffer me not to see again
the pearl mistle rindling of morning
upon the pebble mosaic 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
flung up the cruel noon day sun

In dawn of wet noon curtained
were set torches to the drowsy owl's nest,
were ribs sabered from the lover's heart,

... a fable

The Ant Who Said He Hated Spider

By Ann Gerike

Once upon a time an ant lived on the 93rd 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.

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?"

One
Your time cut Christ to ribbons
of dark
(Fitted with
Silver and yellow
Crushed wetness)
sorrow.

stinking mess. Ritts, can you get anything on the bird dog?"
Ritts didn't answer. He was working with the radio-compass.

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 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."

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

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."

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.

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.

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."

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

"Mine's all right, Captain. It's your old guys who should be worrying."
Waldo laughed again. He glanced at Ritts who was watching him with fear in his eyes.

Album Verse
How well the Japanese understood
the word for 'going'
was 'snow'

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?"

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

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.

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!"

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."

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

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."

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

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.

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Sex
And the lid pushed through to society.
Eyes gossiped through unshaded windows.

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

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the nebraskan literary Review

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.

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.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



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."

I sat down at the typewriter and tossed up a Capote salad with malice (any nothing else) aforesaid. 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.

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 throbbled in his mind with the pain of a hammerstruck thumb.

His eyes turned inward, and he saw long, waving 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 (Continued on Page 6.)